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TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING

AND

DINNER

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA
SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY

AT

THE BELLEVUE-STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA

FEBRUARY 19th, 1914



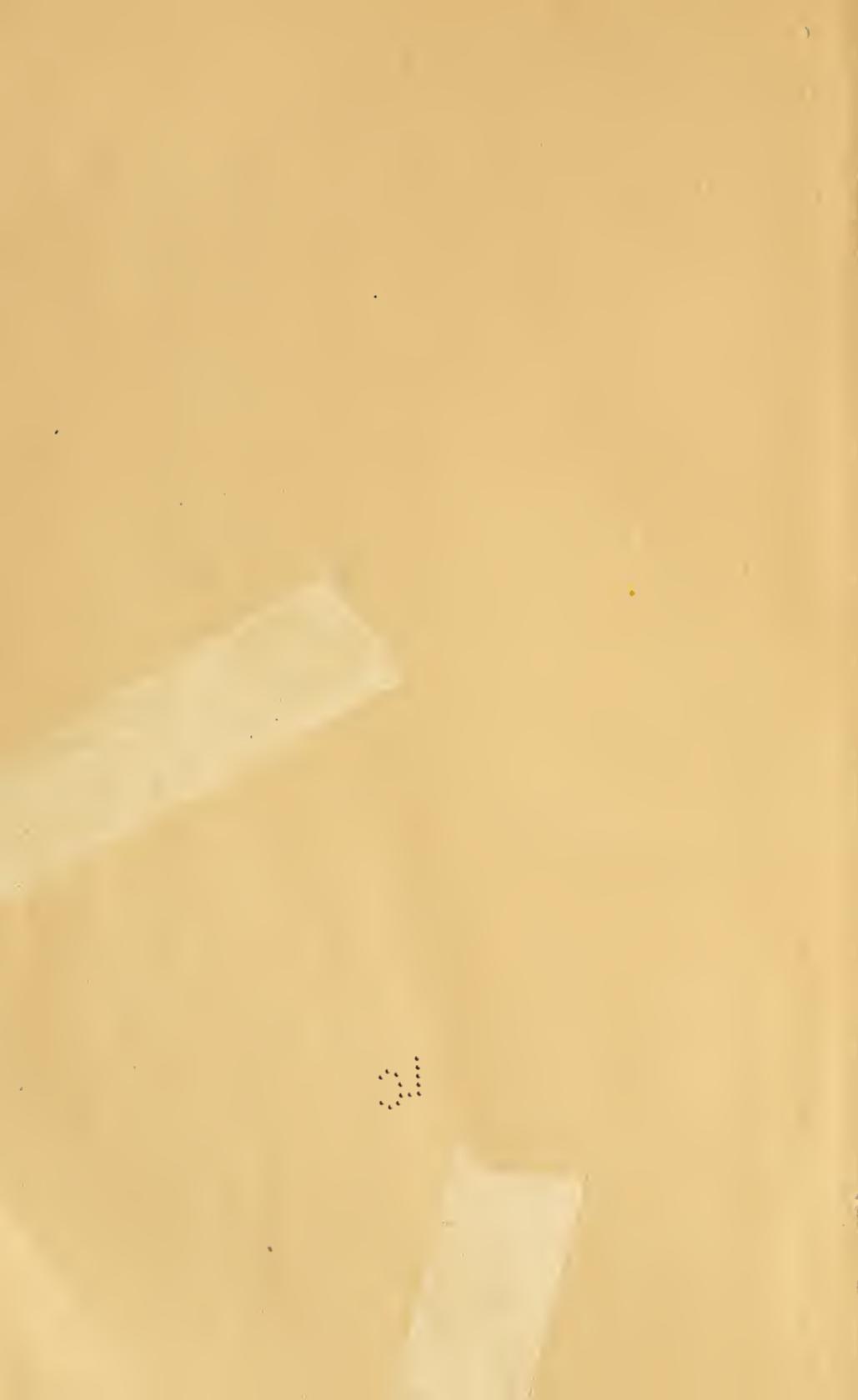
PHILADELPHIA

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TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING

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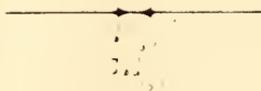
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Gift
The Society
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OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT,

MR. SAMUEL REA.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT,

DR. JOHN B. DEAVER.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT,

REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS, D.D.

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MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,
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MR. JOHN MCILHENNY,
REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.
MR. M. C. KENNEDY.

COMMITTEES.

ON NEW MEMBERS:

DR JOHN B. DEAVER, *Chairman*, MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON, MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,
MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

ENTERTAINMENT:

REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS, D.D., *Chairman*, MR. BAYARD HENRY,
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HISTORY AND ARCHIVES:

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HON. JOHN STEWART, HON. HARMAN YERKES,
REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D., MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

* Deceased March 28th, 1914.

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Glasgow, Jr.

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PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY.

Diagram of the Dinner Table (Bellevue-Stratford Hotel), February 19th, 1914.

Chas. L. McKeehan	James I. Brownson	Marcus A. Brownson	Thomas A. Faby	Henry Jones Ford	S. D. McCannell	John B. Jland	Robert N. Wilson	Henry Freckelmeide	D. Newlin Fell	J. D. Moffat	John W. Hamilton	Mc. C. Kennedy	Joe E. Hodges	John Stewart	John P. Jland	Andrew Mitch.	William Murr Auld	George W. Warren	William P. Porter	Thomas Patterson	Wm. A. Glasgow, Jr.	M. Hampton Ford	C. Stuart Patterson	Herman Verkes	W. W. Porter	X R. L. O'Donnell								
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Sam'l Stephenson	Alexander Martin	Frederick McGown	Samuel M. Kitzmiller	Harold M. McClure	Edward W. Biddle	J. King McLanahan	Edward Bailey	Chas. M. Lamont	Daniel C. Herr	Joseph H. Creighton	Harry C. Francis	T. H. Hoze Patterson	John H. Irwin	William W. Wallace	William G. Ayres	Otho Nowland	Edward J. Kitzmiller	John C. Harvey	James F. McClure	Edward M. Biddle	M. H. McLanahan	William D. Neilson	W. B. McCaleb	George W. Creighton	John Cadwalader	Charles Fabst	Herbert M. Carson							
Celia G. Child	W. J. McLaughlin	Edmund C. McCone	Charles T. Schoen	Wm. S. Rutherford	Robt. T. McCracken	Charles A. Pife	George H. Brown	Charles Rowland	George H. Brown	G. W. Creighton	Harold Peirce	Sammel Bell, Jr.	Thomas D. Sullivan	Finley M. Wilson	Wilkin F. Carson	I. Smith Raspin	Alexis I. duPont	Thomas Huston	James A. Babbitt	James W. Sharpe	H. S. P. Nichols	James A. Develin	McCluskey Radcliffe	Wm. D. Robinson	Henry M. Warren	A. G. Hetherington	Samuel T. Kerr	Thomas Boggs	William Cliff	George H. Kenworthy				
Robert Carson	Samuel Galt Birnie	R. H. Dunham	James Pollock	John C. C. Beale	W. W. Stewart	Edward A. Anderson	Agnes T. Dice	John B. Deaver	James B. Kioley	John B. Deaver	James B. Kioley	Chas. M. Whitcomb	Alex. Kerr, Jr.	George W. Dotts	Wm. J. Montgomery	C. B. Linds	W. W. Hanna	J. Parker McKeehan	George R. Wood	N. H. G. Pife	X Edward A. Anderson	X John B. Blair	X Simon Cameron Long	X John Gordon Gray	X Alex. Kerr, Jr.	X Louis G. Green	X George W. Dotts	E. B. Temple	George McKeown					
Wm. J. Montgomery	James S. Rogers	C. B. Linds	W. W. Hanna	J. Parker McKeehan	I. C. Greenwalt	W. H. Davison	X E. C. Winger	D. Frank Crawford	X E. C. Winger	D. Frank Crawford	X E. C. Winger	X E. C. Winger	X E. C. Winger	X E. C. Winger	X E. C. Winger	X E. C. Winger	X E. C. Winger	X E. C. Winger	X E. C. Winger	X E. C. Winger	X E. C. Winger	X E. C. Winger	X E. C. Winger	X E. C. Winger	X E. C. Winger	X E. C. Winger	X E. C. Winger	X E. C. Winger	X E. C. Winger	X E. C. Winger	X E. C. Winger	X E. C. Winger		
J. W. Turnbull	George T. Gwilliam	Charles L. Patterson	X John G. Fuller	George E. Lloyd	X C. M. Davison	A. R. Renninger	X George F. Chandler	Marlin J. Caplet	X Elisha Lee	K. M. Blakiston	X William E. Helme	X John Gribbel	J. C. Hammerley	X Samuel R. Boggs	H. C. Boaz	W. H. Lincoln	Howard B. French	Owen J. Roberts	X W. J. McClary	A. Nevin Pomeroy	X W. L. Ritchey	J. W. Kennedy	X John A. Herman	John Lloyd	X A. W. Gibbs	Frank H. Payne	X Wm. L. Rowland	Robt. S. Hammerley	X C. S. Krich	Wm. H. Houston	X J. T. Stuart			
Howard Smith	John Meigs	W. W. Montgomery	X John A. McCarthy	Charles F. Palmer	X R. B. Ritchie	John S. Kennedy	X George Von Grivic	O. J. DeRousse	X Chas. H. Mathews	John D. McIlbenney	X William A. Patton	X J. A. Pearson	X A. R. Perkins	W. S. Hammerley	X Carroll Hodge	X J. F. Murray	J. E. Sterrett	W. I. Schaffer	X R. Stuart Smith	Irvin C. Elder	X Taber Hamilton	Geo. H. Stewart, Jr.	X Thomas B. Keandy	G. L. S. Jameson	X W. A. Odyke	James Bateman	X William L. Moffley	John C. McKinney	X T. L. Hammerley	Thomas Ross	X C. W. Thorn			
Harrie B. Price	E. G. Alexander	William Wander	X Arthur B. Huey	Guido Bossard	X W. H. Riddle	Lynn S. Gilbert	X W. F. Skinner	A. J. County	X J. G. Rodgers	Walter F. Hagat	X John Mca. Harris	Garfield Scott	X Archibald O'Brien	George Ross	X Samuel M. Leeper	John R. Lynn	H. C. Deaver	W. Heyward Myers	X Harvey C. Miller	William R. Neely	X William H. Stuart	S. B. Sadler	X George S. McLean	Haward G. Kelly	X J. B. Colahan, Jr.	C. H. Dickey	X H. A. Norton	Harold M. Robinson	X William P. Scott	Hugh R. Fulton	X John W. Francis			
William H. Burnett	William Steele, 3d	S. D. Warriner	X William C. Ferguson	X Thomas B. Harper	X Spencer C. Gilbert	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	X Geo. H. Stewart	
Lewis Twaddell	Joseph M. Steele																																	
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TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING.

The Twenty-fifth Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, on Thursday, February 19th, 1914, at 7 P. M., the President, Mr. M. C. Kennedy, in the chair.

The report of the Treasurer for the year ending December 31st, 1913, was presented and approved. (See Appendix, B. page 98.)

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

President, MR. SAMUEL REA.

First Vice-President, DR. JOHN B. DEEVER.

Second Vice-President, REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS, D.D.

Secretary and Treasurer, MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

Directors and Members of Council:

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,	MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D.,	HON. W. W. PORTER,
MR. JOHN P. GREEN,	HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON,
MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,	*HON. NATHANIEL EWING,
MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,	REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON,
HON. HARMAN YERKES,	D.D.,
HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER,	HON. EDWIN S. STUART,
MR. JOHN McILHENNY,	MR. JAMES POLLOCK,
REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY.

On motion the meeting then adjourned to the banquet room.

The Rev. J. Allan Blair invoked the Divine blessing.

At the close of the dinner, the President, Mr. M. C. Kennedy, arose and spoke as follows:—

* Deceased March 28th, 1914.

FELLOW MEMBERS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY AND OUR GUESTS:—I fully realize that were it not for my Scotch-Irish ancestry, I would not have been chosen to the honored position of President of this Society, and I want you to realize that except for that heredity I would not stand here one minute, but would disappear so rapidly that you would hardly know I had been before you, for, I must confess, I was never so badly scared in all my life. For a small portion of the complacency of my long-time friend Hedges, who sits here at my left, smiling at my distress, I would right now give a Cumberland Valley farm.

As a bodyguard, I have with me to-night, seated at this table, a car-load—I use this term advisedly—of Cumberland Valley representatives, who will readily testify that they never before heard me even attempt to make a speech, and I am sure they are not surprised at my present confusion.

Three years ago, when I was elected Second Vice-President of this Society, it gave me no serious concern, as I never for a moment flattered myself with the thought that I would some day be called upon to preside—otherwise, I would have side-stepped then and there.

When I came to a full appreciation of my responsibility, and locked myself up to endeavor to compose a few remarks, the hopelessness of my position brought to mind the story of the three miners in the mountains of Arizona, one of whom, while returning from town with a load of provisions, and an overload of rum, fell from his horse and was killed by the wolves. When his partners had sufficiently recovered from the shock of this distressing accident to appreciate the fact that the friends in the East would have to be notified, each of them, with much flattery, insisted that the other should write the necessary letter. Finally, however, as they could not agree, they decided to “cut the deck” to determine who was to perform this most difficult task. The one who lost was to remain in camp and be relieved for the day of all work in the mine, and devote his time and talent to the composition of a letter that would gently break the news to the relatives at home. His companion, returning in the evening from the mine, tired out with his day’s double physical labor, inquired whether the

other had concluded his part of the pact, and, upon receiving an affirmative reply, was handed for criticism the letter, reading as follows:—

“Your Brother John is dead—the coyotes ate him.”

Now that was certainly brief and to the point, and expressed all there was to say—and that is my present frame of mind. Before, however, taking refuge behind the able array of wit and wisdom we have with us to-night, I wish to call your attention to the fact that this is the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of our Society. We had hoped to be able to lay before you at this time the history of our hyphenated race, which is being prepared by Professor Ford, of Princeton, but he has, I regret to say, been unable to complete the work on account of a mission to the Philippines at the instance of President Wilson.

It is rather unusual that we find a Scotch-Irishman who has strayed so far from the Presbyterian faith as to become a Methodist, but we are *not* surprised to learn that in his straying from his native State of Virginia he landed in far-away Boston, because the Scotch-Irishman is a roving character, either for his own or his country's good. It is needless for me to say that in this case it was for the welfare of New England.

I now have the pleasure of introducing the Right Rev. John William Hamilton, of Boston.

RIGHT REV. JOHN WILLIAM HAMILTON:—

MR. PRESIDENT, BROTHERS:—The Scotchman is *sui generis*—of a kind his own—a nobleman from the mystic shrine. With the best of eugenics and gymnastics we cannot produce his like in this country. He must come from where his fathers fed their flocks on the Grampian hills, or somewhere in the Highlands, or Lowlands, or Islands of dauntless courage, plain living and high thinking. His is the aristocracy of the “right little, tight little island” empire; sturdy as Lacedæmon's hardihood, and independent alike of friend or foe, he elects himself in all opportunities for leadership and mastery; like Attila, king of the Huns, his people have been the uncon-

querable "Scourge of God" from the North. "With disadvantages enough," said Goldsmith, "to call him down to humility, a Scotchman is one of the proudest things alive." No matter how lowly his birth, he is always high-born, Even in disastrous battle and defeat his heroism and chivalry like that of Gillies MacBane, at Culloden, give his disembodied spirit the admiration and awe of his enemies:—

"Hewn down still battling thou sunkest on the ground,
Thy plaid was one gore, and thy breast was one wound.
Thirteen of thy foes by thy right hand lay slain.
Oh! there were thousands for Gillies MacBane!"

And as for the Irishman, he is of another kind all his own. Neither too high, nor too low, with warm blood, and bubbling "humour as warm and all-embracing as the sunshine, he bathes us all in a genial and shining light." He claims to be one of our very first parents, and he may be. He was before the Scotchman and the Gaul. Paul addressed him when he wrote his Epistle to the Galatians. He was the first inhabitant of Europe. He came from far beyond the Jordan, and believes he was in at the beginning. Ethnologists and ethnographers both carry the Kelt or Celt around the Mediterranean, and never leave him until they lose him in the mists and myths of the darkness at the gate of the First Garden. He traces his genealogy there until it runs like this: Adam begat Seth, and down the line Seth begat Enoch, and Enoch Methuselah, and by leaps and bounds Methuselah begat Noah, and with great fecundity, after the Flood, Noah begat Abraham, and Abraham came West and begat the Galatians, and the Galatians the Gauls, and the Gauls the Kelts, who were the Hibernians, or the plain-spoken Irishmen of St. Patrick's stock. There can be no question then as to the distinction of the Irish race. Beginning with "the first families" they hold the proprietary rights in the "Four Hundreds," and so rigidly do they hold to their claim that they have sometimes secured almost that number in a single family.

As we recall the history of the race, so virile and aggressive in Scotland, we must believe that its home "in that nook-shotten Isle of Albion" had much to do with its discipline and

achievements. If it had stayed in some soft and balmy isle we should never have heard of the

“Scots wha hae with Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has often led.”

If the hills of Scotland had inherited a less hardy and determined people they would have had no history to relate.

And it was only the Irish in Ireland who could have given us that “wit of the true Pierian Spring that can make anything of anything”—merriment for kings and commoners alike.

Of one blood, but with the great differences, the two peoples sought each other after their separation, as if to make an amalgam with which, in turn, to bring all mankind together. The bit of a sea which had dropped in between them from the ocean was not to keep them apart, but to serve as a sort of trysting spot for their courtships and over which they could cross readily to live together. There is as much reason for nations and races to marry as individuals.

Ireland and Scotland, too, each had their alliances south of them. When James, King of Scotland, went down to London to be King of England, he took all Scotland with him. While Ireland and England had less in common, they merged in such a way that the greatest Englishman after Cromwell was an Irishman. And there have been none in any nation, of his line, who has been greater than Edmund Burke. There have been many others of other fame who have shared the honors of the United Kingdom. “The British nation,” said Carlyle, “and I include in it the Scottish nation, has produced a finer set of men than you will find it possible to get anywhere in this world.” It goes without the saying that he included the Irish nation. We were too distant or too immature to reach his esteem, for somewhere else, when for courtesy’s sake, if Carlyle ever had any courtesy, he coupled England with us and said, “The finest nations in the world—the English and the American—are going all away to wind and tongue.”

There is a New Ireland which has “come over” to this country, that has brought more of the Old Ireland with it than it has left at home. It began to come very early and has come

with consequence ever since. The Irishman himself has stated the case precisely, who, when he was asked if he came over in the *Mayflower*, replied promptly, "No, but I came over in the *Pilgrims*."

There is both a New and Old Scotland here which came over as the Irishman came. It is this Scotch-Irish population in the country which by nature here, as in its ancestral home, holds the peerage among us. The secret of its eminence is very simple. It was given me many years ago by a venerable neighbor of mine, Mr. Duncan MacLean, who, though retired at the time, had been for forty years the marine editor of the *Boston Evening Traveller*. He came into my home one morning stepping so briskly that I asked him, "How is it that you keep so active at ninety-two years of age?" He answered instantly, "I was born in the Orkney Islands and brought up on oatmeal and the Ten Commandments."

I am willing now, as Goethe said, to "leave the question of origins to those who busy themselves with insoluble problems and have nothing else to do," for I am intensely interested in the Scotch-Irish Noblemen, who have come to this country in our time and are coming now. It is only within a very short time, as a nation, that we are coming to some sincere appreciation of the help we have received in the development of the country from our immigrant peoples, and what they have contributed to the high esteem in which the United States of America is held abroad. We are only beginning to emerge from the provincial prejudice which has led us to treat so slightly our brothers and sisters who were born in other lands. The selfish bigotry with which we have moved away from our foreign-speaking neighbors has very justly classed us with the pagan peoples whose caste spirit has been scarcely more pronounced than our own. We are not far enough away from the supercilious treatment to which even the native children of foreign-born citizens were subjected in the public schools to forget that such conduct was an every-day occurrence. We cannot forget that within our day we had a political party—the only sensible thing about it was its name, the Know-Nothing Party—seeking to influence the national elections, and whose agitations resulted mostly in arraying

neighbor against neighbor. Much was made of a quotation, taken wholly out of its connection, from one of our most reputable authors, to prejudice all the people who were born here against all immigration. "Men run away to other countries," it was said, "because they were not good in their own, and run back to their own because they pass for nothing in the new places." Would persons who make such irrelative use of that statement include Andrew Carnegie, Alexander Bell, Carl Schurz and multitudes of other worthy persons who have become American citizens, and whose faithful service commends them to the gratitude of not only our own nation, but all mankind?

We all came over! I have some personal interest in the discussion of the subject myself. I am like Michael O'Brien, in his relation to John of the same surname. He said the relationship between them was distant—quite distant; John was the first son of his mother, and he was the fourteenth. I was not born in a foreign country, nor was my father; but I came over in the Pilgrims, a few grandparents back, and I find nothing in my loyalty to the land of my adoption by birth which would forbid me to speak worthily of my one-time Irish home, another time Scottish home, and still earlier Viking home. I could speak very creditably of some members of my family, if I were compelled to use their fame as a crutch or a cane to get on myself. There is one, whose judgment, great as is his name in American history, I would not substitute for my own. I could have wished that he had had more respect for himself and far less for Aaron Burr. I could name any number of Dukes and Duchesses of whom I am sorrowfully and sorely ashamed. And as titles go in the market now, if the Dukes were around here, they would furnish what would be called in such circles, a very satisfactory "catch" for a number of millions which have not been picked up yet. To my liking, however, I would give a much more cordial welcome to that untutored youth who arrives at Ellis Island with twenty-five dollars in his pocket, and an untarnished name, and who may give us in a later generation some other William McKinley, whose love for his mother and reverence for the home of his fathers were never overshadowed by his

fame. It is one evidence of the greatness of illustrious men and women that they are never ashamed of the lowly places of their birth, or of their early humble homes. Daniel Webster in one of his great orations, inarticulate from emotion, said: "That cabin I annually visit and thither I carry my children that they may learn to emulate the stern and simple virtues that there found their abode; and when I forget that cabin and what it teaches and recalls, may my name perish from among men."

Benjamin Franklin found occasion, when our Colonies "stood in the jaws of need," to write to the sympathetic people of Ireland from Versailles, in France, October 4th, 1778, to say, "I have ever retained the most perfect good will and esteem for the people of Ireland." Was that written only because we were in such dire need that we welcomed any kind of friend? No one will believe that of the Franklin whose beginnings were as humble as those of his very distant kindred in Ireland. Has anything occurred since Franklin wrote that message to change our esteem as a republic of that poor but struggling people?

But I came here to say something of and for my section of this good and great country. We think of New England—as the name implies—as so overwhelmingly English in its population as not to include many persons, certainly notable persons who have come, or whose parents have come from even other parts of the Kingdom, Scotland, Ireland or Wales, just as we sometimes over-estimate the number and influence of the Dutch in Pennsylvania. But if there is anywhere the Scotch-Irish do not go, no one else will stay there long. They go early, too, if they hear the place is worthy of the going. The first Methodist to go to heaven was an Irishman.

The men who brought over the New England were greatly dissatisfied with the Old England. They would endure no longer the exacting demands of the King and his councillors. They were men of the same iron and blood, and they had the spirit of Cromwell, but did not have his leadership and opportunity. They preferred removal to revolution. They came to these shores with minds of their own, and once they were well here they were not long in deciding to have a Continent

of their own. They made of their republic an absolute monarchy. The ruling elders, like the ruling courtiers, would have their own way. Mr. Blackstone, one of the first settlers at Boston, said he had come there to "get rid of the Lord's Bishops, and now he must leave there to get rid of the Lord's Brethren."

The prejudices of the Pilgrims and Puritans were as strong as their convictions; their prejudices were convictions. The English and Irish could not leave all at once the troubles of England and Ireland behind them. When they met here it was to have with them always their old social and political differences. A great many of the American Colonists were of Irish descent. Both the English and Irish settlers were agreed in getting away from the tyranny of the English Government. But the Englishman felt he was as superior to the Irishman in the New Country as in the Old. And the Irishmen had too many wrongs to be forgiven. Under Cromwell's reign many Irish persons were sent to New England and sold as servants, or indeed as slaves. It was the practice of some daring pirates to kidnap men and women at Irish ports and sell them to the Americans. Moreover, criminals were systematically sold to the Colonists. Still, the spirit of the superman was with him and the Irishman would say:—

"Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banished a true born Irishman."

He was too high-spirited to "keep his place," and had too vivid a memory of his dislike of the Englishman when he was in Ireland. While he concealed his spirit with his humor—and there is no smoother diplomat in concealing himself to be found in any country among all the nations of men—he did it in such a way that there was no mistaking his real estimate of his fellow-colonist. There was grim humor in it all. In setting forth the lordliness of his English brother in the New Country, he described his manners in his definition of the Yankee. He said:—

"He'd kiss a queen till he'd raise a blister,
With his arms round her neck and his old felt hat on,
Address a King by the title of Mister
And ask him the price of the throne he sat on."

The too pretentious Colonists managed to get on together without an open rupture so long as they were of the same religious faith, but when as Protestants and Roman Catholics they came together, there was a conflict at once, often a riot, though it was at a funeral. The modifying influence of Christianity has been softening these antagonisms, to the credit of our civilization and enlightenment. The Englishman is beginning to find out that he will never get rid of the Irishman until he can agree to live with him on good terms. And the Irishman is willing to live peaceably with the Englishman if the Englishman will only consent to have him for his policeman. We have frequently found instances in both classes of men where they were magnanimous enough to make very close agreements in business, and only to disagree out of business hours when each was away from the other. The Honorable Jacob Sleeper, a Methodist, and Andrew Carney, a Roman Catholic, were for many years partners in business in Boston under the firm name of Carney and Sleeper. Both were among the most prosperous merchants in the city. Jacob Sleeper was one of the founders of Boston University; Andrew Carney, an honored citizen, was a kind-hearted, generous friend of the poor. He founded in South Boston the hospital which bears his name.

Generations of noble Scotchmen and Irishmen have been found all over New England. Scotch-Irishmen are the chrysalis of good and often the best Americans. The very first store in Boston was opened by John Cogan, an Irishman. He was one of the several merchants who "came over in the so-called Winthrop fleet from the maritime ports of Ireland." He went first to Dorchester and had land allotted to him there in 1630. He came to be "one of Boston's chief pillars both in Church and State." He married the widow of Governor John Winthrop, Governor Endicott performing the ceremony. He gave Harvard College 175 acres of land in Chelsea.

It is evident then that some of the early Irish settlers of New England were not merely "hewers of wood and drawers of water." They were found in full proportion to their numbers among the "dignified professional and mercantile men of their time."

In 1634, fourteen years after the Pilgrims landed, the General Court of Massachusetts granted lands to Irish and Scotch gentlemen on the Merrimac river, now Newburyport.

The first considerable number of immigrants from Ireland began to come to New England in 1717. The town meeting of Boston in May, 1723, made the record that "great numbers of Persons have very lately bin Transported from Ireland in this Province."

During the two years from 1736 to 1738, ten ships came to Boston from Ireland, bringing a total of nearly one thousand persons. It is to the Irish immigrants in the early periods of immigration that New England is indebted for the introduction of the potato and the old-fashioned spinning-wheel.

On March 17th, 1737, at the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, the Charitable Irish Society was formed. A Scots Chartiable Society had been in existence some sixty years, and was then in a flourishing condition.

The Irish and Scotch immigrants very early scattered over New England, beginning probably in the Merrimac Valley, and many of our cities and towns have derived their names from the cities and towns in Ireland and Scotland from whence the first settlers came. Belfast, in Maine, Londonderry and Dublin in New Hampshire, and many other towns in the six New England States were given their names by the early Irish settlers. Some of the families most prominent in Boston and New England during two hundred years have been descendants of the Irish and Scotch immigrants.

John Hancock, President of the Continental Congress, many times Governor of Massachusetts, was descended from the Protestants in Ulster Ireland. "The man, who of all others," it was said, "stood first in Washington's affection," Major General Henry Knox, was born of Irish parents. Governors James Sullivan and Thomas Talbot, Robert Treat Paine, John Singelton Copley, the artist, who was the father of Lord John Singleton Copley Lyndhurst, were all descended from Irish families. We have had Bishops, Archbishops, and now a Cardinal; we have a Mayor and Governor—all of them proud of their inheritance. Time would fail me to tell of the many more, both of Irish and Scotch descent, whose names are

familiar throughout New England, and some of them throughout the United States.

The repeated invasion of New England by the foreign-born persons has made us much more respectful of ourselves in the treatment of them, than both we and our fathers and mothers have been. It is noticeable how soon our manners take on the features of our surroundings. Well may we be better behaved in the midst of our new-come fellow citizens, for we have 900,000 more persons in the foreign populations of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut than in the native, and when we have subtracted the more rural native majorities of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont there remains still nearly or quite a half million more in all New England. Not more than 200,000 of our 700,000 souls in what Mr. Emerson was pleased to call "that darling town or ours," are descended from the Pilgrims and Puritans. The native New Englanders of English origin are saying no longer, "What shall we do with the foreigners, but what will they do with us?" Yes; what will we do when "we are all Irish, too?"

Do? We know what we will do; we will build a nation stronger, nobler, wiser, of true men and women, whose virile worth will make us a part and pride of the whole earth. We will federate at our altars all mankind.

How provincial invidious race and national discriminations appear to the large-hearted and broad-minded citizens of the world!

I firmly believe all such meetings as this one, by which we remind the less than 25,000,000 of the sons and daughters of the men and women who landed at Plymouth and Salem and Boston, that we are much more than their first cousins, will do much to harmonize their feelings and manners with the treatment they shall receive from their new relations. I say *relations*, for such is the wealth and nice distinction of our language, that we never say poor *relations*, but rich *relations* and poor *relatives*.

For our shield of Honor,

"Then let us pray, that come it may
As come it will for a' that,
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth
May bear the gree and a' that."

THE PRESIDENT:—

The name of our next speaker is almost synonymous with that of his native State, and of our Scotch-Irish race. It is most fitting that a representative of one of the families of Kentucky which has always been prominent in affairs military as well as political, should now fill the important position of Assistant Secretary of War.

We are much honored in having with us to-night Hon. Henry Breckenridge, of Kentucky.

HON. HENRY BRECKINRIDGE:—

MR. PRESIDENT, MEMBERS AND GUESTS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—A century and a third ago bold spirits of the English-speaking tribes were pushing their tortuous way over the Wilderness Road to the dark and bloody ground. Eight hundred and twenty-six miles from Philadelphia to Louisville at the Falls of the Ohio by this pioneer Road, from Philadelphia to Lancaster 66 miles, then on to the Susquehanna, across the Potomac to Staunton, to Botetourt Court House, to Roanoke and the New River, to Washington Court House, the Valley Station and Cumberland Mountain, through Cumberland Gap, down and across rivers, creeks and forests of Kentucky to the little stations in the fertile lands, outposts of civilization, pickets of American destiny. You make the same journey now in a day. When Filson recorded the stations and distances from Philadelphia to the Falls of the Ohio in 1784, the journey, if mayhap the traveler should reach its end without an introduction into eternity, must take as long as it now takes to circumnavigate the globe in ease and luxury.

Why should any one take such a journey—danger and hardship, wind and cold and heat and hunger, and peril of wild beasts and peril of wilder men, and nothing but hopes at the end? But come they did, from Pennsylvania, from Connecticut, from Virginia and North Carolina; first by handfuls and finally by thousands. In 1769 Daniel Boone came to Kentucky, the most remembered if not the earliest pioneer settler. By 1783 the population was probably 12,000; in 1784 it amounted to 30,000. The most remarkable fact is

that nearly all of the 12,000 persons who were in Kentucky in 1783 had come beginning with the outbreak of the revolution at Lexington and Concord in 1775, and in increasing numbers to the end of the war. The first considerable body of permanent settlers reached their destination from North Carolina on the very day that was fired in far New England the shot heard around the world. You might even think that these 12,000 souls were running from the war and from the British, were it not for the fact that nowhere was the hand of the British, and more terribly the hand of the savage ally of the British, more to be feared than in Kentucky. Some say they came to satisfy the lust for land and, for the want of some better reason, we may accept it.

The fact is that they came, and that their coming attracted the entire attention of some thousands of jealous Indian hunters and fighting men and more hundreds of British soldiers who otherwise would have been free to harass the borders of the eastern colonies and make more troublesome the task of Washington and the revolution. Some say that, had not the Kentucky region been held as a wedge threatening the western British possessions and diverting a portion of British energy and troops, the successful termination of the revolution at least would have been delayed, and certainly a severing of the then southwestern region would have been effected. It is certainly true that, had it not been for this immigration taking place when it did, George Rogers Clark never could have performed his marvelous feats which resulted in giving us the Great Lakes as our boundary at the close of the revolution instead of the Ohio River. It may please us all to know that George Rogers Clark was a good Scotch-Irishman. And certain it is that had it not been for this immigration there would have been no Kentuckians at King's Mountain, and had it not been for the Battle of King's Mountain, the successful end of the revolution at least would have been postponed, and you will be pleased to know that King's Mountain was won by Scotch-Irish leadership.

Kentucky had the good fortune to draw largely on all the sturdy branches of American stock. A great portion of our immigration came through Cumberland Gap from North

Carolina and Virginia, and that immigration was Scotch-Irish in about the same proportion as the population of North Carolina and Virginia was Scotch-Irish. Nearly all the early immigration came over Boone's Wilderness Road through Cumberland Gap. Later, the access by way of the Ohio River was more popular. Three hundred boats with about three thousand people came down the Ohio to Louisville in 1780. We derived much of our best stock from Pennsylvania, and from far Connecticut we drew some fifty families who came to Mason County, and so impressed their New England character upon the community that Mason County immediately became noted throughout the region for its unusual condition in matters concerning education.

The Scotch-Irish were not numerically preponderant in Kentucky, but as everywhere, they were inherently forceful and influential. Few centres have had such far-reaching effect upon the history of the State as did the Scotch-Irish, Presbyterian community of Danville and Centre College, which has corresponded in accomplishment, character and career with your own Washington and Jefferson College.

I will not tire you with a detailed recital of the contribution of the Scotch-Irish to Kentucky life and history. The recital of such Scotch-Irish names in Kentucky as have obtained some national note would be but repetition of what is already known. The recital of the names of men noted locally within the State and who have contributed much to the strength and substance of our life and history would be but to impose upon you a catalogue of local and not general interest.

As I view the history of the Scotch-Irish in this country, I am struck with an outstanding fact which may contain a useful lesson or precept for us in this time. In the careers of the Scotch-Irish peoples that came to America, I see the exemplification of a marked and vigorous individualism, fearless, determined, out-spoken, and somewhat self-assertive. They have been clannish among themselves to a reasonable degree, but always have been most interested in the common good, in the general interest, thinking of themselves as part of a general life, not isolated and exclusive. I do not know of an instance of any group of Scotch-Irishmen banding together for

the sake of mutual self-interest, to gain for themselves some special consideration or privilege which was not vouchsafed to people in general, or to protect themselves from some specific imposition that others would visit upon them because they were Scotch-Irish. I don't believe Scotch-Irishmen as Scotch-Irishmen ever tried to impose on any other specific individual or class of individuals, and I do not believe that any other portion of a community or State has sought to impose upon Scotch-Irishmen as such. The lot of these people has always been thrown unreservedly in with their country. They have not been factional. Yet this was not because from the beginning they were a dominant portion on the colonies, for in the early days none of them at all was here, and they didn't begin to come in considerable numbers until the eighteenth century. What they have won they have won by virtue of what they could accomplish by individual worth and merit in a new country of which they made themselves loyal citizens. I dwell upon this phase of the Scotch-Irish character in America because, as I said, it holds a lesson for us in the present time.

Politically there is in America one nationality, and that nationality is American. Politically, if Americans must divide they must divide along the lines of difference of principle as applied to governmental policies. You are a Republican because you believe in Republican policies. You are a Democrat because you believe in Democratic policies. And you may change from one party to the other as their actions please or displease you, or you may choose to belong to no party; but your political action is shaped by your political conception as Americans as to the wisdom or unwisdom of a given policy or program.

There are two principles upon which rest the very integrity of our life as a nation. The first is the absolute divorcement of religion and politics. The absolute refusal to treat matters of religion as having any weight in the consideration of governmental affairs. There is no danger of the disregard of this principle. The second principle is that difference of nationality within the American Republic is to be absolutely disregarded except for the purpose of devising means to facilitate the assimilation of the component parts of our population into one

unified people. There is no more despicable trait that can be evidenced in one calling himself an American than to truckle to special classes of our citizenship on the basis of the race stock from which they sprung. The man who seeks to curry political favor in America with Scotch-Irishmen as such, with Scotchmen as such, with Irishmen as Irishmen, with Germans as Germans, or Frenchmen as Frenchmen, or Italians as Italians, or Hungarians as Hungarians, or Russians as Russians, or Jews as Jews, prostitutes his title to American citizenship, and descends to play and trifle with the integrity of American nationality. In America there are no Jews, there are no Germans, there are no Italians. There are nothing but Americans. And as you, my good Scotch-Irishmen, have come to be nothing but good Americans, I urge upon you a pledge to set your will and energy and consecration against any and every movement or condition in industry, in business, or in politics, that tends to the differentiation and classification and isolation of groups of Americans on the basis of the different nationalities from whence they have sprung.

HON. JOHN STEWART:—

MR. CHAIRMAN:—A very important part of the exercises of the evening seems to have been omitted from the printed program. The secretary of the society has advised me that this is the time to have it attended to, and has asked me to introduce it. It will not occasion a long interruption unless your prepared address in response to my remarks should be of undue length. If such is the case, I think I can promise you that there will be general consent to your having it printed, or delivered, just as you please. The time is approaching when you have to pass over to your successor the emblem of authority which you have so gracefully wielded to-night, and retire from the high office to which you were elected. I know it is to you a painful subject of contemplation, and I will not dwell upon it; but there are several remarks that should be made in this connection and you will pardon the reference. I do not want to prolong your agony at all. You are the twenty-fifth president, as I understood you to say a

little while ago, of this society. The gentlemen of the society are not willing that you should retire without some expression of their high appreciation of the very skillful manner in which you have conducted your administration; and they have charged me not only with the duty of making this expression to you, but have directed me to put in your hands a pledge that they really entertain the sentiments they profess. It would perhaps be more agreeable to you were I to speak words of sympathy and condolence, considering what you are now forced to relinquish, but I must keep within the line of duty with which I am charged. Knowing how keenly you feel the fact that you are facing an enforced retirement from your high office, I shall make no further reference to the painful subject, but will at once proceed to and deliver the pledge. I have not seen it, but it is within the box which I hold in my hand. I think I know what it is, for I got one of the same kind myself not long ago, upon the occasion of my retirement from the same office. But, another word before handing you the pledge; I came near forgetting the further charge, that I was to say to you, in appreciation of your administration, that while in the discharge of your difficult and arduous labors you have not, like some presidents, inaugurated any great constructive policies, you have at least introduced no destructive policies. You have adhered strictly and faithfully to the traditions of the Scotch-Irish. You know they want no constructive policies; they simply want to be let alone. They are Ulstermen, and all that Ulster wants, at least for the present, is to be let alone. Ulster is right, so she thinks, and so we think at this safe distance from the scene of trouble. And so indeed it is a matter of gratification to all of us Ulstermen that you leave things very much as you found them. We are all standpatters with respect to the affairs of the Scotch-Irish Society, for the reason that we feel that there is no room for improvement.

Now, recurring to the pledge: I think I ought to tell you something about it. Though I have not seen it, I know what it is. This box contains a spoon, a great, big, wooden spoon, about as useless a thing as ever I saw in my life. I have known you in all stages of your growth from your infancy up, and

never knew a time when you could make use of an article such as this. I remember very well the efforts I made to find out just what it meant. It certainly means a compliment to you; but why it should be a spoon rather than fork, a knife or anything else, I do not understand. It bothered me very much when it was given to me by my friend Captain Green, another ex-president. The Captain could not enlighten me with respect to it all all; and so that night, a corresponding occasion to this, when like you I felt humbled that I had to retire from my high position, I rather dejectedly withdrew with the spoon that had been given me. I put it under my arm and was taking it to my room above stairs, but before I got far on the way I fell in company with some gentlemen, among them an ex-president of the society who had retired from office quite as reluctantly as you now do, who invited me to sit down for a half hour's smoke and conversation. The gentleman is here to-night. It was our sedate and serious friend Mr. James Pollock. I sat down, with the spoon in my mind, and asked him to explain to me what it meant. I told him that so far as I could see, it was without any earthly significance, and that I did not see that it was of any utility. He said to me, "Haven't you caught on? Don't you know the traditions and lore of the people in Ulster?" I replied, "Yes, but I don't know that they regard spoons any differently from other people." He then told me that the spoon is not of much use except as a charm; that in Ulster people believe it will drive away bad dreams and hobgoblins if you put it in the room where you sleep. I thought I needed something of that kind that night. After I got through with Mr. Pollock I went to my room, took the spoon with me and put it on the mantel, with the result that I never had as many bad dreams in my life, nor did I ever see as many hobgoblins. Next morning I met the gentlemen about the time he usually takes his bitters. He asked me how I got through the night. I told him just what I have told you; that I never had such bad dreams and had never seen so many hobgoblins. His explanation was that I had smoked too much and too late the night before, and that indiscretion on my part had prevented the charm from working. He expressed his abiding confi-

dence in the efficacy of the charm against everything except excessive smoking. His explanation was not convincing to me, and I thought I would inquire further about it. I am telling you this, Mr. President, for your own information; it may serve you a good purpose, and I shall follow it up a little later with a word of advice or caution. I wanted to get at the real meaning of the spoon business. The next man I met whom I thought could advise me about it was Governor Stuart. He was an ex-president, too, an Ulsterman only once removed, and had also received a spoon. I asked him what he had done with the spoon he got when he retired from the presidency. "Nothing," said the Governor. "I kept it as a much-prized souvenir. It was a high compliment paid me." I asked if that was all there was in it. He replied, "Well, so far as I know it is. I prize it very highly, however." There he sits at the other table, and I am sure he will verify all I say. I then said to him, "Governor, did you ever have any bad dreams?" "Now," he replied, putting on that very innocent look with which all are familiar; "No! Bad dreams never come to virtuous minds." I could only say, "That is all right, Governor; but it is a little disconcerting for ordinary people like myself to discover that fact so late in life. Are you quite sure of it," I asked. He said, "I know it absolutely. I am immune with respect to such things." I looked up to see whether I was talking to Governor Stuart or Ralph Waldo Emerson. Assured that it was the Governor, I said to him again, "Governor, did you ever see hobgoblins?" He looked at me in a surprised way and said, "What is a hobgoblin?" I said, "Governor, that's playing it a little too fine. We all know you are virtuous and high-minded and all that sort of thing, but isn't it a little early to begin another campaign?" This was during his term as Governor. I ventured the opinion that it was hardly wise to precipitate this thing at this time; that there was a constitutional inhibition against a Governor succeeding himself, and that he would have four years to think over the matter. I advised him not to start out so early, at least not on that platform. I saw I had made somewhat of an impression on him, but I did not think much of it at the time. It was recalled to me the other

day when a gentleman expressed the opinion in my hearing that the Governor was going to decline the proffered nomination for a second term. I was curious, like all of you, for information on this point, and asked on what the opinion rested. The gentleman replied that the Governor had told him of Pollock's explanation of the Scotch-Irish spoon, and that he had heard of my experience with it, and that he had finally concluded that it was a little too risky to expose such innocence as was his to a second term at Harrisburg, and that he was afraid that if elected he might be subjected to bad dreams and get to know hobgoblins, despite the spoon.

You see I didn't get far with the Governor in the way of enlightening myself with respect to this matter. I thought I would have to go further. The next man I met was Judge Yerkes, another ex-president. I asked him if he retained the spoon the Scotch-Irish gave him. Then he went on to repeat to me just what Governor Stuart told me about how highly he prized it, which meant nothing to me. I said, "Yes, you prize it highly, but what use is it?" He said, "I never thought of the utility feature. Of what possible use could it be?" I replied, "Sure, I can't tell you, for I don't know." Not having made anything out of him up to this point, I then asked him, "Judge, do you ever have bad dreams?" He said, "I do, yes, but I don't have as many as I had when I was a boy." I said, "Of course, when you were a boy you were a very innocent and virtuous youth." He said, "Yes, there never was a more virtuous and innocent boy than I was." I said, "Then you had bad dreams when you were innocent?" He said, "Yes, plenty of them. I don't have many now, though." I then said to him, "Judge, did you ever see a hobgoblin?" I wanted to get at the truth with respect to what Pollock had told me about this spoon business. "Yes," he said, "I have seen hobgoblins." I asked him if he was on intimate relations with them. "No," he said, "I never saw them but once in my life." I asked him what they were. He told me that they were miserable little devils; that he hardly knew how to describe them, that they get around you in your room at night; twist your hair, pull your ears, tickle you under the chin, pull the bed clothes off and do all that sort of devilment.

I asked him if he had seen them often. Never, he said, but once in his life. I asked when that was. He said that it occurred the night those miserable Scotch-Irish gave him the spoon. I asked him what he had done with the spoon that night. "Oh," he said, "I took it to bed with me." Then I knew there was nothing in Pollock's explanation, and so told the Judge, telling him at the same time what Pollock's explanation was, that the spoon would drive away bad dreams and hobgoblins. The Judge thereupon delivered himself in this wise: "Talk about driving away bad dreams. Everybody has bad dreams. Are you troubled that way?" I said, "No, not specially." He said for my encouragement: "If you are, you need not think yourself singular in that regard. Everybody I ever knew has had bad dreams sometime except Governor Stuart. He told me one day he never had any bad dreams, but I didn't believe him, and I told him I didn't believe him, accompanying it with this explanation, however, that I had heard some people say that Governor Stuart was blest with a very short memory sometimes.

To come down to the point, I have told you all this, Mr. President, for your own peace of mind. When you get this spoon don't take it to your bedroom to-night, particularly if you spend an hour after this banquet in Pollock's company, and don't do that if you can avoid it. In conclusion, the Society expects you—pardon me for referring to it again, for as I have several times said, it is a subject you don't like to contemplate, your retirement from office, I mean—the society expects you to retire quite as gracefully as you have presided. I advise you to strain every effort to do that. I know the gentlemen whom the Society has selected as your successor. He is here to-night, and I have watched the play of his countenance, He is as impatient to succeed you in the office of President of this Society as you are loath to leave. His countenance betrays this impatience. You know how placid and peaceful it ordinarily is. If I have truthfully interpreted the expression depicted on his face to-night, it means something like this: "I am not going to allow Kennedy to play any Mexican game about this matter here, and succeed. I am here to take the place to which I have been elected, and I am going to do it, come what

may." So I advise you, Mr. President, to retire as gracefully as you have presided. You will take this token the Society gives, not to wear around your neck, but to keep as a pledge of the assurance that I have given you to-night in speaking for this entire Society that they have the highest appreciation of the dignified and elegant manner in which you have presided at this our twenty-fifth annual banquet, and entertain for you personally feelings of highest regard.

THE PRESIDENT:—

Mr. Justice Stuart, I will proudly bear this spoon home with me, and while I will not promise to wear it, I will use it with my punch bowl—I mean porridge bowl. I thank you.

As our next speaker I have pleasure in introducing to you Rev. Mr. Andrew Mutch, a real Scotchman, and a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, who, following a visit to the United States in the fall of 1911, received a call to the Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church, of which he is now pastor.

REV. ANDREW MUTCH, A.M.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA:—Even in the short time that I have lived in these parts I had learned that the Scotch-Irish Society here is "no mean citizenship," and that its annual banquet is no ordinary function; and so I was somewhat overwhelmed when your invitation was conveyed to me that I should be your guest; and my first word here on the occasion of rising to say what I have to say by way of address, is to thank you for the very great compliment that you have in this way paid me. A day or two, however, after I had received and accepted your invitation, I found out something that caused me to think that a mistake perhaps had been made. I became afraid that you had not just placed me right. Do not be surprised at my ignorance, but I discovered the true meaning of Scotch-Irish. You probably know of that annual event in the farming districts of Scotland which is known as a "feeing fair." On that day the farm servants of a district go to the nearest market town, and there in the town square

they meet with the farmers and arrange terms of engagement for the ensuing year on the farms. The story is told of a young plowman, who was being interviewed by a farmer, and the farmer asked him if he had a written character from his former master. He had not, and the farmer told him to go and get it, and then come back with it as soon as he could and see him again. In a short time the farmer saw the young plowman approaching. He said, "Have you got your character?" The plowman replied, "No, but I have got yours, and I am no coming." Well, I do not know who stood guarantor for *me*. I do not know who supplied *my* "character;" but I am, as the President has said, a simple Scot, unmixed in blood and unimproved by residence in any other country than Scotland, until I came to America. It has not been my lot to be brewed in Scotland and bottled in Ireland, before I was uncorked in America. You have heard of the Shorthorn Herd Book, which records the pedigree of all the thoroughbred cattle of that kind. My pedigree is not there, but I do come from the shorthorn county in Scotland, and in coming here I came straight, not by way of Ireland. Indeed, I have to confess that, although not in the spirit of the Levite, I passed it by upon the other side. And so, if one drop of Scotch-Irish blood is "the one touch of Nature that makes the whole world kin," then I am quite out of it with you to-night. And yet it does not seem to be so, for it seems to me you are giving me a real Highland welcome. It is evident that the Irish of the composite is entirely subsidiary, and that the Scotch is the important requirement.

There was a Scotch minister who had a parishioner that was given to heavy bouts of drinking. The minister pleaded with him for long and at last he got him to give up his bad habit, and this parishioner kept straight and steady for quite a long time. But one day the minister, to his great sorrow and disappointment, saw by the way that John was walking along the street that he had returned to his old bad habit, and he walked up to him, put his hand upon his shoulder and said, "Drunk again, John." John turned around and said to the minister, "So am I, sir." Gentlemen of the Scotch-Irish Society, that is pretty much as it is as be-

tween you and me—so am I. Indeed, I have it on the authority of an ex-president of this Society, that “in a Scotch-Irishman the Scotch being the stronger character always bosses the job.”

Now, I have to confess that I know very little indeed about the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish. I have since Sunday been trying to improve upon that ignorance. But I do know something of the Scotch. No doubt the Scotch and the Irish and the Scotch-Irish characters have often been spoken about here in very eloquent speeches and with discriminating analysis; and yet it is a theme that is perennially fresh if for no other reason than that every man has his own stock of stories to illustrate it. I have read in the records of your Society that “as a general rule the good people are Scotch-Irish and the bad people are those that are not Scotch-Irish,” and I will only vary that statement to say that as a general rule (of course there are exceptions), but, take my word for it, because I have lived amongst them for fully forty years, there are only two kinds of Scotchmen, *the good and those that are not so good*. Think of their characteristics and who will say that any one of them is bad? The worst you can say of any one of them is that he is *not so good*.

For example, there is *the Scotchman's thrift*, which has made him famous all the world over. Some people I know would call it by a name not so good. They would speak of “meanness” and “nearness” and “self-seeking” and “world-loving,” and no doubt there is sometimes a defect in the virtue. I have known a farmer in my last parish in Scotland change a penny into two half-pennies on his way on Sunday morning to the church door. Indeed, it has been said that the British Mint coined farthings so that the Scotch people might make suitable contributions to charitable objects. You may know the definition of a Scotchman as given by the late Professor John Stuart Blackie, that Scot of the Scots, and yet he could appreciate those things in them that were not so good. His definition of a Scotchman was: “A Scotchman is a man that keeps the Sabbath and everything else he can lay his hands on.” Then there is that story whose classical source has something to do with Harry Lauder. Two Scotchmen are

sitting in the candle light in their cottage. "Saunders, hoo do you manage to save siller? It clean beats me." "Tammas, I will tell you that, but while I am telling ye I micht just as weel blow out the candle." That was a sufficient explanation. Gentlemen, I have no difficulty in classing this feature of the Scotch character. "Waste not, want not," is good gospel that has been proved by experience, and though it may be pushed to an extreme, between it and its opposite I have no hesitation in choosing. It is well for some of us that there was in us a strain of Scotch thrift rather than the spirit of wasteful prodigality.

Then there is *the Scotchman's fighting spirit*. Have they not made themselves famous? As men like Allan Brech, in Robert Louis Stevenson's stirring novel, they have been "bonnie fechtters." It was a Scotch-Irishman that asked an American if he knew what were the last words of George Washington on the night before one of his great battles in the Revolutionary War. The American said that he did know those words. "Washington said, 'Put none but Americans on guard to-night.'" "Yes," said the Scotch-Irishman, "but that was not all that he said. Washington said, 'Put none but Americans on guard to-night. Let the Irishmen sleep. There will be fighting to-morrow.'" It is a story that serves to confirm the reading that I have been doing this week. As the British officer wrote home in those days, the struggle for independence in Pennsylvania was "an Irish-Scotch-Presbyterian-Rebellion." Echoes of Bannockburn! Echoes of Drumclog and Bothwell Brig!

"By oppression's woes and pains;
By your sons in servile chains;
We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free.
Lay the proud usurpers low;
Tyrants fall in every foe;
Liberty's in every blow.
 Let us do or dee."

And they did.

It was the sons of such sires that came in those past days to this country. It was the sons of such sires that left Ire-

land, leaving it because they found themselves ill-treated there and denied full freedom in religious and civil rights. They came here because of that; and they were not the men to brook any injustice or oppression when they had come 3000 miles across the sea to escape those very wrongs. Indeed the Scot, if he has been "a bonnie fechter" in his fighting he has been the foremost champion in the cause of truth and liberty.

Then there is *the Scotchman's religion*. Let me speak of it with a tender touch. And yet here again there are those I know that would shrug their shoulders and speak about cant and hypocrisy. But who of us is quite consistent? Who of us is always tuned to concert pitch? An English family was once spending the summer at a seaside place in the Highlands of Scotland. A strict Sabbatarian hired boats to the visitors, and the father of this family at the end of the first week when they were there went to this hirer of boats in order that he might secure a boat for Sunday. He was sternly refused. He remonstrated, and then there came something like this suggestion. "I will no be looking, and you will just take a boat and go out; and then when I will see you, I will shout to you to come back; but you will no be hearing me, and you will just take your sail. Then you will come and pay me on the Monday." It was easy to pick holes like that. It is easy to point out blemishes; but after all, the religion of the Scot was "the real McKay." It had been implanted as a national instinct. It was undoubtedly the shorter catechism along with oatmeal that were the great formative influences of national character. Indeed, the great Scotchmen of the past and of the passing generation have all been men who were impressed with the reality of religion.

That, then, is the stock from which we have descended. That is the rock from which we have been hewn, and little wonder that men of such qualities have left a record and make a mark upon the history of this nation of which we all here to-night are mightily proud. Yet if we gather here to-night in a bragging mood, it is not only excusable, it is beneficial. It is good to measure up the past because the measure of our benefits from the past is a measure of the debt that we owe

to the future. The Scotch-Irish contribution is not to be a tradition, but a continued transaction.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We should make *our* lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind *us*
Footprints on the sands of time."

Gentlemen, since coming to America—and with this I close—this idea has come to me. The American people that will by and by arise should, I fancy, be a race as near perfection as it is possible for a race to be in this world. I fancy that my friend, Mr. Auld, is smiling, thinking of some of our mutual friends in Scotland, thinking of what they would be thinking if they heard me say that. They would think that I had got infected with a certain microbe that is supposed to be peculiar to this part of the world. But I am not talking at large. These are the days of eugenics, and how is this for eugenics? It is an old saying that "no one man is a whole man;" that is, that in each individual something is lacking, which makes society necessary to each one of us. And likewise we may say that no one nation is a whole nation. It has limitations and defects which other nations must supply. Take the Scotch-Irishman. Is he Scotch? No. Is he Irish? No. He is a blend of the two, and, as some of us think, pretty near being perfect already. But you have only to carry this on, as it must be carried on in this population of Swedes, Dutch, Germans, French and Italians, not to speak of English, Scotch and Irish, you have only to carry on this blending to get a result more and more perfect. In a country parish that I know in Scotland, before a school board election, a meeting of the rate-payers was being held, and it was addressed by the several candidates for school-board honors. One candidate presented his claims, saying that he knew something about education for he had studied at two universities. The next speaker, who was a farmer, referred to the first speaker, saying, "Our friend says that he can look after the educational interests of this parish admirably—that he is well fitted for the office because he has studied at two universities. Well, I once had a calf which drank the milk of two cows, and

the more milk it drank the bigger a calf it grew." It seems to me that in America the people who are by and by to form the backbone of this nation will be undoubtedly pretty "big calves." They will have drunk the milk from the life of every nation under the sun; and according to these eugenics that I have propounded to-night, the race that will result will possess the good qualities of each, to the elimination of their limitations and deficiencies. Members of the Scotch-Irish Society, sons of the noble free, what a grand part to play in the purposes of God! What a magnificent destiny to do your part in fulfilling!

THE PRESIDENT:—

THE PRESIDENT:—When just out of college, a comparatively bashful young man, having made up his mind to enter politics, volunteered to speak in the push-cart district of New York City. The first time he was called upon, arising with no little confusion and forgetting what he *intended* to say he inquired of the *crowd*, gathered around the tail-board of the wagon, which was for the time being his rostrum, *about what* he should speak. The reply came quickly, probably from an Irishman, "Speak about a minute."

But time has wrought a wonderful change—to-day when the metropolitan papers learn that our next speaker is to make an address they send not only their stenographers but their moving picture experts in order that they can fully record the inimitable expression.

Now, I feel sure you will all be glad to listen *many* minutes to my friend and college-mate, Hon. Job E. Hedges, the next Governor of New York.

HON. JOB. E. HEDGES:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—It is entirely apparent to me from the introduction just accorded that the feeling of diffidence which afflicted our Chairman early in the evening has worn off. I must repudiate, however, in fairness to myself, his proposition that anyone ever suggested to me to speak only for one minute. That

suggestion was brought up doubtless from the tendency of Scotchmen or Scotch-Irishmen to turn back the pages of history for a tradition to justify a present statement. The story narrated by Mr. Kennedy was started in New York in 1832, in the case of a man other than myself, and has been used at intermittent periods since, predicated on the nerve of the man who perpetrates it. The distinguished clergyman from Bryn Mawr and I have evidently read the same books. He sent for a copy of the year book of the Society and so did I, and we have about come to the same conclusion, and that is for us to admit the predominance of the Scotch-Irish influence and let it go at that. The Scotchman is open for argument but not to argument. He knows what he wants and usually takes it. In candor I owe you an apology to-night which I make very frankly and openly. I never was in Scotland or Ireland. I have not a drop of the blood of either nationality in my veins. I just belong over here, and how it happened I really do not know. I do know that my paternal grandfather came over from England, but not as the representative of a cause and not as the originator of an idea. He was not a promotor or a builder. He did not live at a time when he was so far devoid of funds that he could not live at home. He waited until a later day and came over more comfortably. Some other people of mine came from New Jersey. Why they started there or why they tarried there I have never been able to understand. In further confidence I will admit that I was born in New Jersey. I tarried there about six weeks and then trecked. At that time the fortunes in the Hedges family were more limited than they are now, although limited enough at present; there was just about money enough in the family till to enable us to board six months and visit six. It may justify my presence to say that the period of visitation of six months had enough of the Scotch characteristic of frugality to commend me to you. I cannot see why these Scotch-Irish dinners continue. There is nothing else we speakers can claim for the Scotch-Irish which has not already been claimed. Nothing new can be evolved. We admit the past, we claim the present and we look to the future, with comprehensive confidence in our superiority. I read those same volumes that the distin-

guished clergymen did, and I was terrified at the result. Subconsciously I had from the time of my invitation evolved some thoughts pertinent to this evening, and then my reading demonstrated that my ideas had all been uttered by others. As near as I can make out, the Scotch-Irishman is a man of that comprehensive vitality of mind and body which is in a sort of competition with the divine scheme. By virtue of this he looks with complacency on a providential disposition, adopts it and then lives on as matter of fact in his own way. There is one thing about a Scotchman which impresses me with great favor, and that is that he does not use language to conceal his thoughts. As I look around to-day and read the public prints I find it difficult sometimes to tell what is in the minds of men who are expressing their alleged opinions on various topics. Another thing about a Scotchman that endears him to me is that he never seems to care whether he is in a minority or a majority, and sometimes he is happier when he is in a small minority. It gives him a wider field in intense activity, and the smaller the majority the greater the victory, when by the adoption of his views he becomes a member of the majority. I do not speak of this word majority with any really intense pleasure, because I once tried unsuccessfully to be a majority. I notice the distinguished gentleman from Kentucky, where they do not have the same problems we do in New York, divided the political field between Republicans and Democrats, overlooking and eliminating the Progressives. Certainly he and his distinguished party cohorts owe more to the Progressives than they do to anybody else. I would like to commend to his distinguished consideration that very Progressive element in our community. That element is capable of great study and consideration, if it will stand still long enough so we can study it. There is no objection to progress whatever if you can tell which way you are going. I have known men to hurry so rapidly towards a given point that they got out of breath before arriving and could not tell what they wanted. This does not apply to Scotch-Irishmen. They always know what they want and they go and get it. I do not agree that the egotism of the Scotch-Irishman is to be deprecated. He is perfectly satisfied if you will let him have

his own opinions. The average man is not so interested in keeping his own opinions as he is in regulating some other man's. The question of converting to particular beliefs by brute force, while one of the greatest outdoor sports known to man, is not a thing that softens human nature. I have studied the evolution of the human race so far as history records it. I likewise studied the question of eugenics. The body politic has attracted my intense interest, although it is the only body for which rest and quiet is never prescribed. If for no other reason, the Scotch-Irish commend themselves to me, for the invitation which brings me here to-night. They are the only people whom I know who never consider the extent of a sacrifice before they make their declaration of principles. A Scotchman or an Irishman will fight over less than any other man on the face of the earth. They fight with equal intensity over a non-essential or an essential. They become as confused in determining the difference between essentials and non-essentials as other people, but they never consider the price they are paying for their liberty of conviction. Most men consider the penalty before they announce their convictions. You know there is no difficulty about being a hero when the crowd is looking. It is very easy to be praised when the band plays. It is no trial to be virtuous when there are witnesses. There is no difficulty about being great if there is a nearby headline. I have never known a Scotchman, however, to prove his own virtue by charging the opposite to the other man. A Scotchman regulates himself before he tries to regulate some one else. The modern-day process is the reverse. A Scotchman does not object so much to what you believe if you will let him believe what he desires. Therefore, when a Scotchman goes to war he goes to war personally for an impersonal proposition. It is a rare trait in human nature for a man to dedicate himself personally to an impersonal proposition. I do not believe that the names of all the heroes in the world or the greatest heroes have ever been recorded, whether they were Scotch-Irish or whatever they may have been. The greatest heroes are those who in everyday walks of life have made their sacrifices, have subordinated their ambitions, have denied themselves, for a duty without

thought whether their praise would be sung or unsung, and the aggregation of those human, quiet, every-day sacrifices makes up the human value of virtue in my judgment. I love the capacity of the Scotch-Irishman for sacrifice. To-day we do not sacrifice ourselves, we sacrifice the other man. It is very easy to make the other man a burnt offering, but it takes real courage to climb up on the altar and set fire to yourself, so that through the smoke of the immolation can be seen the principle which will guide some one else along the course of life. A Scotchman will deny himself to be orthodox. It frequently happens in these days that men insist that the others should change their views so that the average may more easily be struck. A Scotchman is never in doubt as to what he wants. He never is in the penumbra of thought. His mental activities are marked by clear lines. I read, for instance, to-day from the same pamphlet the distinguished clergyman did, a very learned discussion given some years ago as to whether the Mecklenberg Confession came on the 20th or the 31st of May, and I saw the point of one or the other days sustained with elaboration of learned research which was a great compliment to the gentlemen who gave it. I do not believe that the men who wrote it cared one whit to whom posterity should give credit. They had made up their minds to declare their position and their mental and moral freedom, and they did it. They let it go at that. Their courage was proven by the fact of their lack of numbers. A Scotchman never starts out primarily to save some one else. He arranges first for his own salvation, and then goes after the other man. Scotchmen would be heterodox judged by some of the present-day standards. They are unusually abnormal. The question to-day is not whether the country shall be saved, but who shall save it. Every four years we take her by the scruff of the neck and hang her over the abyss of despair, then drag her back and devote the remaining four years to a sort of clinic to see what we can learn by operating on the body politic. It would be humiliating for many men to become conscious that this great republic could continue for a few years regardless of their help. There is a wide difference in fact between being called and chosen. I have tried each, but never could understand why a man the

moment he was sworn in to public office *per se* knew more than he did the day before. His responsibility is greater and he seems more important to the public, that is all. A Scotchman or Scotch-Irishman freely admits that he has a tremendous responsibility as a part of the human dispensation. He does not claim to be the only actor in that great drama. He insists on playing his part in his own way. He is charged with being thrifty. The charge is true. He seeks to be as prominent a financial factor as may be. He is proud of the part he plays and never apologizes for it. A Scotchman has no hesitation in giving himself three cheers as long as his voice holds out, but I never knew him to object to anybody else giving himself three cheers. Scotch-Irishmen may be close financially, but that does not mean that they are necessarily selfish. The test of generosity is sometimes not the size of a gift, but what you have left. The test of a real kindly act is not how much it pleases the man for whom you did it, but how much it inconveniences you while you are performing the exercise. It is pleasant indeed to have a set of engrossed resolutions sent to the family of the deceased, but it helps much more if you will call upon them and ask them if there is anything you can do for them. Now, what are we going to do about it? It is a good thing to have been a Scotch-Irishman. It is a good thing to be a Scotch-Irishman. I agree with my friend Breckenridge that we should so endeavor to unsex ourselves that we may reduce ourselves to an absolute standard of virtue. This we ought to do. The trouble is we are not going to do it. If he can persuade the German that he is happier in the company of Irishmen than he is of Germans he is quite a magician. If he can persuade the Scotchman that he can be really comfortable talking to the Englishman who has just come over he is quite a dreamer. Somehow or other Italians like to be with Italians, too, and you cannot change that. You cannot prevent people of like temperaments preferring to travel with people of like temperaments. You cannot change the blood that is in people's veins. You can set up final standards toward which we can strive for accomplishment. There is only one thing that I know of that drives all the American people together, whatever their blood or whatever

their environment, and that is when the country as an entirety is in danger from outside aggression. Then we know no extraction; then we know no blood. Then we have a common plane on which we meet. The trouble is we are all equally and properly and normally and naturally ambitious. When peace is abroad in the land we all seek to serve the body politic. We all wish more at the end of the year than we have at the beginning. We all want our families better educated, our children better brought up, more money in the bank, but we will go just as near the Penal Code to get it as we can with decency and comfort of mind. We all discourse on the subject of special privilege and yet I never knew a full-grown man, regardless of his extraction, to get out of the way of one if he saw it coming towards him in a sort of gentle, unobtrusive manner. We all talk about the people as if we were not one of them. There is no reason why we should not talk about them if we classify ourselves with them. We all pretend to speak for the rest, even when they have not asked us to. We believe in the common people if they believe in and agree with us. When they support us they are intelligent. When they do not they are misinformed. I know something about that, too. I have given that subject some study, but I have not lost confidence in the substantial intelligence of the people of the State of New York. I believe that if the same thing can be put up to them twice, after they have had time to think it over, there will spring from their minds that recorded judgment that to my own thought indicates careful reflection. I am not here to talk shop, but just to illustrate. If you gentlemen were voters at the New York primaries I would address you differently. I will say that while I have no Scotch or Irish blood in my veins I can complacently accept a result temporarily. That is the only way in which a Scotch-Irishman ever did accept anything without he had acquired a complete title. I got mine and I got it good, and I knew when I got it. There wasn't any doubt about it, but I am even with the State of New York. There is a sort of playful fancy about the Scotch-Irishman. They say he hasn't any sense of humor, that is, the Scotch part. That is error. He is one of the most humorous beings

born. He can perpetrate the most exquisite things in humor and not know it. Humorous to a degree, his personality oozes. He takes it in in different ways, but it oozes out just the same. I watched very carefully to-night my friend Kennedy when he stood here apparently spiritless. The stolid Scotch instinct was in his blood. He said to himself, "I know I am going to get that spoon, what do I care what the judge says in presenting it. It is coming my way." This presentation is a matter entirely of pre-arrangement. There is no reason why it should not have been as the result proves it. The Judge said to me, and I a New Yorker, "I have had a very unexpected thing put up to me to-night." I never smiled. He said, "I have got to think up something quickly to say to Kennedy." He knew what he was going to say all the time, and we all know he took long enough to say it. I began to lose faith in the proposition that the spoon would ever reach Kennedy, but I said to myself, "Don't lose faith, this is Scotch-Irish persistency, leave him alone, don't interrupt him, it will get here." Consistently with my studies of Scotch-Irish character and the logical mind which I hope guides me, it did. Kennedy's term of office closed with the customary formality. I see you have a one-term proposition here. It is not a question of policy, it is a question of safety with specific method. It is getting late. This hobgoblin business which the Judge referred to has made me a little nervous. I do not know what the recipe for it is here, but if I were at home I could tell just what brings it on. I do know, however, that it is a pleasant thing to come here from New York and to be the recipient of your courtesy. I do know that a man can drink deep at the well of Scotch-Irish inspiration and experience emotions which make him feel a little more wholesome, a little more satisfied with himself. I do know that in this world, whatever our beliefs may be, or whatever our objects may be, or whatever line we are training for, that we do not lead our life in this common movement academically. We lead it emotionally and sentimentally, and the man does not live who can standardize the American race as a mere matter of mentality. This mixture of blood and extraction is some time and somewhere going to

work out a great destiny on this continent, but if in working it out and if in standardizing it, and if in working along lines of efficiency, all of which are proper motives, it destroys personality and individuality, the country has lost and not gained. I like applause as well as any man; I like to hear your applause, but I would rather be able to start an emotion than to win your applause without it. I would rather be grieved over when I am taken away than praised while I am here. I would rather have one poor devil shed one honest tear over my grave when I am laid to rest and mean it, and feel it, than to have the National Guard turn out, and have some officer unknown to me ask, "when will this thing be over?" The Scotch-Irishman never tries to fool himself. I suppose in the final analysis of life men in the same walks understand each other pretty thoroughly. By the large we are familiar with each other's motives, although we do not tell all we know. It is a good thing we do not, because we could not live happily if we did. We are all very busy. Every man has his line of activity, and if we leave him alone in that he is liable to leave us alone in ours. Don't let us fool ourselves, and don't let us try to fool people of our own ilk either. I am told these are tumultuous times in which we live. I am told there is a great spirit of unrest abroad, an unheaval among the people. There is a spirit of unrest in a way, but let me tell you right here that in my judgment, and I point it from the talks of this evening, the disturbance in the public mind of to-day does not come from the bottom up, but rather from the top down. It is aroused by men of mentality and perspicacity, who exploit themselves at the expense of men of less intelligence and perspicacity. I am not looking forward as many are to have great leaders arise before the people, men who by their own power shall take this great nation and lead her out of Egypt, and then demand their reward immediately upon arrival. We are not in pressing need of heroes. There is no dearth of competent men. We need plain, everyday men, who recognize a sentimental obligation to the land that gave them birth or to the land of their adoption. We need men who will make a sacrifice without considering the reward. We need men who, when they use the word "liberty," mean it.

As a God-fearing man, I believe in the efficacy of prayer, but you can stay on your knees so long you get muscle bound and cannot help a neighbor. I would rather pray standing and be able to get there quickly if I hear a cry for help. It is better to do a decent thing and not be caught than to be credited with something that is not so and be nervous about being discovered. There is no difficulty, if, however intellectual our discussions may be, however complicated the questions, we talk about them frankly and without reservation, and do not look upon our own views as having the finality of judgment. There are some men in this world who are smarter than several combined. There are men who are cleverer than quite a number, but there is no one more brilliant than all the rest together. I know of no one who has an irrevocable power of attorney from the Almighty. I do not care what another man thinks if he lets me think, and whether he lets me think or not, I intend to continue my normal processes. The average of those various thoughts is the mental life of America. As long as a man thinks honestly the trend of the majority thought is right. You cannot summarize this great nation in a financial balance sheet. What good does it do you or me to know what the average per capita wealth is if we do not happen to have the per capita with us? It is not important to me to know the amount of your possessions if my needs are met. I am very interested, however, in knowing whether when you got yours you prevented my getting more if I had known the system. Crime is not a party matter. A crook is a crook, no matter what his party allegiance may be. One of the most awful things we are warned against to-day in politics as a generic term, is a boss. What is a boss? The crystalized indifference of the bossed. There would not be bosses if there were not people willing to be bossed. The difficulty is we are all prone to explain our own activity in terms of somebody else's greater activity. Are we not getting a little bit in the line of thought these days where we use other people as the excuse for our deficiencies? Do we not justify ourselves in what we do or refrain from doing by what we charge some one else with having done? A man is not virtuous because he admits it. Another man is not necessarily a crook because charged with

being such. I look forward to a time when the system will be somewhat regenerated by rest. We are not all bad. We do not want to be rescued every minute. We do not have to resolve ourselves into a sort of human clinic. We are not required to suffer for some one else who has not asked us to. The American people are all right, the country is all right. It is a good place in which to live. I do not know any constitutional prohibition that prevents a man leaving if he does not desire to stay. I read every day of men making sacrifices by taking public office. They do not have to be nominated, even, if they do not wish to be. They do not have to stay in office if they desire not to. Why fool people? Larceny is not the crime of the century; it is hypocrisy. I do not believe the Scotch are subject to the charge of hypocrisy. They have a roundabout way of arguing things now and then. They may strain logic now and then. They may indulge in argument somewhat inconsistent, but for their beliefs they would die. This is the test. We talk a great deal these days about our rights. What is a right? It is the reciprocal of an obligation, and no man has a final right in this country who has not met his obligations. No man can be a brother who has not a brotherly attitude toward others. There is no need for excitement. There is no necessity for each man to worry about every other man. The Scotch-Irishman can receive his instinct from the place whence he came. The German can receive his from the Fatherland. I can receive my inspiration from an ancestor who signed the Declaration, from a father who died at Petersburg. If our instincts are human and normal, and we are dedicated to the same purposes here, we need not worry about each other. Logic will never regenerate a man. A heart beat is better than a syllogism. An emotion is better than an academic process. There is one problem that the American people have not yet solved and must solve. Our great problem is the problem of numbers. With the variety of questions to solve, with the variety of facts to discuss and understand, how are we going to get in the mind of all the voters at the same time the same facts which make the major and minor premises to the argument, so that men will be thinking about

the same thing at the same time that they draw their conclusions? Think of the varieties of intelligence in the country, the varieties of opportunities, the differences in temperament, the differences in wealth, the differences in social condition, and the problem is almost beyond compass. The real primary problem of this country to-day is the problem of numbers rather than of morals. When a majority of men have come to a common conclusion from the same statement of facts, as individuals we have no right to complain of the result. The American people are a moral people or they would not be here. They are a sound people or they would not be here. The motives of the average man are good. We are all seeking progress and advancement. We merely differ in our ideas as to the best way to obtain it, to accomplish it. Our intensity of advocacy as to remedies prevents us sometimes making a proper diagnosis of the disease generally. With all the strain that this government has been subjected to, its foundation has been in the heart primarily, and then the head. When heart and mind are combined the result is unassailable. Have we not become an anti-country instead of a pro-country? We started pro; we were always for something. Our ancestors came here for something—that is to live, to worship, to acquire, to accumulate. How are we using our mentality to-day? Largely in deciding what is not so. Largely analyzing the other man. I could not draw a statute that will unsex a man or make him. I could not suggest an amendment to the Constitution which would give this country a new impetus, but I do know that the service that public men can furnish to those who make up their audience is to make them think on the problems of the Republic, and take on an attitude of mind toward public affairs which will bring better results than mere academic discussion. I would have the connecting link between the past and present a sentiment of obligation that would lead the American people to feel that they were the legatees of a great past and the trustees of a still greater future. I would have as an understood party of the third part to every commercial contract, all the rest of the people excepting the contracting parties, so to speak; that is, I would have very man feel that he had no right to assert himself at

the expense of the rest. How can a man decide on the present who is not familiar with the past? It is said that at a critical period in the Revolution, when army after army had been lost, and the heart of the boldest and faithfulest sank within him, that at that moment, buoyed up by the hope of his eternal work, the great Washington said: "Take from me all that I have left; take from me the scattered and dejected remnant of my army; leave me but a banner, and let me plant that upon the mountain top of West Augusta, and I will yet take up my bleeding country from the dust and set her free." I say to you to-night, let us not be deceived by the apparent intricacy of our problems, let us not be deceived by any real or imaginary difficulty. When we are in doubt and before we seek the solution for the present, let us turn our eyes to the past, reading our lesson in the human personal sacrifices of the fathers and their willingness to give life and property for a common purpose, and when we feel ourselves swelling with the sense of responsibility to preserve what they have transmitted to us, we will then turn to our own problems unselfishly, seriously and safely.

THE PRESIDENT:—

My last official duty is the pleasantest of my administration. As the incoming President is so well known and is so used to being President—in fact is a King among Presidents, he needs no introduction.

Those of us of the Cumberland Valley are proud of the fact that while Mr. Rea was not born among us, his grandfather, who won his sword in the Revolutionary War, was one of the early settlers in Franklin County, where Mr. Rea's father was born—the family subsequently removing to Hollidaysburg, the birthplace of our incoming President.

Right here I might remark that this same portion of Franklin County produced two former Presidents of the Pennsylvania Railroad, both Scotch-Irishmen, Col. Thomas A. Scott and Mr. Frank Thompson, and if I read the signs of the stars aright, our German friends of the Reading will, in all probability before many years, also fill their highest office with a

Cumberland Valley Scotch-Irishman, who was born and raised between the old Thompson and Rea homesteads on the banks of the Conococheague Creek.

And now, Mr. President, I have pleasure in turning over to you the office, its furniture and emoluments.

MR. REA:—

Mr. President, I accept the emoluments. I suppose that means the spoon, or do I get another one? It is too late to do any more than thank you for my election to this office. I have a few other presidencies, but still regard this as a very high honor, and hope to fulfill those arduous duties of which Mr. Justice Stewart reminded us.

APPENDIX A.

ADDRESSES DELIVERED IN THE ASSEMBLY HALL, BELFAST, IRELAND, JUNE 3, 1913, ON THE OCCASION OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE TERCENTENARY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN IRELAND.

(NOTE:—These addresses, copies of which were sent to the Society through the courtesy of Mr. Samuel Cunningham, of Belfast, were received too late to be included in the report for 1913. As they are not readily accessible to the members of the Society, it has been deemed wise to include them in this year's report as an interesting and instructive contribution to the history of Ulster.)

INTRODUCTION BY THE MODERATOR,

THE RIGHT REV. W. J. MACAULAY, D.D.

I am sure I express the feeling of the Assembly when I say that we are deeply grateful to the brethren who have arranged the celebration of the Tercentenary of the planting of the Presbyterian Church in this land. They have acted in the spirit of true wisdom and enlightened Churchmanship; for we all ought to know more of the history of our Church, be better informed as to her progress, and more prayerful for her success. A distinguished minister from Scotland and two honoured professors of our own, all qualified in the highest degree to speak on the subject, are to address us. It is well to recall the scenes and circumstances of other times, that the lessons of the past may guide our action in the present. Our friends are to take in their hands the clue of history and lead us back through the labyrinth of vanished years till we reach the early portion of the seventeenth century, the days in the history of our Church when great truths were vindicated and precious liberties purchased. And they are to tell us of the pioneers of Presbyterianism who planted our first churches, those moral giants and heroes who counted not their lives dear to them, who loved the truth and were willing to suffer for it.

Though dead they yet speak. But in truth such men never die. They live to teach us to cleave more firmly to the truth, and value our liberty more highly.

Three hundred years ago, as we shall doubtless hear, the rights of conscience were little understood and less regarded. The favourite arguments with those in power were imprisonment and torture. Sorry arguments, but they seemed sufficient at the time for the purpose in view. Nothing has so contributed to sow confusion and misery in the world as that foul tyranny that has sought to come between the soul of man and God. I hope the young people of our Church will learn the lesson that history points, the foremost among the many it teaches—viz., to be tolerant of the opinions of those who differ from them, while insisting on liberty to hold and express their own. “Where the spirit of the Lord is there is liberty” of conscience. I think we shall learn from what we shall hear to-night that in those early days Presbyterianism proved itself the nurse of brave and honest and God-fearing men and women, as it has done ever since. We have a noble ecclesiastical ancestry, men who were the salt of the earth, and who did more to preserve human liberty against intolerance than the world is ready to acknowledge. Let our young people be Presbyterians, not merely because their fathers held their pews in the old meeting-house in the country, and because they were themselves baptized there in the orthodox fashion, but from deep conviction, resulting from the study of the Word of God and the reading of the providence of God in the history of our Church.

THE PLANTATION AND PRESBYTERIAN PIONEERS.

By the REV. DONALD MACMILLAN, M.A., D.D., Minister of
Kelvinhaugh Parish, Glasgow.

It was with much pleasure, and with a distinct sense of being honoured, that I accepted the invitation of the Historical Society of the Irish Presbyterian Church, communicated to me by my friend the Rev. Mr. Baird, to appear at this large gathering in order to say a few words to you on the occasion

of the Tercentenary celebrations of your Church. The Committee that is responsible for the arrangements might have shown greater discrimination in the choice which it has made of a representative of the mother Church, the Church of Scotland, to voice her feelings in connection with this important event, for we have many eminent men whose names are known and honoured in this and other lands, but I can assure you that no one could have been selected who is more in sympathy with your Church than myself, or one who more admires her past or is more hopeful of her future.

A SUBJECT WORTHY OF PATIENT STUDY.

It seems to me most fitting that a celebration of this kind should be in the hands of the Historical Society of your Church. During the past few weeks—indeed, ever since I agreed to be present on this occasion—I have been studying her history, and no page in the annals of any ecclesiastical body affords more ground for careful research and patient study than that of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland. Hers has, indeed, been a chequered experience, and we in Scotland who are familiar with the persecutions of our own Church, of the sufferings which she endured, and of the triumphs which she won, have only to read the story of your Church to find how equal, if not much greater, have been your trials. It is, therefore, a cause of the heartiest congratulation that your Church has emerged from past difficulties in triumph, and, unless some untoward event happens, has a bright and promising future before her.

AN EARLIER SCOTTISH PLANTATION.

The subject which has been specially assigned to me is "The Plantation and Presbyterian Pioneers." It would be a foolhardy attempt on my part, a mere novice in Irish history, to try to deal in any full or scientific manner with so large and difficult a theme. Indeed, I am afraid that if I attempted to enter into it and offer opinions which could not be otherwise than crude, I would find myself at variance with the members of the Historical Society, who are experts in this and other points in Irish history, and a disturbance might

be created in this otherwise united and friendly assembly, which your chairman might find it difficult to quell. Indeed, there might be a danger of me being speedily planted not in Ulster, but back again in Scotland. But, all the same, I can venture with safety on the remark, that before the Plantation of Ulster with English and chiefly with Scottish settlers by King James, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, Scotchmen in very considerable numbers had found their way into the Northern parts of Ireland, and had settled in the Counties of Down and Antrim. Indeed, long before that period my fellow-countrymen had discovered the possibilities of the fair Emerald Isle, and were making such good progress in capturing what was to their mind in it that a law had to be passed to prevent further incursions on their part. I sometimes think that if King James had simply let things alone, our Scottish forbears, who had quite as strong a scent for possible advantages as their descendants in our day, would have quietly but doggedly settled in various parts of Ireland, colonised it as they alone know how to colonise, and in the end gained the upper hand. To enable them to do this, however, they would require to have been left alone. Interference on the part of England would have been fatal to any such progress or hope. The two races would require to have been left alone to fight out their destiny; but as this was impossible, the history of Ireland is such as we know it, and what its future may be it is difficult, even for the wisest of men under present conditions, to forecast.

THE DALRIADIC EMIGRATION AND WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Now, the "might-have-been" of Irish history, as I have thus indicated, was what really happened in Scotland. A plantation took place there from Ireland long before any plantation took place in Ireland from Scotland. You know that a body of Scots sailed in the fifth century from the shores of Ireland, gained a footing on the coast of Argyle, and founded there their kingdom of Dalriada. They had to encounter the races and tribes that then possessed Scotland, and to fight for their existence. In a short time we hear of nothing but

confusion and strife and bloodshed in that country; Scots and Picts, Angles, Saxons, Teutons, Norsemen, and Danes all engaging in the melee; and after a hundred battles, and when sick of strife, there at last emerged the Scotland which we know; the result of the fusion of the different races which then inhabited it or invaded its shores. If Ireland had thus been left to work out its own destiny it would have been a different Ireland to what we know. If the various races which from the dawn of history invaded Ireland had been left alone to fight out their destiny in conflict with the original inhabitants, there would have been a fusion of races and a strong and united nationality such as we find in England and in Scotland, with undoubtedly what is best in the Scottish character at the top. But this was not permitted; the strong hand of England, while striving to save, only ended in rendering impossible what we, now on looking back, sincerely wish had happened.

EVIL EFFECT OF RESTRICTIVE LEGISLATION.

We have therefore to give his meed of praise to King James for striving to atone for the misfortunes of the past by settling in the Province of Ulster a colony, largely of Scottish extraction, who by their grit and industry, and fear of God, have raised this Province to an honoured place among the progressive portions of the world. Its misfortune is that through circumstances of race and religion its capable citizens are practically confined to this particular part of Ireland; and to all serious-minded men, the one hope for the country as a whole, would be that those who have made Ulster great could, either themselves or their descendants, settle in other parts of the country, and redeem its past and future. Indeed at one time in the history of Ireland this seemed almost possible. "At the close of the seventeenth century a third of the population were Scots and English, French and Flemings—all Protestants. They had nine-tenths of the land. They possessed all the skill, knowledge, enterprise and capital. They were covering the country with flocks and herds, they were growing flax on a great scale. They had established

a lucrative foreign trade. They had founded linen and woollen manufactories which were employing tens of thousands of people, and by the laws of natural expansion, had they been allowed to grow they would have absorbed and provided with organised occupation the entire nation. They were sturdy Protestants, not lukewarm Anglicans misbegotten out of compromise, but men tried in the fire. Sturdy Calvinists. Had such a race as these been allowed fair play, had England only abstained interfering with them, it is absurd to doubt that the Celts of Ireland, broken down as they were, without leaders, mere helpless, ignorant peasants, would have yielded to the superior intelligence and irresistible influence of their masters." But, alas, England did interfere, passed restrictive legislation which ruined the trade of Ireland, and penal laws which drove the Protestants at the rate of twelve thousand a year to the Colonies. We are thankful for the glorious results, so far, of the Plantation of Ulster; that we see the great prosperity of the Province and particularly of this city, but what we rejoice in is only a fraction of what the cause of our joy would be, if your sturdy forefathers had been permitted to develop and direct their energies, unimpeded and unhindered.

THE ROMANCE OF PIONEERING.

The subject which has been assigned to me has a second side; it embraces a reference to those who crossed over from Scotland to raise the standard of religion in Ulster as well as to those who, as early settlers, had to colonise the Province. There is something romantic about pioneering, whatever form it takes. It appeals to the imagination, and summons on its behalf adventurous spirits that chafe at the limits of their fatherland. Pioneering has its religious as well as its secular side, and we find a combination of the two in the Plantation of Ulster; for no sooner had Scottish emigrants settled down in the North of Ireland than they were followed by ministers of the Gospel, whose ambition was not the acquisition of territory, but the gaining of souls, and whose one aim was to preach and teach according to the forms of doctrine and Church government to which they were accustomed in the old land.

THE ARRIVAL OF SCOTTISH MINISTERS.

It may be true that the advent of the pioneers, who founded the Irish Presbyterian Church, was hastened by the persecution to which they were subjected in their native land. The Presbyterian form of Church government, beloved by the Scots, had been overturned by King James, whose great desire was the conformity of the Church of Scotland with that of England, and in 1612 he had so far succeeded as to have Parliamentary sanction granted to the setting up of Episcopacy in Scotland. A number of the best men in the Scottish Church preferred deposition or banishment to the sacrifice of their conscience, and among them was Edward Brice, who came over here about 1611 and began to preach in your midst, as a Presbyterian minister, in 1613. It is from him and from that date you count the founding of your Church, the Tercentenary of which you are now with much joy and gratitude celebrating. Brice was followed by other ministers from Scotland, who proved themselves worthy of the race from which they sprang, and the Church which nourished them. They endured much, they suffered much, but they toiled on with rare constancy and fidelity, and it is the fruit of their labours that you are now gathering in and profiting by.

SCOTLAND'S DEBT TO IRELAND.

And here, again, one cannot help remembering that Ireland was Scotland's religious benefactor long before Scotland returned the favour in the person of Edward Brice and his faithful colleagues. We date the origin of our Christianity from the advent on our shores of St. Columba, who carried from Ireland the primitive Gospel and erected in Iona the Church from which has flowed, in a broadening and deepening stream, the religion which has blessed our land. We believe that the form of Church government favoured by St. Columba was Presbyterianism. He was the Presbyter-Abbot of Iona, and it is no mean cause of satisfaction that, after the long lapse of centuries, with an interlude of Catholic and Anglican Episcopacy, Scotland is more staunchly Presbyterian than ever.

A GLORIOUS INHERITANCE.

It is a noteworthy comment on these latter times, when sectarianism has in certain quarters assumed proportions which no good man can countenance, to find in those early days, when Edward Brice and his compatriots preached the Gospel on your shores, the Anglican Church, which was then in power, tolerating those Presbyters, accepting their ordination as valid, and only asking them to go through a simple form which, if it meant anything, signified admission on equal terms into the service of the Church. We have surely here a lesson that some Churches in our day might well profit by; but, alas, the tolerance at first displayed lasted but a brief time; the troubles which befell the Irish Presbyterian Church and continued to afflict her well on till the beginning of the last century form painful reading, and excite in one an admiration for the devoted men who bore up and triumphed under sufferings, persecutions, and cruel injustice, which might well have broken the spirit of less faithful and heroic souls. I am bound to say that, however much I glory in the indomitable spirit which enabled the Scottish Covenanters to resist and in the end to triumph, I cannot but pay an equal tribute to those of the same race who, here in the North of Ireland, had to face persecution of a much more terrible and horrible nature, and who, rather than sacrifice their convictions, preferred banishment, imprisonment, or death. It seems to me that you cannot instil too deeply into the minds and hearts of your children a sense of the glorious heritage of constancy and endurance which is embedded in the annals of your Church.

CORDIAL RELATIONSHIP WITH THE MOTHER CHURCH.

And there is one special note of satisfaction which I, as representing the Church of Scotland, would like to refer to on the present occasion. It is not only that she is your Mother Church, but that between her and her offspring there continued, with one or two slight breaks, and there now again exists a cordial reciprocity of relationship. For very many years after Edward Brice and his friends landed in Ulster

mutual eligibility existed between my Church and yours. Ministers from Scotland were appointed to charges here, and many of them returned to their native land and resumed duty in one or other of its parishes, and all this happened just as if both Churches were one. A break in these happy relations took place during the period when doctrinal troubles affected your Church, but they were again resumed in 1835, and continued until 1843, when your delegates mistook the General Assembly of the Free Church, just then constituted, for that of the Church of Scotland. It took us both a long time to forgive that error, but in 1885 the happy relationship was again resumed, and the sincere hope and prayer of the Church of Scotland is that it may never be broken. Indeed, I was told the other day by one of your own sons, who has lent distinction to the Church of Scotland, and who has been honoured by her with the Moderatorship—I mean the Very Rev. Dr. Marcus Dill—that the relation between the Church of Scotland and the Presbyterian Church of Ireland is the same as that between the Church of Scotland and the Synod of the Church of Scotland in England, and that it did not require the Cunningham Act of 1881 to make it eligible for your ministers to be appointed to our parishes. This is a point worth considering by you, although I am afraid that the ministers of the Church of Scotland might be tempted to take advantage of any doubt that may exist, for they are terribly afraid of your ministers, whose eloquence overwhelms any Scotch congregation before whom they preach. Proof of this is found in the number of Irish Presbyterians who are found among the parish ministers of the Church of Scotland, and I believe that, quite lately, the poor old Church had to defend herself from a threatened invasion of her pulpits from Ireland, to which the Plantation of Ulster with its Presbyterian pioneers would have been as nothing. May I here be permitted to offer a gentle hint; if the Mother Church has thus opened her arms to welcome you, you should open your arms to welcome us, and invite to your charges or your Chairs some of our distinguished ministers. By this means the cordial relations which at present exist would be permanently cemented.

SYMPATHY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

And one word in conclusion. I find that in the time of your greatest trouble the Church of Scotland was your truest friend. She did all in her power to shelter you in your misfortunes and to enable you to regain your footing during a temporary lull in the storm. In the time of your greatest distress she never failed you, nor will she fail you again, should the crisis which seems imminent and threatening ever take place. Through her Presbyteries and General Assembly she has already voiced her determination to stand by you and to make your quarrel her own. I do not wish to enter upon the domain of politics, or to sound a note that may jar upon the feelings of anyone present, but I shall content myself with quoting a few sentences from Mr. Froude, who understood Ireland well, and who proved her friend. These sentences not only express my own convictions, but, so far as I can judge, the convictions and feelings of the Church of Scotland as well. They were written more than forty years ago, and they seem to me to be as true to-day as then. "Another reason," said Mr. Froude, "why I object to Home Rule is that the Irish are not one nation but two, and after we have abolished Protestant ascendancy I do not wish to see Catholic ascendancy in place of it. For good or evil we have planted a colony of Protestants in Ireland, there they are, a million and a half of them, but possessing five times the wealth, the intelligence, the energy, of the four million Catholics. I will not say we are bound to maintain them, I believe they are perfectly capable of maintaining themselves, but we are bound not to place them in a position in which they may be driven to protect themselves by force against the votes of the Catholic majority. In an Irish Parliament they would be outnumbered three to one. The memory of the old confiscations is as green as ever, and as sure as such a Parliament met, the scene of 1690 would be enacted over again. In some shape or other the Catholics would make the Protestants feel that their turn had come to tyrannise, and, if I know anything of the high-spirited, determined men in the North of Ireland, they will never submit to be governed by a Catholic majority

in a Dublin Parliament. Within a year, either Britain would again have to interfere or there would be a civil war in Ireland itself. And if the Protestants were overborne by numbers, the British nation would not stand by and see them crushed—never! never!”

THE PROGRESS OF THREE HUNDRED YEARS.

By REV. JAMES HERON, D.D., Professor of Church History,
Assembly's College, Belfast.

I have to tell the story of the progress of three hundred years in thirty minutes, a story which requires the three volumes of Reid and Killen to do it justice, and they are not too ample. I have no time even for wishing that some younger and more competent hand had been assigned this duty.

A GOLDEN, PEACEABLE AGE.

I must begin by reminding you that the first ministers who came over to labour among the colonists, Edward Brice and his brethren, were admitted as incumbents of the parish churches, and without any compromise of principle on their part were permitted to maintain their own discipline and forms of worship. That period of sunshine, that “golden, peaceable age,” as the *Montgomery MSS.* call it, lasted for little more than twenty years, when, in 1636, they were finally deposed and silenced by the bishops. Remember, too, that in most cases the Planters had themselves built the churches from which they were expelled. The *Montgomery* and *Hamilton* manuscripts testify that on both the *Montgomery* and *Claneboye* properties, which embraced the greater part of North and East Down, the churches generally were decayed and ruinous, and that they had been entirely rebuilt or repaired by the settlers. And that was the state of things generally. So late as 1622 a Royal Commission reported that in the Diocese of Down and Connor only sixteen churches were fit for the celebration of Divine ordinances, while 155 churches and chapels were decayed and in ruins; so that both ministers and people were ejected from churches which they

themselves had built, and were not permitted to form congregations and maintain religious services among their own people outside the Establishment. They must conform, or be harried out of the country.

FIRST PERIOD OF PERSECUTION.

And so dark and ominous was the outlook everywhere at home that they began to turn their eyes and hopes towards the New World. It was natural that they should look in that direction. Sixteen years before, the Pilgrim Fathers had gone forth on their immortal voyage in the *Mayflower*, and about a dozen years prior to the sailing of the *Mayflower* a colony of English Presbyterians, led by Alexander Whitaker, had settled in Virginia, and others had gone more recently. Inspired by their example, and encouraged by an express invitation from the Governor and Council of New England, with an offer of land on the Merrimac River, our Ulster Pilgrim Fathers, harassed and hunted as they were, built at Groomspoint a small ship, which they called the *Eagle Wing*, in which, after a sad and pathetic leave-taking of their brethren, 140 of them, with four ministers, including Blair and Livingstone as leaders, embarked, and faced the perils of the Atlantic. But they met with terrific storms, their frail craft was disabled, her rudder broken, and a leak sprung in her, and when nearer America than Europe, they were constrained to put about, and return to the inhospitable shores which they had left. Samuel Rutherford wrote to one of them on his return that what had happened to them was "no dumb Providence, but a speaking one, though for the present they did not understand it." We now know how true that was. The late American Ambassador, Mr. Whitelaw Reid, in his lecture on "The Ulster Scot," given in this hall, and since printed along with his Edinburgh lecture, entirely misunderstands and misrepresents this incident. He supposes the *Eagle Wing* to have been built in Scotland, to have gone forth from Scotland, and to have returned to Scotland again. He was unaware that Groomspoint was in County Down. After a short stay in Ireland some of the returned pilgrims did make their way back to Scotland.

THE PERSECUTION INTENSIFIES.

For those who remained, and for the great body of Presbyterian colonists, a time of intense suffering was in store under Wentworth, who was now Lord Deputy, and was bent on applying to Ireland the ecclesiastical policy of Laud. A Court of High Commission—an Irish edition of the Star Chamber—was set up in Dublin. Many were imprisoned, their property was confiscated, and exorbitant fines inflicted on them, while men, women, and little children—mothers with their infants in their arms—were driven from their homes to wander among the woods and mountains, and hide in dens and caves of the earth; many of them to perish miserably of cold and starvation. It was a time of fierce and cruel persecution. Adair calls it “a strong wind to separate the chaff from the wheat.” But the mighty movement set agoing by the flight of Jenny Geddes’s stool in Edinburgh—Adair, who was an eye-witness of the scene, says there were many other stools flying besides Jenny’s—and the great uprising which ensued in Scotland and England, put hooks in the noses of Wentworth, Laud, and Charles, and their myrmidons, and put an end to their antics at least in this world.

PRESBYTERIANISM ORGANISED.

We have now come to a second stage in the history. It was after the great Irish Rebellion of 1641 that Presbyterianism was organised as an independent community. The Scottish Army, which came under General Monro to suppress the rebellion, was chiefly Presbyterian, each regiment having its minister and session. Five of these regimental chaplains, with four elders, constituted themselves into a Presbytery, which held its first meeting at Carrickfergus in 1642. Before long congregations were organised, and sessions (or “elder-ships” as they were called) set up in all the chief centres of Down and Antrim; and the Scottish General Assembly was memorialised to send them an additional supply of preachers. The Church established by law had been practically swept away by the Rebellion. But we have already entered on the

period of the Commonwealth, the time of Cromwell, when, after a short interval of trouble, the Presbyterian ministers were settled in congregations, granted a considerable State endowment, and had full freedom to carry on their work. It was a time of rapid growth and expansion, so that by the year 1660 the one central Presbytery has been split up into five "meetings"—which were Presbyteries in all but name—Down, Antrim, Route, Tyrone, and Laggan (a large district lying between the Foyle and the Swilly), with seventy ministers, eighty congregations, and probably not much less than 100,000 people. Already Presbyterianism had become by far the most powerful religious factor in Ulster history.

A SECOND PERIOD OF PERSECUTION.

On the accession of Charles II. another long period of persecution set in. By the Act of Uniformity the Presbyterian ministers were ejected from their charges, and were the first in the three kingdoms to suffer. They were deposed from office, prohibited under severe penalties from preaching, and any minister who administered the Sacraments to his people was liable to a fine of £100. Many were thrown into prison, and kept there for years. One of the most cruel of their persecutors was the Bishop of Down, Jeremy Taylor, author of the *Liberty of Prophesying*, who deprived thirty-six Presbyterian ministers of the "liberty of prophesying" in one day, and expelled them from their charges. The ministers, however, continued to live and labour among their people, visiting and ministering to them in their own homes. After the lapse of some years, through Sir Andrew Forbes, later Earl of Granard, Charles was induced to give them a small annual endowment; the penal measures were somewhat relaxed; they began to preach in barns, farmhouses, and under the open sky; they ventured even to build places of worship, which were filled to overflowing, while those of the Episcopal clergy were deserted. But the respite was only temporary. The persecutions were resumed with increased rigour, and both ministers and people began to go to America. The best known of these was Francis Mackemie of Ramelton, who

was ordained in 1683 by the Presbytery of Laggan, and who won the high renown of having organised the first Presbytery on American soil—the root out of which grew the great Presbyterian Church of America. A little later William Tennent went out from Belfast, founded the Log College of Neshaminy, which grew into the College of New Jersey, and finally into Princeton, and profoundly influenced the Church in America. “To William Tennent, above all others, is owing the prosperity and enlargement of the Presbyterian Church in America,” says Webster, the historian of that Church. William Tennent had been originally an Episcopalian, and was ordained by the Bishop of Down as a deacon in July, 1704, and as a priest in September, 1706. He became a Presbyterian from conviction, was married to the daughter of Rev. Gilbert Kennedy, Presbyterian minister of Dundonald, and emigrated to America. The reasons given by him to the Synod of Philadelphia for leaving the Episcopal Church and becoming a Presbyterian are preserved in the records of the Synod of Philadelphia, and are most striking. They are given in Brigg’s *American Presbyterianism*.

RELIEF UNDER WILLIAM III.

It was in 1690 that William III. landed at Carrickfergus. Among the first to welcome him when he reached Belfast, and to be very graciously received by him, was a deputation of Presbyterian ministers; and when he reached Hillsborough on his way to the Boyne he gave an order for the payment of £1,200 annually to trustees for the Presbyterian ministry. Although bishops, landlords, and persons in authority were still hostile as ever, and lost no chance of showing their animus, the Presbyterian Church made rapid progress under William’s rule. Old congregations were enlarged, and new ones formed over the North, and before the end of the century we find quite a large number of strong and prosperous churches in Dublin and throughout the South and West. The death of William was a heavy blow to the Presbyterian interest, and was succeeded by another spell of pitiless persecution—another deliberate attempt to impoverish, cripple, and extinguish Presbyterianism in Ireland.

A THIRD PERIOD OF PERSECUTION.

Dr. Witherow has proved beyond peradventure that it was Presbyterians who took the chief part in the defence of the Maiden City. Not less than twenty to one of the defenders appear to have been of that faith. Now, in view of their splendid service to the Empire in that defence, they had good reason to expect that their rights, civil and religious, would be respected. On the contrary, they were contemptuously set at naught. By the Test Act of 1704 they were excluded from the magistracy, from the courts of law, from all Government appointments, from the army and navy, and even from municipal office. In Derry itself ten Aldermen and fourteen Burgesses—the great majority of the Corporation—had to surrender office, which they did rather than be disloyal to their faith. It was the same in Belfast and elsewhere. A Presbyterian teacher who opened a school for his co-religionists was subject to three months' imprisonment; Presbyterian ministers were forbidden to marry their people; the doors of their churches were nailed up; rents were raised; and wholesale evictions took place, resulting in an immense tide of emigration to America, whole congregations in some cases rising in a body and crossing the ocean to a country where, as it has been put, "those who sowed the seed might hope to reap the harvest." It is calculated that, for many years, 12,000 emigrants went annually from Ulster. "In the two years that followed the Antrim evictions" (says Froude), evictions caused by the exaction of heavy fines on the expiry of leases on the Donegall estate, and the imposition of rack rents, "30,000 Protestants left Ulster for a land where there was no legal robbery." A careful New England historian reckons that between 1730 and 1770 at least half a million of souls were transferred from Ulster to the American Colonies. No wonder they or their descendants were among the first to join in the assertion of American independence. The wonder is, in view of the penal and other iniquities inflicted on them, and the drain on their membership by continuous emigration, that there is a Presbyterian Church in Ireland to-day at all!

RATIONALISM SUCCEEDED BY REVIVAL.

In the eighteenth century a great wave of Rationalism passed over Europe. In England it took the form of Deism, in France of Atheism, in Germany of Illuminism (*Aufklärung*), in Scotland of Moderatism, and in Ireland of Non-Subscription, New Light, or Unitarianism. But it was happily succeeded by a great "Evangelical Revival," in which Irish Presbyterianism also shared, which made Orthodoxy at length predominant in the Synod of Ulster, and enabled the Church, after a long struggle, in which Cooke and Montgomery were the protagonists, to throw off that paralysing influence. Immediately the Church rose into new life and energy. And very significant is it that the next ten years witnessed a movement of progress greater than in the whole previous history.

In the meantime, Secession ministers from the Church of the Erskines in Scotland had begun to come over, and by their warm Evangelical preaching to gather many adherents and establish numerous congregations. In a time of religious coldness they did much to keep alive the embers of vital godliness. And the union of the two Synods in one General Assembly in 1840 gave an immense impulse to every movement connected with the life and well-being of the Church. I need not add that our history ever since has been a history of steady growth, of enlarging power and widening influence in the community. The little Presbytery of nine members has become a General Assembly composed of five Synods, thirty-six Presbyteries, 562 congregations, 672 ministers and missionaries, with an invested capital of £1,383,746, and a total annual income of £300,368.

THE SECRET OF SURVIVAL AND SUCCESS.

In the rapid sketch which I have given you will have noticed that for nearly 200 years, with some brief intervals, our Church had to struggle with a fixed determination on the part of those in power to degrade and exterminate her. That is the most conspicuous feature of her early history. During that long period, like the Church of the first three centuries, she was almost continuously an *ecclesia pressa*—a Church in the furnace

No more fitting emblem could have been chosen to represent her than the "Burning Bush"—burning, yet not consumed. Why was she not consumed in the flames that almost constantly enveloped her? How was it that in spite of such a persistent purpose to crush and extinguish her, and with such an incessant drain upon her membership as she suffered, she was able to hold her ground and more? Of course, as the symbol of the Burning Bush suggests, the prime reason was the Divine Presence in the midst of her. Through that very Presence certain qualities were wrought into and ingrained in her membership. The great German historian Mommsen, in his *History of Rome*, says that "in the mighty vortex of the world's history all races that are not as hard and inflexible as steel are inexorably crushed." From the time of the Danish and Anglo-Norman invasions large bodies of colonists settled in Ireland, yet in spite of the most strenuous efforts by means of penal laws to keep them separate, the foreign settlers were soon absorbed in the Irish race, and became proverbially "more Irish than the Irish themselves." In his life of Cromwell, Mr. Firth points out that the families of the small landowners and ex-soldiers planted in the South under Cromwell, and who became yeomen and farmers, gradually grew to be both Irish in sentiment and Roman Catholic in creed. Firth notes a pamphleteer of 1679, who exclaims: "How many there are of the children of Oliver's soldiers who cannot speak one word of English!" The pamphleteer adds that this has come of their marrying Irish wives. However you may account for it, although the native Irish soon began to mix with the colonists in Ulster, and the old odious laws against intercourse and intermarriage were repealed, the Ulster Scot was too deeply rooted in his religious convictions, too tenacious of his faith, too firm and unyielding in the fibre of his character, to be disintegrated or absorbed in that way. The most effective agency known to history for creating strong character, character that partakes of the qualities of the oak or the granite, is just that Calvinistic faith which his Scottish mother Church had taught the Ulsterman. A Scotsman without religion, and apart from the influence of his Church and faith, is neither impressive nor attractive. He is a poor creature indeed, a mere degenerate, a deca-

dent. You could make no genuine historic "Ulster Scot" out of him! In the strong, independent, firm-fibred character of the true Ulsterman, strong and sturdy just because it is God-fearing, and fed on such diet as the *Shorter Catechism*, you have the secret of Ulster history, the basis of Ulster society, the core of that persistent distinctive individuality which the typical Ulster Scot carries with him wherever he goes. A writer in *Frazer's Magazine* many years ago very truly described that as "the solid granite" on which Ulster society rests. Hence Ulster, even in the seventeenth century, could be compared to the thumb in the hand of Ireland—the thumb which is able to grip and hold against the four fingers, the four fingers being Leinster, Munster, Meath, and Connaught. Hence in spite of every effort to suppress or extinguish her the Presbyterian Church in this country has been able not only to hold her own but to advance and prosper in every department of Church life and activity. Before I close I must say a word or two with reference to that progress.

1.—INDUSTRIAL AND ECONOMIC PROGRESS.

I can only touch in the briefest way on the industrial and economic progress since the coming of the colonists. When they came, Ulster was lying waste—little better than a desert. But through the active, thrifty habits which they brought with them, swamps and boglands were drained, forests were cleared, the wolf and the woodkerne were chased away; the valleys were covered with corn, and the pastures with flocks; a watermill to grind their corn arose in every parish; and the ear of the visitor was greeted by an unaccustomed music in those parts—the pleasant sound of the loom, and the busy, cheerful hum of the spinning-wheel, spinning both wool and linen. Verily, "the wilderness and the solitary place are already glad for them, and the desert is made to rejoice and blossom as the rose;" and soon towns like Londonderry and Coleraine, and Ballymena, Hillsborough and Lisnagarvey, (now Lisburn), and Killyleagh, and Newtownards began to rise. But Belfast—what of Belfast? In enumerating the towns on the East coast of Ulster, Sir John Davies, James's Irish Attorney-

General, does not think it worth while to name Belfast; and for good reason. The whole of Belfast, with its decayed castle, supposed to guard the ford, with all its lands and appurtenances, when it came into the possession of Sir Arthur Chichester was actually valued—at how much? Five pounds in fee simple. That ford, with its ruined castle, and lands and huts, so valued, has grown into one of the great industrial and commercial ports and cities of the Empire; with its vast factories, warehouses, and shipbuilding yards, with its fine City Hall, its University and other institutions of learning; and in this great community Presbyterians predominate, have contributed in no small degree to the growth, prosperity, and stability of the city, and have been taxing their resources to meet the religious needs of the vast population. But the thrift and enterprise of the capital of Ulster are only less conspicuous all over the province. Froude affirms that the one great mistake of Dean Swift's life was his misunderstanding of the Presbyterians, and his prejudice against them, and yet even Swift is constrained to say:—"We observe the Scots in our Northern part to be a brave, industrious people, extremely devoted to their religion, full of an undisturbed affection towards each other. Numbers of that noble nation, invited by the fertilities of the soil, are glad to exchange the barren hills of Louquabar by a voyage of three hours for the fruitful vales of Down and Antrim. These people by their extreme parsimony, wonderful dexterity in dealing, and firm adherence to one another, soon grow into wealth from the smallest beginnings, are never rooted out where they once fix, and increase daily by new supplies." "It seems probable," says Judge O'Connor Morris in his *History of Ireland* (Cambridge Historical Series), "that the progress of Ulster, which certainly dates from the seventeenth century, was rather due to the colonising genius of the Scotch, and to a continual influx of their race, than to the Plantation considered in itself." He adds that "the Irish Presbyterians formed the best element of the Protestant population of Ulster." The Census Commissioners have, in fact, repeatedly testified to the low percentage of ignorance, pauperism, and crime among them as compared with the other denominations.

2.—PROGRESS IN CHURCH BUILDING.

The rude, barn-like structures in which our early Presbyterian fathers met for worship have been referred to sometimes as objects of reproach. But consider the circumstances and conditions in which they were erected. We have seen how in 1636 the settlers were ejected from churches which had been mostly built by themselves, and how in 1661 they were driven by the Act of Uniformity from the churches they were then occupying. It was about the year 1670, in the time of Charles II., under the stress and pressure of penal laws, that they ventured once more to erect places of worship for themselves. Referring to that year, Adair says, "Their assemblies daily grew so that within a while every congregation erected a house for their meeting together, and began to celebrate the Sacrament in their public assemblies." About this time, as I have already pointed out, there was a slight relaxation of the penal harassments, and the ministers took advantage of it by preaching in barns and farm houses, and by and by in the erection of churches. Now, if you bear in mind that the bishops, landowners, and others in authority were still hostile, and the people poor, and the penal laws only relaxed, not repealed, you will see how it was that the churches as a rule were placed in obscure out-of-the-way sites, and were anything but works of art. In the circumstances they were glad to have any sort of roof to cover them. But within the fifty-one years of my own ministry marvellous is the change which has been wrought in the renovation of old churches, and in the erection of new ones on better sites and more tasteful plans, as well as in the building of manses, school-houses, and teachers' houses all over the country. And the architectural enterprise and progress of our Church have been fitly crowned and consummated in the Church House, which, I believe, is not surpassed, if it is approached, by any similar edifice in the world. You may say that this is but an example of external and material progress. I find, however, as I look back over the history of the Church, that in times of spiritual deadness, as a rule, church buildings are allowed to fall into decay, and that activity in church building and renovation is a pretty sure sign of revived spiritual life and energy.

3.—EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

In the department of education generally, Irish Presbyterians long laboured under great and galling disabilities. They were prevented by statute law from opening either a school or a college in Ireland. When in 1705 they proposed to found a seminary in Belfast the Irish Parliament passed an Act to this effect—That the erection of any such seminary tended to create a misunderstanding among Protestants, and “any teaching and preaching in separate congregations tends to defeat the succession in the Protestant line.” The brazen audacity of this last sentence will not be appreciated unless you remember that the Established Church clergy had thrown the weight of their influence on the side of the Stuarts, including James II. himself, and espoused the cause of William only when they could not safely do otherwise. Thus for 200 years of our history candidates for the ministry had to go to the Scottish universities both for their undergraduate and theological education. It was in 1815 that the Belfast Academical Institution, built by private subscription, was opened as a college, with a Government endowment, a college in which many of our ministers of a former generation were educated. More recently the National Board has done much for primary, and the Intermediate Board much for secondary education, although there is still room and need for improvement in both. The new Queen’s University of Belfast and the undergraduate department of Magee College, have made good provision for university education; and the theological training of our students is well provided for in Magee College, Derry, and in the Assembly’s College, Belfast. I do hope that what has been done to-day with regard to the Assembly’s College will be helpful to that institution. If so, I shall be agreeably disappointed.

4.—PROGRESS IN MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

In the early part of her history the Presbyterian Church in Ireland was too deeply involved in the struggle for mere existence to display much of a missionary spirit, although at an early date something began to be done in Home Mission work. But one immediate fruit of the union of the two Synods was

the decision to send two missionaries to India, and the very first collection for the purpose amounted to nearly £2,000. Under a succession of sagacious and earnest conveners—Dr. Morgan and Dr. Fleming Stevenson, Rev. William Park and Dr. Karkley, Dr. Irwin, Mr. Thomas Irwin, and Dr. Thompson the missionary spirit has gone on deepening and extending. A mission to China has been added to the Indian Mission, and a mission to the Jews. Missions to the Continent and the Colonies have been added to these; while the Irish and Home Missions devote their means and efforts to the evangelisation of Ireland. If one of the most indubitable signs of life in a Church is her missionary spirit, that sign was never more palpably in evidence than it is to-day.

5.—PROGRESS IN WORKS OF BENEVOLENCE.

And her revived spiritual life has appeared not only in her missionary enthusiasm, but in the warm and glowing outflow of benevolent sympathy towards her poorer and more afflicted members. Tender, self-denying care for the widow and the fatherless is, according to the Apostle James, of the very essence and marrow of religion, pure and undefiled. He defines it as the “ritual” of Christianity, for that is what the word for “religion” used by him means, the best external expression of the Christian spirit. Now, the Orphan Society, established so long ago as 1866, has awakened and expressed the practical sympathy of the Church for the widow and the orphan in a remarkable degree, has been all along one of our most popular institutions, one of the best credentials any Church could offer of its baptism in the very spirit of Christ. It has drawn forth and dispensed the Church’s beneficence to the extent of an invested capital of £116,160 17s, and an annual income of £16,068 17s. The sister Society for the assistance of the Orphans of Ministers and Missionaries is a charity of kindred spirit and has done quiet but invaluable service. The Society for the Relief of Indigent Ladies, inaugurated by the munificent gift of £12,000 by one of our most generous and devoted members, is another manifestation of the same noble quality. These and other movements, such as the Old-Age Fund, are convincing evidence that in the heart of our people there is a

deep well of that Christian love without which a Church's fairest and most showy achievements are but as "sounding brass and a clanging cymbal."

I had hoped to touch on the progress of Temperance reform; on the great service to the children and young people done by our Sabbath School Society; on the valuable help given to the young men of our Communion by the Central Presbyterian Association; on the aid given to ministerial support by the Sustentation Fund, by the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund, and by the Fund for Weak Congregations. But my time is expired; I have said enough, however, to show that through many trials and vicissitudes, and in the teeth of tremendous obstacles, the three centuries we have lived through have been centuries of steady progress.

CONCLUSION.

Moderator, fathers, and brethren, a noble history, a history of incessant labour and poignant suffering and immense sacrifice for truth and righteousness, and to secure the blessings of civil and religious liberty, a history of which any community may well be proud and thankful, and which is well fitted to inspire, to uplift, and quicken, lies behind us. The vine which our fathers planted amid stress and storm, and in face of adverse conditions, has struck its roots deep and spread its branches far. The hills of Down and Antrim, and Armagh, and Tyrone and Derry, and many another region, have been covered with the shadow of it, and its boughs have been like the goodly cedars. In peril of their lives and goods the brave men of old guarded it when the boar out of the wood sought to waste it, and the wild beast of the field threatened to devour it—(you will have no difficulty in identifying these marauders). Let us not forget the devoted men and women who watched over it alike in cloud and sunshine, and, when it was like to perish, watered it with their prayers, with their tears, and with their blood. Let us honor their memory by emulating their fidelity and self-sacrifice. A great cloud of witnesses, they are looking down on us at this moment from invisible galleries! Let us be true to the heritage they have left us, and not surrender lightly what they have won for us at so great a cost.

THE PRESENT POSITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE
IRISH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

By REV. F. J. PAUL, M.A., B.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical
History, McCrea Magee College, Londonderry.

It has been said that the history of Ireland is something for Englishmen to remember and for Irishmen to forget. There is some wisdom in that paradox, but as advice to Irish Presbyterians there is as much unwisdom. We cannot understand the present without some knowledge of the past, and even if we could, why should we lose half of the benefit of our history by being unconscious of it? Why should we—either by ignorance or by forgetfulness—miss the lessons and the inspiration that the history of our Church in this land is well fitted to give? Not that I claim infallibility as a note of our Church. Her record is not unmarked by mistakes. There are some things we could wish had not happened, and some things we could wish had happened otherwise. Yet, speaking generally, Irish Presbyterianism since it first settled here 300 years ago has written a page of history of which we have every reason to feel proud. Even if it be true that the first representatives of Scottish Presbyterianism to land in Ireland were of such a character that their departure was no loss to Scotland and their coming no gain to Ireland, this only makes our history all the more wonderful, and makes us all the more grateful to God for what He has enabled us to do.

LAPSES FROM PRESBYTERIANISM AT BOTH ENDS OF
THE SOCIAL SCALE.

Certainly we owe remarkably little to the favour of princes. We have had to endure the frowns of the great; we have but seldom enjoyed the sunshine of their smiles. Indeed in these smiles there seems to be something injurious to Presbyterianism. As soon as any family had risen so high as to attract the attention of the ruling powers the arguments in favour of an Episcopal form of Church government were reconsidered and were found to outweigh the arguments that could be produced in support of Presbyterian polity. Most of the titled families in the

North of Ireland won as Presbyterians the honours which they now wear as Episcopalians.

Then, at the other extreme in the social scale, we have lost heavily also. A great many of the working classes have left our Church; and, in my opinion, this is a loss that more nearly affects our honour than the other. Many causes of this loss readily suggest themselves—the influence of the squire in the country, and the tendency of his dependants to drift into conformity with him ecclesiastically; the financial independence secured to the Established Church by its State connection; its laxer discipline with respect to Church ordinances, and its more effective parochial organisation; and—last, but not least—the fact that Irish Presbyterianism is and has been for a long time both undermanned and over churchied. That we are “undermanned” is evident from our having fewer ministers in proportion to the number of our people than either the Episcopal or the Methodist Church; and that we are “over-churchied” is equally evident, for in no other Church in this country is there so much congregational overlapping as in ours, with its consequent friction and loss of energy. There are many places where one minister would do better work than two; and some places where one minister (with an assistant, if necessary) would do better work than three.

PRESBYTERIANISM SHOULD BE MORE DEMOCRATIC.

Here, too, I may mention another respect in which I think Irish Presbyterianism is defective; that is, in the inadequate representation given to the laity in our Church Courts. By the laity I mean the great body of Christian communicants who hold no office in the Church. Our ministers, elders, and deacons are chosen by the people, but this does not entitle us to call ourselves democratic; for the question really is, not who appoints the office-bearers, but to whom they are responsible. Our Church government, as it stands at present, is not democratic, but oligarchic. Against any democratic modifications two main objections may, perhaps, be urged, but I do not think that in either or both is there any validity. One is, that it would lessen the security of tenure enjoyed by our ministers. Now, while not doubting that there are some ministers here and there who

would become much more efficient if their tenure were a little less secure, I believe that, on the whole, a great injury would be done to the Church if there was any lessening of the security of ministerial tenure. No profession, calling, or trade can expect men of the proper stamp to continue entering it, unless the conditions under which its duties are discharged are fair and reasonable. It would not be reasonable to expect young men to enter our ministry in sufficient number to supply the needs of our Church, if the prospect before them was a salary that in many cases is scarcely a living wage, with the risk of losing even this on very inadequate grounds. This is so self-evident that it would appeal to any considerable body of intelligent men, however much an individual member here and there might think otherwise, and I do not believe if the government of our Church were brought into closer and more direct relations with the great body of Christian people, that anything would be done to the prejudice of faithful, conscientious ministers. The other objection is that such a proposal would be inconsistent with Presbyterianism, an objection which is historically untrue. Passing over the organisation of the Church in Geneva in Calvin's day, and coming nearer home, we find the First Book of Discipline of the Church of Scotland (1560) providing that the elders shall be elected every year. It is manifest that this gives the laity a voice in the affairs of the Church such as they have not now. Only in the Second Book of Discipline, drawn up in 1581, and made the basis, eleven years later, on which Presbyterianism was established in Scotland, it is provided that appointments to the eldership shall be for life. In my opinion, it is now high time that some move were made to strengthen our Church by making it more of a Christian democracy than it is, either by reverting to John Knox's arrangement, or by associating with us in our Presbyteries, Synods, and Assembly some direct representative of the non-official Christian community. Our Church has a great deal of talent and a great many spiritual gifts in her ranks of which she makes comparatively little use. A very slight modification of the constitution would enable her to take advantage of this undeveloped wealth, and in making this modification she would but manifest the democratic spirit which has been characteristic of her history.

EDUCATION, PRIMARY, SECONDARY, AND UNIVERSITY.

Another historical feature of our branch of the Reformed Church is its zeal for education. In this matter the Irish Presbyterian Church has always laboured under great difficulties, which are not yet by any means removed. Primary education is in a miserable state in Ireland as compared with England or Scotland. A great many of the schools are defective from almost every point of view, and the whole service is starved for want of funds. Not religion, but ecclesiastical strife and embitterment have done great injury to the cause of education in Ireland. The different denominations have sacrificed the education of the child to the task of keeping jealous watch and guard against one another. But the most distressing element in primary education to-day in Ireland is not its actual state, for this would be tolerable if there were any hope or prospect of improvement; but of this, so far as I see, there is scarcely a sign. The heavy expense which any real improvement would cost could be met only by greatly increased public grants, which could not fairly be asked unless a corresponding measure of public control of the schools were allowed; but over three-fourths of Ireland public control is anathema—the one thing which would not be allowed, even to the smallest extent, in return for any grants, however large. Nor is it likely, in view of the conditions prevailing throughout the rest of Ireland, that Protestants could secure, even if they were unanimous in claiming (which they are not), well-manned, properly-equipped, publicly-controlled National schools. Secondary education is also in a very unsatisfactory, almost in a chaotic state. At the same time, it is only fair to say that a marvellous amount of good solid work has been done. I know of no body of men and women who have done so much public service and got so little recognition as the secondary teachers in Ulster provincial schools. I venture to say that in these schools the vast majority of the ministers, doctors, and other professional men of our Church to-day received their equipment for college and university. For the middle-class families, who form the bulk of our Presbyterian population, these schools supplied a means of preparing for college at comparatively little expense. I do not

think we realise how much we owe to these often under-paid, ill-requited benefactors of our class. In the matter of university education we have less ground for complaint, especially when we consider the improvement that has been effected inside the last half-century. Belfast has now a University of its own, well-endowed by the Government; and through M'Crea Magee College (which has done good work without receiving a penny of Government money), Trinity College, Dublin University, that old-established seat of learning in our Metropolis, has flung open its doors and its degrees to Northern students on very favourable terms. In addition to the increased educational opportunities which the affiliation of Magee with Trinity has secured for us, there is an imponderable but very real advantage in having candidates for the ministry of the two chief Protestant Churches of this land making each other's acquaintance during under-graduate days, and settling down to their life-work beside each other with the hall mark of the same University upon them.

RELATION TO OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

Working towards this same desirable end, that of increasing the amity of our interdenominational relationships, there is another force at work in all our colleges to which I cannot but allude—the Student Christian Union, including the Volunteer Movement, which is, in my opinion, one of the most notable movements in the present generation. Not for centuries has anything so remarkable occurred in the colleges and universities of the world—for the Movement is world-wide. It has begun to write a new chapter in history, and for that branch of it which has started on its own account in Ireland, I would respectfully ask your sympathies, prayers, and support. The leaders of the Irish Movement may make mistakes. Let that individual, body, or organisation that has made none first cast a stone at it. One virtue at least it has which is somewhat rare in Ireland. There are no denominational divisions in its ranks. All Protestants work together in it without distinction. Within my own knowledge the Movement has done much to remove prejudice and to foster mutual confidence and respect among the different Protestant denominations.

Fortunately much else is contributing to this same purpose. In the face of common dangers there has been very wisely a closing of the ranks. In social and temperance work, especially in the Catch-My-Pal Movement, and in the arrangements for the promotion of religious education in primary and secondary schools, the last few years have witnessed a very notable increase of friendliness and co-operation, particularly between the late Established Church and the Presbyterian Church; and in some quarters there has even been discussion about the possibility of union. Such a union would be highly desirable, and would bring, I believe, great blessing to this "distressful country" of ours, and to the contracting parties. But I am utterly sceptical about its feasibility. Will the Episcopal Church recognise our orders? That they do not recognise ours (though we recognise theirs) does not distress me in the very slightest, for I am persuaded that our Church is not less a Christian Church because we are more charitable than they are. Personally, I feel so little concerned about the question that I should not trouble to lift my little finger, if thereby I could have my orders recognised both by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Rome. But does anyone outside Bedlam imagine for one moment that the Irish Episcopal Church will sacrifice, for our sakes, her connection with the Anglican Church—for that would be the price she would have to pay for a union with us on any terms that we could think of accepting? But even if union be impossible, by all means let us foster the growing spirit of friendliness which is now manifesting itself between the two Churches. In all Protestant denominations the question of union or reunion has been much discussed of late years; not here only but also in England, Scotland, Canada, South Africa, and Australia. The negotiations for union between the two chief branches of Presbyterianism in Scotland are of great interest to us, and elicit our warmest sympathies, and we join with Presbyterians throughout the world in the joyful hope that those negotiations will issue in success. We are still so closely related to Scotland that we could not but share to some extent in the blessing that would result from a "consummation so devoutly to be wished." If our own negotiations are not so inspiring and do not give such good hopes of

success, there will come at least this gain—an improvement in our denominational perspective; the things wherein we agree being brought to the front, and those wherein we differ being pushed into their proper place in the background. In face of the challenge of the non-Christian and the anti-Christian world we cannot afford to waste our energies in internecine strife. It would be criminal folly for the Christian Churches to continue quarrelling among themselves about the width of their ecclesiastical phylacteries, while poor humanity, robbed and wounded, was calling to them from the ditch on the roadside. To this cry—from the heathen abroad, and from the submerged classes at home—our Church is beginning to be alive as she never has been in her history before.

MISSIONARY ACTIVITY.

Gujarat and Kathiawar in India and Manchuria in China are clamorously demanding the Gospel at our hands; the missionary movement in our colleges has supplied the Church with agents for its work at the moment when they are most needed, and our Church members have risen to the occasion with Christian generosity and furnished the means whereby these agents may be sent forth. The situation in China is unique in the world's history; by realising its importance we can do a work for our Master such as has not been possible for the Church since the early days of Christianity. The prospects are bright; we may well thank God and take courage.

SOCIAL SERVICE.

Again, in the state of the very poor in large industrial centres our Church cannot but see a very serious responsibility laid upon her, and a clear call to serve God by serving and saving them. For a considerable time some of our members have been prosecuting this work very successfully, but with scant recognition. Only lately has our Church, as a Church, realised the importance and the urgency of such work. We have now a Deaconesses' Training Home, and we are soon to have a Students' Settlement; this latter, after our Dublin friends had pointed out the way and set the example. I do not know the slums of Belfast as I know the slums of Edinburgh, and

I have grounds for believing that Belfast is not so bad as Edinburgh; but if the slums of the city where we are met are even half as bad as those of Edinburgh it is not to our credit that we have been so slow in beginning this work. It is to be hoped that we will atone for the lateness of our beginning by the marked seriousness with which we devote ourselves to the task.

THE FUTURE OF IRISH PRESBYTERIANISM.

In conclusion, let me say that in spite of failings and defects, and in spite of dark clouds on the horizon, I believe the prospects before our Church are bright. A Church is influenced by the conditions in which it is placed, but is not dependent on them for its life. If our candlestick is ever removed out of its place, the reason will be that we are unfaithful to the duties God has laid upon us, and unfaithful in the use of the talents with which He has entrusted us. In the depopulation of our rural districts and in the overcrowding in large cities, we cannot deny there is a serious problem both for Church and State. But in spite of both these difficulties, and in spite of the drain upon our resources in supplying the United States of America with Presidents, our country is still, I am firmly convinced, producing men and women who, for ability and character, are as highly gifted as their fathers before them, or as their kinsmen across the ocean. If you will pardon a personal reference, I will say that I have had opportunities of close acquaintance with students in Scotland and in Germany, and I believe that while the educational facilities in this country are immeasurably inferior to those in either of these countries, yet in point of natural endowment as distinct from actual acquirements, the average student here is quite the equal of his Scotch brother or his German cousin. Of all the students I have known, the two or three that most deeply impressed me with their ability were Irishmen. On such a subject as this my opinion is not of much value, and I should hesitate to put it before you, were it not that it agrees with the views of men who cannot be accused of partiality, and whose opinions must command respect. Some dozen years ago a leading article in the *Spectator* contained

words to this effect (I quote from memory) —“Wherever throughout America or the Colonies you find a man who is a human steam engine, doing as much work as several ordinary men, you will find almost certainly that he is a Belfastman (an Ulsterman); though, according to the mathematical law of probability, the chances are all against his being such.” The opinions of the late Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador, are well known. Lord Rosebery’s words are still stronger and more striking—“He loved Highlanders and he loved Lowlanders, but when he came to the branch of their race which had been grafted on to the Ulster stem, he took off his hat with veneration and awe.” These are notable words, and we are grateful for them. As we look forward, from these Tercentenary celebrations, into the promised land of the future, some may think they see the land occupied by enemies. But surely the tasks God has given us to do, and the difficulties He has given us to overcome, are not enemies. Even if they are, there is truth for us in the words—“Let us go up at once and possess the land; for we are well able to overcome it.”

IRISH PRESBYTERIANISM: ITS ORIGIN AND STORY.

By J. W. KERNOHAN, M.A.

In many towns of Ulster the year 1613 deserves to be held in grateful remembrance. It was in that year charters were formally granted by the Crown to towns like Derry, Coleraine, Limavady, and, as has been recently demonstrated, to Belfast. As the spread of the Protestant religion was a principal object of the Plantation of Ulster, its progress and history from that date has a place in the affectionate regard of its adherents and others not inferior to the political history of the people of Ulster. It is of special interest that the particular form of church government that came with the Scots settlers, and that has attained to a position of such influence in the Province, should be celebrating the Tercentenary of its first introduction simultaneously with the incidence of the Tercentenary of the

city's charter. The Presbyterian Church has decided to make suitable recognition of the event by special addresses at its meeting of Assembly, and in other ways.

RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF ULSTER BEFORE THE PLANTATION.

The story of the Reformed religion in Ulster before the Plantation is tattered and threadbare. For reasons which need not be here discussed, the Reformation did not receive the attention or make anything like the progress attained in the sister kingdoms. Then the pitiable state into which the country had been reduced by the continual warfare of Elizabeth's reign was reflected in the moral and religious condition of its scattered inhabitants. The Reformed faith had gained but little foothold. Even so late as 1605 the principal sees in Ulster were occupied by Roman Catholics. James I. was anxious to promote the religious reformation of the people, as well as their material improvement. Having introduced many of his Scotch friends, Hamiltons, Montgomerys, Maxwells, Grahams, Stewarts, and others into broad estates, it was natural to find his countrymen elevated to high positions in the Church. Up till 1613, at any rate, the settlers had the Anglican Church system of the Puritan kind. Trinity College had been in operation since 1594, and what with two Scots Presbyterians as its first Fellows, and English Puritans like Travers and Alvey holding the Provostship, there was not that distinction between the clergy that became an unfortunate feature of the later years of the seventeenth century. In England, too, there was a division in the State Church. Even under James a strict conformity was enforced, without any attempt to include the Puritan section within the Church. In North Britain there had been a spirit of unrest in ecclesiastical matters ever since the death of John Knox. Episcopacy was now and then, especially with the assistance of the King, showing its head; whereas in England Nonconformity had been excluded by the heads of the hierarchy. The result was the Irish Church formed a refuge for numbers of the Puritan clergy. By the year 1615 such a degree of organisation and stability had been reached in the Irish Church that a Convoca-

tion of the clergy was possible, at which it was decided to adopt as the confession of faith of the Irish Church certain articles or canons quite different from the Thirty-nine Articles of the sister Church. They were evidently framed to suit the requirements of the Northern settlers and their bishops and clergy, many of whom were Scotchmen who had brought their distinct tenets with them. In fact, they were in many respects Calvinistic in doctrine. Ussher, who afterwards became Archbishop, was the person who had drawn up the articles, and as he had been tutored by the Scotch Fellow of Trinity, Hamilton, it may be inferred that he displayed that liberal and comprehensive spirit which conduced to adapting the national faith to the circumstances of the country and the persons who had so recently made a settlement there. Had this spirit of compromise and forbearance continued in Ulster it is difficult to say what would have been the future experience of the Church in Ireland. There are some who claim we should have had one united Protestant Church instead of two great Evangelical bodies equally holding Popery in abhorrence.

The Irish Church was in such mood and temper when we can detect the first introduction of Scottish Presbyterianism into Ulster. As far as our knowledge goes, this was when the Rev. Edward Brice settled in Broadisland, or Ballycarry, between Carrickfergus and Larne, in the year 1613. Bishop Echlin, another Scotchman, was in the See of Down and Connor, and does not appear to have offered any resistance to his settlement. Nor does Brice appear to have been ordained by the Bishop, his Scotch ordination being recognised as valid.

STRUGGLE BETWEEN PRESBYTERY AND PRELACY.

Before touching on the career of Brice and the other Presbyterian ministers of the time, it will be necessary to give a thought to the ecclesiastical condition of Scotland prior to Brice's deposition. The first struggle with Popery and all its abuses was short and sharp. By the year 1572 it was ended, and the old religion was declared illegal. The second period, however, was concerned with the struggle between Presbytery and Prelacy. It is noteworthy that the framework of the old Church still remained, and the emoluments and

property that belonged to it. The bishops and clergy still drew the revenues, and in order, as it was alleged, to preserve the Constitution, the "Tulchan bishops," as they were termed, were continued. It was when Andrew Melville, who had gained fame at the universities of the Continent, returned to Scotland in 1574, that there began that strife, which ended in Episcopacy being declared unlawful. His fearless argument against the assumption by one bishop or presbyter of any power over another, and his contention that such a system was unscriptural and likely to lead to misuse was accepted, and by 1592 the government of the Church by General Assemblies, Synods, Presbyteries, and Kirk-sessions received the sanction of Parliament. Presbytery was supreme, and yet no new Church had been created. James VI. ascended the throne in 1578. He was a strange mixture. At one time, he was loudly proclaiming the Scottish Kirk as the sincerest kirk in the world; whereas the neighbour English Church was "an evil-said mass in English;" at another time, as he found it suited his position, he adhered to the theory of "No bishop, no king." By his ingenuity or that of his advisers, he had Episcopacy again in the ascendant before the century was out. Melville, who destroyed a whole hierarchy, had been got rid of by violence. And when James emerged from the position of a petty prince, held in check by his clergy and nobles into that of the absolute monarch of three kingdoms, his vacillating genius threw itself into the scale against Presbytery. Popery, or the dread of it, still served as a trumpet call to action, and on the pretext of proceeding to take measures against it a meeting of Assembly was called, at which a recommendation was made by the King that each Presbytery should appoint a perpetual moderator. This was startling, but with the aid of the nobles, the Assembly was over-awed and subdued. Loud protests were heard from every part of the land. The measure had been carried at an irregular meeting. A royal proclamation was issued ordering the Presbyteries to accept the permanent moderators. A storm was raised, but in spite of a desperate resistance the ministers were over-awed. This was in the year 1607; and these were the circumstances in which we find Edward Brice, subsequently of Broadisland, deposed from his living of Drymen and eventually making for Ireland.

MR. EDWARD BRICE ONE OF TWO OPPONENTS OF PRELACY.

An examination of the histories does not disclose the names of those who fled. Fortunately, one contemporary historian, Sir James Balfour, mentions the names of two of the remonstrants. After mentioning the power given to the Archbishop of St. Andrews to choose seven persons to be his chapter and council, he continues in quaint language:—"So consequently to all the bishopes of the kingdome to do the lyke; which, indeed, was the wery restitutione of bishopes, anent the forme of chapters." At the Synod of Clydesdale the Earl of Abercorn assisted, and "by his minances and threatts caused the said Synod conforme themselves to the Acte of the General Assembly of Linlithgow, and choose John Spotswood, Archbishop of Glasgow, their moderator; wich electione divers of the ministerey did oppose, bot wer so delte with by the Earle that they woyced. Not onlie two of them mainly opposed, and wold never condescend, bot spake publicly against it in bitter tearmes, wich were Mr. Will Symson, minister of Dumbarton, and Mr. Edward Bryce, minister of Drimin, as the said Earle witnessed to his Matie by his letters of the 26 of this Aguste [1607]."

SETTLEMENT OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER.

Brice must have continued his opposition for several years, or perhaps fled to Ireland. Sentence of deposition did not take place till 1613, the year in which he was settled in the living of Broadisland. It is probable that he followed his countryman and neighbour, Sir William Edmonstone, of Duntreath, in Stirlingshire, who in 1600 had joined with Sir Hugh Montgomery, of Braidstone, in the settlement of the Ards, in County Down, but having sold his interest there "settled his family in Broadisland, and there built two slated houses on the Dalway estate, near Carrickfergus." In the lease to Edmonstone it is stated that the grant included twelve acres to be annexed as a glebe for the Parish Church of Templecorran. Edmonstone, no doubt, gave Brice the living as patron and without opposition from the bishop, and evidently without reordination. He had the degree of M.A., which

he took in Edinburgh in 1593, where he was a regent before becoming a minister. The Visitation Book of 1622 records the following:—"Edward Brice, M.A., serveth the cures of Templecorran and Kilroot; Church at Kilroot decayed; that at Ballycarry has the walls newly erected, but not roofed." And a tradition had it that Brice's ministrations included also the Church of Ballykeel, in Islandmagee.

VALIDITY OF PRESBYTERIAN ORDERS.

The Rev. Classon Porter suggested that the ministers who had scruples about Episcopacy, and were avowedly and undoubtedly Presbyterians, yet submitted, after a fashion, to Episcopal ordination, and although officiating in the parish churches, yet used the Presbyterian form of worship. And consequently their names appear on the Visitation Books of the Diocese. Brice's name does not so appear, but the others were entered by the Bishop in order to satisfy the law. We are aware that we are here treading on ground that has been the subject of controversy. But entering on it in the same spirit of compromise and mutual forbearance displayed by the bishops in their dealings with these Scotch Presbyterians in the matter of livings, we are satisfied the difficulty will disappear, just as happens in our own day when those working for a common end can co-operate without sacrificing their conscientious scruples, provided parity is maintained. The canons adopted at the Convocation of 1615 avoided a definite statement on the mode of consecrating the higher orders of the clergy, apparently in order to avoid the distinction between bishop and presbyter, so disliked by the Presbyterians and other Nonconformists. Reid, the Presbyterian historian, says the validity of ordination by presbyters is clearly implied in the Irish articles. Indeed, Grub, the Episcopalian historian, says that, when three Scottish ministers were summoned to London to be consecrated as bishops, a proposal was made that, being in Presbyterian orders, they would need re-ordination. The suggestion was rejected as unnecessary by the English Primate; and to remove any suspicion of this being a "sort of subjection to the Church of England," the Archbishops of Canterbury and York took

no part in the consecration. The classic instance and source of explanation is furnished by the language of Blair, minister of Bangor:—"I answered the Bishop that his sole ordination did utterly contradict my principles; but he replied both wittily and submissively, 'Whatever you account of Episcopacy, yet I know you account a Presbytery to have Divine warrant. Will you not receive ordination from the adjacent brethren, and let me come in among them in no other relation than a Presbyter?' This I could not refuse, and so the matter was performed." Was not this the spirit of compromise that characterised the canons? It will not suffice to say that Brice's scruples had vanished when he accepted the prebend of Kilroot, a position afterwards held by Swift. For Brice, in his old age, did not hesitate to join the other four ministers in refusal to subscribe to the canons of the new bishop, for which refusal he was silenced formally in the Church of Belfast. And it proved to be in a short time a perpetual silence.

PERSECUTING POLICY OF LAUD AND STRAFFORD.

What brought about the change in the attitude of the bishops? Charles was now on the throne, and he had as head of the English Church Laud, whose opinions in respect of the Divine right of kings tallied with those of his royal master. The principle of compulsion was introduced by both, and the Star Chamber was at the disposal of the Archbishop for the enforcement of royal and religious supremacy. By the assistance of Lord Deputy Strafford this power was extended to Ulster, and, willy-nilly, the Irish bishops became party to the new plan of religious coercion. New canons were imposed on the Irish Church, the old spirit of conciliation vanished, and henceforth the plan of "Thorough" was to plunge the people into disunion and discontent. The new Bishop of Down and Connor took up the role of agent for the new policy, and summoned a meeting of clergy in Belfast in 1636. The parish church was the scene of the remarkable meeting with the five recalcitrant ministers, Brice, Calvert, Hamilton, Ridge, and Cunningham. The gentry and clergy assembled to hear the debate, in which the Rev. James Hamilton, nephew

of Lord Claneboy, acted as spokesman for the Presbyterians. After a lengthened debate, and by direction of Bramhall, Bishop Leslie read the sentence of deposition.

On the other hand, it is right to point out that the Presbyterian party were showing signs of concerted action. After a "revival" in the neighborhood of Antrim, Ridge, the minister of the town, suggested the holding of a monthly meeting for the encouragement of religion. Being in the Establishment they could not hold ecclesiastical courts of their own, but at these gatherings the Presbyterian system may have been promoted. At any rate, these "Meetings" were continued, and were so styled and extended to other parts, and may be regarded as paving the way for the definite establishment of organised Presbyterianism in Ulster, although, it is to be remembered, the simple Presbyterian form was in use in several congregations long before this.

THE BRICE FAMILY.

Brice's death took place in 1636. The inscription on the old tombstone in Ballycarry Church is reproduced elsewhere. His brother minister, Livingstone, of Killinchy, said of Mr. Brice that "in all his preaching, he insisted most on the life of Christ in the heart, and the light of His word and spirit on the mind, that being his own continual exercise."

Mr. Brice's descendants were in the neighbourhood of Belfast for a long period after. His eldest son, Robert, who resided at Castle Chichester (now Whitehead), acquired a considerable fortune, probably by trading with Scotland. Castle Chichester was then a trading port from which the mails were despatched. One of Robert's daughters was married to Thomas Knox, the first of the Northland family in Ulster, at present represented by the Earl of Ranfurly. A son of Robert's was high sheriff of the county, and represented Lisburn in Parliament. Another member of the family, also called Edward, was one of the leading Presbyterian gentry in the early years of the eighteenth century. The property at Kilroot, which had been the family estate for many generations, was sold in 1851. The late Professor W. D. Killen, President of Assembly's College, was descended from the Rev. Edward Brice.

AN IRISH "MAYFLOWER."

Following on the deposition of the five ministers came a period of rigorous administration by the bishops, encouraged by the devices of Lord Deputy Strafford, whose persecuting policy was so extreme that the Presbyterian people found the position intolerable, and were driven to seek refuge elsewhere. Following the example of the English Puritan Fathers, a vessel of 150 tons was built near Belfast (the first known instance of Belfast shipbuilding), and significantly named *Eagle Wing*. In this frail bark, on a September day in 1636, a company of one hundred and forty persons set sail for the more peaceable conditions of the New World. Owing to rough seas and contrary winds the party were obliged to return, after having gone twelve hundred miles, and found further sail impossible. Worse was to follow. Wentworth had determined to exterminate the Presbyterian population of Ulster, but the turn of affairs in England and Scotland required his attention there, the course which he pursued ending in his trial and execution. Such a policy of compulsion in matters ecclesiastical would in most places now be condemned, except perhaps in one Church, whose policy is always the same. There was a nominal form of Episcopacy, we have seen, in Scotland even after the days of Knox and Melville. But no sooner did the people awake to the fact that the system was likely to be abused than the old, nervous dread of Popery suddenly arose, accompanied sometimes by tumult and riot. The same was true of the Scots Church in Ireland, only in a greater degree, through its proximity to the Roman Catholic system. It cost Scotland dearly to contend that diocesan bishops were unscriptural. But could it have been otherwise? The very principles actuating the Scottish and Irish Presbyterians were the same which found expression in the conflicts of the Commonwealth and the Revolution. The Stuart policy was opposed to the genius of the Scottish Church, and in the downfall of the Stuart kings and their Romanising influence a useful lesson may be read in these very tolerant days. How far the Anglican system succeeded in throwing off the yoke of Rome may be seen in the attitude of the English Church to Ritualism.

IS THE TERCENTENARY TO BEGIN A NEW ERA?

The Irish Presbyterians are celebrating their Tercentenary with a sense of satisfaction at the progress made by their Church, particularly in the past hundred years, which have witnessed the union of the two Synods, the extension of the missionary movement, and the spread of the Gospel in Ireland in co-operation with the other Protestant Churches. At the same time, it must be said that they hold their celebration under the shadow of a dark cloud. After the fierce storms and strife of generations they fancied they had settled down to that condition of peace and equality in which they should be able to continue their traditions, of which they are not ashamed. With the shadow of Home Rule on the horizon, in which, with practised vision, they can detect the hand of Rome, it may be safely concluded that the spirit of their forefathers is not dead, nor have they forgotten it. Well versed in the history and meaning of ecclesiastical tyranny, they may be relied on to give a good account of themselves, while, at the same time, endeavouring to live on equal terms and in harmony with their countrymen of every denomination.

Of the compeers of Brice who employed the Presbyterian form of worship while in the parish churches, Mr. Hubbard, of Carrickfergus, was an English Puritan minister, who had, after leaving the English Church, taken charge of a London congregation. The oppression which he suffered induced him to seek a less troubled atmosphere in Ireland. By the good offices of Sir Arthur Chichester, who had been a fellow-pupil with him under the celebrated Cartwright, he was invited to Carrickfergus, where Sir Arthur had built a stately home. Hubbard and his congregation removed to Carrickfergus in 1621, but the minister survived the change only two years. His people must have been attached to this "able, gracious man," their pastor; they returned to London after his death. His successor in Carrickfergus was James Glendenning, A.M., a Scotchman. At this time, it is to be remembered, there were areas of the country that were settled with Englishmen, and in other parts the Scotch element predominated. Carrickfergus town, at any rate, was English in character.

REVIVAL AT ANTRIM.

Another centre that was probably largely composed of English settlers was Antrim. The minister who settled there in 1619 was an Englishman, but being unable to conform to the Episcopal usages, and having suffered disabilities therefor, he was presented to the living of Antrim. A brother minister styled him "the judicious and gracious minister of Antrim;" another informs us that "he used not to have many points in his sermon, but he so enlarged those he had that it was scarcely possible for any hearer to forget his preaching. He was a great urger of charitable works, and a very humble man." A neighbouring minister, describing the work of grace in his vicinity, said, "Notwithstanding the great opposition it hath, it flourisheth indeed lyke the palm tree; and so the last Sabbath in Antrim, ane English congregation, the superstitious form of kneeling at the Sacrament was put away, and the true paterne of the institution directlye followed." And again—"Your ladyship shall be pleased to mark God's wisdome, that since the bishop begawn to question us there is, I dare say, above three hundredth that God hath taken by the heart that never knew him before, and this within this seven moneths. Upon this condition long may we be in question, and never may the bishop rest." It was John Knox's grandson, Josias Welsh, of Templepatrick, who wrote those words.

ONE WHO MOST RESEMBLED THE MEEKNESS OF CHRIST.

Robert Cunningham, A.M., minister of Holywood and Craigavad from 1615, was admitted by Bishop Echlin, and seems from all accounts to have been a very godly man. Before coming to Ireland he was chaplain to a regiment in Holland. The accounts we have of his life and death make in some parts rather painful reading, particularly the trials his widow was obliged to endure after his decease, her maintenance being taken from her. John Livingstone, minister of Killinchy, gave this testimony of him:—"To my discerning he was the one man who most resembled the meekness of Jesus Christ in all his carriage that ever I saw; and was so far revered of all, even by the wicked, that he was oft troubled by that Scripture, 'Woe to you

when all men shall speak well of you.'” His most particular friend was Blair, the minister of Bangor, to whom we owe much of the information of the settlement of these early ministers in Ulster. Blair was a learned man. Before coming to Ireland he held a professorship in Glasgow College, but disagreeing with the Principal of that institution on the question of Prelacy he accepted an invitation of Lord Claneboy to come to Ireland. His detestation of episcopacy is emphasised in his writing. Livingstone’s description of his appearance and estimate of his character may be quoted—“a man of notable constitution both of body and mind; of a majestic, awful, yet affable and amiable countenance and carriage, thoroughly learned, of strong parts, deep invention, solid judgment, and of a most public spirit for God.”

LORD CLANEBOY’S NEPHEW BECOMES MINISTER OF BALLYWALTER.

Lord Claneboy, formerly Sir James Hamilton, whom we have already had before in the character of a scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, “made it his business to bring very learned and pious ministers out of Scotland, and planted all the parishes of his estate (which were six) with such; communicated with them; maintained them liberally; received even their reproofs submissively, and had secret friendly correspondence with the ministers and others that were persecuted for conscience sake; yea, some hid in his house when his warrants and constables were abroad looking for them.” So runs the family record of this man who outwardly “countenanced the Episcopal course.” He had a nephew, James Hamilton, who held the position of agent to his uncle. This young man had been educated for the ministry, and through the influence of Blair was induced to turn seriously to the work of the sacred office. So carefully had he kept his secret that his uncle and aunt were not aware of it till they heard him preach in Bangor pulpit. Her ladyship had a sly humour. She complimented him thus—“James, I think your gown and pulpit become you very well. I will bestow the gown, and my lord (if he will be advised by me) shall bestow the pulpit.” Shortly after, Mr. Hamilton was inducted to the living of Ballywalter.

He it was who acted as spokesman for his brethren at the conference with the bishops at Belfast. Bishop Bramhall, one of the English importations of Laud and Wentworth, was present also, and frequently interrupted with such expressions as "a prattling Jack," and "Worship thou the devil if thou wilt;" and again—"It were more reason and more fit this fellow were whipped than reasoned with! Get him hellebore to purge his brain from madness." If such be a correct account of the imperious attitude of those entrusted with the new ecclesiastical policy, it can be well imagined with what dejected feelings these undoubtedly able and earnest missionary spirits went out into the wilderness.

FIRST ORGANISED PRESBYTERY.

Scotland was also in a ferment owing to the attempt of Charles I. and Laud to force on the people the Service-Book. The stool flung by Jenny Geddes at the head of the Dean, who attempted to read it, was the signal for the uproar that followed. In 1638 the National Covenant was signed. The King and the Covenanters were soon at war. Step by step was coming the great struggle between King and Parliament. But before that the Rebellion had broken out in Ireland which was to lead to the first organised Presbytery here. When the news of this revolt reached the King he was trying to arrange terms with the Scottish Parliament. In the stress of the complications in which he was finding himself he arranged for a Scottish army to be despatched under General Munro to put down the Irish insurrection. Accompanying the army were five chaplains, who, with four elders, met on 10th June, 1642, as a Presbytery at Carrickfergus. Wentworth and his "Black Oath" being out of the way, and a Scots force being available to turn the tables on the recently reigning ecclesiastics, the dream of a uniform system of Presbyterian church government no doubt floated before the minds of the Scots. Applications came to the Presbytery from all parts for preaching, and sessions were erected in Antrim, Ballymena, Cairncastle, Belfast, Comber, Killyleagh, and other places. For such a demand Scotland was appealed to, and ministers were appointed for periods of some months. Presbyterianism was already re-established on a

firm basis. Uniformity of religion in the three kingdoms was occupying the attention of the Scottish Covenanters and the English Puritans. The Westminster Assembly of Divines was the result, and although composed of Church of England clergymen as well as Presbyterians, they compiled the well-known *Directory of Public Worship*, the *Confession of Faith*, and the *Larger and Shorter Catechisms*. The friendship thus set up was further cemented by the *Solemn League and Covenant*, drawn up in 1643 for reformation and defence of religion. It was not till the following year it was brought to Ireland, circulated, and signed. "It diffused extensively throughout the province a strong feeling of attachment to the Presbyterian cause." Amid all the turmoil of war and conflict of interests, Cromwell and the Commonwealth came out on top, and for a time the religion of the Scots in Ulster was banned, but eventually liberty of faith and worship was accorded to such as did not show themselves dangerous to the State. An attempt was even made to transplant to Munster the leading Scots gentlemen in Ulster. But wiser counsels prevailed. At the end of the Protectorate of Cromwell the one Presbytery had become five, with 70 ministers and 80 congregations.

MILTON'S ATTACK ON THE PRESBYTERY.

It is of interest to note that in Ulster the Presbyterian Party were greatly opposed to the execution of the King. They issued a "Representation" to be read from the pulpits, which has attracted much attention from the fact that the famous Milton discharged against the Presbytery a whole artillery of hair-raising invective—"egregious liars and impostors," "blockish Presbyters of Clandeboy," "this insufferable insolence of upstarts, who from a ground which is not their own dare send such defiance to the sovereign magistracy of England." The very phrase Milton used—"barbarous nook of Ireland"—speaks eloquently to us to-day of the progress of the Province. When the Commonwealth gave place in its turn to Monarchy in 1660, Presbyterianism once more became an outcast in the land. All its loyalty to the Throne was as nothing in the eyes of the returned exile; and all save the Vicars of Bray were promptly turned out of their parishes.

by the instruments of a State-regulated Church. Sixty-four was the number of depositions in Ireland. In 1662 the Act of Uniformity was passed, and to the astonishment of everyone two thousand clergymen resigned their livings in England rather than conform. During the period between the Restoration and the Revolution there was much persecution of the Ulster Presbyterians, with intervals of peace, during which they continued to flourish. This period is also distinguished in Presbyterian story for the emigration of numbers to New England, among them being Francis Makemie, a Donegal licentiate, who became the founder of the first organised Presbytery in America.

IRISH PRESBYTERIANS AND THE REVOLUTION SETTLEMENT.

With the Revolution settlement Irish Presbyterians had much to do in regard to sacrifice, soldiering, and replanting. It is reckoned that in the years following the conclusion of peace 50,000 Scots poured into the waste lands of Ulster, thus bringing about a re-establishment of their particular form of worship, which now became the established religion in Scotland. In some parts of the North, particularly about Derry, in the years preceding the reign of the last Stuart, Presbyterianism was more or less in hiding, and a secret service was maintained to spy on those who ventured to hold conventicles. James's reign brought a little more indulgence, but, as events proved, he was suspected and a successor welcomed. The oft-told story of the heroic defence of Derry needs no mention here, further than to say that the rank and file of the defenders belonged to the Presbyterian faith. The district of the Laggan between Derry and Raphoe being largely a Scottish settlement, poured its sons into the city for the defence of its faith and fatherland.

The landing of King William III. at Carrickfergus was an event of great importance. Being of the Calvinistic faith, he was acceptable to a large section of the people, and to a greater number because of his declaration that he was prepared to uphold the Protestant religion and the liberties of England. Both at Carrickfergus and Belfast he was welcomed by a joyful populace as a great deliverer. One act of his to be re-

membered with affection and gratitude was the order for the *Regium Donum*, or royal grant made to the Presbyterian ministers during his stay at Hillsborough, and in process of time enlarged until it was merged in the Sustentation Fund of the Presbyterian Church. The Revolution settlement was now over. Derry and the Boyne had given their verdict. This, however, was not a struggle of the kind that had disfigured some of the annals of that century. The Protestant party had united for the overthrow of the absolutism that was a ruling feature of the Stuarts. The marrow of the movement was the deep, abiding desire for human liberty in opposition to the repressing influence of the "Divine right of kings." Religion had played a large part, and Presbyterianism, with its inherent sense of the rights and liberties of the people, had had a large share in bringing the struggle to such an issue, and with it the termination of the misgovernment of the previous dynasty. What the emigrants on the *Eagle Wing*, that fifty years earlier had sailed from Belfast Lough, set out to get, their descendants were now in a much better position to reach under the flag of liberty of William's new *regime*. In Ulster the country soon filled up with people, to a great extent from Scotland, but being still regarded as Nonconformists oppressive laws were still in force against them and their religion.

RECONSTRUCTION AND REORGANISATION.

Congregations, however, were planted anew, and for the first time a General Synod met at Antrim in 1691. Ministers were difficult to get, as many did not return from Scotland. The process of reconstruction went on. At the first Synod meeting there were thirty ministers and twenty-two elders present. By 1702 there were nine Presbyteries. Something had to be done to remove the civil disabilities of Presbyterians, but, unfortunately, there was still religious dissension. This was intensified by the Test Act of 1704, which operated extremely harshly against dissenters from the State form of religion. They were debarred from holding civil offices of various kinds—in the magistracy, the army, and the navy. In Corporations it was regarded as particularly harsh that if

they were to remain loyal to their faith Presbyterians must resign membership. The result of this was inevitable. About 1720 began the stream of emigration to the wider opportunities of the American Colonies, where settlement in regions wild and subject to attack from Red Indians was preferable to life in Ulster counties. All through the century continued this movement, which may be credited with being mainly instrumental in bringing about the independence of the American Colonies—a truly great responsibility to be laid at the door, not of Ulstermen, but of the system which fostered the discontent and emigration.

A CENTURY OF CHANGE AND REFORM.

Queen Anne's death brought some respite, but it was not till 1780 that the unjust measure—the Test Act—was taken from the Statute Book. The spread of rationalism in Europe showed a symptom in Ulster which caused dissension in the ranks of the members of the Synod of Ulster. The solution arrived at was the drafting of the dissentient or "New Light" members into a separate Presbytery in 1726. A more serious condition of indifference settled down on the congregations, which brought about the introduction of a new element into the religious life of Ireland corresponding to the Evangelical revival in England and elsewhere. About the middle of the century some representatives of the Associate Presbytery of Scotland made their appearance in Co. Antrim, and encouraged by the warm reception given them it was not long till they were supported by other ministers, who formed Presbyteries in the several counties of the North. This body, distinguished by the name Seceders, exercised a counteracting influence on the chilling moderatism of the time. It continued to prosper drawing new adherents till in 1840 it was ripe to unite with the older Synod. It was due to the Seceders that respect for the Sabbath has been a feature of Irish Protestantism; and to them probably the form of service, in respect at least of length of sermons and prayers, is to a large extent owing. When the Volunteers were enthusiastically drilling on Sundays the Seceders in their courts deprecated such a practice. They did not, however, go the length of forbidding their members to

join that movement. Indeed, the Presbyterians formed the large part of that yeoman force that came out in such numbers for the defence of the country, when the Government signified its inability to supply the necessary troops from the regular army. Some of the Volunteers, not satisfied with the amount of reforms secured, proceeded to more extreme lengths, and were consequently implicated in the Rebellion of 1798 and its disastrous results. There was from the seventeenth century a large number of Presbyterians and Independents of English origin in the South of Ireland. These combined to form the Southern Association of Presbyterians. Attempts made to unite the Northern and Southern bodies were not successful. The Synod of Munster continued its course alone. There was considerable agitation in the Northern congregations of the Synod of Ulster, which resulted in the formation of the Remonstrant Synod in 1829. The respective leaders were the eloquent Rev. Dr. Henry Cooke and the equally powerful champion of Unitarian views, the Rev. Dr. Henry Montgomery. After this struggle was over the Synod of Ulster made great strides. In the next ten years 80 new congregations were added.

BELFAST PRESBYTERIANISM.

On the whole, it will be allowed that the Presbyterian system has admirably suited the people of the North of Ireland. There are defects in the system, it must be admitted; and it is possible that, democratic as it is, it may sometimes allow of the exercise of undue authority in one or other of its elements, lay or clerical. Indeed, one is sometimes forced to ask, especially in critical times, if its General Assembly is quite the popular assembly that it is supposed to be, deriving its authority from and fully representative of the membership of its congregations in matters of the utmost moment to the community. This much may be allowed, that in its constitution it most resembles the municipal and Parliamentary system of government, and its courts have provided a field for just the kind of training best fitting for the duties of citizenship. For example, in a commercial place like Belfast, with its municipal organisation, it will be found that a religious system which

fosters education and requires a more than average degree of intelligence in those who adhere to it, has contributed not a little to its progress and prosperity. Indeed, in the commercial and professional annals of Belfast it would be found on inquiry that if the names of the outstanding Presbyterians were eliminated—Knox, Rainey, Maxwell, Smith, Holmes, Suffern, Kennedy, Haliday, Getty, Cunningham, Stevenson, Macartney, Hyde, Drennan, M'Ilveen, Sinclair, Montgomery, Lyons, Callwell, Gregg, Finlay, Ferguson, Joy, Bruce, Tomb, M'Clure, Simms, and others—it would be robbed of much of its moral, material, and intellectual strength.

APPENDIX B.

REPORT OF CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, TREASURER PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, FOR YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31ST, 1913.

DR.		
Balance from preceding year.....		\$416 50
Membership dues for 1913.....	\$476 02	
Subscriptions to 24th Annual Dinner.....	1,100 00	
Interest on deposits.....	12 09	
		1,588 11
		\$2,004 61
CR.		
Postage, &c.....	\$43 00	
Speakers' expenses.....	67 00	
Clerical expenses.....	30 00	
Singers and accompanist.....	20 00	
Stenographer reporting dinner.....	30 00	
John Maene, carving spoon.....	45 00	
William H. Hoskins, engraving invitations.....	12 00	
Telegrams and telephone.....	6 73	
Subscription returned.....	5 00	
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, 232 covers, wines, cigars, decorations and music.....	975 40	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing notices, and printing and mailing annual report.....	195 65	
The Dreka Company, engraving menus and cards	35 00	
George H. Buchanan & Co., letter headings, &c.,	12 75	
		\$1,477 53
Balance January 1st, 1914.....	527 08	
		\$2,004 61

The above report has been audited and found correct, showing a balance of \$527.08 to the credit of the Society in bank January 1st, 1914.

JAMES B. KINLEY,
WILLIAM D. NEILSON,
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-

terminated 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.
JAMES H. M. ANDREWS..... 502 South Forty-first St., Philadelphia.
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.
DR. JOHN C. C. BEALE..... 41 South Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
ROBERT BEATTY..... Coral and Adams Sts., Philadelphia.
ROBERT O. BEATTY..... 120 Homewood Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
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.
REV. J. GRAY BOLTON, D.D. 1906 Pine St., Philadelphia.
SAMUEL R. BROADBENT..... 3431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
FRANCIS SHUNK BROWN..... 1005 Morris Building, Philadelphia.
J. CROSBY BROWN..... Fourth and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D. 1414 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
JAMES I. BROWNSON..... Washington, Pa.
RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE
(Honorary)..... London, England.
JOHN W. BUCHANAN..... Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON..... Pittsburgh, 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.
 REV. J. W. COCHRAN, D.D..... Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.
 DR. CLARK R. CRAIG..... 331 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
 D. F. CRAWFORD..... Union Station, Pittsburgh.
 GEORGE W. CREIGHTON..... Altoona, Pa.
 ALEXANDER CROW, JR..... 2112 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.
 REV. T. J. OLIVER CURRAN..... 304 North Thirty-fifth St., Philadelphia.

HON. JOHN DALZELL..... House of Representatives, Washington,
 D. C.

CAPT. W. G. DAVISON..... Chambersburg, Pa.
 C. M. DAVISON..... Chambersburg, Pa.
 H. C. DEAVER, M.D..... 1415 North Broad St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN B. DEAVER, M.D..... 1634 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 JAMES AYLWARD DEVELIN..... 400 Chestnut St., Phila., Wood Building.
 AGNEW T. DICE..... P. & R. Ry. Company, Reading, Pa.
 PROF. W. P. DICK..... West Chester, Pa.
 J. M. C. DICKEY..... Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
 S. RALSTON DICKEY..... Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
 JAMES L. DIVEN, M.D..... New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
 J. S. DONALDSON..... Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 ROBERT DORNAN..... Howard, Oxford and Mascher Sts., Phila.
 HENRY R. DOUGLAS, M.D..... 1806 Market St., Harrisburg.
 PETER S. DUNCAN..... Hollidaysburg, Pa.
 THOMAS P. DYER..... 1013 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

DANIEL M. EASTER, M.D..... Greensburg, Pa.
 IRWIN CAMERON ELDER..... Chambersburg, Pa.
 REV. ALFRED L. ELWYN..... 1422 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

EDGAR DUDLEY FARIÉS..... 617 Franklin Building, Philadelphia.
 RANDOLPH FARIÉS, M.D..... 2007 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON..... West Mermaid Lane, Chestnut Hill,
 Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM N. FERGUSON, M.D.... 125 W. Susquehanna Ave., Phila.
 WILLIAM M. FIELD..... 1823 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 CHARLES A. FIFE, M.D..... 2033 Locust St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM RICHTER FISHER..... 1012 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.

- D. FLEMING.....325 North Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.
 SAMUEL W. FLEMING.....32 North Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.
 EDWARD J. FOX.....Easton, Pa.
 HARRY C. FRANCIS.....919 Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia.
 REV. JOHN W. FRANCIS.....1519 North Seventeenth St., Phila.
 W. H. FRANCIS.....Union League, Philadelphia.
 HUGH R. FULTON.....Lancaster, Pa.
- GEORGE D. GIDEON.....1412 Arch St., Philadelphia.
 HARRY B. GILL.....328 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 HON. W. RUSH GILLAN.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 COL. JAMES R. GILMORE.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 SAMUEL F. GIVIN.....30 South Twenty-first St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM B. GIVEN.....224 Locust St., Columbia, Pa.
 WILLIAM A. GLASGOW.....Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
 HON. JAS. GAY GORDON.....1829 Pine St., Philadelphia.
 FRANCIS I. GOWEN.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 JOHN GRAHAM.....Newville, Pa.
 REV. LOYAL Y. GRAHAM, D.D....2325 Green St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM H. GRAHAM.....413 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 CAPT. JOHN P. GREEN.....Pennsylvania Railroad Office, Broad and
 Market Sts., Philadelphia.
 DAVID C. GREEN.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 ROBERT B. GREER, M.D.....Butler, Pa.
 J. M. GUFFEY.....341 Sixth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 HON. J. MILTON GUTHRIE.....Indiana, Pa.
 GEORGE T. GWILLIAM.....Union League, Philadelphia.
 JOHN GWILLIAM.....5114 North Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
- REV. ANDREW NEELY HAGERTY,
 D.D.....Carlisle, Pa.
 HON. HARRY ALVAN HALL.....Ridgway, Pa.
 DR. SAMUEL McCLINTOCK
 HAMILL.....1822 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 HUGH H. HAMILL.....231 S. State St., Trenton, N. J.
 JOHN L. HAMILL.....4811 Regent St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN HAMILTON.....2300 Venango St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN CHAMBERS HAMMERSLEY...3756 North Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
 ROBERT S. HAMMERSLEY.....Delaware Ave. and Vine Sts., Phila.
 THOMAS L. HAMMERSLEY.....410 West Cheltenham Ave., Germantown.
 WILLIAM HAMMERSLEY.....8 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM LATTI HAMMERSLEY...5818 Morris St., Germantown.
 CAPT. JOHN C. HARVEY.....Harrisburg, Pa.
 J. C. HAWTHORNE.....Carlisle, Pa.
 GEORGE HAY.....111 West Upsal St., Philadelphia.
 JAMES HAY.....25 South Water St., Philadelphia.

DAVID B. OLIVER..... 233 Oliver Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 ROBERT A. ORBISON..... Huntingdon, Pa.
 DR. THOMAS J. ORBISON..... Pasadena, California.
 HON. GEORGE B. ORLADY..... Huntingdon, Pa.
 D. A. ORR..... 710 North American Building, Phila.
 JOHN G. ORR..... Chambersburg, Pa.
 REV. THOMAS X. ORR, D.D..... 4614 Chester Ave., Philadelphia.

CHARLES L. PATTERSON..... Wilmington, Del.
 C. STUART PATTERSON..... 1000 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 D. RAMSEY PATTERSON..... Philadelphia.
 GEORGE STUART PATTERSON... Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON..... 314 Franklin Building, Philadelphia.
 T. H. HOGE PATTERSON..... 4231 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 THEODORE C. PATTERSON..... 715 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 THOMAS PATTERSON..... Frick Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 R. H. PATTON..... 328 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 RICHARD PATTON..... Wayne, Pa.
 REV. W. A. PATTON, D.D..... Wayne, Pa.
 WILLIAM A. PATTON..... Broad St. Station, P. R. R., Phila.
 HAROLD PEIRCE..... 222 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
 W. W. PINKERTON..... 537 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
 JAMES POLLOCK..... 2226 East Dauphin St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM McLELLAN POMEROY... New Haven, Conn.
 A. NEVIN POMEROY..... Chambersburg, Pa.
 HON. WILLIAM D. PORTER..... Hotel Schenley, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 HON. WM. W. PORTER..... 2025 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 C. E. POSTLETHWAITE..... P. O. Box 53, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 HON. WILLIAM POTTER..... Stenton Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Phila.
 HON. WM. P. POTTER..... Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, City
 Hall.

REV. S. R. QUEEN..... The Kenmar, 1001 Pine St., Phila.

McCLUNEY RADCLIFFE, M.D... 1906 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 SAMUEL REA..... Broad St. Station, P. R. R., Phila.
 GEORGE W. REILY..... Harrisburg, Pa.
 GEORGE RICE..... Pottstown, Pa.
 ROBERT A. RICHARDS..... Carlisle, Pa.
 DAVID H. RIDDLE..... Chambersburg, Pa.
 H. A. RIDDLE..... Chambersburg, Pa.
 W. L. RITCHEY..... Chambersburg, Pa.
 MAURICE RITCHIE..... Chambersburg, Pa.
 RICHARD B. RITCHEY..... Mercersburg, Pa.
 HAROLD McAFEE ROBINSON, D.D. "The Delmar," Germantown, Phila.
 HON. JOHN B. ROBINSON..... Media, Pa.

- REV. W. COURTLAND ROBINSON,
D.D.....3504 Baring St., Philadelphia.
- W. D. ROBINSON, M.D.....2022 Mt. Vernon St., Philadelphia.
- JAMES SLOCUM ROGERS.....701 Commonwealth Building, Phila.
- ADAM A. ROSS, JR.....516 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
- GEORGE ROSS.....Doylestown, Pa.
- THOMAS ROSS.....Doylestown, Pa.
- J. E. RUTHERFORD.....Harrisburg, Pa.
- WILLIAM SUMNER RUTHERFORD..Harrisburg, Pa.
- WILLIAM I. SCHAFFER.....Chester, Pa.
- CHARLES T. SCHOEN.....101 Arcade Building, Philadelphia.
- CHARLES SCOTT, JR.....Overbrook Farms, Philadelphia.
- GEORGE E. SCOTT.....21 South Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
- JOHN SCOTT, JR.....2218 Locust St., Philadelphia.
- WILLIAM H. SCOTT.....1211 Clover St., Philadelphia.
- J. A. SEARIGHT.....Uniontown, Pa.
- W. N. SEIBERT.....New Bloomfield, Pa.
- MAJOR THOMAS SHARP, U. S. A..Chambersburg, Pa.
- JAMES W. SHARPE.....Newville, Pa.
- WALTER KING SHARPE.....Chambersburg, Pa.
- W. C. SHAW, M.D.....909 Wylie Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- E. A. SHULENBERGER, D.D.S....Carlisle, Pa.
- REV. DAVID M. SKILLING.....Webster Groves, St. Louis, Mo.
- W. FRANK SKINNER, M.D.....Chambersburg, Pa.
- CHARLES H. SMILEY.....New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
- HOWARD SMITH.....73 North Franklin St., Pottstown, Pa.
- R. STUART SMITH.....934 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
- CHARLES J. R. SPROULE.....532 South Forty-ninth St., Philadelphia.
- GEORGE F. SPROULE.....Golf Road and City Ave., Philadelphia.
- HON. WILLIAM C. SPROUL.....Chester, Pa.
- E. J. STACKPOLE.....Harrisburg, Pa.
- REV. WILLIAM S. STEANS, D.D..Washburn St., Scranton, Pa.
- REV. DAVID M. STEELE, D.D....330 South Thirteenth St., Philadelphia.
- JOSEPH M. STEELE.....1600 Arch St., Philadelphia.
- J. SAMUEL STEPHENSON.....14 North Front St., Philadelphia.
- J. E. STERRETT.....52 William St., New York.
- GEORGE STEVENSON.....1921 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
- JOHN B. STEVENSON, JR.....Abington, Montgomery County, Pa.
- REV. GEORGE B. STEWART, D.D..Theological Seminary, Auburn, N. Y.
- GEORGE H. STEWART.....Shippensburg, Pa.
- GEORGE H. STEWART, JR.....Shippensburg, Pa.
- HON. JOHN STEWART.....Chambersburg, Franklin County, Pa.
- WILLIAM M. STEWART.....Residence not known.
- COL. W. W. STEWART.....Chambersburg, Pa.
- WILLIAM C. STOEVER.....727 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
- HON. JAMES A. STRANAHAN.....Harrisburg, Pa.
- HON. EDWIN S. STUART.....P. O. Box 454, Philadelphia.

- J. T. STUART.....311 Arcade Building, Philadelphia.
WILLIAM THOMPSON.....230 South Thirty-ninth St., Phila.
WILLIAM THOMSON, M.D.....1426 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
M. HAMPTON TODD.....133 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
J. WALLACE TURNBULL.....Crozer Building, Philadelphia.
LEWIS J. TWADDELL.....1212 Market St., Philadelphia.
- HERBERT AGNEW WALLACE.....Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.
ROBERT BRUCE WALLACE.....Manayunk National Bank, Phila.
RICHARD H. WALLACE.....501 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
SAMUEL HEMPHILL WALLACE.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
THOMAS L. WALLACE.....P. R. R. Freight Station, Harrisburg, Pa.
WILLIAM S. WALLACE.....Bailey Bldg., 1218 Chestnut St., Phila.
WILLIAM W. WALLACE.....1802 North Eighteenth St., Phila.
CHARLES C. WATTLand Title Building, Philadelphia.
DAVID H. WATTS.....1522 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
REV. FRANK T. WHEELER.....Newville, Pa.
ROBERT F. WHITMER.....Girard Trust Building, Philadelphia.
JAMES S. WILLIAMS.....911 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
STANLEY WILLIAMSON.....1827 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
REV. DAVID WILLS, D.D., LL.D... The Cecil, Washington, D. C.
M. J. WILSON, M.D.....4143 North Broad Street, Philadelphia.
ROBERT DICK WILSON, D.D.....Swarthmore, Pa.
HENRY WHITELEY.....Wilmington, Del.
CYRUS E. WOODS.....Greensburg, Pa.
HON. JOSEPH M. WOODS.....Lewistown, Pa.
RICHARD W. WOODS.....Carlisle, Pa.
WILLIAM H. WOOLVERTON.....1354 Broadway, New York.
ROBERT A. WRIGHT.....1421 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
GEORGE S. R. WRIGHT.....4401 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia
COL. THOMAS T. WRIGHT (Hon-
orary).....Nashville, Tenn.
- HON. HARMAN YERKES.....Land Title Building, Philadelphia.

DECEASED MEMBERS.

W. J. ADAMS.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
J. SIMPSON AFRICA.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
DANIEL AGNEW.....	Beaver, Pa.
JOSEPH ALLISON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. J. ARMSTRONG.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN BAIRD.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
ROBERT S. BEATTY.....	Buffalo, N. Y.
R. T. BLACK.....	Scranton, Pa.
J. C. BLAIR.....	Huntingdon, Pa.
THOMAS BOGGS.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
P. P. BOWLES.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
SAMUEL BRADBURY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
CHARLES WESLEY BUOY, D.D.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. J. CALDER.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
SETH CALDWELL, JR.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
A. J. CASSATT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
REV. WILLIAM CATHCART, D.D.....	Hoyt, Pa.
COL. JOHN CASSELS.....	Washington, D. C.
JOHN H. W. CHESTNUT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
A. H. CHRISTY.....	Scranton, Pa.
JAMES CLARK.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
THOMAS COCHRAN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
ROWAN CLARK.....	Tyrone, Pa.
DAVID CONWAY.....	Mount Joy, Pa.
WILLIAM CROSSLEY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
REV. J. AGNEW CRAWFORD, D.D.....	Chambersburg, Pa.
ANDREW G. CURTIN.....	Bellefonte, Pa.
ROLAND G. CURTIN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
E. B. DAWSON.....	Uniontown, Pa.
JAMES P. DICKSON.....	Scranton, Pa.
A. W. DICKSON.....	Scranton, Pa.
J. P. DONALDSON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
WILLIAM FINDLEY DRENNEN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
EBENEZER ERSKINE, D.D.....	Newville, Pa.
SAMUEL EVANS.....	Columbia, Pa.

HON. NATHANIEL EWING.....	Uniontown, Pa.
THOMAS EWING.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
HON. JOSEPH C. FERGUSON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN FIELD.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
HON. THOMAS K. FINLETTER.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
HON. MORRISON FOSTER.....	Shields, Pa.
ROBERT H. FULTON, D.D.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
REV. S. A. GAYLEY.....	Wayne, Pa.
ROBERT GRACEY.....	Newville, Pa.
ALBERT GRAFF.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
DUNCAN M. GRAHAM.....	Carlisle, Pa.
JOHN H. GRAHAM.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
THEODORE A. GRAHAM.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
HON. JOHN M. GREER.....	Butler, Pa.
MARCUS A. HANNA (Honorary).....	Ohio.
HON. WILLIAM B. HANNA.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
DANIEL H. HASTINGS.....	Bellefonte, Pa.
I. N. HAYS, D.D.....	Allegheny, Pa.
HON. R. M. HENDERSON.....	Carlisle, Pa.
WILLIAM HENDERSON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
CHARLES W. HENRY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. A. HERRON.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
HENRY HOLMES.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
WILLIAM HOLMES.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
H. H. HOUSTON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
R. J. HOUSTON.....	Lancaster, Pa.
W. H. HUNTER.....	Chillicothe, Ohio.
GEORGE JUNKIN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
COL. THOMAS B. KENNEDY.....	Chambersburg, Pa.
H. P. LAIRD.....	Greensburg, Pa.
ROBERT ALEXANDER LAMBERTON, LL.D....	Harrisburg, Pa.
JAMES W. LATIMER.....	York, Pa.
REV. WILLIAM LAURIE, D.D.....	Bellefonte, Pa.
JOHN A. LINN.....	Radnor, Pa.
WILLIAM PENN LLOYD.....	Mechanicsburg, Pa.
JAMES A. LOGAN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN P. LOGAN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JAMES LONG.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
REV. SAMUEL C. LOGAN.....	Scranton, Pa.

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TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING

AND

DINNER

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA
SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY

AT

THE BELLEVUE-STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA

FEBRUARY 19th, 1915



PHILADELPHIA

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1915



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ON NEW MEMBERS:

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MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON, MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
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RIGHT HON. SIR EDWARD CARSON, M. P.



REV. WILLIAM PARK, D.D., LL.D.



While Viscount Bryce was Great Britain's Ambassador to this country, he was elected an Honorary Member of this Society, and has ever since manifested a warm, friendly interest in its affairs. Since the last annual meeting, two other notable names have been added to our roll of Honorary Members, the Right Hon. Sir Edward Carson, M. P., and the Rev. William Park, D.D., LL.D., Minister of the Rosemary Street Congregation, the oldest Presbyterian Church in Belfast. The members of the Society are in a fair way to have an opportunity of extending a personal welcome to Dr. Park, as he expects to be in America in 1917, to preside at the meeting in Pittsburgh, of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance, of which he is President. And all will hope for an opportunity to extend a similar welcome to the great British statesman, whom Ulster follows with such dauntless courage and unfaltering trust and devotion. The Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society is gratified and honored to have these three great Ulstermen on its roll of members.



TWENTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING.

The Twenty-sixth Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, on Friday, February 19th, 1915, at 7 P. M., the President, Mr. Samuel Rea, in the chair.

The report of the Treasurer for the year ending December 31st, 1914, was presented and approved (see Appendix "D," page 70).

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

President, DR. JOHN B. DEAVER.

First Vice-President, REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS, D.D.

Second Vice-President, HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON

Secretary and Treasurer, MR. CHARLES L. McKEEHAN.

Directors and Members of Council:

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,	MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D.,	HON. W. W. PORTER,
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MR. JOHN McILHENNY,	HON. EDWIN S. STUART,
REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.,	MR. JAMES POLLOCK,
MR. SAMUEL REA,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY.

On motion, the meeting then adjourned to the banquet room.

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

At the close of the dinner, the President, Mr. Samuel Rea, spoke as follows:—

MEMBERS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY AND GUESTS:—It gives me great pleasure to extend to you on this Twenty-sixth annual gathering of our Society a hearty welcome and to thank you for the honor of serving as your President during the past year. I might say that it is practically all honor, for the duties usually attaching to a President are, in this Society, largely discharged by our competent and experienced Secretary. As oratory is not any part of my personal or professional attainments, I will not occupy the time of those who will address us this evening, but will confine my remarks to a few subjects:

You have received a communication from your President asking your co-operation in securing new members, as it is believed by your Directors and members of Council to be very desirable to have an increased membership and that it should come from our State. Our Society was started in 1889 as a branch of the National Society, which was then quite flourishing, but which has since gone out of existence, and I believe that our Society has been, for some years past, the only Scotch-Irish Society in this country. We have been urged, from time to time, to broaden its scope and utilize it as the nucleus for a National Society, but, so far as I am informed, that has not appealed to many of the members. We could easily add to our membership one hundred or one hundred and fifty representative Scotch-Irishmen from the various sections of the State and thus strengthen it and make it a real representative State Association. If we do this, there will be one more decided inducement for Scotch-Irishmen to continue to settle and grow within Pennsylvania.

The other matter to which I beg to call your attention is "The Preservation of Scotch-Irish History." From time to time many historical papers of interest have appeared in our Annual Reports and we owe much to our predecessors in their painstaking endeavors to permanently record historical facts connected with the Scotch-Irish in Pennsylvania. However, in May, 1911, the Society, feeling the necessity of having a history of the Scotch-Irish in America, caused the appointment of Professor Henry Jones Ford, Professor of Politics in Princeton University, to undertake the task under the guidance of a

representative Committee of the Society, of which Mr. Bayard Henry was the Chairman. Professor Ford's study of the subject has been very thorough, although interrupted twice by public duties which took him away from the work for several months. In the judgment of many, it is the most thorough study yet made of the original plantation of Ulster by Scotch and English immigrants, and of course I must add, of the virile qualities imparted to them from contact with the sod of old Ireland, and he has traced the Scotch-Irish immigration to this country and its influence upon it and upon the inhabitants, physically, mentally and religiously, both in its formative and later periods. We will not limit the extent of that influence, but I may say that one merit of the book is that it is written in a strictly historical and scholarly spirit, and not in a partisan or laudatory spirit. Professor Ford is not a Scotch-Irishman, and a couple of years ago at our annual dinner, in giving a brief outline of the scope of the book, he said that he would approach the work with candor and honesty, and construe that our mandate to him was like that of Cromwell to the painter who was making his portrait—"Paint me, wart and all." This work has been completed, and copies may be procured in the room immediately adjoining the dining room in this hotel. It will, I am sure, prove to be an interesting and important contribution to Scotch-Irish history, and let us not forget that in this great land of opportunity there is still necessity for practicing the virtues and possessing the convictions and courage of our forefathers. (Loud Applause.)

I now have the pleasure of introducing to you Dr. John H. MacCracken, President of Lafayette College.

DR. MACCRACKEN:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—The Philadelphia *Ledger* this morning has an editorial on the evolution of the modern banquet. It comments on the fact that a banquet was once a place where men drank and forgot, but that now it is a place where men eat and learn. They failed, however, to mention a third kind of banquet, the banquet of the speakers' table, where men neither

eat nor drink, but both learn and forget. The high estate of a college president at banquets in the evening is only equalled by his low estate during the day, when in his garb as a mendicant friar, he makes the round of your offices, with his hat in his hand. (Laughter.) In attending a meeting of the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania, however, I feel that I am returning to the home of my ancestors and to my father's house. Five generations ago my paternal ancestor, Henry MacCracken, was killed by the Indians on the banks of Pine Creek, in the centre of the Fair Play Settlement. He was a frontiersman of Sunbury and a Revolutionary volunteer. I have seen the lot that he owned at Sunbury, read the inventory of his estate filed in the county records, and have seen the record at Harrisburg in the archives of the State, and of the pension voted to his widow by a grateful government. In rejoining the Scotch-Irish of Pennsylvania, therefore, I but come back to the home of my forefathers, and come to claim a share in the rich heritage which was purchased by my fathers' father's blood. Very few of the original Scotch-Irish settlers of Pennsylvania came to Pennsylvania by way of New York, and fewer still came to Pennsylvania by way of Boston. In coming to Lafayette by way of New York and New England, I have been interested to find in the records that I am but repeating the history of the early settlers of Northampton County. Of the "parcel of Irish," as the record says, who landed in Boston in 1718, a considerable number found a home in Londonderry, New Hampshire, and somewhat later migrated from Londonderry and settled in Allen Township, Northampton County. Their stay in New England was therefore brief. Myself a native of Vermont, my stay in New England among my maternal kindred, some of whom traced their ancestry back to the Londonderry settlers, was still briefer, being limited to six weeks. The only Scotch-Irish settlers who came into Pennsylvania by way of New York are said to have been the Irish of Northampton County. Coming therefore to Pennsylvania a Scotch-Irishman, by way of New York and New England, I am but following the trail of those hardy frontiersmen 200 years ago. The welcome you have given me this evening, however, is a very different one

from the welcome given to Scotch-Irishmen in those days by New England or New York. When President Finley, later of Princeton College, went to Connecticut about the time that the Londonderry settlers were entering Northampton County, he was arrested and imprisoned for preaching without an invitation. When Francis Makemie went to New York and addressed a Presbyterian gathering, although a friend of the Governor's, he was arrested and fined. It is not strange, therefore, that that great Scotch-Irishman, Horace Greeley, advised his fellow-Scotch to travel in a westerly direction. I must confess that I am somewhat surprised to find you Scotch-Irish so much at home in the centre of this Quaker city. That land hunger and that characteristic combativeness which made the original Scotch-Irishman so distasteful to the Quaker, has, I judge, been considerably appeased. With a Scotch-Irishman like your President at the head of the Pennsylvania Railroad and all its land and with the very harmonious business session of this Society that I observed just before dinner, I feel sure that those two characteristics are no longer the most prominent characteristics of the Scotch-Irishmen of Pennsylvania. I am still more surprised to find the Scotch-Irish at a feast. Feasts and festivals, Christmases and birthdays, gifts and family demonstrations of affection, were no part of the stern Scotch-Irishmen of earlier days. In our own family as children, when birthdays and festivals and Christmases came around, we were always glad we had not only a Scotch-Irish father but an English Puritan mother. That you should honor the schoolmaster, however, like Dean Holmes and myself, and invite us to address you, shows that one of the characteristics of the early Scotch-Irishman still prevails.

As I was going recently through the Capitol at Harrisburg and studying the beautiful mural decorations, I was much impressed by the fact that Pennsylvania should so frankly recognize the important contribution made to the Commonwealth by Religion, and that it should feel that it was necessary that the state of to-day should understand something of the many threads of religious life and thought that have been woven to make the fabric of the state, and I admired the

sagacity of Governor Pennypacker in selecting, as the chief characteristic of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, the white-haired teacher seated on the bank by the river side, with his young disciples. But when the guide who was showing me around the Capitol stated that the white-haired teacher was teaching the boys theology, I said to myself, "Yes, and very much beside." Charles Hodge used to be fond of saying, that though the Presbyterian Church did not write on its banner the word "Liturgy" or "Worship" or even the word "Beauty," that it did blazon forth the word "Truth." It is a remarkable fact that in Easton the log school house preceded the church, and the first teacher called to teach English to the children of the Palatinate Germans, was, as you might suppose, a Scotchman. The Scotch-Irishman has always believed in truth, and his vision of truth has been a truth extending from everlasting to everlasting, unshaken as the Scotch Hills, one as the God that he worshipped was one. He has always believed in eternal verities. Never a time-server, he has never laid much stress on the popular catchword of the moment, nor cared to tickle his intellect with clever conceits or fancies. Believing in truth, he believed in instruction. He always believed that the school was worth while. James McCosh used to be fond of saying to the boys at Princeton, "Truth we know in part, but, young gentlemen, you will please to note that what we know, we do know." (Laughter and applause.) We must cherish as Scotch-Irish this faith in the intellect, this faith in the essential integrity of the human mind, because it is a creed that is at the bottom of all college building. Only as we have faith in the human intellect, only as we believe in its essential integrity, only as we believe in the destiny of man to know even as also he is known, can we be very enthusiastic for education, or be very much at home among the Scotch-Irish.

The Scotch-Irishman has been inclined to criticise the Puritan because a brief hundred years after the Puritan arrived in America he had so far forgotten his own persecutions as to become himself a persecutor, and to have no welcome for the Presbyterian. So the Scotch-Irishman of to-day, at gatherings such as this, may do well to guard against any

such besetting sin. He may do well to offer up a prayer against dogmatism in religion. He may do well to revive his faith in the human intellect and in freedom of thought, his belief in the ability and integrity of the human mind, and to preserve that sense of dignity as a thinking man, a son of an intelligent God, sharing the knowledge of a knowing Father, believing in the universe as essentially rational, so that he can say, as that great Scotchman Carlyle said, even in this day of world-war, the universe is not dead, a demoniacal charnel house with spectres, but God-like and our Father's.

In this day of complex civilization, in this day when great power resides in organization, industrial and political, in this day of social prestige and influence, we shall do well to renew our faith in that creed stated by the small boy, who when asked the first question in the Shorter Catechism said "The chief end of man is the end with the head on," and stir again Scotch-Irish enthusiasm for frontier work in the various fields of knowledge. A large share in the government of this country has fallen to the Scotch-Irishman in the past, a larger share than his percentage in the population would justify, and there remains for him a greater share in the future. The organizing genius which has placed the hand of the Scotch-Irishman on the helm of our greatest corporations and on the lever of our greatest trusts, might well be turned to civic and national problems. We as Americans have to-day an immense amount of thinking to do. The man who has caught even a small glimpse into the matter stands almost appalled. Questions of Church and State, of State and School, of School and Church, of the distribution of wealth, of the rights and obligations of the workingman, of a consistent foreign policy, (applause) of the relation of nation to nation, of war and peace, of national morality, these and other problems are flooding in upon us, and demand a solution, and as yet, the American people have hardly even addressed their minds to them. A large share of the thinking of these important questions must belong and will belong to the Scotch-Irishman. It will belong to the Scotch-Irishman because of his peculiar combination of hard-headedness along with a certain sense of the Divine, which gives him largeness of vision, serenity and poise amid the

turmoil of the day. Great tasks await the Scotch-Irishman, not only of Pennsylvania but of the whole United States, and correspondingly great is the responsibility resting upon the college, which has always been the recruiting station of the Scotch-Irish mind. I count myself fortunate therefore, exceedingly fortunate, in beginning my work as a college president in Pennsylvania, that I should have had this opportunity of making the acquaintance of the members of the Scotch-Irish Society, because by virtue of your race you are all *ex-officio* friends of education. I trust that the acquaintance thus begun may ripen both for our Scotch-Irish College and for the great intellectual, political and industrial undertakings in which you are concerned, into one of increasing cordiality and of mutual helpfulness. (Loud applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:—

GENTLEMEN:—I have the pleasure of introducing as our next speaker Rev. Robert Johnston, D. D., of Philadelphia.

DR. JOHNSTON:—

MR. PRESIDENT, AND MY VERY HYPHENATED BRETHREN OF THE SCOTS-IRISH SOCIETY:—I confess to you that I looked with some eagerness at the order of the proceedings to see what hope there was of framing an excuse to cover a bad speech. Humility is available as an excuse for the first man; he owes some time to those who follow! The last man can point to the clock, and, speaking with authority, can say "Home!" Neither of these excuses are available for me, and my originality is soon exhausted, as my effrontery is weak. My presence at a Scots-Irish dinner, however, is hardly in keeping with this description of effrontery. I am between Lafayette and Professor Holmes. Succeeding the darling of your Presbyterian hearts to-night is almost as embarrassing as when I succeeded as curate, a devout Englishman, in the historic town of Stirling in Scotland.

The rector was an excellent type of an Englishman, but the succession of curates indicated what we to-day would call

"incompatability." The assistantship had been vacant for a long time, and the rector was impelled to pray for a suitable curate. The native Scot is curious. A man is never seriously sick because the doctor visits him. But the appearance of the minister adds a new color to the event. "Hoo's John Smith the day?" asked the neighbor; the answer came, "He's gey sick, they've got a meeinster." So the seriousness of the need was made apparent by the prayer. In due course I arrived and stood in the place of an exceedingly devout but none too intelligent predecessor.

Two sisters were accustomed to alternate on Sundays at the services. Cissie was devout, Nellie was religious rather than devout. A discriminating mind generally goes with the religious, and it is normally absent in the devout. Cissie returned from the morning service with the report, "Nell, Mr. Coldwell's got his prayer." "What do you mean?" asked the sister. "A new curate," was the answer. At night, Nellie, armed with traditional Scottish criticism, came to investigate. On arrival at home, she was asked, "Weel what do ye think o'd?" "I admit," answered Nellie, "he's got his prayer; but he's no sic a holy yin!" (Laughter.) I am perfectly satisfied to be in the same position to-night, because I cannot compete with Lafayette or Dr. MacCracken, whose traditions are such that I pity him. To have to live up to the name is a terrible burden. He will be a braw laddie if he succeeds in maintaining it at Lafayette or anywhere else. I know Professor Holmes, and if he gets his deserts he'll soon be back in Pennsylvania for he is one of the finest teachers of psychology in the country. To teach science scientifically and to be rationally religious with some genuine unction is given to few. Sandwiched so unhappily, where shall I begin and how shall I end?

I was told by a very anxious member of this Society (who felt responsibility for my being here, because I believe it is against all tradition to ask an Episcopalian to this place), I was told two things.

He said, "Remember, the minister's is always the dullest speech." I answered, "Yes; as becomes a Presbyterian audience." (Laughter.) He sent me all the literature on the Scots-Irish in America. My knowledge of the subject is now

a fearful and wonderful thing. If I told you all I know of the Irish Scot (peace, this is really the right placing), you would know to your sorrow how long a Scots-Episcopalian could talk. But you do not want me to tell you all I know. Moreover, you would not be cruel enough to expect me to tell the tale of sorrow and indignity that the Scots-Irishman suffered at the hand of the Bishop as representing my co-religionists in the past. "Prelacy" is a word of hate to our race on either side of the Channel. The tyranny of the prelate was none the less hateful because it wore a garb of jealousy for the God of Hosts. "Prelacy" was destroyed by some of our fathers, and as I look back I cannot blame them; by others of our race it was tamed. The Scots have succeeded in taming the prelate in history. When the House of Bishops in democratic America meets, it meets in secret, with closely barred doors. When the House of Bishops meets in monarchical Scotland, its doors are open and its meetings are announced by advertisement in the "*Scotsman*" newspaper, with the significant note, pregnant with a nation's determination, "The meetings are open to the public." But I refuse to supply this audience with a digestive tablet in the form of an anti-episcopitus dope.

You love to dwell on it, and I am second to none in my admiration for the conviction, the stubbornness, the resoluteness of the race—as seen in their wanderings from Ulster over the channel to Scotland to have their children baptized under the shadow of the Presbytery. Seeing the Episcopal attitude, I imagine that many thank God that "priest" for them was writ large in "presbyter."

I hope it won't affect your happiness, but I am sorely tempted to tell you the story of the men and women of Aberdeen taking their children to the outside of the jail in Stonehaven; and there, holding their children up in fishermen's creels or baskets, have them baptized by their imprisoned minister through the prison bars. Then the tyrant was not Episcopacy, but the Presbytery; and the crime was that Scottish habit of standing by the under dog, that weird chivalry that burns fiercely in the so-called hard heart of the Scot. The imprisoned minister had refused to pray for the Hanoverian George and was with the exiled "King over the water." Then all the poetry of the north

was with the failing Stuart line. A misplaced affection and chivalry, I grant, but a chivalry which has inspired Scottish song and ever will. "Will ye no come back again," was wrung from the hearts of Scottish Episcopalians. Wonderful poetry, all agree. Wretched judgment and poor religion. So we are quits. You, the Irish Scots, and we, the real thing!

I am told that the place of the minister on the programme is an evidence of the profound respect felt for him in the place of the race. The race would have had no place but for the minister, and (let me whisper it, lest it be heard too long) the Presbyterian minister at that; to whom gratitude is ever due. But never tell me of the respect for the man that "wags his pow in the pu'pit;" I always feel that the race has its tongue in its cheek when it speaks of it. This has doubtless been made more effective by the dose of the Irish which has been imbibed by the vested Scot. But respect! Respect with a sledge hammer! The young man was a candidate for the parish and had been preaching. Later in the day he was looking over the church when he came across an old sermon-taster. "I am just taking a look at the kirk," he said. And, curtesying respectfully, she said, "Aye, that's richt. Tak' a guid look, for am thinking you'll no be seeing it again." (Applause.) You do not expect me to believe there is any respect intended; you had some other motives when you invited a man whose fathers lived on the borders and have never lived anywhere else, to address you. (Laughter.) Yet according to my reading, and judging from my experience, it seems true that whatever else Providence did with the Scot in Ireland, he gave him immunity from the Irish germ. No Irishman could act and conduct himself as the Scot does, and 200 generations would probably find the Irish in the Scot as Jonah was in the whale. What Irishman that you know, and there are plenty of them, could talk like this, for instance.

The laird of the place had a wife whose temper was more Irish than Scots in the turns it took in expression. (Mr. Sunday not infrequently commiserates the ladies on the fact that they have husbands who never come home at nights. To be impartial, he ought to pity some men in that their wives do come home. Like the cat, they come back.) Well, one

morning the laird's wife lost her temper and threw a cup at the good man's head. With characteristic Scottish restraint, he rose from the breakfast table and went out. He came across one of his hinds sitting on a dyke by the roadside eating his porridge. "Weel, Donal', what does this mean?" "My lum reeks," came as the answer (for the benefit of the Irish, I'll translate: "My lum reeks" means "my chimney smokes)."
"I'll see about that," said the kindly laird and he entered the cottage. When he reached the inner door he was met with a bason which knocked his hat off. There was another infuriated woman on the estate, and the laird understood why Donald was eating his porridge on the dyke! So he straightened himself, and, placing his hat on, he went out. "Weel, laird," slyly said Donald, "what dye think o'd?" "Oh," answered the laird, remembering his own breakfast table, "ma lum reeks tae."
(For the Irish, "my chimney smokes too.") (Laughter and applause.)

No ingenuity of mind can conceive of this coming save from the Scot undiluted. And this perplexity in attempting to place the Irish and the Scot in their proper proportion in your hyphenated appellation is confusing me and soon will make me angry; the step from confusion to anger is not a great one. The hind was confounded, and so got angry when the farmer, unexpectedly returning at midnight from market, found him fumbling at the kitchen shutter with the aid of a lantern. He was intending to steal a ham. Now the farmer's wife was notoriously plain in face and the husband was sensitive about the matter. "What are ye daeing here?" demanded the farmer. The Irish in this Scot came quickly to his aid, and he said, "I'm courting Mary, the cook." "Courting Mary, the cook, are ye? What are ye daeing wi' a lantern? When I went courting ma missus I didna' tak' a lantern wi' me." The Scot revived and became articulate, and the confused and angry servant replied, "We a' ken that; ony body that's seen yer missus could tell ye had na' a lantern wi' ye!" (Laughter.)

I was not infrequently spoken of as an Irishman in Edinburgh, and I used to resent it. The Bishop was an Irishman, a saint and scholar, father and man; the best of his kind. He was unusual; but it made the charge of being Irish sit lightly.

I was tempted on one occasion to investigate my fathers to see if there really was any of this Irish thing in me. I discovered in an ancestor too near to tell too much. He was famous for two things, characteristic of the Scots-Irish too. But I feared to pursue the investigation. One of the discoveries related to fidelity to type in social life, and the other an equal fidelity in religion. At a time when the Roman Church was establishing bishops in Scotland and giving territorial titles there was high tension in feeling. This particular ancestor of mine was challenged to a bet. He dared not go to a certain meeting and say in "Sunday" language, "To —— with the Pope." He won the bet, and came away alive. But I was not encouraged to investigate further. It established a most uncomfortable identity with the Ulster mind and the Battle of Boyne Water so that I feared I should lose the glory of the bandit, cattle-stealing border-ancestry.

No, gentlemen, avoid, as one of the Scriptures say, "foolish questions" and "genealogies." You frequently get more than you counted on when you begin to pump the past.

A man was brought up on a Monday morning before the magistrate's court in Edinburgh and charged with assault. The only witness against him was his own smiling-faced, mild-mannered, soft-voiced boy. The magistrate for the day had just been appointed and was full of the importance of his office and dignity of his first case. The procurator-fiscal told him of the case for the day, that it would have to be discharged owing to the lack of evidence. "Not so," said the magistrate. "I'll get evidence for you. Pit the wee laddie on the witness stand." The little boy appeared. "Now, ma wee mannie, tell me what happened on Saturday when ye were wi' yer faither and where ye went." "Baillie," said the innocent, "you're no askin' me to tell agen' me father, are ye?"

"No, no, my laddie; no, no, just go on." "Weel," answered the boy, "ye ken George IV Brig?" "I ken it fine, go on, go on." "Weel, you go along George IV Brig, and you come tae the High Street"— "Go on, go on, my son, ye're daeing fine," said the excited baillie.

"Weel," continued the boy, "when ye come to the High Street, ye turn the right and ye come tae a pump. Do ye ken

it, baillee?" "I ken it fine, my man, a' ken it fine. Go on," answered the excited magistrate.

"Weel," said the boy, "ye can go and pump that, for ye'll no pump me." (Laughter and applause.)

So it comes to pass that investigations are fruitless. So I am without words in my frantic effort to establish a point of contact with the Irish in this combination. Like a moth, one is tempted to one's destruction. The Irish are the work of their Maker, none will deny; all are agreed that the Scot is the masterpiece. It is really the same embarrassing position the Irishman found himself in when his long refusal to marry was broken down by the marriage of his cook. His long consideration of matrimony was expected to have produced a rare bride. Said a brother to him, "Thomas, Teeney, your wife is quite a handsome bit, is she not?" She was not; but he was brave and chivalrous, and he answered, "Well, Pat, she is her Creator's handiwork; but I am not prepared to say she is His masterpiece." The problem of the Scots-Irish is to me as baffling as woman. (Laughter.)

You remember the case of Con O'Neill, who found himself in prison and had no hope of getting out by any effort of his own. An Aryshire acquaintance, Montgomery by name, saw in O'Neill's plight a chance to obtain some land in Ulster, which he had coveted long. He undertook to obtain his freedom for one-third of O'Neill's land. This was agreed to, and O'Neill was assured of freedom. But Montgomery found that through some technicality he could not obtain possession of his third without the King's consent. So another Aryshire man came in and undertook to obtain the King's consent on condition that he got a third. One-third, with freedom, was better for Con than all in prison, so he agreed. So the Irishman had one-third, the Scotsmen one-third each. This is characteristic I know (laughter), but unfortunately for the reputation of the embryonic Scots-Irishmen concerned, it did not stop there. We next hear of Con O'Neill giving up his third to the other two. And here we have, in brief, the story of the settlement of Ulster by the Scot! The whole thing is like the Underwood advertisement, "It's the machine you'll eventually buy." It is not only the history of the settlement of Ulster. It is

the history of the Pennsylvania Railroad, too! Men are lucky if they save anything when some of us are around. (Laughter.) The butcher's boy was carrying steak and suet to the house when he was pinned against the wall by the dog in fear. The woman, after a time came out and drove away the dog, asking, "Has he bitten you?" "No," said the boy, "but ye're just in time to save yer steak, he's eaten a' the suet." Self-preservation is a law we all obey.

But it is not all fun, gentlemen. Behind our race there is a tragedy profound and far-reaching. It is the agony of the soul, as it is the agony of struggle against nature and man. The Scots-Irishman has the reputation of loving a fight, and it is here we can join hands without shame. We love a fight against iniquity, injustice and wrong, against sectarianism; and they boldly defied the prelates of the north; in vain the Bishop refused to sub-let their lands and accept them as tenants. They fought in hunger and want; in Londonderry; and they fought at the never-to-be-forgotten Boyne. They were cast forth by religious intolerance; and, in their new home in America, they fought wild Nature and the wild Indian. They were the barrier between the Indian and the settlers on the coast. When the mad mania of kings followed them into their new land they fought the 30,000 German hirelings of the German George the Third. They fought so well that on them Washington leaned. On one occasion he said that, if the worst came, he could still retire to the mountains and fight it out with his faithful Scots-Irish. It is the glory of the race, and I could wish to God that the men here had the same fighting spirit their fathers had. (Applause.) But I fear that the luxury of these American years has nearly ruined all. The fathers of the race have had an age-long fight against the poverty of the land, and where it is fertile it has been salted with the sweat of labor and the bones of the dead. They fought against the invaders, the Romans in their pride, the Scandinavians in their fierceness, and the English in their stubbornness. They fought against the prelates when they fattened on the piety of the poor and shamed the name of religion in their personal tyranny and the pride of the Episcopal caste. They fought against the nobles when, like dogs, they devoured

the Church of God. They fought against their kings when they forgot that kings ruled by the will of the people and not by any divine right. In Ireland they fought for the right to live and the supremacy of the people over King James II; they struggled for the freedom for which the Nonconformist really stood and they resisted tyranny with steadfastness.

In the American colonies the old questions were raised anew, and when the intrusion into the liberty of the colonist was made, it was the Scots-Irish who, speaking the mother tongue of long and bitter experience, first raised their voices for independence and placed their bodies at the service of the Father of His Country. When pessimism reigned in counsel and an ignominious end to colonial resistance was prophesied, Washington said there always remained as a last resource the mountains to which he would retire, and fight it out with his faithful Scots-Irish. Brethren, then the men you represent were born anew. (Applause.) The Pennsylvania (Scots-Irish) general who described his conflict with the English soldiery as a "contention" with the enemy described the spirit of our people, and may it never be weakened. A "contention!" As holy and inspiring, as divine and necessary as the "controversy" of Jehovah with his people as told by the prophets. We are contentious. We contend against wrong, against unfairness and against tyranny. The security of victory has no charm, the necessity of a fight for the right is the categorical imperative of the soul of this people. (Applause.)

The Way of the race has an unusual likeness to the road to Bryn Mawr. There is a heavy toll at every few hundred yards. But we have paid the toll of the road of the race with grim joy.

. . . He was a thrifty Scot and has lost the church-going habit. He was recovered from negligence by the minister. But times have changed in the Church. Collections, once casual, were now constant, and it pained his thrifty heart. After a while he abandoned church-going, and the minister called to see him. "Sandy, was it no a grund road ye were travelling wi' us at the kirk?" "O aye," said Sandy, "it was; it was a grund road, a braw road, a fine road; but the tolls were unco heavy."

And the tolls we have paid have been many and heavy.

It has given the character which Time will have difficulty in erasing. It is not the mere scrappiness of an Irishman. Your solemn business meeting to-night was company manners, I fear. The only sign I have seen of that kind of spirit in the Society is the fact that you selected the first Friday in Lent for this meeting. When I saw what had happened on the calendar, I concluded that some Presbyterian minister on the Committee was taking revenge on me for past episcopal wrongs.

But the race spirit of the Scots-Irish stands clearly for two things. They are:

(a) The fight for the individual's freedom in his relation to God, as against the over-emphasis of the organization.

(b) The fight for the individual's freedom in his relation to the State, as against over-legislation.

To secure the right of the individual to realize his own destiny before God, much suffering had to be borne, and much damage had to be done to existing things. So important was this to the Scot that the wrecking of cathedrals and abbeys was only a very small thing. He wrecked the whole organization of the Church as represented by the Episcopate. While in theory I regret it, I confess to you that I see no other way in which the necessary effect could have been wrought. Scotland owes much to the stalwarts who clung to the individual's freedom and who secured it. In the tangled skein of politics and religion I cannot see how the Episcopate could have been saved and Scotland saved for freedom and for right. The candle was put out because it deserved to be. If, in the name of Reconciliation it is restored, it will not, I trust, be done in the name of the "LORD Bishop of Hawick," as our Scottish Episcopalian papers and presbyters are becoming too fond of saying. The spiritual "lordship" hardly comports with the washing of the disciple's feet. The contention of the race is the contention for the rights of the individual. The Episcopate as represented in Scotland in the pre-reformation days then was against every right—social and religious as well as political.

So, to use the Pennsylvania Porter's phrase, "Your fathers contended" with the enemy.

Again, however, lest you should think of yourselves more

highly than you ought to think, I wish to state that Episcopal churches are not the only ones which have "Popes" and the disease "Episcopitus." Look at Buckle's History of Civilization, Volume II, Part I, pages 122, 204, and see "priest" written in all its boldness and badness in "Presbyter." We might even find a venerable gentleman of such characteristics in our midst in Philadelphia. Watch the prelatie spirit in the churches (there are lay-prelates, too) and contend with it in the name of the race spirit. I do not mean to imply that our President of this evening has any controlling hand in anything he is connected with, or that he is a lay-Pope! But, unconsciously, he makes "Popes." Things have been done in this generation which could not have been accomplished in three but for the presence of one dominating hand. It is good in business; it is bad in religion. But the ecclesiastic would love to be like the President of our greatest railroad. The argument is this. Mr. Rea rings a bell, or John Rockefeller rings a bell. John Smith comes along and makes a report. He rings another bell, someone else comes along and brings another report. Thus we are satisfied that automatons, like cash registers, are needed in business. But the Church is not an Automaton. Here we have one of the greatest dangers of our time. The allurements of the romance of business tempt and secure our best and biggest men. Let us beware lest we allow conditions to arise wherein smaller men wield the power which is safe only in the hands of the great. Why should a man's religious destiny, his power of utterance, his freedom of speech, his right to think and interpret, be in the hands of any official? Our fathers were too angular in the past to allow it. Attempt it and their bones would become so angular that you could not get them through a hoop. I fear, however, that the pumice stone of material prosperity and assured comfort has so rounded the corners that a man can get himself into any petty, round, constricted hole.

The genius of the Scots and the Scots-Irish shouts down through the ages, "You have impaired the health of the community when you have reduced the power of the individual to maintain, to fashion and to regulate his own life." The maintenance of the integrity of the individual is a thousand times

more important than any academic preachment about the maintenance of society. (Applause.)

Society is just what you and I make it, and if you and I are something else than Society ought to be, Society will never be what it ought to be. If you really want to reign in the spirit of your fathers be ready to contend for the weal of the individual. Whenever you see him in danger, whenever you see centralized power in the sphere of religion crushing him, remember the daring and courage of the race and break, break, break, if it is only to save. If we are normal; truth will out as murder will out.

Mrs. McLaughlin's husband has been made a baillee and she said to her neighbor, "Ma mind's easier noo that John is a baillee. I used to fear when he same hame at nicht that he'd fa' into the river and be drooned." "My word," said the neighbor, "did being a baillee mak' him stop drinking?" "O, no." answered Mrs. McLaughlin, "but since he's a baillee, a polissman brings him home."

As the carol puts it, "truth than fiction stranger."

(b) So also in the case of the individual and Society.

The individual wants to live his life; he must live it according to law, which, I admit, is a restraint. But it is a restraint agreed on and accepted. The individual has no right to claim to live in defiance of fundamental law. If he breaks convention even, he does it at his peril. The law of the State must be law of the individual. But the State can become morbid in law making and morbidity must be attacked.

The State ought not arbitrarily to tell me how long I can work; neither should it tell me with whom I should work and with whom I should not work. (Applause.) No Scot has any sympathy with the man who has no feeling for the poor. We have been poor for ages. It is only an accident that some are not, and it must be the Irish germ that helps them to break away. The Scot is unctuous when he says, "Let me work; we've always been poor." If he gets work and a fair chance somebody else will be the poor man, if poor men there must be. The consciousness of society which destroys the virility of the individual is a consciousness not to be indulged in nor encouraged.

This religious and political liberty of the individual is very seriously threatened to-day, and I wonder if there is enough of the spirit of the old race left in you to stand for it, and to be resolute in your stand. Of course, a man must have a mind discriminating enough to distinguish the folly and vanity and selfishness of the individual from a real desire to fulfil his own destiny. The discriminating mind is hard to deceive or be led astray.

I once had a discriminating old man in my Edinburgh congregation. I called to see him one day and he began to question me about my golfing. I suffered many things in that city from a Presbyterian minister of my name. This minister played golf well, won medals, and his name was frequently in the sporting news of the "*Scotsman*." His medals and the employment of his time were not infrequently laid at my door. My old friend said, "You've been playing an *awfu'* lot of gowf lately, Mr. Johnston?" "Not more than usual," I answered, "what makes you think so?" I had avoided too much publicity and wondered if it had been in vain. So I pressed the point. "Have you seen me?" "No," came back the solemn answer, "I havena' seen ye." "Some kind friend has told you, I suppose," I somewhat tartly suggested. But the stolid answer came back, "Naebody's told me." Then I said, remembering my namesake, "You've seen my name in the papers." Again, from the immovable sphinx-like face, came a monotonous voice, "I have na' seen yer name in the papers." By this time I began to feel the approach of exasperation, and I summed up the situation with a logic and conviction which was intended to overwhelm. "You haven't seen me, nobody has told you, and you have not seen my name in the papers. May I ask how you know?" It was the old mistake of "pumping," and I repented quickly. In a moment from the same dry face and in the same disinterested monotone there came the reply, "Oh! I was just judgin' frae yer sermon yesterday."

He was a discriminating gentleman! Would that the average man of intelligence were the same. For religion and society need salvation. Religion is mistaken for respectability, and, alas, people love to have it so. Society generally stands for self-content, and fulness is mistaken for truth and right.

The burden of the race is on us. Let us rise to it. There are easier paths, but I would not elect one nor do I desire it. There may be agony in the soul of the race—there may be unrest in the perfervid soul of the Scot, but give me the unrest if it keeps me true to the great men who paid the toll on the Road of Progress first in Scotland, then in Ireland, and then in these United States. I would be none other. Said the minister to the boy in the old days when a pastoral call was accompanied with catechism. "Would you like to be born again?" The boy answered, "I would na'." "Why?" inquired the minister. The answer came back, "I'm feared I'd be born a lassie."

We have no need to apologize for ourselves save when we are disloyal to the spirit that is in us. We have a value to the community and a value to the country. It is a value greater than that of any other community in America. This we may shout on the housetops, and nobody can deny it. If they deny it, of course, they lie!

The battle of civilization and religion is by no means fought. Some men are constantly harking back in religion to the middle ages and before. A voice that was rightly heard thousands of years ago probably has nothing for you and for me to-day. We are in a world of new learning, new conceptions of God, of life, and men. The future of religion and civilization does not lie in rattling some old dead bones that long ago have gone to dust (this establishes the Irish in me, for when did dust rattle?), but in the steady eye looking forward to the opening of the better and brighter day: it is that rational heroism which Dr. McCracken has sought to inoculate you with. The way of proof that we can so look forward is seen in the increasing evidence of the recovery of the old race spirit, that rugged individuality, that always distinct and Scots independence, that rugged character of mind, that rugged quality of heart which only hides the tenderness of a woman. Why do we find it so difficult to articulate, and why are we so determined to hide our softer and kinder self?

Said a purser on an Atlantic liner to me one day. It is needless to say he was Scots. Everyone is on a liner. "We're a queer race, Mr. Johnston." I answered, "Very." "Man,"

he said, "I live in Liverpool and my wife is an Englishwoman; when I go home and my laddie wants to kiss me I feel like a fool. It was the same with my parents. When my mother was dying, my father went over to her and said, "Jean, Jean, how I have loved you." The answer was, "Sandy, my man, I wish you had said it before." It is the tragedy of our temperament. The Irish has not been strong enough to overcome it as I have seen in the Scots-Irish. We do not talk of our deepest and profoundest feelings. It is the vice of our virtues. Self-reliant and stalwart men of grit and backbone our forefathers stood. That backbone made America safe in the days of revolution and change. May it never degenerate into a wishbone!

Let this be our Litany of Penitence when we realize how poorly we have shown forth the might, the independence, the justice and the truth of the men of Londonderry, men of the Boyne, men of Valley Forge, and men of the wilds of the Alleghenies.

*"From all self-seeking, selfishness, and content:
From fear of men, and forgetfulness of God,
From the craven heart and cowardly spirit,*

Good Lord, deliver us."

(Applause.)

MR. C. STUART PATTERSON:—

MR. PRESIDENT:—I recently had occasion to go before the Council of the Society. The Council is a numerous and highly efficient body. It consists of—Mr. McKeehan. I said to them, and to him: "If it so happens that I shall be irresistibly compelled to interrupt the proceedings at the dinner, in order to talk about something, what had better I talk about? With his usual courtesy and promptitude, he replied, "You had better talk about—ten minutes." I mention that for your comfort, because I saw in your eyes, when I rose, that you had a natural apprehension of a somewhat more extended discourse.

The object of my visit to the Council was to suggest that when, arbitrarily, they selected three speakers for this meet-

ing, they were doing nothing but establishing a monopoly, and I also endeavored to put it in to them, and to him, that if, at the dinner, they, and he, would only observe 250 gentlemen, each of at least 16 candle illuminating and oratorical power, they, and he, would feel that in compelling those gentlemen to be mute, inglorious Ciceros, there was a restraint of trade. Yet, if I had anticipated the two brilliant speeches to which we have had the pleasure of listening, I would not have made my objections.

This Society is very glad, Sir, to have you as its President, and we hope that you are very glad to be our President. As you have very properly said, the office of President of this Society has rights and privileges, but neither duties nor responsibilities. In that respect, it is in agreeable contrast to another Presidency, of which, from your forty years of observation, and your two years of practical experience in administration, you know more than anybody else can know. Here there are no bond holders, whose interest has to be paid upon the day. There are no share holders, for whom dividends have to be made in bad times and in good times. There is no army of working men, whose wages are always upon the ascending scale. There are no agencies of government, state and national, continually discovering new ways of diminishing your earnings, and increasing your expenditures. There are no legislatures, grinding out statutes, to interfere with, and embarrass your operations. But there is a statute now the subject of some discussion, which would not affect this Society. As I gaze at the bottles on these tables, I am strongly of opinion that no law is needed to make this "crew" full.

Mr. President, it has been properly said, that this Society is not only an association that meets for an agreeable dinner, and that listens to interesting and instructive speeches from the men appointed to speak, but is also much more than that. It is an organization which is devoted to keeping alive the history and traditions of our race, and impressing upon ourselves, and upon those who are to come after us, the fact that the Scotch-Irish race has always stood for principles. The Society is fortunate in that its story has been told in a book, which every member of the Society can obtain, the admir-

able work of Professor Ford; a book which does full justice to our past, and which gives the needed lessons for our future.

That we have principles for which we stand renders it impossible that we can disregard to-night two happenings which have made the year 1914 forever memorable in the history of our race. After a generation of embittered political controversy, Home Rule for Ireland has been placed upon the statute book, amid threatenings of civil war. Let us hope, that in the years to come Irishmen from the North, and Irishmen from the South, and Irishmen from the West, who are now standing shoulder to shoulder in the trenches of Flanders, and upon the fields of France, may so fairly administer Home Rule that the evils which our kinsmen in Ulster have feared, will not come to pass. But, let us rest assured that if attempt be made to do wrong to Ulster, Ulster will do that which Scotch-Irishmen always have done, and always will do. Ulster will boldly meet the issue, and Ulster will win.

Nor can we fail to-night to bear in mind the fact that the men of our race are where our race has always been, at the front in the fight, and that many of our kinsmen have fallen in defense of the right. The issue is Civilization against Barbarism. There can not be any possible question as to where the sympathies of every Scotch-Irishman are to be found to-day. We hope and we pray for the success of the Allies. We hope and we pray for a speedy, a lasting and an honorable peace. What possible basis for civilization can there be in any land, or at any time, save that which is founded upon respect for the rights of others, and upon the maintenance of the public faith. Those are the plain issues in the contest now raging. We need not refer to the treaties which protect the neutrality of Belgium. Belgium as an independent country, was entitled to territorial integrity. We need not search for precedents to forbid interference with the free navigation of the open sea. Let the Kaiser take warning. Let him know that when a German submarine sinks an American ship, in violation of the rules of war, it will be as impossible to hold the American people back, as it was to prevent the uprising of the nation when the flag was fired upon at Sumter. (Loud applause.)

Mr. President, the emoluments which you have received from this Society will not make a material addition to the receipts of the income tax, but the Society is determined that you shall not go out of office without having from it a memento, not only as an appreciation of your administration, but also as a faint expression of the regard and respect in which every man, who has ever been brought into association with you in any sphere of duty, holds you.

I now have the pleasure of presenting to you the spoon, which is the Society's customary gift to its retiring President. (Applause.)

MR. REA:—

MR. PATTERSON AND GENTLEMEN:—It is with great pleasure that I accept this spoon as the insignia of a retiring president of this society. It will also be a valuable addition to my collection of spoons, for, as some of you know, I have from time to time made a study of the history of old English silver, especially of old spoons, and one of those spoons I particularly admire. It is one that was made in London at the time of Queen Elizabeth, Hall marked and duly authenticated for the year 1567, only four years after the birth of Shakespeare. I say I particularly admire that spoon, and look at it with feelings of regard and respect, but, after all, I doubt in the future whether those old spoons will give me the same pleasure as this modern utensil, with all its pleasant associations and its happy recollections of this Society, for which I now thank you all. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:—

GENTLEMEN:—Our next speaker is Dr. Arthur Holmes, Dean of The Pennsylvania State College, already known to many of you, and it is with great pleasure I now introduce him.

DR. HOLMES:—

MR. PRESIDENT, MEMBERS OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY AND FRIENDS:—On this exceedingly happy occasion, I confess,

gentlemen, that some confusion besets my mind concerning the people whom I am to address. Naturally I assumed that a people with a dual title would be hybrids, and so I turned to a study of the Mendelian law of inheritance to see what might be the effect of mingling Irish and Scotch bloods. When, however, I was apprised of the fact that a Scotch-Irishman was not necessarily the scion of Jamie and Bridget; nor one who swings Erin's shillalah with the spirit inspired by Scotia's national beverage, I was compelled to abandon Mendelian inheritances, to pass by Weissman's continuity germplasm theories, and turn for an understanding of this composite people to Lamarkianism. I take it then that the Creator fashioned the Scotch-Irish from the soil of Ulster and breathed into them the spirit of Caledonia and the two became that living soul which has animated the restless endeavor and the high achievements of this people wherever they have gone.

My confusion is worse confounded by the absence of a point of contact with this audience. Enviously have I listened to the blood-relationships described by one speaker and the rich and racy humor of another, both of whom know your hearts intuitively. The nearest I can come to any claim to blood-brotherhood with you is through my English-born father, who, when a boy, ran away to Ireland and stayed there three months. When, however, he reached his majority in years and maturity in mind, he followed the example of your illustrious forebears, and migrated to America, that melting-pot of nations which receives Celts, Angles, Saxons, Teutons, and Latins, and fuses them into a new metal, refined, we trust, from much dross and purified for a new purpose long to endure in this world. Here, then, I claim fellowship. Not in what we were, but what we are; not in the hoary past, rich-laden as it may be with noblest traditions, but in the throbbing now, is our contact to be found.

When the Scotch-Irish came to America they brought character. Since then they have secured much of the new world's capital. They present in themselves concrete and living examples of my topic "Character as Capital." They have joined together what has long been kept asunder. For the world treats capital and character as entirely distinct

things, often in mortal conflict. Good men may fail; bad men may succeed. Bankrupts may be rich in character; paupers may be holy men. Poverty and piety may dwell together in the same cot; money, far from arguing richness in righteousness, is the root of evil. All these contrasts have been played upon until the world has come to believe that character and capital are almost essentially and inherently antagonistic, and that the merging of these two is as impossible as mixing oil and water. Yet I venture to join them before a people who by inborn impulsion, rather than by conscious desire, have united these two with conspicuous success, and in the process, have been forcing a new definition of character upon the world. To appreciate this fact, let us for a moment examine some notions of character which have been expressed and popularly received.

Emerson, borrowing from the German Idealists, ideas they had already borrowed from Plato, makes character a transcendental entity wholly beyond man's power to cultivate. Browning, a metaphysician in verse, raises character to a sublimated realm of apotheosized abstractions far removed from vulgar stocks and bonds, factories and tools, hardhanded toil and sordid sedentary occupations:—

“Not on the vulgar mass
Called work must sentence pass,
Things done that took the eye and had the price,
O'er which from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice.”

Actual failure he glorifies above such achievements:—

“What I aspired to be
And was not comforts me.”

From these and other poets, the popular mind has caught its notion of character and has withdrawn that sacred part of man more or less completely from participation in the stress and strain and struggle of the work-a-day world. And then plunging through these poetic webs of idealistic gauze, comes that acid Scot, Carlyle, roaring out his “Labor is Life.” “Con-

sider," he says, "how even in the meanest sort of labor the whole soul of man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work."

None of these conceptions taken alone are altogether satisfactory. Taken altogether, I believe they come near to what the modern businessman, and especially the Scotch-Irishman, means by character. It is both internal and external, being and acting, capacity and efficiency; a ratio between intake and output plus a ratio between output and intake; what enters into a man plus what proceeds out of a man. In short, modern America calls character capacity and capability.

Let me give a concrete illustration to illuminate the definition. They say that a man with a Scotch-Irish name, an industrial leader of national fame, went to a great financier to borrow some millions for a new and unprecedented enterprise. The promoter had no visible capital, no real estate or collateral security to cover the loan. The financier heard his story to the end, looking through and beyond the enterprise itself to the man behind it, and then counted out the needed millions. When asked why he ran such a risk, the man of money replied, "Because that man has character; he has the capacity to see great things and the capability to carry them through." And the man with the Scotch-Irish name did carry it through, and a great industrial project in this country was completed.

It was not old-fashioned character *alone* which made this man trusted with enormous responsibilities. He was honest, but honesty alone did not suffice. He was morally clean, he told the truth, he was a God-fearing man, just and merciful in all his dealings, but all these virtues standing alone and by themselves, though constituting character in its ordinary sense of the finest mold and highest worth, would not have brought him his high reward and immense confidence. Business, modern business, demands the plain and solid virtues of conventional character, and in addition, it demands something more of character. Character not only says it will not promise what it cannot do, but it *can do* and *will do* what is promised. Character does not fail honestly, but fulfills heroically. Character does not draw comfort from unachieved aspirations,

but draws cash from perspiring achievement. This is the newer and larger conception of character forced upon modern consciousness by modern leaders of men, and no one has had a larger part in this process of re-definition than those people who not only compound a name from two nationalities but combine the fiery idealism of one with the cool-headed common sense of the other. They have made two prodigious additions to America and to the world: they have compelled a new definition of character and they have illustrated that definition in their own lives.

With the innate characteristics of this people, other forces and circumstances have co-operated in this country. When America was new, one gigantic task claimed the powers of its pioneers. That was the civilization of a wilderness. Physical obstacles challenged physical forces. The raw strength of human muscles was pitted in a life and death struggle against the brute forces of nature and was not sufficient to clear and to cultivate an empire of three million square miles, but required something more. Therefore, Americans applied their brains to invention and in their titanic battle, called to their aid the giants of wood and iron, animated by the spirit of steam, and with their assistance mowed down the virgin forests, turned the stubborn sod, dug into the vitals of the continent, stretched their ribbons of steel from sea to sea, and where once brute strength ruled a brutal and savage world, they enthroned the mind of man and the culture of civilization.

The continual perfecting of machinery could lead to but one inevitable result. No matter how near any device may approach to automaticity, at the end it must always depend upon a human brain for its control. Further, the greater its automaticity the greater is the responsibility placed upon the operator. When a hundred men tend a hundred railroad switches, each man has little responsibility; but when a thousand switches are linked together with air and electricity and controlled by one man at a switch-board, then the responsibility of that man is multiplied a thousand times. When every separate car had its hand-brake applied by a brakeman the failure of a brakeman to set one brake mattered

little. But when every brake on every wheel is set by one man by the turn of a six-inch lever on a train travelling a mile a minute, the failure of a second may result in disaster. A clear eye, a steady hand, a mind unconfused, a will ready to act, all these spell fidelity, promptness, temperance, devotion to duty—all the attributes which go to make up the character of a good railroad man. Hence, it is that modern business has joined hands with the church and school to make character. Hence also it has come to pass that the industrial world amplifies and perfects our older notion of character. For the church and school aim to make character in its most general sense. They make good men. The industrial world makes good workers. One emphasizes the man in his home and in society; the other at his work; one, emphasizes morality, the other, efficiency. It takes both to make character. This is the essential contribution of modern industry to the notion of character.

For a moment let us see how industrial organizations are doing this. First, they establish social halls, lunch-counters, playgrounds, athletics, libraries, clubs, savings-funds, schools, religious organizations, and a host of similar positive contributions to the moral and industrial efficiency of their men. Secondly, and more recently, they have encroached upon the more perilous ground of over-emphasized American "personal liberty" and by prohibitions have restricted the license of men to destroy their own characters and so to interfere with their own efficiency. A boy who smokes cigarettes is ineligible to many positions. Most railroads prohibit drinking by their men while on duty; many do not allow their men to enter saloons. Great steel mills have forbidden their employees to retain membership in social clubs with side-boards. Some companies do not permit their clerks to borrow money upon their wages. Banks have long prohibited their employees the pleasures of the gaming-table, the race-track, or stock speculations. All such positive and negative efforts to make character are not justified as efforts commanded by religion, by morality, by philanthropy, or by mere humanitarianism; but all of them are demands growing inherently from the exigencies of modern business and are designed to create and

cultivate individual attributes not for one moment relegated to sublimated spheres of idealized and etherialized *dolce far niente*, but absolutely indispensable to the mint or market-place, counting-house or curbstone.

Character, then, in our day is being re-forged and refined, not in the quietude of monasteries or in the confines of universities, but as Goethe said, "in the seething currents of the world." Upon this process of re-defining and exemplifying character for the world, I congratulate the Scotch-Irish for the part they have taken and are taking. In them is richly found a rare balance of the spiritualized commonsense and hard-headed idealism, which makes men neither drudges nor dilettantes, but demands that character for work, through work and by work, be the end and aim of men; and that character shall not consist of, nor be limited to a part of a man, but shall include the whole man. Further, I rejoice that we have come to a time in one nation's history when not the moment of crisis or the time of extremity demands men, but that every day and every hour, in the commonest walks of life as well as the most responsible positions, we may truthfully echo the clarion call of the poet:—

"God, give us men! A time like this demands
 Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands.
 Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
 Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
 Men who possess opinions and a will;
 Men who have honor, and who will not lie;
 Men who can stand before a demagogue,
 And scorn his flatteries without winking;
 Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
 In public duty and in private thinking."

(Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:—

GENTLEMEN:—I know you will all join me in extending our thanks to the speakers of the evening for their speeches, and in retiring from this office, with its onerous duties, to which I have referred, I desire to extend my thanks to you all, and to now relinquish this office of President to Dr. Deaver, my successor.

DR. DEEVER:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—We have heard from Professor Holmes how they make distillers, how they make ministers, how they make politicians, but we have not heard how they make doctors. It remains for this Society to tell how they made a doctor President of the Society.

My election to the Presidency of this Society is an honor I highly appreciate, and a tribute, I take it, to my profession. In looking over the Archives of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society I have not found the name of a medical man among its Presidents; therefore, I feel all the more honored in being the first doctor chosen to fill this high office. At the first dinner of this Society, a toast to the Medical Profession was given by the late Dr. Agnew; this is the only reference I have seen to the medical profession in the reports of this Society.

I assume the responsibilities of the office not unconscious of what it means and with the hope that I may be able to fill it creditably.

APPENDIX A.

COL. THOMAS T. WRIGHT.

At a meeting of the Council of the Society, held on May 28th, 1915, the Secretary reported the death of Colonel Thomas T. Wright, which occurred on Saturday, March 20th, at his home in Nashville, Tennessee. Mr. John McIlhenny presented the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:—

WHEREAS, at a stated meeting of the Council of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society held this day the sad news was conveyed to the Council of the death of Colonel Thomas T. Wright, of Nashville, Tennessee. Colonel Wright was so prominently connected with the original movement to organize the first Scotch-Irish Society in the United States that his death deserves more than passing mention. Indeed he was without doubt the first to suggest the formation of the National Scotch-Irish Society, and he then gave unsparingly of his time and energy to make the Society the pronounced success which it subsequently became. His motive was not only the result of his appreciation of the quality of the men of that blood who have wielded so great an influence on the history of this Country, but his purpose was also profoundly patriotic. In 1889 the wounds from the civil war had not been healed and he conceived the desirability of bringing about a better understanding through the influence of people of the same blood in the North and South. Colonel Wright often said that a large majority of the Southern people were of Ulster blood, that a vast number of the people of the Northern states were of the same stock, and a very large number of both officers and men of that blood were in the Union and Confederate Armies. The history of those four years shows that both sides were trusty descendants of their and of our ancestors, for both sides fought with such heroic determination as to command the respect of not only each other, but of the world. It was with this idea in mind that Colonel Wright said that such men should try to form an association on friendly terms. The National Scotch-Irish Society was created mainly for this purpose and was notably successful in accomplishing its patriotic aim.

Therefore, Resolved, that the sympathy of this Council be extended to the family and friends of Colonel Wright in their great loss, and that we formally accord him the chief credit for the organization of the National Scotch-Irish Society, and that we honor his memory for his useful and honorable accomplishment.

Resolved, Further, that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our Council and a copy sent to Colonel Wright's family.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNA., May 28th, 1915.

The following account of Colonel Wright is reprinted from the *Nashville Banner*:—

“Colonel Wright had a large acquaintance in this city, throughout the South and the country at large. He knew many of the prominent men of the United States during the past fifty years. In fact, he had a remarkable faculty for making the acquaintance and securing the friendship of men who were worth while. Colonel H. H. Kohlsaas, of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, was one of his personal friends, as was the late Colonel A. K. McClure, of Philadelphia. Another was Mr. Plant, the founder of the Plant system of railroads; and Colonel Wright was long connected with this railroad system. He was prominent in the promotion of expositions and other public enterprises in the South; and the great naval display of Tampa, Florida, in honor of Queen Victoria's golden jubilee, was originated by him, and largely through his efforts brought to a successful conclusion.

“The one achievement of his life upon which Colonel Wright looked with especial pride was the organization of the Scotch-Irish Society of America, for which he was largely responsible and for which he and the late Colonel A. K. McClure worked hand in hand. It was through his efforts that the first great American Scotch-Irish convention was held in Columbia, Tennessee, in 1888, at which were present many of the most distinguished men of that day.

“He was himself of Scotch-Irish blood, having been born in the north of Ireland. At nine years of age he came with his parents to Canada, and as a young man he went to Charleston,

South Carolina, where he engaged in business. Afterwards he resided in Florida and other Southern States. While in Florida he was appointed colonel on the staff of the late Governor Bloxham, a warm personal friend.

"In 1879 he and Miss Katherine P. McIntyre were married. She and one son, Thomas T. Wright, Jr., connected with the New River and Ohio Coal Company, of Dayton, Ohio, survive him.

"Colonel Wright was a man of active intellect, an original thinker and a great reader. He was fond of young people, and one of his distinguishing characteristics was his kindness and helpfulness to young men. He was liberal in his views and liberal with his purse. He was distinguished by his love for the ethics and equities of life. He lived a clean, simple life and prided himself beyond anything else on his good name; the fact that he never created a personal debt; that before he died all his obligations had been met and that he did not owe a cent to any man."

APPENDIX B.

[*Reprinted from the PROCEEDINGS OF THE HUGUENOT SOCIETY OF LONDON;*
VOL. X, No. 3.]

THE HUGUENOTS IN ULSTER.

By ROBERT ALFRED McCALL, K. C.

When this paper was first proposed I thought it was my duty to ascertain whether this aspect of the history of a great people had ever been discussed by any of our members. I have been informed that not merely had it not been discussed at all but that some of our members were in considerable doubt as to whether there ever was any Huguenot immigration into Ulster. There was therefore attraction in the novelty of a fresh phase of an old story, at least for those who had the Athenian love for something new. There was not less attraction for me in introducing to you some of the Huguenot traditions familiar to me from my boyhood and associated with my birthplace and my family. The story of the Huguenots in Ulster is not adorned by the many brilliant names found in other settlements in other parts of the British Empire. The settlers in Ulster produced no Grotes, no Bosanquets, no Bayleys or Lefroys, and no one to compare in literature or art with David Garrick—no advocate, lawyer, or philanthropist like Sir Samuel Romilly, whose lifework was so worthily recorded in the paper lately read by Sir William Collins. But if the Ulster Huguenots did not give to science or art, to literature or learning, such distinguished names as these, they won for themselves leading positions in commerce, they increased the means of production and wealth in the least fertile of the four Irish Provinces. They vastly extended the area of employment; introduced habits of orderly industry and elevated the ideals of those amongst whom they settled both in public and in home life. Those who had settled in Ulster gave in the crisis of the great Revolution their best efforts and freely shed their blood to maintain the success of the cause of liberty and the settlement of the United Kingdom in peace under William III.

The Huguenots, in the struggle which finished at the Boyne, joined the Scotch settlers with whom they had so much in common in freedom and form of religion and in love of liberty, and, as Macaulay forcibly said, retreating North "to the last asylum, and baited into a mood in which men may be destroyed but will not easily be subjugated, the imperial race turned desperately to bay." Their descendants are still among the leaders in Ulster commerce. They were and are the heroes of industry, "the heroes of the plough and loom, the anvil and the forge."

In the short time at my disposal I wish to direct your attention to a sketch, and it can only be a sketch, of a local phase of a large subject in three of its aspects. I propose to consider first the people who came; secondly, the province to which they came; and thirdly, the effect they produced.

The word Huguenot has given rise to many attempts at derivation, some of which might be compared to the cynical and fantastic efforts of Dean Swift. But probably the one that is most authoritative—not as derivation but as explanation—is that given by the distinguished writer of the article on the Huguenots in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The Protestants at Tours used to assemble by night at a gate in the wall called after King Hugo, who was generally regarded by the people as a spirit. A monk therefore in a sermon declared that the Lutherans should be called Huguenots as kinsmen of King Hugo, inasmuch as they only go out at night as the King did. The nickname became popular from about 1535. It was a name which conveyed the scorn of the orthodox and the contempt for the heretic. It was used as the word Puritan was used in England, and the Huguenots like the Puritans were not so much men of letters as men of action. They were as a body unpopular. They could not defend themselves, and the public would not take them under its protection. They were therefore abandoned without reserve to the tender mercies of the satirist, the preacher, and the dramatist. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle, for they brought to civil and military affairs a coolness of judgment and an immutability of purpose which some have thought inconsistent with their

religious zeal. The intensity of their feelings on one subject made them tranquil on every other.

The landmarks of Huguenot history in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are the landmarks of persecution and massacre. So early as 1535 the cruel edict of extermination of the heretics was published and enforced through France. The story of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew does not require to be retold. That massacre extended over a period of more than six weeks, and it is probably no exaggeration to say that 100,000 lives were sacrificed. But we are not concerned so much with the revolting cruelty and the still more revolting religious jubilees for murder as with the effect produced upon those who escaped. The varying fortunes of the Huguenots on the field only attached them more sincerely to their religion and made them more determined to preserve their liberties. Macaulay has given admirable expression to this spirit, when he puts into the mouth of the Huguenot who escaped from the disastrous field of Moncontour:

Oh, weep for Moncontour! Oh! weep for the slain
Who for faith and for freedom lay slaughtered in vain!
Oh, weep for the living, who linger to bear
The renegade's shame, or the exile's despair!

We shall see how far history bears out the prophecy.

A truce to persecution was secured from 1589 when Henry of Navarre succeeded to the throne of France. In 1598 he was strong enough to promulgate the Edict of Nantes which promised and for some time gave to the Huguenots religious liberty, security for life and property, and the right of public worship. It is more than an historical coincidence that in this year died Philip II of Spain. I do not know whether any contemporary historian saw in the simultaneous death of the King whose name is associated with the Armada and the Inquisition and the Proclamation of Toleration a sign of the coming time when "girt by friend or foe, a man may speak the thing he will." Pope Clement VIII only expressed the Church's view when he wrote to the King of France saying that the decree which gives liberty of conscience to all was "the most accursed that had ever been made." The policy of Richelieu, from his advent

to power in 1622, was the extermination of the Protestants as a political party, and his policy was crowned with success. Their political power was destroyed, but there was no general religious persecution and certainly none of a violent kind. They were excluded from civil office and from political appointments. They devoted themselves to agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, and as a religious body they enormously increased in strength. The policy of Colbert was a policy of encouragement to the Huguenots as the most effective means of enriching France and enabling the nation to recover from the devastations and persecutions of the preceding century. That policy he continued to pursue till his death in 1683. For some time before that year Louis XIV, becoming his own minister, began the persecution which terminated in the repeal of the Edict of Nantes. The persecution of the Huguenots had been pursued in spite of the indignant remonstrance of Cromwell and the passionate appeals of Milton. The Puritan spoke in words of fiery appeal in the well-known Sonnet, "Avenge, O Lord, Thy Slaughtered Saints," but it is more surprising to learn that this persecution moved the indolent Charles II to write to Louis XIV a remonstrance little known:

"Sir, I conjure you in the name of Henry whose precious blood circulates in both our veins, to respect the Protestants whom he looked upon as his children. If, as is reported, you wish to compel them to renounce their religion under pain of banishment from your Kingdom, I offer to them an asylum in England, where I will prove to them that I have the honour of being the grandson of the Great Henry by the protection which I shall afford to those who for so long a period fought with distinction under his banner, and shall it be the heir to his throne, his grandson, who destroys a work which had given so much trouble to consolidate, and which finally cost him his life?"

A writer in Chambers' *Encyclopædia* admirably sums up this cruel and disastrous policy of France.

It was Louis XIV, when he became superstitious in his old age, who, at the instigation of Madame de Maintenon

and his confessor Père La Chaise, commenced anew the persecution of the Protestants. He gradually deprived them of their equal civil rights, and endeavored to put down the Protestant Church altogether. Bodies of troops, accompanied by monks, passed through the southern provinces, compelling the inhabitants to renounce their religion, demolishing the places of worship, and putting to death the preachers. Hundreds of thousands of Protestants fled to Switzerland, the Netherlands, England, and Germany. In vain was it attempted to restrain this self-expatriation by cordons along the borders. Many Protestants also made an insincere profession of Roman Catholicism. These, on the slightest appearance of relapse, were put to death. On October 23, 1685, Louis at last revoked the Edict of Nantes (*see* Rulhière, *Eclaircissements Historiques sur les Causes de la Révocation de l'Edit de Nantes*, 2 vols., Paris, 1788). Hereupon began a new flight, followed by a still more fearful persecution. Their marriages were declared null, their children deprived of the right of inheritance, and forcibly shut up in convents; their preachers indiscriminately put to death. From the vicinity of Nîmes, where they had always been very numerous, thousands betook themselves to the mountains and continued the exercise of their religion in secret. France had lost by this time more than a million of her most active, enterprising, and industrious citizens; and, notwithstanding all the persecutions, about two millions continued to adhere to the Protestant religion.

The actual conditions before and at the time of repeal of the Edict of Nantes, and the effect produced on the hunted Huguenots, are admirably described in Sir Conan Doyle's popular romance *The Refugees*. In chapter 5 he says:

“These were days when, if the Huguenot was not absolutely forbidden in France, he was at least looked upon as a man who existed upon sufferance, and who was unshielded by the laws which protected his Catholic fellow-subjects. For twenty years the stringency of the persecution had increased until there was no weapon which bigotry could employ, short of absolute expulsion, which had not been turned against him. He was impeded in his business, elbowed out of all public employment,

his house filled with troops, his children encouraged to rebel against him, and all redress refused him for the insults and assaults to which he was subjected. Every rascal who wished to gratify his personal spite, or to gain favor with his bigoted superiors, might do his worst upon him without fear of the law. Yet in spite of all, these men clung to the land which disowned them, and, full of love for their native soil which lies so deep in a Frenchman's heart, preferred insult and contumely at home to the welcome which would await them beyond the seas."

You may wonder perhaps that I refer you to a romance instead of an authentic history. The real facts of history are often best appreciated when seen in the picture of the artist rather than in the mere reproduction of the photographer. We learn less from the mechanical recorder, however accurate, than from the artistic selector. When you wish to realize the stage and the actors in a great national crisis, or in a religious war, the impression which the mind retains from a great romance is often more accurate and always more attractive than that derived from a history accurate in minute detail. In the romance you get the atmosphere and the environment, which in the cold pages of history are generally lost. Those who wish to trace the process of the blending of the Norman and the Saxon races must read *Ivanhoe*. Those who wish to realize the Court and the character of Queen Elizabeth must drink in the pages of *Kenilworth*. Those who desire to learn the spirit and the purpose of the Covenanter and of the devoted followers of Claverhouse must learn it in the pages of *Old Mortality*. The exodus from France which followed the repeal of the Edict of Nantes gave to the prosperity of France a blow from which she did not recover until after the Revolution. Its immediate effect was to destroy utterly several great branches of industry; hundreds of manufactories were closed, whole villages were depopulated, many large towns became half deserted, and a large extent of land went entirely out of cultivation. The clothworkers of Abbeville emigrated in a body. The silk manufacturers of Tours were reduced by nearly 40,000. Of 8000 looms only 100 remained at work, and of 800 mills 730 were closed. The Revocation proved almost as fatal to

the prosperity of Lyons as it did to that of Tours and Nantes. The Huguenots, employers and employed, fled to Switzerland, to Holland, and to England.

Now we must turn to the state of the Province of Ulster to follow the fate of those who came to Ulster either direct from France or from the countries in which they had found temporary shelter. There had been settlements of Huguenots and other classes of foreign Protestants in several parts of Ireland outside Ulster as early as the time of Henry VIII. One celebrated settler was John Bale, the Bishop of Ossory, the violent controversialist of the time of Edward VI.

In the year 1567 Sir Henry Sidney was Lord Deputy of Ireland. His son, the renowned and accomplished Sir Philip Sidney, held high command in the Low Countries. His life had been miraculously spared on the dreadful day of St. Bartholomew. He had proved the full extent of the tender mercies of France and the fell devotedness of Spain. He longed with chivalrous impetuosity to save the oppressed and continually he urged on his good and wise father to carry out his views.

The Lord Deputy addressed Cecil in the following characteristic letter:—

“Whereas, of late certeine agents from the Marchaunt straungers of the Lowe Countries, have bene sutors unto me, that they might obtaine my allowance and good consent, to have some convenient place within this Realme, assigned unto them, where they might remayne, and dwell in saffetye together, in the exercyse of their religion, and be incorporated with certeine freedoms privelidgies and liberties according to a Booke of Peticions they exhibited unto me; I havinge withe the advice of Her Majesties Counseil, my assistants here, had consideracion of their suite, and wayeing how necessarie and expediente it is to have this cuntrye more plentifullye peopled, and especiallye stored with mecanicall and handy craftes men (whereof nowe there is a great want and scarcetie) for workinge of the commodities within the Lande, and likewise the rather both to allure and teache the natyves of the soyle to be more industrious, and to learn to set themselves a worke wherebye so lardge commoditie wold growe to the countries, benefitt to

her Majestie in the encrease of her custome, and otherways in licensinge the strangers to reside and dwell here amongst them. I have therefore assented to dyvers of their petitions, and put them in comforte that they shal be both loveinglye received countenanced by my authoritie, and likewise enjoy soch lyberties and favour, as in good discreacion I can grante them. And for so moche as in their removinge thence, to come hither, they are to bringe over with them, both money to sett their Artisans and handye craftsmen on woorke, household stuffe and other utensils and necessaries (such as in removing of household is accustomed), which they cannot doe; but they shall ensurre penaltie and danger of lawe, and forfeiture of such things as they shall transporte and carry over without speciall lycense and favour, I pray you extende your friendlye goodwill towardses them, and the advancement of so good a Plott, intended for the benefit of this Realme, so as to procure them a pasporte and lycense for the transportation of their Money, Household stuffs, Utensils, and other their necessaries and commodities, that they may not be stayed in their comminge over, but may have free passage, paienge either no custome at all, or ells so reasonable a rate for customs as they may not be discouraged of this their advanture, at the beginninge, which I hope in tyme to come will turne to no small commodite to bothe the Realme, if this enterprise may be well favored and countenauced. For it is a thinge I have longe wished and sought for to have this Countrie stored of men of their sorte, whereof their is in all places of this realme, so great want."

In the early days of Elizabeth, tribal wars, pestilence, and famine had left Ulster in such a deplorable condition that the province offered no attraction even to emigrants flying from ruthless persecution. Whether you judge of the conditions by the picturesque prose of Froude or the calm impartiality of Lecky, the picture is one of the darkest in Eastern or Western history. I think Burke's celebrated letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe is no exaggeration. If (he says)

"we read Baron Findlas, Spenser, and Sir John Davies we cannot miss the true genius and policy of the English Government

there before the Revolution, as well as during the whole reign, of Queen Elizabeth. The original scheme was never deviated from for a single hour. Unheard of confiscations were made in the northern parts, upon grounds of plots and conspiracies never proved, upon their supposed authors. The war of chicane succeeded to the war of arms and of hostile statutes, and a regular series of operations were carried on, particularly from Chichester's time, in the ordinary courts of justice, and by special commissions and inquisitions; first under pretence of tenures, and then of titles in the Crown, for the purpose of the total extirpation of the interest of the natives in their own soil."

From 1604 Arthur, Lord Chichester, was Lord Deputy. For twelve years this distinguished man, who had been associated with the Protestants of France and Holland, attracted to Ireland Protestant settlers to people the desolate wastes of Ulster. His aim was to introduce a hardy population well able to maintain their homesteads with steady self-reliance. This policy was further pursued in 1633 by Wentworth, the celebrated Earl of Strafford, and those who only know that gifted and unfortunate nobleman by the scathing description of Macaulay will welcome the record of the great service he rendered to Ulster and the prosperity which he induced there, soon to be destroyed by the Great Rebellion of 1641.

The views of the Viceroy towards this county were statesmanlike and just. In his hands the sword of state became a terror to evildoers. Amongst his undertakings, to develop the resources of the country Wentworth took up the idea of fostering the linen trade. With this view he imported large quantities of flax seed from Holland. He held out at the same time great inducements to skilled workmen to come over from France and the Low Countries to set up looms and become instructors of others. A letter from him to the Master of the Rolls and one of the Lord Justices shows this clearly, and develops a great policy. It is from London, dated July 25, 1636:

"I endeavoured another way to set them to work, and that is by bringing in the making and trade of linnen cloth; the

rather in regard the women are all naturally bred to spinning, that the Irish earth is apt for bearing of flax, and that this manufacture would be in the conclusion rather a benefit to the Kingdome. I have therefore sent for flax seed into Holland, being a better sort than we have any, and sown this year a thousand pounds worth of it (finding by some flax I sowed last year that it takes there very well). I have sent for workmen out of the Low Countries and south of France, and set up already six or seven loomes, which, if it please God to bless us this year, I trust so to invite them to follow it, when they see the great profit arising thereby, as that they shall generally take to it, and employ themselves that way; which if they do I am confident it will prove a mighty business, considering that in all probability we shall be able to undersell the linnen cloathes of Holland and France, at least twenty in the hundred."

The flax seed was sown and took very well in the soil. The foreign workmen came, looms were set going and the people were employed. Many other proprietors followed his example. The Viceroy gave the best encouragement to the work by adventuring thirty thousand pounds of his own fortune in this most laudable undertaking.

Few passages in the history of the British Empire are more interesting than Cromwell's bold interference on behalf of the unfortunate inhabitants of the valleys. The epistles which Milton, as his secretary, wrote to the leading Protestant Powers on behalf of the Piedmontese are truly touching. The letter from Cromwell himself to the King of France in 1658 was one not to be forgotten:

"I most earnestly beseech and conjure you, most Christian King! by that right hand which signed the league and friendship between us and by that same goodly ornament of your title 'most christian' by no means to suffer or permit such liberty of rage and fury uncontrolled, we will not say in any Prince for certainly such barbarous severity could never enter the breasts of any Prince, much less one so tender in years, nor enter into the female thoughts of his mother, but in those sanctified cutthroats, who professing themselves to be servants and disciples of our Saviour Christ 'who came into the world

to save sinners,' abuse his meek and peaceful name and precepts to the most cruel slaughter of the innocent—Rescue! you that are able in your towering station—worthy to be able—rescue! so many suppliants, prostrate at your feet, from the hand of ruffians who, lately drunk with blood, again thirst after it, and think it their safest way to throw the odium of their cruelty upon Princes. But, as for you, great Prince! suffer not, while you reign, your titles, nor the confines of your kingdom to be contaminated with this same heaven-offending scandal nor the peaceful Gospel of Christ to be defiled with such abominable cruelty."

At the outbreak of the Great Rebellion of 1641 Sir John Temple, writing to Charles I, describes the country as lying desperately bleeding, almost expiring under the weight of its present calamity. The whole Province of Ulster, he says, is entirely in possession of the rebels except that part which is possessed by the Scots who stand upon their guard but for want of arms and commanders dare not venture to attempt anything of moment against the rebels.

The Huguenot settlers in Ulster, and indeed the Protestants in every part of Ireland, suffered, though their suffering was short, under the rule of James II and Tyrconnel. Several of them took prominent parts in the war which was ended by the battle of the Boyne, some of them assisted the defenders of Derry, and many Huguenot names are found in the list of officers of Kirke's army. There is a long list of the names of Huguenot officers in the army of Duke Schomberg given in Dr. Grimwade's history. Schomberg's headquarters were at Lisburn for a considerable time before the Battle of the Boyne, and many of the Huguenot settlers and many of the Scotch settlers helped to form that conquering force. One incident of King William's march from Carrickfergus, where he landed, is related by Mr. Hugh McCall in *Ireland and Her Staple Manufactures*.

"An interesting incident is related of René Bulmer, one of the French exiles, who had resided there for some time previous to the landing of King William at Carrickfergus. This person was a Huguenot settled in West Flanders, where he had attained much celebrity for his skill as a blacksmith, and also

as a professor of the veterinary art. After the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the elder Bulmer and his family were obliged to seek refuge in distant lands from the persecution that raged in their own country. When the Prince of Orange and his followers were on their way from Belfast to meet the army of King James the troops arrived at Lambeg, from the centre of which five roads branched off in different directions. Seeing a person standing at one of the cottage doors, King William, who rode at the head of a troop, inquired, in language largely intermixed with French idiom, which of the roads led to Lisburn and Hillsborough. Bulmer, to whom the question was addressed, replied in genuine French. Evidently gratified at meeting so unexpectedly a native of France, his Majesty entered into a friendly conversation with him for several minutes relative to his native place, and the circumstances that led to the exile of his family; and, after paying a very gallant compliment to the young and handsome wife of his informant, who had come out to see the soldiers, the Royal traveller shook hands with each of them and passed on with his troops towards their destination."

After the Battle of the Boyne a large number of the officers in the victorious army were rewarded with tracts of land left by the rebels or confiscated by the Crown. Between 1680 and 1710 the emigration of Huguenots into Ulster was very large indeed, and William III and his successors did, in happier times, and with larger resources, carry out the policy which had been originally introduced by Sidney, Chichester, and Strafford. The Huguenots in Ulster were for many years after the settlement a separate people and for several generations they preserved their national characteristics and their marked peculiarities. In Lisburn, as in Canterbury, they had a separate church, where the service was conducted in their own language, which was indeed the language of their hearths and homes. In 1697 an Act of Parliament was passed to foster the linen manufacture in Ulster, and William III invited over from Holland the French Huguenot Louis Crommelin, who had been driven out of France and settled in Holland, The King appointed him "Overseer of the Royal Linen Manu-

facture of Ireland," and settled him in Lisnagarvey, which was the ancient name of Lisburn. He was encouraged to invite over others of his countrymen of all ranks to assist him in establishing the manufacture and instructing the natives. Crommelin brought over to Lisburn one thousand looms and spinning-wheels of an improved construction, and invited over a number of Huguenots who formed a considerable colony in and around Lisburn.

The jealousy of the woollen trade, then becoming important in Ireland, and the tariff laws intended to promote the linen and to destroy the woollen trade, are recorded with bitter and deserved condemnation in Lecky's *History of Ireland*. In the result the linen trade in the north greatly increased. The English Government gave it some real encouragement in the shape of bounties, and Irish linen was freely admitted into England, while that of other countries was clogged by heavy duties. The part which was played by the refugees in the revival of industry in Ulster was a most distinguished one. Their liberty was protected by Acts of the Irish Parliament. Some of them conformed to the Established Church and translated its Liturgy into their own language. They threw themselves actively into every form of industry and identified themselves thoroughly with Ulster interest. The first literary journal in Ireland was edited by a Huguenot and to them the linen trade owed most if not all of its extension and prosperity, and by them the first Florists' Society was established in Ulster.

So successful was Louis Crommelin that he received the thanks of the Irish Parliament and a donation of ten thousand pounds for the eminent services he had done the country in the establishment of the linen manufacture.

He had many personal interviews with the King, who showed him much favor, and in 1706 he received the formal thanks of the Irish Parliament. He was the author of a valuable essay, which was printed in 1705, entitled *An Essay towards the improving of the Hempen and Flaxen Manufactures of Ireland*, containing many useful instructions for the better management of the flax plant in its various stages, and for the several processes of spinning, weaving, and bleaching. Closely connected with the Crommelin family was that of

Delacherois, also Huguenot refugees, and forming part of the colony at Lisburn. They had suffered deeply under the persecutions in France, and on their departure their property was confiscated. In an Irish newspaper it is said:

“History and chronology more frequently record those events that tend to the glory, rather than to the prosperity, of nations. Thus in the various tables of remarkable occurrences the establishment of our great staple, the Linen Manufacture, is omitted. It was on the 13th October, 1711, that His Grace, the Duke of Ormond, having appointed trustees for the Linen Manufacture of Ireland, they were, by His Grace’s direction, summoned to the Castle of Dublin, where the deed of their appointment was read to them. The individual who, in establishing the Linen Manufacture in Ireland, contributed so much to its prosperity, deserved to be memorised amongst our most illustrious countrymen, whether statesmen, legislators, or warriors. The name of this person, now so little known, was Louis Crommelin, who in a space of fourteen years, with a colony brought from Holland to Lisburn, overcame many disabilities and obstacles, and settled the Linen Manufacture in the Northern Counties, confirmed by a vote of the Irish Parliament, on the 30th October, 1707.”

In his Petition to the Irish Linen Board, which was established by the Duke of Ormond in October, 1711, Crommelin recounted all he had done and requested a renewal of the patent.

This is probably the best statement of the services he rendered to Ulster and her staple manufacture. In 1717 he desired to extend his beneficent operations to other parts of Ireland, and Parliament was prepared to assist him, but the scheme failed.

He had gathered round him in this little French colony men who bore such distinguished names as Dubourdiou, Delavade, Roché, Perrin, Saurin, whose descendants were the eloquent Bishop of Dromore, and the Attorney-General of Ireland, Goyer, who was one of the first Clerks of the Huguenot Church in Lisburn, Colbert who is reputed to have been related to Louis the Fourteenth’s great Finance Minister. After many

years the Huguenots mingled in the population of Ulster and their names took a popular pronunciation. Perhaps there are many who fail to recognize in the Culberts, Delacherys, Gores, Boomers, Brathwaits, Sweeneys, Charters, Birneys, Dillons, Sinclairs, Jelletts, and Perrins any trace of their Huguenot descent. The influence of Crommelin and his associates on the linen trade was most marked even in the earlier years of immigration. As early as 1696 a writer in London, in a pamphlet called "The Merchants' Warehouse," speaks in the highest terms of productions of the linen colony in Lisburn. What Ulster owes to its Huguenot settlers is admirably summed up in one of the supplements lately published by the *Times* newspaper:

Ireland.

"No one has ever yet been able to assert authoritatively when or by what channel Ireland first entered upon the business of the production of linen in which today she is without a serious rival. It is beyond dispute very ancient, has followed the same lines of development as in England and Scotland—but at a more laggard pace for a time after the introduction of machinery—and owing to climatic conditions, and abundant supply of labour at a workable level of wages, and a fortunate course of circumstances, has become firmly and broadly based.

"The fact of the commingling of race is the true key to its history. It has enjoyed its day of subsidies. These explain how it comes about that the industry under domestic conditions was formerly carried on in the North, South, East, and West, and by a multitude of cross influences finally centralised itself in North-East Ulster, with Belfast as headquarters, especially for merchandising and exportation. The roots of the last phase in entering into the industrial arena under conditions of machinery go back to the Scots settlement in Ulster about 1670, and as a result of the Settlement of a number of Huguenots subsequently, and under their tutelage, greater skill, sound organization, and business methods—as methods went at that time—became the order of the day."

The original French names given by the Huguenots to products, apparatus, and processes still survive in the Jacquard

loom, the cambric handkerchief, the damask table linen, and many other trade terms.

I am sorry to trouble you with figures, which are always uninteresting, but at this point a few figures are essential to understand the view I am presenting. In 1690, after the Huguenot immigration of 1683, the linen exported from Ireland was 300,000 yards. In 1796 nearly 47 million yards were exported. From 1816 till 1866 the exports increased to 132 million yards. Now, according to the *Times* report to which I have already referred, the capital invested in the trade amounts to fourteen millions sterling, and the wages to about four millions a year.

In Macaulay's ballad which I have already quoted, the poet makes the defeated Huguenot indignantly lament "the renegade's shame and the exile's despair." The Huguenot did not take to Ulster "the exile's despair," but the more abiding asset which the American poet Whittier has aptly described as "the sterner virtue strong to save." The Crommelins, the Delacherois, and Saurins soon accustomed themselves to their new surroundings and soon threw their traditional energy into business and profession. Their industry, honesty, and truth secured for them the success they coveted. In religion their influence worked for toleration, in home life and public life their influence worked for independence and purity.

In the history of the Rebellion of 1798 there is some difficulty in finding the part which the Huguenots actually took, but one striking event is recorded in *Ireland and her Staple Manufactures*. At page 96 the author says that "one characteristic of the Huguenot settler was his love of liberty and his desire to give freedom of judgment to all creeds and all classes. When an attempt was made to assassinate the Rev. Philip Johnson, who was supposed to be an enemy of the United Irishmen, a subscription was opened offering a large reward for bringing the offender to justice. The Huguenots led the way, saying that, however strongly they felt in favor of popular rights and religious liberty, they had no sympathy with the assassin. The subscribers included Crommelins, Delacherois, Braithwait, Bulmer, Goyer, Bouchier, St. Clair, Dupré, and Dulap."

In the town of Lisburn where Louis Crommelin settled, where the skill of the Huguenot settlers gave the great impetus to the linen trade of Ulster, there is the old Cathedral Church of Connor where Bishop Jeremy Taylor preached some of those eloquent sermons on liberty and charity which have if possible increased the fame of the author of *The Liberty of Prophesying*. In the burial-ground which surrounds that church lie the remains of the earliest Huguenot settlers in Ulster. You can easily understand the peculiar veneration with which the inhabitants regard this sacred ground. The names on the gravestones are the names of those who are imperishably associated with the cause of civil and religious liberty in France and in Ireland. Under the eastern wall of that churchyard there are a few weather-worn Huguenot tombstones, on one of which there is the inscription

Luge viator et ut ille dum vita manebat
Suspice coelum despice mundum respice finem.

This elliptical sentence gives the rule of conduct which the Huguenots invoked to guide his life, and the history of the immigrants shows, I think, that there is in it the truth not always found in epitaphs. These words and this history which they recall inspired many years ago a local poet who wrote under the *nom de plume* of Leamh Dherg, to sum up the characteristics of the immigrants in lines that have long achieved a wide popularity in Ulster, for the poet expressed the Huguenot tradition which he inherited, and the Huguenot influence which he felt:

Lightly tread, beneath are sleeping
Warriors of the Cross of God,
Warriors' conscience truly keeping
Spite of persecution's rod.
Danger scorning, bribes despising,
Wealth and lands they left behind,
More than gold their conscience prizing,
More than home their chainless mind.

The names of the Huguenots, their characteristics and their peculiarities, have long since been absorbed in the mixed race which holds the manufacturing districts of Ulster, but their

influence was not the less important, and some of the best qualities of the Ulster character may still be traced to the endurance, strength, and purity of the immigrants. They emerged from persecution suffered in the South of France not with "the exile's despair," but with the determination, in spite of the loss of home and property, to be industrious and free, in the Northern Province to which they bent their steps.

The Huguenot enduring persecution in his French home, fleeing from the persecutors when the burden could no longer be borne, or starting life afresh in the province of his adoption, was the same sturdy, vigorous, independent personality. When all hope of relief from persecution disappeared they turned in the cruel sadness of parting from their home

To the church where the bones of their fathers decayed,
Where they fondly had hoped that their own would be laid,

but it was in the spirit of resignation to their inevitable fate in the land of their birth and in the well-founded hope for security, liberty, and peace in the land of their adoption they bade farewell to their own loved land of France. That farewell is translated in Macaulay's vigorous lines:

Farewell, and for ever; the priest and the slave
May rule in the halls of the free and the brave;
Our hearths we abandon, our lands we resign,
But, Father, we kneel to no altar but Thine.

The persecutors failed: the exiles succeeded; and the loss to France has been the gain of Ulster, and that gain is not confined to the increase of wealth, material prosperity, or improved conditions of life; for the Ulsterman at home and in the King's Dominions beyond the sea has learned the lesson of the history we have now been considering—to value at its true worth his citizenship in the British Empire.

NOTE.—The authorities which I have referred to or quoted are: Macaulay's *History*, and *Essay on Milton*, and his ballads; Lecky's *History of Ireland*; Smiles on *The Huguenots*; *Ireland and Her Staple Manufactures*, by Hugh McCall; *The Huguenots in Ireland*, by the Rev. Dr. Grimwade; *The Ulster Journal of Archæology*, vols. 1-4; Froude's *English in Ireland*; *Cromwell's Letters, &c.*, by Carlyle; *The Refugees*, by Sir A. Conan Doyle; *The Times Supplement "Ireland."*

APPENDIX C.

AN OLD TIME LETTER.

(*Note.*—One of the members of the Society has furnished us with the following letter written by one of his forebears in 1773, and giving an interesting sketch of the condition and character of the early settlers of the interior of Pennsylvania.

The writer, Alexander Thomson, a Scotch Cameronian, brought with him to this country the habits of persevering industry, frugality and integrity, along with the love of liberty and fear of God, which marked the stock to which he belonged. Several of his sons were in the American army during the Revolutionary War. Many of his descendants have gained important and honorable positions as men of learning, as physicians, as ministers of the gospel, and in political and mercantile life, as well as among the honest and industrious cultivators of the soil. He died February 26th, 1800, at the age of seventy-eight years. The following letter was addressed by him to a friend in Scotland.)

CORKERHILL, PENNSYLVANIA, August 16, 1773.

DEAR SIR:—I know well that after the promises I made you could not have thought that so much time would pass before you had any letter from me. Indeed I did not forget my promise, but after I had got an agreeable settlement to myself, I was desirous to have some particular knowledge of this country before I should undertake to write any account of it to you.

In July, 1771, I and my wife and twelve (children) went aboard the *Friendship* in the harbor of Greenock. It was after the middle of the month when we set sail for North America, and happily we arrived at the city of Boston on the tenth of September, all in perfect health. I believe that some of my neighbors and acquaintances thought it strange that one of my age should forsake his native country, but I thought I had too much reason to do as I have done, as I was blessed with a numerous family (and I have had another child since I left Scotland). I was very desirous to provide for them. All my sons who were able to work were brought up to the business of farming, and it was by their labor that I was assisted to gain any money I have. I therefore endeavored to have one or two of the eldest of my sons settled in farms at home, and with that view I employed myself for the space of five years in

looking out for such farms as might answer my purpose. I travelled through the country for twenty miles around the place where I lived, but though I found plenty of vacant farms, I told you before, and I declare it again on the word of an honest man, that I could see no farm for which the laird did not ask more than double the rent it was worth; so that if I had meddled with any of them I saw well that my sons would not be able to pay the rent, and that in three or four years I would not have one shilling to rub upon another.

After I had spent so much time and labor to no purpose, I conceived a sort of distaste for the lairds; I imagined that as they knew I had a little money they wanted to get it from me as fast as they could; and in truth some of my neighbors observed a change in my temper, and alleged I was turned so obstinate that I would not stay in the country even though some laird should offer me a farm or two on reasonable terms, and I dare say they were not altogether in the wrong. As I was going to America not for merchandising, but as a farmer, several of my acquaintances and well-wishers told me that I would save both time and money by landing at New York or Philadelphia; but I had a great curiosity to see Boston, especially as I understood that some of my father's friends had settled there long ago, and some from Paisley very lately. However, I stayed at Boston but a very few days; for I made all the haste I could to wait on Dr. Witherspoon, at Princeton, in West Jersey; and when I had gone there I was sorry to hear that he had gone away a day or two before to convey some of his pupils home to their parents who lived in Virginia; but I had the good luck to come up with him in the city of Philadelphia. I delivered to him the letters I had from Scotland, and he received me very kindly. When he understood my errand he was very earnest to assist me to get a right farm. He advised me to take patience, and that I should not be hasty in making a bargain, but that he was upon a journey, and I should wait at Princeton till his return, when he would do all he could to get me settled in a comfortable manner. He also advised me to rent a farm for some time; but as I had so great a family with me I was desirous to have a house of my own as soon as I could conveniently get it; and I also thought it would

be better for me to improve land that was my own than any rented farm; and as I had heard so much said about the goodness of the land upon the Ohio, both at home and since I had come here, I would fain have settled there at first; but as I could not conveniently do so, I bargained for the plantation on which I now live before Dr. Witherspoon returned from Virginia; and if it had not been for the reason I have told you, I would have conducted myself entirely by his advice. But I have much cause to rejoice, and none to repent, that I made this purchase.

I had stayed about seven months in the country before I took possession of the purchase, during which time my family were not idle, but cheerfully applied themselves to such labor as they were employed in by the planters about Princeton and Philadelphia. By this means it happened that my landing at Boston was not so great a disadvantage as you may think. My stock of money was not much impaired thereby, and my children learned the work of the country. But I thought nothing of this alteration when I had been obliged to enter on such an enterprise; I was willing to submit to greater inconvenience than any I have met with. It was in April, 1772, that I settled on this plantation. It is situated at the distance of one hundred and fifty miles from Philadelphia, and is just as far from Fort Pitt; it lies in a large and beautiful valley, which runs all through Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia; it consists of about four hundred and thirty acres, and there was a house of two stories high and office house upon it. The house is built of square blocks of wood worked or indented in one another; it is well plastered, so that it is warm enough, and I have six convenient rooms in it. My plantation which I have called Corkerhill, after the name of the farm where my father lived and died, and where I lived so long—my plantation consists wholly of limestone land, and in general limestone land is reckoned the best in the country. There is plenty of limestone for manure on every field, and it does not cost much labor or expense to come at it, and it can be burned with the wood which we grub up when we clear the ground. Our greatest labor is to cut the wood into small pieces when we are to burn the lime.

Dear sir, I do assure you I am well pleased with the country, and with my situation in it. I bless God that I came here, and I heartily thank every man who encouraged me, and helped me to get the better of that fear which a man is under when he is to venture over so wide a sea, and indeed when, excepting my eldest son, I was to carry along with me all that was dear to me in the world. I could not but be anxious about them; but I was determined in my mind, and Providence hath been very favorable to us. We are all at present in good health, and, blessed be God, we have always been so since we came to this country. They say here that the air and climate of Pennsylvania agrees better with European constitutions than even the air of Europe itself, and I am inclined to think this is true, from the constant health which my family have enjoyed.

The man from whom I bought this plantation had lived upon it for the space of eleven years, and in all that time he had cleared no more but fifty acres, and I have got other fifty acres cleared since I came to it in April, 1772; upon ten acres of which I had a good crop that very season. I and my three sons cleared those fifty acres without any other assistance but that of one man, whom I hired for half a crown a day of our currency, besides his victuals. The clearing of these fifty acres cost me in whole about ten pounds of our currency, which is about six pounds sterling, besides the labor that was done by my own family, and in truth I was very well pleased to find that the clearing of ground was so easy; for before I left you, some of my neighbors were like to fright me when they told me that several sensible gentlemen had assured them that it would take ten or twelve pounds sterling to clear a single acre; but those gentlemen were mistaken, for that is not the truth. Three men will clear three acres in six days, just for the plough; and in general over all the country hereabout a man will do forty rod a day, for which he gets half a crown currency and his victuals. I gave three hundred pounds sterling for this plantation, and I could sell it already for double that money.

We who are country people used always to think it a great matter that the gentlemen in Scotland had orchards. We thought this a fine thing, and indeed squashes, pumpkin gourds, cucumbers, melons, and all other garden stuff grow

in the open fields. But unluckily, through the slothfulness of my predecessor, there was no orchard on the plantation when I came to it. To supply this defect I have already planted two hundred fruit trees, and I was pleased to see that one of the trees had three apples upon it this year, though it was not planted till March last.

Dear Sir, I have said so much about my industry and labor upon the plantation, but I have said it upon purpose, because I know that a vile and false report hath been published at home, that it is only lazy persons who come over here. Now you know well, and I need not tell you, that the very contrary is true; the lazy are motionless, and like snails, abide on the spot where they are till they either starve or are compelled by hunger to go a begging; whereas the industrious strive to maintain themselves by their labor without being troublesome to any body, and many of them finding it difficult by their labor at home, they are so far from being lazy that they have activity and spirit to venture over to America; but I pity many of your poor people who are indeed very lazy, and it is impossible (but) that they must be lazy, because they have found, by long experience, that by their labor they can make no profit to themselves. My flock of cattle is not hitherto very great; however, I have enough of horses, and I have cows, and hogs, and sheep, and by proper care they will soon multiply. I did not think it prudent to exhaust too much of my stock in buying cattle all at once; for as I have many children I design to purchase more land for them.

Dear sir, notwithstanding my promise, I am yet very unfit to write you a description of the country, and indeed it is needless, as you know so much and so well about it already; but for the sake of my promise, and for your satisfaction, I will tell you the truth about it as far as I can, and I shall begin with the climate.

Till I came into this country I did not, I could not imagine the climate was so fine and so healthy. The air is sweet and clear, and we find an agreeable smell. One would think the sky is much farther distant from us than it seems to be at home. The southwest wind rules the summer seasons, and the northwest the winter. The winters, which are very agreeable, con-

tinue from December to March, and we have no black, foul weather as at home, but a fine, pure sky and bright heavens. No storms as at home, but fine, small breezes; no winds to shake or rains to rot the corn. Sir, I cannot express the beauty of the summer season; it is so fine, so pleasing, and healthy. While I and my sons are clearing ground, and go for a while to walk or rest ourselves in the forest among the tall oaks on a summer day, the sight of the heavens and the smell of the air give me a pleasure which I cannot tell you how great it is. When I sit down to rest, the breezes of the southwest wind and the whispering noise it makes in the top of the trees, together with the fine smell of the plants and flowers, pleases us so exceedingly that we are almost enchanted, and unwilling to part with such a pleasure. If my dear countrymen knew the beauty and healthiness of the climate they would not be afraid to come to North America. There are a good number of old people just where I live; some sixty, some seventy, some eighty years of age. I thought it right to tell you all this, because I know that much pains have been taken to spread abroad a bad opinion of the country and climate, as if it were unhealthy. I will not say why this has been done, but I suspect it hath its rise from some designing men among you, who, though they saw many people in great straits, and many next door to starvation, have for some views of their own endeavored to terrify them from coming here. In truth I am sorry to hear of the great distress of farmers and tradesmen in your country. You mention that in your letter, but I have heard much more from some folks I lately met with when I was at Philadelphia; and so far as I understood the weavers and other tradesmen, and also many farmers, are in a far worse condition than they were when I came away, in the year 1771, for it seems the tradesmen cannot get employment, and the meal continues to be as dear as it was.

If the tradesmen and farmers would come here they would soon find themselves in a better condition; and there is plenty of room for them all—yea, for all that are in the three kingdoms. And this is the best poor man's country in the world, for the price of provision is cheap, and the price of labor is dear; and there are many people in Pennsylvania and the neighboring

Provinces who had to work here to pay their freight, who have good plantations, and are in wealthy circumstances. But this country is chiefly profitable to those farmers who bring along with them one, two, or three hundred pounds. Such farmers can afford to eat good pork, beef, or mutton as often as those who have one, two, or three hundred pounds of yearly rent in Scotland; that is to say, if they have some tolerable skill in farming, and live upon the land they take up here. And I believe there are no farmers in the world who live on so coarse and so poor food as do the generality of farmers in Scotland.

With respect to the soil of the Province, some parts of it are rich and some poor, just as at home. If it is well improved and manured, it will bear good crops, just as far as I have yet seen or heard, the farmers here are really lazy. They make no improvement on their land but just what they do with the plough, in which they are not very expert; many of them do not so much as draw out to the land the dung which is made by their cattle. When I came to this land there was lying, in several heaps at the house, all the dung that had been made in the space of eleven years. I was glad to find that I had so much ready manure; so I drew it out to the land, and the crops were answerable to my pains and expectations, for I had that year a rich crop of wheat, and rye, and Indian corn.

But the richest soil in all North America is on the rivers Ohio and Mississippi, and I intended to have gone and settled there at first, but my wife did not incline to go so far back at that time; and that was the reason I made a purchase so soon, and did not take Dr. Witherspoon's advice. But I made the purchase on the road that leads to the Ohio river, and, as I am told, I am just one hundred and fifty miles from Fort Pitt; and as soon as we have this plantation put into some order, I and one of my sons will go back, and take up a large tract for the rest of my children.

Mr. Lewis Evans, who travelled over the middle Provinces, and most of the country that lies on the Ohio and Mississippi, has made a geographical description of these territories. I know he speaks the truth with respect to the many parts I have seen, and I am thereby the better disposed to believe him concerning the rest, especially as I have conversed with several of our own

people, who all agree with him in his account of the Ohio and its branches.

The land on the Ohio is a rich, deep soil all the way from Fort Pitt downwards. That river hath many branches, which furnish good navigation to the adjacent parts; and there is plenty of limestone and stone coal on many of the rivers that fall into the Ohio. Mr. Evans, who published his book in the time of the late war, maintains that the territory then in dispute was as great a prize as had ever been contended for between two nations, and that the influence that a State vested with all the wealth and power that naturally arise from the culture of so great an extent of good land in a happy climate, will make so great an addition to that nation that owns it, (where there is no State to hold the balance of power,) that the loser must inevitably sink under its rival. He says: "That country exceeds in extent and good land all the European dominions of Britain, France, and Spain." And he affirms, "that with moderate cultivation it is capable to maintain fifty millions of people." But for a further account of the land on the Ohio and Mississippi, I refer you to Mr. Evans' book, and I have desired the Rev. Mr. Marshall, of Philadelphia, to send you a copy of it.

In your letter you mention the American Company of Farmers in the west of Scotland, and I cannot but approve of their sending over skilled men to take up land for them before they bring their families here; and they have just taken the method which you and others advised me to take, and I would surely follow your advice, but I could not prevail on my wife to stay a year behind me. David Allan and James Whiteland, the two commissioners from that company, are now at my house, and I hope they will rest with me for a week or two, for I can easily accommodate them and their horses. They are going now for North Carolina to look for a large tract of land, agreeably to their commission. A large tract of land to the extent of 16,000 or 20,000 acres, all contiguous, and conveniently situated and not yet occupied; is not to be got in the middle Provinces; though they might hereabout get plenty of single plantations here and there; for the farmers are, many of them, selling their plantations and going back to take up larger tracts.

I therefore advised them all I could to go to the Ohio, but they are afraid the settlers there will be too far from market or a landing place. Since I come to America I have learned to think that those who have got a rich soil in a favorable climate, and who have got all the conveniences of life in great plenty, may be happy enough though they have but little money, and they may carry on a sort of inland trade among themselves by way of barter; but those on the Ohio will not be long under that necessity, for I hear that money is already subscribed to improve the navigation by cuts into the Ohio, and besides the farmers in that rich country may easily get money by rearing large flocks of cows, hogs and sheep, which they may drive to Philadelphia, and the market towns of New York and Maryland. By my being here I see that much of that fine land on the Ohio and the Mississippi will be quickly taken up, though no person should come to it from Scotland. I see emigrants in clouds passing this way almost every week. One of my family, whom I lately sent to Philadelphia, lodged in a house with fifty of them and within these few days I saw more than threescore, all of them hastening to the banks of the Ohio. Some of them came from Ireland, some from England, and some from Germany, and we hear that several shipfulls are coming from Corsica or Italy. About Fort Pitt, where three considerable rivers fall into the Ohio, the country is pretty well peopled already.

We are in no fear that any harm will be done us by the Indians. I have seen many of them, and by all that I can hear they are a harmless people, except they be offended or wronged. I hope we shall never have any bickerings with them; but it would not be a small number of enemies that would terrify us, or even those about Fort Pitt, for besides a well-trained militia, we all have guns in our hands. For there is no disarming act. Our young men are at full liberty to shoot all sorts of game wherever they please, and by frequent exercise, there are as good marksmen here as any in the world. Indeed, by the throneness we have been in, my sons have seldom, hitherto, had leisure to partake of that diversion. They must improve the plantation.

I need not tell you, for you know it already, that we have no tithes, or general taxes, or poor rates, or mill-mulcters, or such

other grievances as tend to relax the diligence or industry of the farmers. We have the privilege of choosing our ministers, school-masters, constables, and all other parish officers for laying and collecting all necessary assessments. These are chosen by a majority of the votes of the inhabitants. In the neighborhood, if any differences are like to arise about roads and marches, they are amicably adjusted without any law process. We have no characters hereabout which answer to the Scotch justice of peace, which we who come from Scotland look upon as a very great blessing; and there is, I believe, no part of the world where justice is more impartially administered than in the province of Pennsylvania. In our law courts the poor are in no danger of being brow-beaten and borne down by the rich. With respect to our laws they are made by those who are not nominally only, but really our representatives; for without any bribes or pensions they are chosen by ourselves, and every freeholder has a vote. In one of the American provinces an honest man who was my acquaintance in Scotland, and who came over some years ago, is already a representative in the House of Burgesses. He had a small, but valuable paternal inheritance; but as the laird in his next neighborhood fell to work with him about roads and marches and other pretences of contention, he judged it prudent to let that laird have his substance before it should be wasted with the expense of litigious law processes, where the laird's friends were the judges. He is now possessed of three considerable estates, and is ten times richer than ever he could expect to have been in Scotland.

I might write to you at large about the religious liberty which is enjoyed in this Province in the most extensive manner. We have, indeed, no religious establishment, but Christians of every denomination, as they choose their own ministers, so they also make provision for them, and so far as I know, the several sects live in good friendship with one another. If I am spared, I may give you some further accounts of these several sects, as well as of my extended purchases, in another letter.

Dear sir, I again beg pardon that I did not write sooner to you, according as I have promised, and I am sensible I have not wrote as clearly as I could wish to do when I wrote to you,

for neither the spelling nor the grammar is good; but you must forgive me. And I have another great favor to ask of you, which is that you would correct the spelling and grammar a little, and send this letter of mine to the press yourself, or else put it into the hands of some member of the America Company, for it may be some of them will take the pains to get it published, with my name on the title or at the end of it. You may think it strange that I beg this favor of you so earnestly, but there are two reasons which make me wish this letter were made public. One of them is because of a report which hath been sent abroad among you that I am discontented, and that I have made an ill bargain, and that I am rueing my race, and wanting to be home again, which are great untruths, and maybe there is some malice at the bottom of them. Therefore, that all my friends and acquaintances should know that I am very happily settled, that all is very well with me, that all my family are cheerful and in good spirits, and that I hope I shall soon provide a comfortable settlement to every one of them who are come up to years. The other reason for my desiring that my letter should be published is that I hope it may be of some use to my dear countrymen. I hear, as I have told you, that many farmers and a very great number of laborers and tradesmen are in more distressing circumstances than they were when I came away. Perhaps there are many of them who have some thoughts of coming hither, but are hindered by their fears about the climate or the Indians. Now, if this letter shall help to remove these groundless fears, it will in so far tend to the relief and encouragement of my dear countrymen, and I am sure that no man who knows me will suspect that I have written anything besides the truth. If tradesmen, or laborers, or farmers design to come over at all, they ought by all means to come immediately, before they are too old or so poor that they will have no money to bring with them, nor even to pay their freight; and the sooner that farmers come over they will both buy land the cheaper, and also have a wider territory, out of which they may make choice of the richest tracts.

The providence of God hath been wonderfully kind to those who have emigrated from your country. For two or three

years past many vessels, freighted with emigrants, have yearly sailed from the coast of Scotland; and I never knew of any calamity or grievous accident that befell these vessels. This is certainly remarkable; it is ground of thankfulness and confidence. But the same Providence that preserves your honest people on their way to America seems to frown upon them while they remain at home. Your laborers and tradesmen are in misery by reason of the dearness of the markets, and that dearness if occasioned—in part, at least—by the long course of bad seasons you have had. This is a dispensation of Providence which surely hath language.

I had almost forgot to tell you that when I was in Philadelphia I saw some Scotch newspapers, in which a great deal was said about the death of emigrants by sea, and their wretched state after they have come to the American towns. As I have said already, I never knew of any ill happening to emigrants by sea, and if they suffer any harm there, it will be rather from hospitality than from the cruelty of this people; no doubt those who are forced to indent must be in a state of dependence till they have served to pay their freight, who have now good plantations. However, our opinion here is that both your farmers and tradesmen should come away before they grow so poor that they will have nothing to bring with them, or even to pay their freight.

I sincerely thank you for your last kind letter, which I received from the Company's commissioners; I read it at once with pleasure, and I thought I was just conversing with you as I used to, and that frequently, in your own house. If it is not troublesome I beg to hear at times from you. If you direct your letters to the care of Mr. Marshall, he will take care of sending them to me.

I do not know if ever I shall see you again; but I am sure I wish you well, and all your family, and my heart's desire is that God may ever keep you in all His good ways. I have come over to America, but I hope both you and I are seeking for a better country, and that we shall at last meet in that city which hath the sure foundation.

I am, &c.,

ALEXANDER THOMSON.

APPENDIX D.

REPORT OF CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, TREASURER PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, FOR YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1914.

DR.		
Balance from preceding year.....		\$527 08
Membership dues for 1914.....	\$454 02	
Subscriptions to Twenty-fifth Annual Dinner.....	1,295 00	
Interest on deposits.....	15 28	
	1,764 30	
		\$2,291 38
CR.		
Postage, &c.....	\$33 20	
Speakers' expenses.....	50 00	
Clerical expenses.....	30 00	
Singer and accompanist.....	20 00	
Stenographer, reporting dinner proceedings.....	24 50	
John Maene, carving spoon.....	50 00	
William H. Hoskins, engraving invitations.....	18 00	
Telegrams and telephone.....	4 82	
Subscriptions returned.....	5 00	
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, 266 covers, cigars, decorations and music.....	1,099 15	
George H. Buchanan Co., printing.....	8 25	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing notices, and printing and mailing Annual Report.....	316 39	
The Dreka Company, engraving menus.....	36 00	
M. C. Kennedy (speakers' expenses).....	7 65	
George E. Malseed, binding annual reports.....	6 75	
	\$1,709 71	
Balance January 1st, 1915.....	581 67	
	\$2,291 38	

The above report has been audited and found correct, showing a balance of \$581.67 to the credit of the Society in bank January 1st, 1915.

JAMES B. KINLEY,
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-

terminated 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.
E. G. ALEXANDER, M. D..... 1627 Oxford St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM ALEXANDER..... Chambersburg, Pa.
JAMES H. M. ANDREWS..... 502 South Forty-first St., Philadelphia.
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 J. BALDRIDGE.... Hollidaysburg, Pa.
JAMES M. BARNETT..... New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
J. E. BARR..... 1107 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
DR. JOHN C. C. BEALE..... 41 South Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
ROBERT BEATTY..... Coral and Adams Sts., Philadelphia.
ROBERT O. BEATTY..... 4616 Sansom St., Philadelphia.
JOHN CROMWELL BELL..... 1333 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
JAMES S. BENN..... The Union League, 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.
R. A. BOLE..... Pittsburgh.
REV. J. GRAY BOLTON, D.D..... 1906 Pine St., Philadelphia.
SAMUEL R. BROADBENT..... 3431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
FRANCIS SHUNK BROWN..... 1005 Morris Building, Philadelphia.
J. CROSBY BROWN..... Fourth and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.
J. WOODS BROWN..... 1510 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM LAIRD BROWN..... 1339 Cherry St., Philadelphia.
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D. 1414 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
JAMES I. BROWNSON..... Washington, Pa.
ROBERT J. BRUNKER..... 1000 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE
(Honorary)..... 3 Buckingham Gate, London, S. W.,
England.
- JOHN W. BUCHANAN..... Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON..... Pittsburgh, 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.
 RT. HON. SIR EDWARD CARSON
 (Honorary).....5 Eaton Place, London S. W., England.
 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.
 REV. J. W. COCHRAN, D.D.....Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.
 RICHARD E. COCHRAN.....York, Pa.
 A. J. COUNTY.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 DR. CLARK R. CRAIG.....331 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
 D. F. CRAWFORD.....Union Station, Pittsburgh.
 GEORGE W. CREIGHTON.....Altoona, Pa.
 ALEXANDER CROW, JR.....2112 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.
 REV. T. J. OLIVER CURRAN.....304 North Thirty-fifth St., Philadelphia..
- HON. JOHN DALZELL.....House of Representatives, Washington,
 D. C.
- CAPT. W. G. DAVISON.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 C. M. DAVISON.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 H. C. DEAVER, M.D.....1415 North Broad St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN B. DEAVER, M.D.....1634 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 JAMES AYLWARD DEVELIN.....400 Chestnut St., Phila., Wood Building.
 AGNEW T. DICE.....P. & R. Ry. Company, Reading, Pa.
 PROF. W. P. DICK.....West Chester, Pa.
 J. M. C. DICKEY.....Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
 S. RALSTON DICKEY.....Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
 JAMES L. DIVEN, M.D.....New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
 FRANKLIN D'OLIER.....Merchant and Mariner Bldg., Phila.
 J. S. DONALDSON.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 ROBERT DORNAN.....Howard, Oxford and Mascher Sts., Phila.
 HENRY R. DOUGLAS, M.D.....1806 Market St., Harrisburg.
 PETER S. DUNCAN.....Hollidaysburg, Pa.
 THOMAS P. DYER.....1013 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
- DANIEL M. EASTER, M.D.....Greensburg, Pa.
 IRWIN CAMERON ELDER.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 REV. ALFRED L. ELWYN.....1422 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

- EDGAR DUDLEY FARIES.....617 Franklin Building, Philadelphia.
RANDOLPH FARIES, M.D.....2007 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON....West Mermaid Lane, Chestnut Hill
Philadelphia.
WILLIAM N. FERGUSON, M.D....125 W. Susquehanna Ave., Phila.
WILLIAM M. FIELD.....1823 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
CHARLES A. FIFE, M.D.....2033 Locust St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER.....1012 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
D. FLEMING.....325 North Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.
SAMUEL W. FLEMING.....32 North Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.
EDWARD J. FOX.....Easton, Pa.
HARRY C. FRANCIS.....919 Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia.
REV. JOHN W. FRANCIS.....1519 North Seventeenth St., Phila.
W. H. FRANCIS.....Union League, Philadelphia.
HUGH R. FULTON.....Lancaster, Pa.
- RT. REV. THOMAS J. GARLAND..Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia.
ROBERT GARLAND.....Pittsburgh.
GEORGE D. GIDEON.....1412 Arch St., Philadelphia.
HARRY B. GILL.....328 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. W. RUSH GILLAN.....Chambersburg, Pa.
WILLIAM B. GIVEN.....224 Locust St., Columbia, Pa.
WILLIAM A. GLASGOW.....Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
HON. JAS. GAY GORDON.....1829 Pine St., Philadelphia.
FRANCIS I. GOWEN.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
JOHN GRAHAM.....Newville, Pa.
REV. LOYAL Y. GRAHAM, D.D...2325 Green St., Philadelphia.
WILLIAM H. GRAHAM.....413 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
CAPT. JOHN P. GREEN.....Pennsylvania Railroad Office, Broad and
Market Sts., Philadelphia.
DAVID C. GREEN.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
ROBERT B. GREER, M.D.....Butler, Pa.
J. M. GUFFEY.....341 Sixth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
HON. J. MILTON GUTHRIE.....Indiana, Pa.
GEORGE T. GWILLIAM.....Union League, Philadelphia.
GEORGE T. GWILLIAM, JR.....P. O. Box 23, Erma, N. J.
JOHN GWILLIAM.....5114 North Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
MARK R. M. GWILLIAM.....3743 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
- REV. ANDREW NEELY HAGERTY,
D.D.....Carlisle, Pa.
HON. HARRY ALVAN HALL.....Ridgway, Pa.
DR. SAMUEL MCCLINTOCK
HAMILL.....1822 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
HUGH H. HAMILL.....231 S. State St., Trenton, N. J.
JOHN L. HAMILL.....4811 Regent St., Philadelphia.

- SAMUEL T. KERR.....1905 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 J. B. KINLEY.....411 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
 W. S. KIRKPATRICK.....Easton, Pa.
 EDWARD J. KITZMILLER.....Shippensburg, Pa.
 SAMUEL M. KITZMILLER.....Shippensburg, Pa.
 SAMUEL McILHENNY KNOX.....310 West Upsal St., Germantown.
 HON. P. C. KNOX.....Washington, D. C.
- REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.....4315 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia.
 JAMES M. LAMBERTON.....216 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa.
 J. A. LANGFITT.....110 Diamond St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 JOHN S. LATTA.....1215 Arch St., Philadelphia.
 DR. SAMUEL W. LATTA.....233 S. Fourth St.—Annex, Philadelphia.
 THOMAS LOVE LATTA.....3819 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 ROBERT L. LATIMER.....24 North Front St., Philadelphia.
 REV. SAMUEL H. LEEPER.....Media, Pa.
 CRAIG N. LIGGET.....4036 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN LLOYD.....Altoona, Pa.
 GEORGE E. LLOYD.....Mechanicsburg, Pa.
 HARRY V. LOGAN, M.D.....Scranton, Pa.
 SIMON CAMERON LONG.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 J. BARTON LONGACRE.....358 Bullitt Building, Philadelphia.
 L. H. LOVELL.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
- JOSEPH P. MACLAY, M. D.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 FRANCIS MAGEE.....1220 Market St., Philadelphia.
 JAMES S. MAGEE.....New Bloomfield, Pa.
 MAJOR LOUIS J. MAGILL.....Navy Yard, Philadelphia.
 ALEX. MARTIN.....1728 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 REV. S. A. MARTIN, D.D.....Easton, Pa.
 GEORGE V. MASSEY.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM D. MATHESON.....Middletown, Pa.
 A. W. MELLON.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
 JOHN HOUSTON MERRILL.....Stephen Girard Building, Philadelphia.
 REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D.....Washington, Pa.
 DR. ROBERT H. MOFFITT.....1705 Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.
 WILLIAM J. MONTGOMERY.....Eighth National Bank, Philadelphia.
 HENRY W. MOORE.....704 West End Trust Building, Phila.
 W. HEYWARD MYERS.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 W. LOGAN MACCOY.....1218 Real Estate Trust Bldg., Phila.
 DR. JOHN HENRY MACCRACKEN..Easton, Pa.
 J. O. MACINTOSH.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 HON. H. J. McATEER.....Alexandria, Huntingdon County, Pa.
 RUSSELL A. McCACHRAN.....Bloomsburg, Pa.
 THOMAS M. McCACHRAN.....P. R. R. Office, Altoona, Pa.
 EDWIN McCANDLISH.....Newville, Pa.

- HON. SAMUEL J. M. MCCARRELL, Harrisburg, Pa.
 REV. THOMAS C. MCCARRELL... Middletown, Pa.
 HON. J. P. MCCASKEY..... Lancaster, Pa.
 REV. W. H. McCAUGHEY, D. D., Terre Haute, Indiana.
 W. J. McCLARY..... The St. James, Thirteenth and Walnut
 Sts., Philadelphia.
 SAMUEL McCLAY..... Pittsburgh, Pa.
 WILLIAM ARCH. McCLEAN..... Gettysburg, Pa.
 HON. SAMUEL A. McCLUNG..... 1180 Murray Hill Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 HON. HAROLD M. McCLURE..... Lewisburg, Pa.
 HON. A. D. McCONNELL..... Greensburg, Pa.
 REV. S. D. McCONNELL, D.D.
 (Honorary)..... Easton, Md.
 JAMES S. McCORD, JR..... 308 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 HON. VANCE C. McCORMICK.... Harrisburg, Pa.
 DR. HORACE G. McCORMICK.... Williamsport, Pa.
 ROBERT T. McCracken..... West End Trust Building, Philadelphia.
 W. H. McCREA..... Newville, Pa.
 GEORGE D. McCREARY..... 3301 Arch St., Philadelphia.
 J. BRUCE McCREARY, M.D..... Shippensburg, Pa.
 REV. J. T. McCrory, D.D..... 1426 Denniston Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 EDWARD C. McCUNE..... 988 Dupont Bldg., Wilmington, Del.
 JOHN M. McCURDY..... Franklin Building, 133 S. 12th St., Phila.
 REV. I. P. McCURDY..... 538 South Forty-ninth St., Philadelphia.
 DANIEL W. McDONALD..... Uniontown, Pa.
 J. A. McDOWELL..... 1727 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN C. McDOWELL..... Chambersburg, Pa.
 JOHN M. McDOWELL..... Chambersburg, Pa.
 ANDREW C. McGOWIN..... 4500 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN McILHENNY..... 1339 Cherry St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN D. McILHENNY..... 1339 Cherry St., Philadelphia.
 FRANCIS S. McILHENNY..... 1010 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 DR. J. ATKINSON McKEE..... 1838 Wallace St., Philadelphia.
 E. M. S. McKEE..... Juniata, Pa.
 CHARLES L. McKEEHAN..... West End Trust Building, Philadelphia
 JOSEPH PARKER McKEEHAN.... Carlisle, Pa.
 GEORGE McKEOWN..... 406 Sanson St., Philadelphia.
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TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING

AND

DINNER

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA
SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY

AT

THE BELLEVUE-STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA

FEBRUARY 11th, 1916



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JOHN McILHENNY
1830-1916

JOHN McILHENNY.

1830-1916.

[Minute adopted by the Council of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society on the announcement of the death of John McIlhenny.]

On Wednesday morning, February 23d, 1916, John McIlhenny died at his home in Germantown after a brief illness. Had he lived until April 22d, he would have been eighty-six years old. Less than two weeks before his death he occupied his accustomed place at the annual dinner of this Society, in good health and spirits, surrounded by friends, and with unconcealed pleasure in the associations of the hour. A week before his death, he went to his office as usual, erect in body, clear and vigorous in mind.

With his passing Philadelphia loses one of her most useful and respected citizens. Modest and unassuming, keen, discerning, with a mind of great natural virility, stored with knowledge, and trained and disciplined through a long life by observation and study, of broad view and deep sympathies, with a nature of great kindness and sweetness, and preserving the buoyancy of youth to the end, Mr. McIlhenny to a very unusual degree commanded the respect and won the affections of a very wide circle.

His life was long and eventful. His father, a woolen merchant in the old town of Milford in Ulster, died when John McIlhenny was seven years old, leaving a widow and four children. The mother of these children, a woman of ability and enterprise, believing that her boys would have a greater opportunity in America than at home set out with her little family for Philadelphia to which at that time so many of the hardy and capable Ulstermen were turning their steps. James McIlhenny, the father, had been a vestryman in the English Church, but the mother was a Presbyterian and to that Church the family attached themselves on their arrival in Philadelphia. John

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McIlhenny, the eldest son, then thirteen, at once took upon his young shoulders as much of the responsibility for the support of the family as he was able. In the evenings at the Franklin Institute and by constant devotion to books, he laid the foundation of that wide education of which in later life he had such an abundant store, particularly in the realms of history and philosophy. By the time he had reached manhood, he had trained himself as an engineer, and at almost the beginning of the use of gas for illumination he became a specialist in that field. As engineer for the firm of Perdicaris & Hoy, of Philadelphia, he constructed several gas works in the South, and at the outbreak of the Civil War was manager of the gas plant at Columbus, Georgia, where his name will always be held in grateful remembrance. His public services to the city during the war, and his sterling character, won the confidence of the community and at the first election held in Columbus after the war he was elected mayor of the city, at a very critical period in its history. As mayor from 1869 until 1876, when he returned to Philadelphia, he proved himself one of the most useful and sagacious men of the South in the trying days of Reconstruction. One who was very closely associated with him said:—

“A short while after the close of the Civil War, Mr. McIlhenny, who had become prominent in public affairs, and who commanded the highest respect of all political parties and classes, was centered upon as a suitable man for mayor of the city. He filled a place at this juncture in the affairs of Columbus which in the end proved a blessing to her people. The times ‘were out of joint,’ corruption in government, tyranny of the republican party then in power over a prostrate people, domination of ignorance, and evil in shameful form was found on every side. While Mr. McIlhenny was what was termed politically a union man he was in full sympathy with our people and he and his family numbered among their warm personal friends many of the most prominent and influential people of the community. Under all the circumstances it seemed providential that he was chosen mayor of the city. He had the ear and the confidence of all political parties, and he discharged the duties

Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society.

of the office and guided affairs so well that he was retained for several terms."

As mayor of the city Mr. McIlhenny succeeded very largely in cleaning out corruption and in giving the city of Columbus a local government that inspired a renewal of hope and confidence in the South. He was far in advance of his time. He organized an efficient fire department, installed an adequate high pressure water system, and organized a system of sanitation remarkable for its day. In 1873, during the yellow fever epidemic in the South, he cleaned and disinfected the city and surrounding commons and then invited yellow fever refugees to come to Columbus for care. Although it was not then known that the mosquito carried fever germs, his action in destroying them by disinfecting all the low places and standing water, rendered Columbus practically immune from the disease. He closed the saloons of the city on Sunday, in spite of great opposition. In a cotton mill that he owned, he established a ten-hour day when all other mills worked twelve. Among his most noteworthy services to the city was the establishment of a public school system. At the close of the war, Mr. McIlhenny, then in his early thirties, and his young wife, became greatly concerned for the welfare and education of the children who had lost both parents and patrimony, and they formed a plan for a public school system. In 1866 he introduced a resolution in the city councils looking to the establishment of this system, and as the city was practically bankrupt, he contributed and collected sufficient funds to buy an unused church building, in which was established the first of the splendid system of schools in Columbus. Nearly forty years after he had left that city, his great services to education were still remembered, and in 1914, the trustees of the newly erected public school at Columbus, named it the "McIlhenny School" in honor of John McIlhenny and his wife, Bernice McIlhenny.

In 1876 Mr. McIlhenny returned to Philadelphia and became a member of the firm of Helme & McIlhenny, manufacturers of gas meters, of which firm he was the senior member at the time of his death. His life in this city was marked by manifold and useful activities in religious, philanthropic and civic work. Throughout his life he stood for righteousness and

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the general good. He was for many years president of the Board of Trustees of the Second Presbyterian Church of Germantown, and usually invited the entire Board to be his guests at the annual dinner of this Society.

Mr. McIlhenny had profound faith in the people of Ulster and their descendants in this country. His knowledge of the Ulster Scot was wide and comprehensive and he had an extensive collection of books on the subject. Together with the late John Hall, Robert Bonner, John S. MacIntosh and Thomas T. Wright he organized in 1889 the National Scotch-Irish Society, of which this Society was organized as a branch, and served as Treasurer of the National Society until it went out of existence. In this connection it is worthy of record that the National Society was organized for a profoundly patriotic purpose and sprang from a recognition by its founders that as the people of Ulster stock had been in the forefront of the Civil War, on both sides, the healing of the estrangements and prejudices engendered among them by the war would be a national service in bringing about a reunited country. He was one of the founders of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society, served as its Vice-President and President, and was a member of its Council for many years. The annual dinner of the Society was the most interesting social function of the year to him, and he was foremost in supporting every movement for furthering the purposes of the Society.

The Society adopts this minute in respect and admiration for his character and in affectionate remembrance of their friend.

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ENTERTAINMENT:

AGNEW T. DICE, *Chairman*, MR. BAYARD HENRY,
HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER, MR. EDWIN S. STUART,

HISTORY AND ARCHIVES:

T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON, *Chairman*, MR. JOHN P. GREEN,
HON. JOHN STEWART, HON. HARMAN YERKES,
REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D., MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

* Died February 23, 1916.

TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

The Twenty-seventh Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, on Friday, February 11th, 1916, at 7 P. M., the President, Dr. John B. Deaver, in the chair.

The report of the Treasurer for the year ending December 31st, 1915, was presented and approved (see Appendix "B," page 91).

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

President, REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS, D.D.

First Vice-President, HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON

Second Vice-President, MR. AGNEW T. DICE

Secretary and Treasurer, MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

Directors and Members of Council:

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,	MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D.,	HON. W. W. PORTER,
MR. JOHN P. GREEN,	HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON,
MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,	REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON,
MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,	D.D.,
HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER,	HON. HARMAN YERKES,
MR. JOHN McILHENNY,	HON. EDWIN S. STUART,
REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.,	MR. JAMES POLLOCK,
MR. SAMUEL REA,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY.

On motion, the meeting then adjourned to the banquet room.

The Rev. Carl A. Grammer invoked the Divine blessing.

At the close of the dinner, the President, Dr. John B. Deaver, spoke as follows:—

THE PRESIDENT (DR. JOHN B. DEAVER):

MEMBERS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY AND GUESTS:—Having finished the substantial part of the evening, we will now proceed to entertain you with the literary program. The President of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society welcomes its members and guests at this the Twenty-seventh Anniversary. Gatherings like the present represent something far deeper than the mere social or gregarious instinct of civilized mankind. Back of the good fellowship and the cheerful amenities, it is an acknowledgment of the old admonition that "no man liveth unto himself," that life demands mutual understanding and co-operation and throughout all the complexities of individual interests and activities, there is a fundamental unity of purpose like unto the silken thread of consistency that runs through the pearl necklace of all virtues. (Laughter and applause.)

I am trying to look very sober. One of the many lessons we have learned, and one of the few things we may admire in the present world chaos, without committing ourselves either for or against the purposes to which it is being applied, is organization. It is the first step in the differentiation of protoplasm into life. (Laughter.) It marks the beginning of social order as opposed to brutish selfishness and it is the magic touchstone of modern achievement. (A voice: "That's so.")

A purpose is the sole reason for organization, and by the methods and success of the accomplishment of that purpose shall organization be judged. As I look about me and behold this distinguished hyphenated organization (laughter) I am glad that this is a free country, where we can meet and speak in our mother tongue, where unmolested we can partake of our native viands, sing the ballads of our ancestors to the tune of the peaceful pipes, rehearse our folk lore, and generally bask in our own particular brand of culture. (Laughter.) We have seen of late that there are good little hyphens and bad little hyphens. A good little hyphen is ours and a bad little hyphen is the other fellow's. By the very definition we may be very proud of ours. Let us therefore at once proceed

to solve the country's problems. (Laughter.) Speaking professionally, I have been concerned of late over the anemic appearance of the star-spangled banner. (Laughter.) It has lost its wonted bright arterial hue. The ruddy stripes are sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. The sanguined tinge has yielded to the paler beauties of the peaceful juice of the grape. A shaking ague has seized upon the body politic. The pedal extremities are cold. Strong measures are urgently demanded. The "doctor" in the case is using mild medicines. He is of the school that believes in "pink pills for pale people." (Laughter.) The patient is restless and shows no improvement. Let us call for the book of experience. Let us read Hippocrates and the great masters of the healing art. We shall see it set forth that the specific for anemia is iron. (Laughter.) Professional etiquette prevents me from suggesting a change of doctors. But a change of treatment must be made before our bleaching emblem becomes a mere flag of truce with a leghorn feather replacing the stars in the field of blue. Call in the skilled apothecaries and let them fashion medicaments of iron; pills and powders with the implements for giving and complete directions for use.

A good and sufficient quantity should be on hand, for disease is treacherous and the crisis may be near. Remember that "*quod ferrum non savat, savat mors*" (what iron does not cure death cures.) (Laughter.) We have seen many reach an untimely end because of a lack of the proper supplies. We have seen others struggling against odds for the same reason. Do we not prefer a fighting, living patient to a peaceful post mortem? (Laughter, cheers and applause.) Then let us be prepared with all we need to repel the foe. Let us organize our forces that they may be brought to bear with the least loss of time, with the greatest efficiency and with no dissension. I am sorry the Mayor is not here. (Laughter.)

There are some who say that the possession of healing potions is an incentive to the drug habit. If that be true, it is no reason to throw away antidotes for fear of being poisoned. Let those who cannot trust themselves put their faith in others. (Laughter.)

As to the school of medicine to handle the case, I will say that I am willing to subscribe in this instance to "Similia Similibus" if only we are not required to dilute our patriotism and our measures to the infinitesimal potencies. There is plenty of work for the backbone specialist. (Laughter.) The stiffer he makes the spine the better, and certainly the "scientist" is more than welcome. Purpose and organization are the keynotes. We must all "do our bit." Only in this way can epidemics be controlled. Only by preventive measures which mean preparedness can mortality be lowered. For the benefit of the skeptical layman who is suspicious of the sharpened scalpel or the potent antiseptic, I am going to let you into a little medical secret. Many years ago a very wise doctor said: "The very smell of physic cures many." (Laughter.) It is my belief that in this instance we would see a beautiful demonstration of the truth of this saying, for a proper and decent show of the means of prevention and cure will banish many a threatening condition, will exercise many a troublesome devil, and best of all will restore the pallid stripes to their pristine red of courage, vigor, hope and brotherhood. (Laughter and applause.) Organization. Purpose. Shall we go on record tonight as advocates of that preparedness that shall make us secure not only against aggression but potent in the interest of justice in the councils of the world? (Applause.) In times of national stress and strain when all men are looking for a prophet, when inarticulate longings for national solidarity are striving to voice a new Americanism, when the belly of prosperity finds it needs the head of leadership, what is more natural than we should turn our eyes to old New England like Macedonia of old sending a modern S. O. S. for a savior? Tonight I shall present a representative of her learning, an exponent of her culture, a product of her experience, a voice of her statecraft, a consensus of her humanism, a man deeply versed in the history of America, a famed interpreter of Stephens, Webster, and other central figures, an honored Republican, an adapter of the lessons of history to present day conditions. It is my pleasure to present Hon. Samuel W. McCall, Governor of Massachusetts, and I need not say to you the next President of the United States. (Applause.)

HON. SAMUEL W. McCALL:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—After this epigrammatic, philosophic and brilliant introduction, I am sure that I pale my ineffectual fires. The Scotch-Irish Society is one that I have known of for a good many years. I used to hear of it very often in Washington. I knew of it as having not merely the bone and sinew, but a great part of the brains of Pennsylvania (applause), of having among its members Judges of your highest courts, Governors of your State, leaders of your Bar, men who have made Pennsylvania the great industrial hive that it is today, and I especially associate the Scotch-Irish Society with the men who have made that superb railroad which bears the name of this Commonwealth. (Applause.) I understand this is an entirely non-political occasion. At any rate you gentlemen, while I have no doubt most of you may belong to one particular party and not the other (laughter), are not here tonight in a political capacity, but you are here in a racial capacity as Scotchmen with more or less of a dash of the Irish, and so I think I will try to steer clear of politics, although I have an eminent judicial authority suggesting to me that I say something about politics. If I should happen to say something about politics, it will come largely from force of habit, because that is what I have been talking a great deal for a long time. If I should say anything about politics, I will try to talk from a very non-partisan altitude, like that of a man of whom I heard from my old friend, Pete Hepburn, now unfortunately no longer living, but one of the greatest members of Congress whom I met there in my twenty years of service, a man for whom the Railroad Rate Bill, the Panama Canal Bill, and the Pure Food Act and other important pieces of legislation were named, because he was the Chairman of the great Committee that brought them in. He told me once about a man (I think he lived in his district) who said he did not believe in partisan politics. "I do not believe in parties," he said. "Of course, I will admit that nominally I am a Republican, but I am not one of those narrow-minded Republicans who think that every man is an angel just because he is a Republican, although I

think most of them are very good fellows; nor am I one of those bigoted Republicans who think that every man is a rascal just because he is a Democrat, although I cannot just at the moment remember one of them who was not." (Laughter.) I will try to strike that high level of non-partisanship if I should say anything of a political character.

I have been introduced to you so eloquently as an especial representative of New England. New England is a great section of the country. Massachusetts is a magnificent commonwealth, and it has made great contributions to our common country. Some years ago I was honored by an invitation to speak before the New England Society of Pennsylvania, and I spoke here in Philadelphia, I think to the New England Society of Philadelphia. I spoke somewhere in Philadelphia, I have not any very clear recollection just where it was (laughter), and the people who were there were descended from the Mayflower, or they had come from New England, had been born in New England, and I was introduced as representing a Massachusetts district in Congress. It happened that I represented the Harvard College District in Congress, and I suppose the people there thought they had got a genuine Yankee, one who did not know anything about anything, perhaps except school ma'ams, because I represented the Harvard District, and I told them, in beginning to speak, that I was probably the only person in that audience who was born in Pennsylvania. (Laughter.) Judge Stewart has said that I do not appreciate the power of Pennsylvania as a political asset. I do not think there can be a greater political asset than to have been born in Pennsylvania. That was my introduction to Massachusetts. I left Pennsylvania. My father left, and so I had to go with him, for I was only two years old. If I had been consulted I very likely should have stayed longer, but having been here so short a time, to adopt the style of speech of a friend of mine, I suppose I was only "temporarily born" in Pennsylvania. My father moved to Illinois, and in a round-about fashion I came from the West east. It so happened that the school that I attended in Illinois, a boarding school which took boys and girls both, was changed to a female seminary (laughter), which left me in a very unfortunate predicament, and I was without a school. I had

got a little too far along for the public schools, and a New Hampshire Yankee in our neighborhood told us about an academy in New Hampshire and my father being an indulgent father permitted me to go to New Hampshire to school, and I stayed there and went to college in New Hampshire. I met a young lady there, and finally I remained in New England, going to Boston, and I have not any connection at all with the Mayflower except by marriage. (Laughter.) I happen to be a member by marriage of the Mayflower family, and inasmuch as we have five children I suppose it follows that I am really one of the Pilgrim Fathers. (Laughter.) But it is a matter of pride to me that my people have been identified with Pennsylvania for generations, from before the Revolutionary War. It is a matter of pride that I was born in this splendid Commonwealth. That is a matter of personal pride, but I have another kind of pride that is not merely personal but common to every man in America, a pride in the history of Pennsylvania, the State which has in it the place where the Declaration of Independence was formed, which has in it Valley Forge and Gettysburg, that represents the founding of the nation and those great critical turning points in American history where the nation reached its lowest ebb and then came back. We may feel sure that in any critical time the cause of our country will gain renewed strength and vigor by contact with the soil of Pennsylvania. (Applause.) Your President has said that you are no hyphenated proposition. There is a hyphen in Scotch-Irish, but you are not called Scotch-Irish-American. It is simply a racial thing, just the same as Anglo-Saxon—Anglo-Saxon, which Godwin Smith, the great English scholar, calls an ethnological fancy. I think the Scotch-Irish are perhaps more substantial. There is a greater reality to them than there is to the Anglo-Saxon. I have always understood that the Scotch-Irish are Scotchmen in the main, a few of them Englishmen, who found themselves colonists of the north of Ireland and then via Ireland they came to the United States. They have the Scotch quality of thrift. They have the Scotch quality of never side-stepping a quarrel or of never knowing when they are beaten. (Applause.) They have come to America and they did not strike our shores by reason of their contact with Ireland quite so hard

as if they had come direct from the Land of the Thistle. They acquired in Ireland a certain dash and, if I may use the expression, deviltry, which the Scotchman did not get upon his native heath. They came to America. They came in great numbers before the Revolution, and next to the emigrants from England itself, they were the most powerful element of our population. They have always been Americans from the beginning. They helped establish the independence of the country. They helped make the nation; they helped preserve it in the Civil War, and there is no stock of men that has a prouder record, I think, than the Scotch-Irish. (Applause.) After this eulogy of you, which also includes myself (laughter), perhaps I have talked sufficiently long about the Scotch-Irish.

Darwin has pointed to America as illustrating his theory of natural selection. At the time when America was first settled, it was a very dangerous thing to cross the ocean in the little ships which they then had, to face the perils of the wilderness and meet the savages and wild beasts here, and these perils seemed even greater to the imagination looking at them from across the sea than they really were. Those dangers only made appeal to brave men. They had no attractions for the weakling and the coward. The result was that that appeal of danger sifted out of Europe the best stock of her people, and the early emigrants to America were made up of the very best men in Europe. So we have a splendid beginning. But in the course of time these dangers melted away. Within fifty years it became about as safe to cross the ocean as it was to remain at home. The perils entirely disappeared. There were no savages, and you could not find any bears if you kept off from Wall Street. It was entirely safe to come over. The appeal of danger was withdrawn and men came over for the same reasons that they moved from one town or city to another, and we did not have that uniformly high character of immigration. I do not know that you are interested in this line of talk at all, but now that I have entered upon it I will say that it seems to me America is not regarded as a great colonizing nation. A colonizing nation is one that sends out her children into distant unoccupied lands, and they form there a nation in the image of the mother land. America has sent out no colonists in that sense, but she has

shown a tremendous colonizing energy in another way. She is I believe the greatest colonizing nation in the world, shown in the way in which she has received people of alien races to those who first settled here, millions of people from the South of Europe, in the way in which she has received them and is making them over into her image. That is the way she is doing her work of colonization. We have in this country a motley array of races, every stem and branch of the Caucasian race, and yet somehow they are being moulded into one common and homogeneous mass, and that proves to my mind the great colonizing energy of our people. We hear much about the melting pot. The common idea of the melting pot is that we take an Irishman, an Englishman, a Scotchman, an Italian, and members of other races, put them in a crucible as they do the components of steel, thoroughly fuse them and mix them up, and then ladle out the product which is a standard American citizen. I do not take much stock in that idea of the melting pot. I think that the race traits will persist. It think it is a good thing that the race traits should persist, but if we are to have that standard American citizen in this product that is ladled out, I think you will find persistent there the pugnacity and strength of the Scotch-Irishman. (Applause.) I think we get a better idea of the melting pot in the general result rather than in the standardized American citizen. If we can have here under the influence of our free institutions and of our democracy the qualities of the races represented here in their original strength, if we can have the genius for political liberty and the strength of the Briton, if we can have the industrial efficiency of the German, if we can have those artistic and literary qualities of the Latin races of which Daudet said they have the gilded imagination of a sunlit race, if we can have all those things entering into our civilization, each race bringing forth and flowering out with what it has the highest ability to produce, then we are going to have in America in the final product the most splendid civilization which the world has ever known. (Applause.)

I think I have consumed all the time that is fairly coming to me this evening. I was invited to this banquet and it conflicted

with engagements that I had at home, for the Governor of Massachusetts is a pretty busy individual. The State is all there within a short distance of Boston. We have some four million people. There is not an organization that cannot lay its hand upon the Governor at the shortest notice, and the Governor is busy not so much with his official duties, not so much with listening to the virtues of gentlemen who desire to break into the public service, as he is in going about the State and in addressing various bodies of its citizens. When it was found that I could be here tonight the managers of the Society kindly changed the date of the meeting so as to give me an opportunity to be here, an opportunity which I certainly very deeply appreciate. I want to express to you the pleasure that it gives me to come to Pennsylvania and meet my old friend, Judge Stewart, to meet my old friend the Governor at the other end of the table, and other men, some of whom I have known for many years. That amply repays me for coming from Boston, and I assure you that I shall take back with me a great sense of pleasure and shall hereafter remember this meeting with deep gratitude to you all. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:

That the proper study of mankind in man seems no longer a strange idea to a searcher after knowledge. I have therefore a peculiar pleasure in introducing to you one who impersonates the newer scholasticism, a collegian, an educator, an authority, an administrator, a student, an expositor of social, economic and political problems, a successful member of too many university bodies to mention, though we claim him as one of us in affiliation with the University of Pennsylvania, the president of the University of Illinois, and incidentally I may say that when this gentleman assumed the responsibilities of that office there were 700 students, and now there are 7,000. I have the great pleasure of presenting to you Doctor Edmund J. James.

(The remarks of Doctor James were read from manuscript.)

DR. EDMUND J. JAMES:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I do not know just why I was selected as one of the speakers before a Scotch-Irish Society. I understand a Scotch-Irishman is a Scotchman who emigrated to Ireland or the descendant of such an one. I cannot claim to be in that category and yet in another and perhaps a better sense I may claim to belong to the Scotch-Irish group. More than two hundred years ago, to be exact in 1683—in the person of one of my ancestors, John Laing, of King's College, Aberdeen, I left the Old Country for central Jersey. A few years later in the person of another ancestor by the name of Doulin I left the southern coast of Ireland near Doulin's Point and made for the fastnesses of Westmoreland County, Virginia. Sixty years ago these two currents, along with others of Welsh and French origin, flowed together on the prairies of Illinois and I was the result—a true Scotch-Irishman, not a pseudo one like the most of you here, but one made up of an actual mixture of Scotch and Irish blood, with the good qualities of both, and not merely a Scotchman transferred to Irish soil, filled with Scotch prejudices and antipathies, ready at any time to fight an Irishman at the drop of the hat or the swing of the shillalah.

I will confess, friends, that I am proud of this hyphenated title which is subject to such severe criticism nowadays, provided only that it signifies descent and not loyalty. And I take it that all Scotch-Irishman in this country, whether in the sense in which you are Scotch-Irish or in that in which I am Scotch-Irish, are first of all Americans and that they look at questions of national and international policy from the American point of view. You will note I say from the American point of view and not from the point of view of American interests, since the latter expression is easily liable to misconstruction. In a large way and in the long run they mean, of course, the same thing; but we may sometimes lose altogether the true American point of view by contemplating too exclusively the point of view of American interests in the narrow sense. The American point of view is that of liberty and justice and equality of opportunity and mercy and fairness

and fair play and good will to men, first to those of our own household—or otherwise we are worse than the infidel—and then and no less to all the world. The American point of view may require us at any time to sacrifice American interests in the ordinary sense of the term and no man is an American unless he is willing to do this.

We are facing today a great crisis and the way in which we meet it will be a source of strength and power to us through all the years to come, or a spring of poison and demoralization for generations.

I may as well frankly confess that I am not a bellicosist. Notice, please, that the accent is on the second syllable. If you do not know what that word means I was about to refer you to the dictionary, but remembered in time that you would probably not find it there for I have coined the word myself so far as I know. If my great and good friend, the Colonel, for whom I have a profound admiration but whose lead in 1912 and on some other occasions I could not follow, may, like the householder of Scripture, "out of his treasure bring forth things new and old," among other things that delicious bit of virtu "Byzantine logothete," surely a humble man like myself may coin a word which he may use when none other is available. A bellicosist is a man, who, like St. Paul before his conversion, breathes forth threatenings and slaughter. I am not in that category. I cannot approve the views of Nietzsche and Bernhardt or of Ruskin and Carlyle who perceive in human war a great, beneficent and moral agency destined always to advance the right and to destroy the wrong, destined to develop the noble qualities in man and repress the base. Nor, on the other hand, can I agree with our extreme pacifist friends that war is always wrong, that there can be no such thing as a just war. I am a pacifist—notice I distinguish between pacifist and pacifist—in the sense that I should like to see human war disappear and the reign of law and justice and liberty take its place; and when "there shall be none to hurt or destroy in all the holy temple of civilization, for the knowledge of the Lord shall have covered the earth as the waters cover the sea."

But, friends, it is well for us who believe in the Scriptures

to remember that these holy men called prophets foresaw no time of peace until the knowledge of the Lord prevailed and His justice was done in the seats of the mighty and in the hovels of the low. And that time, alas, is for us and, I am afraid, for our descendants, far distant. It has been interesting to note the contest among the followers of some of our great leaders who are trying to decide which one discovered the fact that Ezekiel had invoked a curse on the watchman on the towers, who, seeing danger, did not warn the people. The dispute reminds one of a famous case in Ohio in the early days when a certain governor thought that it would be a very good thing if he could issue his Thanksgiving proclamation in Scriptural terms and so, with great labor, he pieced together many verses and parts of verses until each sentence was couched in words taken from the prophets and the apostles. On the morning after the proclamation appeared the opposition sheet came out with great headlines denouncing the governor as a plagiarist, saying, however, that while the editor was convinced that the governor had stolen the entire address from some source or other which he had read at some time in his life, he could not lay hands upon the exact document but would pursue the investigation until he was able to furnish his readers with the evidence of his statement. This was followed by an equally bitter attack the next day by one of the administration papers, denouncing the opposing sheet. The editor defended the governor to the effect that he was quite confident that the governor had taken no sentence or paragraph or expression from any other source as he was quite equal to writing this or any other document without reference to any other author, ancient or modern.

The American people have been living in a fool's paradise for the last dozen years. Since we fought the Civil War through to a successful issue and settled for many a long day to come that the territory of the United States would not be divided among two or more conflicting governments and proved in that contest that we were fully equal to any struggle, however great it might be, which involved the political unity of the American people, we have gradually come to feel that we were so strong economically, financially and physically, not

to say spiritually, that no nation or group of nations would be likely to attack us or be likely to disregard our interests, to such an extent that in our defense of those interests we should be obliged to attack the aggressors. We have gradually come to feel that with the growing wealth of our communities and our population and the increase of the prestige of the nation we would be at liberty to pursue our own ways, to develop our own ideals of government and social organization uninterrupted by the interference of other and more powerful nations. We have had a sort of feeling that in certain respects we were the light of the world, and that as this light increased the eyes of all the world would be turned towards us; that our fundamental views of human liberty would be gradually accepted by other peoples and that as we perfected our society and our government, the success would be so overwhelming that all the rest of the world would be willing to follow our example, and thus by living unto ourselves we would become a model to all nations.

Furthermore, we believed that the steady inflow of citizens from other countries, inhabited by other races and speaking other languages, would secure for us a world-wide sympathy which would facilitate immensely this position of leadership which we thought was so surely falling to us. The descendants in this country of peoples occupying other portions of the earth's surface would, such was our fond dream, be a source of union, of approach and of kind feeling between us and all these different peoples and among the various elements which make up our body politic.

We were, furthermore, inclined to the view that, in spite of the preparations which European nations were making, war on a large scale was no longer a possibility, that the development of kind feelings would keep ahead of all increase in international rivalry; and if this did not suffice to keep the peace, the development of new methods of destruction, so terrific in their actualities and still more in their possibilities, would not only make nations hesitate to go to war, but practically prevent them from taking such a step; and that we might, therefore, with perfect confidence look forward to an

uninterrupted development of the arts and conditions of peace throughout the world.

A study of history, of course, which we Americans do not much indulge in, would have sufficed to dispel any such extravagant notion if it had not been that we felt that we were living in a new era; that present circumstances were entirely different from any conditions that had existed before in human history, and that from the past, in this field at any rate, we could draw no lessons which might serve for our guidance in the future.

And then, suddenly, the Great War broke out. A seemingly trivial matter, looked at from the standpoint of world politics, set almost the entire civilized world in flames. This, however, ought not to have surprised us. Many great events date from seemingly small occasions. It was a very insignificant lamp which, by the kick of Mrs. O'Leary's cow, caused the Chicago Fire. A single small match, lighted and applied to tinder at the right time and at the right place in our old-fashioned American cities made of frame houses, could lay almost any of them in ashes. And the fact that the Great War seemed to start from a trivial incident, comparatively speaking, did not, of course, mean that in any sense it was caused by such an incident, for the great events that made such a cataclysm possible had been ripening in the course of the years and the decades.

This Great War suddenly surprised us out of all measure. It revealed the fact that no nation was afraid of war—on the contrary, that many nations seemed to court it with eagerness. And we saw one nation after another dragged into it for what seemed to us an absurd cause; not only dragged into it, but we saw them rushing into it seemingly without compulsion, as if attracted by some hypnotic power such as the flame exercises on the moth. We saw not only that all the means of destroying human beings up to the present time were to be employed, but that even more efficient agencies of which we hadn't dreamed until lately, and some of which had not been invented until after the war broke out, were to be discovered and used in this gigantic struggle.

So far from hesitating to go into the war because of the possible horrors which it would bring, people seemed to rather

rush into it as a sort of relief from a state of nervous tension which had gradually developed in nearly all European countries.

We quickly saw that treaties and agreements were to be of minor effect. The Germans marched into Belgium against the will of that unfortunate people; the Allies seated themselves, against the protest of the Greek Government, in one of the most important provinces of that kingdom; no nation hesitated to use its power or authority so far as it dared for the purposes of influencing or compelling other nations not interested in the conflict to go into it. We saw many people in some of these nations even resenting it very bitterly that the United States did not line up on their side in this conflict.

We saw, further, that the belligerent nations while professing to regard the interests of the neutral nations as much as they could consistent with their own interests, yet made it perfectly plain that there was no safe violation of international law which they would not be guilty of if they considered it necessary to their success in this contest. Germany insisted that it would blow up the enemies' merchant ships wherever found, even if neutral passengers like Americans were on board. England insisted on examining American ships, not only for contraband but for the purpose of removing from the ships citizens of the enemies' countries who might be traveling on them, even though their taking passage on these ships was supposed to guarantee that the protection of the American people was thrown about them. Germany declared an important part of the oceans of the world to be the scene of conflict and therefore practically under the regulations of the field of war. England extended the idea of the blockade through the whole area of the open seas wherever a vessel could be found which in her opinion contained goods likely to be of value to her enemies.

In other words, the belligerent powers showed disregard of the rights of neutrals as attested by international law up to this time.

Our protests, which we must admit were slow in coming, were met by polite rejoinders but with no change in policy except where other circumstances had made it reasonable and advisable.

It thus became pretty evident that the rights of American

citizens, either to their lives or their property, would not be regarded by any of the belligerents if protection of these rights really seemed to interfere with their possibilities of success. It became also pretty evident that no literary protests on the part of the United States would have any real effect on the conduct of this Great War, and that if we were to attempt to insist on our rights beyond written protests we were liable to be involved as a belligerent in this struggle on one side or the other, or perhaps on both sides at once.

And then it suddenly became plain that we were not in a position to protect our rights by force of arms, but should be obliged to accept the decision of the belligerents, limited only by their conception of their own interests in the matter of their fear of our ability to injure them by other than military means. It suddenly became plain, moreover, that this mixture of races and nations of which we had been so proud, this inflow of elements from all these different European countries which was such a testimony to the attractive power of the great Republic, contained the seeds of difficulty and trouble, possibly of riots and rebellion. We became aware that the origin of the different elements which entered into our population had much to do with determining their feeling toward the belligerents—at any rate in regard to the policy of our own government, and this thing which we had thought to be one of the sources of our strength revealed itself suddenly as a possible source of weakness.

All this was a great shock to the American people. It had the same effect upon them in a certain way as the sight of a precipice suddenly yawning before a traveler in the course of his journey would naturally have upon him. We suddenly realized that all this fair stretch of rosy views as to our present and our future, all our hope of realizing our civilization without having to struggle for it as other men have struggled for theirs, were vain and useless.

We found, moreover, that these belligerent powers each thought we ought to be forbearing to it, that we should sympathize with its views in the war, and when it became evident that we were in favor of taking a really neutral attitude, the public sentiment in these belligerent nations flamed up strongly

against the United States, and from being one of the most tolerated, if not one of the most beloved of nations, we have become one of the most hated. Influential representatives of the press of all these countries, except Belgium, have delighted in emphasizing the cowardly or sordid character of the American nation. Some of our own citizens think it is because we are too proud to fight and because we are unwilling to do anything more than protest in a condition in which our rights are regularly and systematically violated.

Whatever may be the reason, the fact is that we have suddenly awakened to the realization that in this modern world we do not count for as much as we supposed we did.

Now this might not greatly disturb our equanimity, particularly as we have become more and more self-centered as a nation and more and more able to form our own ideas and our own notions as to what is right and in accordance with them.

But the situation has already revealed the fact that any of the great nations and especially any combination of the great nations might easily attack us and do us serious injury before we could protect ourselves in any way; and it has revealed the fact, further, which was absolutely incredible to us before, that there is no probability that any first-class nation, feeling itself sufficiently aggrieved, would hesitate for an instant to attack us.

We have been piling up our wealth at an enormous rate. We have been enlarging and enriching our country beyond the dreams of avarice. We have been making here a most excellent and valuable depository of human wealth—all calculated to stir the hatred and envy of rival nations. At the same time other nations have been developing a military strength far superior to our own and unless the future is to be very different from the past in the history of the world, the further fact of our accumulation of wealth, combined with our inability to protect it, would be the greatest possible provocation to a people able and willing to fight and entertaining no scrupulous ideas as to the necessity of reasons for fighting which will appeal to the public opinion of the rest of the world.

As a result of all this, the most immediately pressing necessity of the American people today is to put itself in a position to defend itself by its own power—not by treaties with some other people, not by international understandings, not by neutrality guarantees, not by ententes cordiales, but by the force of our own power and our own vigor, to vindicate for ourselves the rights to develop our own resources and our own civilization as it seems to us good under a sense of responsibility to Almighty God. The most necessary thing for us today is to put our house in such order that nobody would think it an easy or even a possible task to make our country the basis of such conflicts as are going on today in Belgium, in France, in Servia, or in Poland.

In all this development our leaders in this country have, with few exceptions, incurred the just blame of lulling the mass into a false sense of security. No sensible man who knew the actual conditions in Europe and who has pursued them by personal observation was really surprised at the outbreak in 1914. He was only surprised that it had not come in 1908 and again in 1911. If it had not come in 1914 with the excuse then offered, it would probably have come in 1915 or 1916, with some other excuse. The certainty of some such great conflict as this was settled by all the conditions of the past ten years in Europe. But our watchers on the outposts of Zion have played us an ill trick and now in the face of a world in arms we must begin to set our house in order as quickly and as thoroughly as may be.

We have as a nation discovered three things all of a sudden:

First.—We were in a military sense at the outbreak of this war without defenses;

Second.—We were industrially dependent on Europe for some of the fundamental necessities of our national life;

Third.—We were commercially dependent on Europe for all our means of getting out of or into the United States of America.

In other words, we discovered what of course we all knew but few of us realized, that we had no ships of our own. If this war had been a real war on the sea as it was on the land, as the Napoleonic wars were, we should have had no way of moving our crops or shipping our manufactured products to Europe. We should have experienced a panic the like of which it would be difficult to find in all history; and would have been compelled to join one or the other of the parties to the conflict. It was England's complete control of the sea, and only that, which enabled us to remain at peace in 1914-15.

The present world conflict, for which we are not in any sense responsible, and whose burdens we ought not to have to bear, has created an acute situation which we must meet and meet promptly by temporary measures, if we must, but by the adoption as soon as possible of permanent and far-seeing policies.

The first and most immediate need, as said before, is a more effective system of national defense. I purposely speak of defense instead of national armament to indicate that the object of the increase of our army and navy is not aggression, but to enable us to maintain in a dignified, firm and effective manner our rights as a nation and the rights of our citizens wherever they may be, on land or sea, in the enjoyment of their lawful rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Whatever system we may adopt for the time being, it is certain that if the outlook for world peace at the close of the present conflict is as unpromising as it was for the ten years preceding its outbreak, and nobody in the world can tell at the present time whether it is going to be so or not, we must in the long run accept and make effective the system recommended by Washington and the elder statesmen and which was implied in the Constitution and laws of the country at its very beginning, of a universal liability to military service with no escape because a man is rich or busy or cowardly or lazy.

Nothing can save us from this except a World League to enforce peace, with power behind it and willingness to use the power.

In the presence of an armed world and the possibility of sudden attack, it is pure bunk of a criminal sort for any statesman or citizen to tell the American people that we can safely

rely in any serious exigency upon the so-called voluntary system. It broke down in the Revolutionary War, which we should have lost if it had not been for French aid; in the War of 1812, in which we attained no victories of importance on land until after the war closed; in the Civil War; in the Spanish War, and in a most striking way in the sister nation most like our own in this great conflict beyond the seas. If we ultimately have to accept some form of general military service, we shall undoubtedly work out our own scheme, adapted to the genius of our own institutions, but it will probably resemble somewhat that of other freedom-loving nations, such as Switzerland or Australia.

In any case, no matter what happens, we must first of all make it possible for the average American citizen to go about his business without the constant fear of possible disturbance which comes from wars and wars' alarms.

Second, we must immediately get into a position in the management of our tariff policy where we can protect efficiently and quickly the industries of this country from the sudden and overwhelming disaster which may easily come to them, or at least to a part of them, as a result of the terrific strife for the re-possession of world markets which will certainly be an outcome of the European struggle.

But, friends, we must go farther than this; we must accept the policy of a comprehensive and harmonious development of our American industries as a whole, so that we shall not be dependent upon foreign countries for any of the elements fundamental to our industrial prosperity. We must not see again what happened at the outbreak of this war—the serious laming of important branches of our manufacturing industry by the failure to secure essential elements in that industry which we might just as well have had as not, if we had been foresighted and energetic enough. God has given us a heritage vaster and more fruitful than any but a few of the most favored nations in the whole history of the world, and if it was not His purpose, and of course nobody can know what His purpose was, it is at least certainly the result of His bounty that we produce within ourselves all that is necessary to a high degree of civilization without infringing on anybody else's territory or pushing any-

body else out that we may get a place in the sun. We may properly thank God for it, but we can show our gratitude best by a wise development of its resources.

This means a permanent and wise tariff policy directed toward the industrial development of the United States which, by holding an even hand between labor and capital, shall secure to each a just return without taxing unfairly the consumer. An important element in that policy would be the right kind of a tariff commission.

Third, we must create an adequate merchant marine. This war has brought about a sudden change in national sentiment on this important subject. The average American, away from the seaboard States, has not been much interested in the question of whether the products he exported or the wares he imported went or came in American or foreign bottoms. He has persisted in looking at it as purely a matter of dollars and cents. If the foreigner could do the service for less than the native, let him do it, and let the native turn his attention to something else. But now, all of a sudden, we found ourselves in a most critical condition. The sea became uncertain. We had no ships, we could buy none from the belligerent powers; it took time to build them; and so our perishable products lay rotting on the wharves, and the more permanent ones piled up in all seaports. As suggested before, if this had been a sea war, as it has been a land war, we should have experienced a panic in the United States, the like of which we have not known in American history, and probably we should have been mixed up in the war ourselves long before this time.

We came, moreover, to realize what every thoughtful person has of course known for a long time that a naval power cannot be effective and comprehensive unless based upon a merchant marine. From the extreme of indifference we then rush to the other extreme. So frightened have we suddenly become that we are seriously considering a most remarkable proposition; namely, that the Government of the United States should itself go into the business of building, owning and managing a merchant marine. I have no doubt myself that if this is the only way out of the difficulty, we shall do it;

but what a commentary upon the foresight or rather lack of foresight and intelligence of the American people!

A definite, persistent, far-reaching policy of encouragement to foreign commerce is a natural and necessary complement of an intelligent tariff policy.

But, friends, these things which we have been discussing are after all rather the conditions of national life, than that life itself, and the question of furthering that life is the really great question before the American people. How are we to produce here in our day and generation a juster and better ordered national life? I am heartily in favor of stretching the arm of the Republic over every sea and into every land to protect the American citizen in his legitimate activities, and of doing whatever may be necessary in the development of an army and navy to enable us to do this. I do not believe, however, that in order to do it we must have the greatest army and navy in the world. I am in favor of helping every people and every land so far as we can to bear the heavy burdens which human life brings to all of society. With malice toward none, with charity toward all, let us help them as God gives us strength to help them.

But God protect the American people from such presumption as to imagine that it can go forth into all countries under the sun discerning the right and wrong and setting all things to rights; and may quixotism of all sorts be absent from our national policies.

After all, no matter how we develop our foreign commerce, or how we may help other nations in their necessities, here, in this country, is our great problem. God has not made us the arbiter of the nations. He has, however, given us the possibility of becoming the example. By solving the problem of securing a worthy human life here in our Republic we may show the rest of the world the way and thus help it to the realization.

It is an historical fact that during or in the wake of great wars many of the most important movements for human progress have been started. The great wave of popular emotion that war, with all its horrors, excites, often bears the people on to new heights of vision and achievement.

The present unhappy conflict in Europe has stirred popular feeling to its depths and quickened the religious spirit and the spiritual impulse throughout the nations. Its reflex is felt even here. This war shows that men will spend and be spent in warlike enterprises as in no other work, whether they picture this warlike undertaking as a work of offense or of defense.

Can we not on our part take advantage of this flow of the tide to do as much for the interests of the people and civilization as other nations are doing for destruction or at best taking their own estimate for it—conservation?

We are still utilizing the labor of children in our mills and mines under conditions which threaten the health and impair the future prospects of thousands of men and women on whose physical and moral development the welfare of the Republic will rest.

We are permitting thousands of women to be exploited in our shops and factories in a way which forbids the hope that they can fulfill acceptably the functions of wife and mother to American citizens.

We have still hundreds of thousands of employees who go to their work every morning, remain by it through the day and return at night with a rankling sense of injustice in their hearts that somehow or other their interests are not being properly cared for, that they are being sacrificed to other people and other objects.

The lessons of the Spanish War, the Japanese-Russian War, and of this great conflict in Europe are overwhelmingly to the effect that society by taking thought can add a cubit to its stature, can improve the health conditions of the great mass of the people, that it can diminish the death rate of some of our most frequent and most fatal diseases, that it can put upon a new avenue of effectiveness and prosperity thousands of people in the community who under old conditions were suffering from one form or another of microbial disease which lowered their vitality and impaired their efficiency. A small part of the money which we are now talking about investing in national defense against foreign aggression would avail to

save the thousands and thousands of lives in the bitter struggle between health and disease on the part of our citizens.

Hundreds of thousands of American citizens walk under the abiding cloud of fear as to what may happen to them if sickness, accident or loss of employment strikes them unexpectedly for the dislike of the poor house is still, thank God, a lively sentiment in the average American breast. Thousands and tens of thousands of adult American citizens are receiving less than a living wage for their services, however we may define the term "living wage," and however we may restrict its meaning.

No American community really secures today prompt and even-handed justice for the poor and unfortunate. The concrete justice handed out to the poor and defenseless in our lower courts is oftentimes a disgrace to our civilization. And it is little comfort to the sufferer that some rich man or corporation, able to press its suit to the highest jurisdiction, may sing the praises of our Supreme Court.

We have a complicated and expensive judicial system, with fifty different jurisdictions. If we had the requisite energy and insight we could save money enough here to put into operation a scheme of accident insurance covering the entire territory of the Republic.

So far as we are excluding the children from the mills and shops, we are turning them out into the streets—a doubtful blessing in many cases, for these streets are oftentimes as full of peril to their health and morals as the labor previously exacted.

We are inviting the poor and oppressed of all countries to enter our territory and become citizens of the State, but take no effective measures to educate them to the duties and privileges of American citizenship. Nay, we permit them to be mercilessly exploited by members of their own race and faith or by native padrones until the very name of America has become a stench and a byword in the nostrils of these people: and then we wonder that these man go back by the thousands to die in the trenches in Algeria or Macedonia.

We still permit the children of our Republic to find in large part their sole opportunity for an education in schools whose

equipment and whose teachers would be a disgrace to the days before the War, while in whole sections of the country not even these meager opportunities are offered.

We turn them out even of our better schools with no adequate training for the immediate and pressing need of earning their living.

We see the process of assimilating enormous numbers of immigrants slowed up or checked altogether by their concentration in certain places with no adequate facilities for helping them to become efficient and useful citizens.

To the extremely difficult problem of converting the children of our immigrants into citizens who may become bulwarks of the state we give almost no attention. These children are in a very difficult and critical condition. They inevitably lose touch with all the conservative and preservative forces in the country and in the civilization of their parents, and come with difficulty under the influence of the conservative and preservative influences of American life. They are suspended in a certain way between the culture of the Old World and that of the New, and are too often not affected by either or only by the worst elements of both.

We are doing practically nothing in a systematic way for the education of this large class of youngsters. They repay us by furnishing a disproportionate share of those who fill our jails and prisons.

In our blind efforts to prevent the rule of monopoly and the evil exploitation of the community and the worker, we have passed large numbers of laws whose provisions no one understands, and whose working no one can foresee. Then we wonder that business slows up and depression spreads almost throughout the land!

One thing is certain, if in our well-meant and perfectly proper, but oftentimes futile endeavors to prevent the abuses of large or small business, we paralyze the initiative enterprises of the average American business man, and teach him to look hesitatingly and inquiringly at the government for assistance or advice before undertaking any enterprise of moment, we may end by having no business at all, either large

or small. We forget that it is easier for a nation to go back than it is to go forward; easier to slide down hill than to move up the ascent; easier to float with the stream than to stem the current. And much of our recent legislation has been of such a character as to tend to destroy business instead of developing, protecting, strengthening, elevating and purifying it. We must of course maintain intact a high standard of business probity and punish those who by their acts tend to undermine or weaken it. We must thwart the purposes and check the course of illegitimate combination and monopoly.

We must maintain a sound policy of conservation of our resources. We must protect the laborer from evil exploitation, and the consuming public from domination by high finance. That, we all agree upon, as a result of our development in the last twenty years, and no backward step should be taken in this field. But we must also, on the other hand, encourage the energy, activity, and initiative enterprise of our leaders in the business world. Nay, by every means in our power, by stimulation, by training, by opportunity, we must develop these leaders, as on them no less than on the laborer depends the progress and prosperity of the community.

The welfare of our industrial army depends quite as much on the ability, energy and high moral qualities of its leaders as does that of the military force on its officers.

If an army looks at its officers with suspicion, circumscribes them in their judgments and decisions, and limits unduly their freedom of activity in general, court-martials them for every displeasing act, undermines and rots out their discipline, it needs no prophet or son of a prophet to foresee ruin and disaster for such a mob of men, for it shortly ceases to be an army.

The industrial army of a great nation is subject to like law. The able leaders of many enterprises are few and far between, and the difference among nations is largely in their ability to produce such leaders and in their confidence in them and in their willingness to follow them.

We should rightly expect of such leaders that they follow in good faith the underlying principles laid down in the laws for

the conduct of their business, but a wise nation will make as few restrictions in the liberty of action and thought in the industrial world as it can properly do.

Now, friends, why can not the representatives of this nation give more attention to these things and things like them, and less to how to get more money for some local post office building, or for the improvement of some stony creek? Why cannot our leaders in Washington and elsewhere give their attention to such pressing problems instead of to the best methods of extracting more pork from the national barrel; and, if some one objects that the men there are not leaders, but glory in the claim of being followers, mere representatives of local desire for participation in national appropriations, why don't we send leaders in their places?

It is an extravagant and foolish statement to say that our government is wasting in useless forts and dock yards money enough to build all the forts we need, or that money enough leaks out through the wasteful system of non-budget finance now in vogue to pay all the reasonable expenses of the government; but it is certainly true and no one can gainsay it, that enormous sums of money are actually wasted in both ways which, if saved, might go a long way toward defraying the expenses of an old-age pension scheme for all industrial workers.

We build a great nation such as ours line upon line, here a little and there a little, precept upon precept, and our Congressman and Presidents and Legislators ought to concern themselves all the time with these great problems instead of with the small things which seem to occupy the attention of many.

By all means let us look after our national defenses and look after them adequately, so that we can depend upon ourselves, be the architects of our own fortune; resting alone on our own right arm. But, above all, let us with every passing year make this God blessed country of ours a better country to fight for, a better country to die for, and more than all, a better country to live for than it has ever been before.

REV. JOHN B. LAIRD:

MR. PRESIDENT:—Much as I dislike to protrude anything into these exercises not indicated in the printed programme, every feature of which has been so wisely and carefully chosen, I have a duty to perform, and, as is rather unusual in my experience, this is a duty which I find to be a joy. I have been requested by the Society to bring to you Mr. President, this box and its contents, and to ask you to accept it as a token of the Society's high esteem for you personally, and also an expression of its appreciation of the faithful way in which you have discharged the duties of the office of President. It is agreed everywhere that your administration has been both sane and safe. I would not attempt to deceive you by leading you to believe that no one has ever before received any such token, neither would I venture to say that it is at all unlikely that it will be given to others in the future, but I can assure you that no one has received this who did not deserve it, and whenever you behold it you may regard it as given to you on merit. I was asked to present this, and was told to choose my own time. Some probably would think that it had better been done at the close of the meeting, but I believe you will be more comfortable when this part of the programme is over, as I know I will be. (Laughter.) It is altogether likely that there has not been a moment since you came into this room this evening when you doubted that you would receive this, and yet in this day, when traditions are regarded so lightly and broken so easily, when strange and unlooked for things are always happening, it takes a man of more than ordinary sanguinity to expect a thing to be done simply because it has been traditional to do it. There never was a day when the old adage, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," was more meaningful than today. I want to say that I feel also that it is appropriate to present this at this time because we have heard from the distinguished representative of New England, who, by his name, would seem to represent the Irish element, and we are about to hear from a simon pure Scotchman. As I look at this spoon I see that there is carved on one side the thistle, on the other the shamrock, and the two are clasped by a hand, the red hand of Ulster.

In all its history, the Society has never before recognized the profession which you so well represent by giving to it this high honor, and if it were not that I well know that you stand at the very forefront of your profession, yea, that you have brought distinction to that profession in a city which has long been noted for its distinguished surgeons and skilful physicians, I would be unwilling to entrust this spoon to you without some word of caution. (Laughter.) Because I recognize that we live in a utilitarian age, and I presume it is today true of doctors, as it happens to be of ministers, that whatever they receive, they immediately think of the use that it will serve—in the olden days when physicians dealt more generously with their patients in the way of giving large doses, I can see how this spoon might have been of great service, but in this day, unless you are good enough to still administer pap on some occasions, or it may be cod liver oil in ample portions, I scarcely see how you will use it. I would caution you when you come to dealing out digitalis and strychnine, those drugs of higher potency, to be careful in the use of a spoon like this.

In closing, if you will permit just a few personal words, I want to say to you, Mr. President, Dr. John B. Deaver, that I rejoice this evening that there are some things which we have in common. Dame Fortune was very good in giving to me the name of John B., a name that has become illustrious because of what you have done. (Laughter.) We are alike the sons of those noble sires whose virtues have been extolled this evening, and whose praises will be sung so long as the world shall stand. More than this, we are both children of Lancaster County, (applause), that county so rich in history, so marvelous in its products. More than this, we have both come from that part of the county which so early was possessed and settled by the hardy Scotch-Irish. Your home and my home was on the edge of that district which is provincially called beggar row. (Laughter.) Your father was a distinguished physician, the honored country doctor, the man of the old school. My father was simply a farmer. Into our home your father came not only to dispense those things which brought relief to our sufferings, but to leave the benediction on everyone upon whom his shadow fell. I say of that part of the county from which we came, its

name is not suggestive entirely of what it is, a district of which our late lamented Mr. Hensel, your friend and my friend, was accustomed to say that its soil was thin, its crops were poor, but it produced great men. (Applause.) In addition to the honor of representing this great Society in presenting to you this spoon, it is a peculiar personal pleasure of mine to be able to give you this as our token of our appreciation of the good way in which you have discharged the duties of your office.

THE PRESIDENT:

I accept this spoon, conscious of the feeling it conveys and of the memories that it will carry with it. This spoon represents a sentiment that in the heart of the true Scotch-Irishman shows that it is fully appreciative of the gift. It reminds me too that in placing faith in me and making me president of this Society, you have done honor to the medical profession in selecting one of its members. My dear Doctor Laird, I appreciate every word you have said in this presentation, and thank you kindly for your remarks. I can say no more to give greater expression to the depth of my feeling.

THE PRESIDENT:

Governor McCall asked me to say to you that he had been waited on by a committee in the Lincoln Meeting, and to pardon his going out, but he would be back. A particular pleasure attaches to the introduction of an unhyphenated Scotchman, especially since he came to this country at the suggestion of our friend, the late Honorable W. U. Hensel, who was charmed by the eloquence of his preaching. As a son of the country that gave to my profession, among others, the famous Hunter, Conrad, Lister, and the father of modern surgery, we of the medical profession pay him homage as a distinguished follower of one of two great callings. I have the honor of introducing to you a Presbyterian divine, Rev. Doctor MacGowan, of Lancaster, I was going to say practically the birthplace of America.

REV. ROBERT MACGOWAN:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I want to announce that Doctor Deaver knows nothing about me, so I have not such a reputation to live up to as the previous speakers had. I want to announce another thing to him, that there is iron in the blood of this people. I have heard, and seen it here tonight. But my first impressions of this Society were given to me at the dinner table of a popular seaside hotel quite recently. My neighbor, a very distinguished gentleman, if he will forgive me (he is here tonight), had just received his invitation to this banquet, and he became talkative. Like a true Scotchman I remained silent, knowing that I was coming here. He said two very fine things that gave me an idea of what to speak. He said that they had some brilliant orators at this Society, and I appreciated the compliment very much indeed, and he said that amongst them were some Presbyterian ministers who gave very excellent talks, and the strange thing was that they were just dry sticks in the pulpit. (Laughter.) You can be in a position to judge as to how I stand there after I have finished this talk. I invite you to come along and hear for yourselves. The next thing he said was this. He contrasted this Society with another of wide renown, whose membership he had dropped, because it had the evil tendency of decrying the work of the fathers, and he said that this Society stood for uplifting before them year by year the deeds of the great men of the past in war and peace, and at the same time doing more, the greatest thing of all, keeping in their minds the great character which those men had, and with which they were able to carve out America's greatness in her early years. If you do that you are giving your contribution, which is a very great one indeed, to the crystallization of this great continent into a nation, and if there is one thing which America needs at this moment I think it is just that very thing. You know the difficulty of the immigrant better than I do, but to me one of the problems is just this. This is never his land. He comes here to make a fortune, possibly makes it, and goes back home again. What we want, in my mind, is to do just what you try to do for each other here, to restate to that man the ideal of this

country in its best traditions, to help him to become identified with those ideals, and to encourage him to take his place in the great struggle for democracy. (Applause.) I have an idea that it is something the same with yourselves in the places from which you came. No matter how great you are, you are just a unit, an individual, but here you are a community, and you are trying each year, as I have said, to hold up an idea of character which made those men great, which made Scotland great and Ireland, and which made America great in its younger days, and which made you great too if you did not know it before. You know scientists are telling us today (men like Spencer believed it) that ancestor worship was the earliest form of religion, and there is just a little seed of truth which is too often forgotten right there. We need to cherish the memories of the parents in order that we may be able to honor them, uphold them, defend them, study them and follow them as they were followers of true greatness. The man who does not see anything in our past, or in the past in general, is the biggest enemy within our gates today. If we are to pay our debt tomorrow we must borrow from yesterday and the great men of yesterday.

I want to speak a little about this character. I do not want to take you too deep, and more than that I do not want to make you wade deep in words if I can possibly avoid it. I will try to state myself pretty plainly. You know nations must understand each other. One of the big things about our international differences is this, that we do not have enough of the international imagination. For example, I went to visit a Presbyterian clergyman just before I came to this country a little over a year ago. I had my stick with me. I like to carry a stick. (Laughter.) Some politicians in this country like to carry a big stick too. This is not a very big one. When I left him at the door I said "Oh, I forgot my stick." "Oh, my," he said, "you can't forget your stick, because you will need it when you get into the wilds of Pennsylvania." Just a lack of the international imagination, that is all! There is a lot of that in our great wars and in all the big differences that arise between nations, and a little sanity and sobriety is certainly needed especially in a time like

today when we speak so much about preparedness. People sometimes misunderstand the Scotch-Irish character too. They think they are all made in one mould. Are Americans all of one mould? Take the Southern man, take the man from Wall Street (whether he is a bear or not I do not know), take the man from the North and the man from the wild and woolly West, and they are all different. So it is with the character of the Scotch. There is the Highland man, and there is the Lowland Scot. There is the Glasgow Scot. Have you heard the Glasgow Scot speak? (Laughter.) There is the Fifer. I do not need to say anything more. When I say Fifer that is enough. He is very well known the world over, and a good man too. (Laughter.) I went from Loch Lomond to take up a charge in Fife, so I should know what these men are. What are some of the things I have heard in America about the Scotch character—said in kindness and in a joke? I want to bring out that Scotch character to you. It is like this. Scotland and whiskey are supposed to be almost synonymous terms (laughter), but I want to tell you this, that the true Scot today is no more the world's representative of an insatiable thirst. (Laughter.) Did you ever hear the story about the little boy Johnny in school? The teacher had been talking about climates, and she said that some countries were very cold and some countries were very warm, but Scotland had a temperate climate. At the end of the lesson, like a good teacher, she asked some questions, and of course she said "What kind of a climate has Scotland?" Johnny put up his hand. "Well, Johnny." Johnny forgot but he had a dim recollection of the word "temperate" and in desperation he said "Please, ma'am, a teetotal climate." (Laughter.) In all seriousness, there is something in it. (Laughter.) Do you know that Scotland is the only part of the British Isles which has a local option bill on the statute book of the British Parliament? Do you know that Scotland knows how to use it, and she has been working for it for sixty years, and the best brain and money of Scotland has been put into it? Some of us are proud of it. What is in the criticism, this thing about whiskey? The Book says "John came neither eating nor drinking." What was the criticism of him?

“He hath a devil.” (Laughter.) If a man does not do the one thing, he will do something worse. People have always been suspicious of intolerant narrowness. What I want to say is this, that this criticism evidences a side of the Scotch nature that was almost unsuspected by many, namely the Scotchman’s companionableness, not his conviviality but his companionableness. Right down at the bottom, if you take time to find it out, he is a right good fellow. (Laughter.)

There is another thing. The Scotchman is said to be very, very close-fisted and greedy. That is speaking very plain, is it not? A great multitude of stories have been told about this side of the Scotch nature. Here is one. A German Jew came to London to make his fortune but failed, as many German Jews and other kind of Jews do. Whether you are a Jew or not, you can do that sometimes. A friend of his own tribe met him one day and said to him “Jacob, you don’t seem to be making much money here. You are pretty down at the heel.” “Yes,” he said, “I can’t make anything here at all.” “Why not try Scotland? There is a good chance up there.” To Scotland Jacob went, and of all places under the sun he went to Dundee. (Laughter.) Jacob came back at the end of a year, worse than ever. His friend met him, and to his brief words of exclamation and astonishment, the expressive reply was, “Why, they are all Jews up there!” (Laughter.) What is in this criticism? The outstanding feature of the Scotch character right here is not that he wants a tremendous lot of money or a tremendous lot of luxury, not even whiskey. The Scotchman only wants the privilege to keep what he has. (Laughter.) I think it must have been a Scotchman who said (certainly I have heard my father say sometimes) “Yes, I have got money but I have got more, I have sense to keep it.” You have often heard of what old people in Scotland call the gripping senses. That is quite a common phrase in Scotland. No Philadelphian needs to be told that there are two or three kinds of grip, but it would be a very blessed thing for some people in America if they had an epidemic of this Scotch grip. What is it all for? Scotland with its rugged hills and its hard-won harvests has taught its sons to toil and save, and is there an economist here who will not bless that phrase? What is it for? I say not to get the thing for the sake,

of the thing itself. That is miserliness. But it provides the bigger freedom.

“Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant,
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.”

That is the meaning of the Scotch grip. That is what would make some of our poor a little better off than they are, if they just knew the principle of grip. (Applause.)

Again, the Scotchman is said to be so canny. You all know the phrase, “The Canny Scot,” and he is supposed to be suspicious of other people. Now, there is something in this too well worth copying. You business men and bankers know that pretty well, and sometimes we ministers have to know it also. What is in this business of being so canny and so suspicious of others? Is it not just the Scotchman’s natural defense against the questionable intruding of others? Is it not just in him that discreet sensitiveness to anything unfair or unwise, the thing that has made him a giant in banking and a wise speculator wherever he has been found to carry these things into effect? It is the principle of the man who, looking for great things, knows that they only come by an evolutionary process, and no fool dreamer of the world can bring these great things to pass in a moment for which we all long. When I was in Atlantic City, looking out through my hotel window, I saw clouds, and the sea underneath, and right in the heart of the clouds I saw a picture of the hotel where I was staying. I said, “How grand, the clouds passing and the sea wandering, but there, steadfast according to law and order is the building.” We must obey that in all our reforms, in all our doing, in all our progress, but there is more. The clouds and the wandering sea to me were like the dreams and ideals of men. They too are essential to us and to our welfare. If the country is to be made perfect in its growth, and if the end is to be what we dream, then it must be a combination of law and idealism. We cannot be extremists in anything. It was Wordsworth’s prayer in the *Excursion*, what the French Revolution taught him after the flush of his

youth was past, not to dream too much from men, not to hope too little, but to labor and wait for the coming of the things for which he prayed. Canny Scot? Who is the canny Scot? A man who keeps firm hold of the earth and looks upward. (Applause.)

But again, the Scotchman is supposed to be stolid, slow and dull. What need I say? If you are Scotch-Irishmen at all you are the proof that those things are not so. That is all. Stolid, slow and dull. Just what I have said, the Scotchman's brain has a peculiar way of working. Do you know the story about this Scotchman? Sandy was walking along a country road, deep in thought—meditating. It was his wife's birthday, and the minister coming along, touched him on the shoulder and said "Well, Sandy, I see you are meditating about the future." "No," he said, "I am thinking about the present." (Laughter.) The Scotchman's brain works just exactly as nature works. You go out to the fields and you do not see the machinery of nature busy. You do not hear the clank of any wheel at all. The curtain is never drawn aside for a moment. This is a peculiar fact about our race. Neither does the Scotchman speak out the process of his thought. His brain does the work in silence. You get the conclusion, and that is all you ever get. (Laughter.) That is what my American wife does not just understand sometimes. (Laughter.) You know that when a London lawyer goes to woo the far north for a seat in Parliament, he is a profound joke to a Scotchman. He comes up, and his standing joke is that when you speak to a Scotch audience, and tell your funny story you have to wait a considerable time before the audience sees it. That is perfectly true, but the Scotchman has not been thinking about jokes. These are only the asides—the non-essentials. The Scotchman has been thinking about the central issue all the time, and he will dog that man's steps until he gets there, and if he does not, woe betide him when the speech is done. For Scotchmen are great "hecklers." It is a hard job for a London lawyer to come before a Scotch audience. It is due to our education. You have seen criticisms in the papers about British education. Cut out Scotland when you come to

them. We are one of the nations that has outlived denominational difficulties in our schools. There are two Episcopal clergymen beside me. I want to say that right here, and we have one of the finest systems of education in this world, not even second to Germany, because our public schools are in the hands of the government. The doors are open, and all the people take advantage of them. What did it? Our Presbyterian Church. It was behind education in Scotland from Reformation days as it was behind education in this country. They built their schools, paid their teachers, kept education alive, and Chalmers, Guthrie, Rainer, and Hugh Miller, and men like those came from just such schools. What did they do when the government started its system of education? They took every school they had—remember, you denominational advocates, they took every school they had and laid them at the feet of the government, and said “Take them, and make them the basis of your great system of education.” (Applause.) They were not looking for a penny, and they did that with their big normal schools a few years ago, which now are among the best in the world. I tell you these things are due to the Scotch education.

But again an attack is made against the Scotchman's emotions. He is called calculating. That is true. If you want to make him a friend at any time, remember you have got to meet him half roads. He does not come and throw his arms around your neck. He does not tell you his family history in five minutes. He does not wear his heart on his sleeve. I am speaking for Scotchmen, not for myself only. The man who does these things is an incapable and an unfortunate and almost a fool. You remember Burns,—

“Aye keep something tae yersel
Ye dinna tell tae ony.”

Every man learns that he must keep strict guard over the emotions. The heart must never enslave the head. It is the only safe way. We have that to remember too. Cold and calculating in emotion! I want to say this, that this reserve of the Scotchman lends a depth, a purity, and a discipline to the emotions that is altogether new. Could I

quote from Robert Burns, James Hogg, Allan Ramsay, Robert Tannahill or Lady Vaive you would understand. Here are two verses from George Halket's song "O Logie O' Buchan" written about 1750:—

"O Logie o' Buchan, O Logie the Laird,
They hae taen away Jamie that delved in the yaird.
Wha' played on the pipe and the viol sae sma,
They hae taen awa Jamie, the Flower o' them a'.
He said, Thinkna long lassie, though I gang awa,
For I'll come & see thee in spite o' them a'.

Sae I sit on my creepie & spin at my wheel,
And think on the laddie that loes me sae weel.
He had but ae saxpense, he brak it in twa,
An' he gied me the hauf o't when he gaed awa.'
But the Simmer is comin', cauld Winter's awa';
Then haste ye back Jamie & bidena awa'."

When I thought of a subject for you tonight I thought I would take up a literary subject and try to sketch Scotch character to you through Scott and Burns. That might do for some other occasion. You think of Jeanie Deans in "The Heart of Midlothian" with her dear wrecked sister lying under sentence of death in Edinburgh, going to London bare-footed and with garments tattered, and getting into the Royal Gardens where Queen Caroline was. The plain lassie said, pleading for a poor unfortunate life, before the greatest queen in Europe: "When the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your Leddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low, long and late may it be yours! Oh, my Leddy, then it isna what we hae dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly."

There is the sacrifice of honest love. Is that emotion? Is that pure, undiluted emotion? What was the point I wanted to make out here? I tell you, men, I am Scotch, and maybe I am not in line and not quite up to date yet with American ways, but there is a flood of sensationalism spreading over this country in religion, in politics, in the theater and it is a downright disaster. Most of its exponents are simply mountebanks. That is about all. It is the cheapest dirt in the world.

(Applause.) If I believe in anything at all I believe in this, that your Scotch-Irish nature should be a check to that tide of absurd sensationalism. It is the mission of your inheritance as against the riot of the southern European blood.

If you will give me your indulgence for a minute or two (applause), my last thought is this, that the Scotchman is supposed to be too self-willed. Again there is something more in it than appears on the surface. Could I tell you a story about that kind of thing? Sandy was taken up for beating his wife. He was a bad fellow, and the judge, before he sentenced him, was giving him a very grave admonition. He said "Now, Sandy, you must remember that the woman is the weaker vessel, and you must not treat your wife like that." Sandy turned to him and said "Well, if she is the weaker vessel she should carry the lower sails." I do not know how the suffragists would get on with that story. What stories could be told on that point! One time, however, the Scotchman was not so dour. I will tell you this because it is a fairly good one. (Laughter.) Sandy had been very seriously ill. He was of a very billious character, and the doctor told him that he must certainly stop drinking whiskey before he could get better, and he would have nothing to do with him if he did not stop whiskey drinking. Sandy took the thing seriously, as he sometimes can, and he stopped it. This day he was walking along the road, thinking again, and the doctor meeting up with him said "How are you getting on?" "Oh, very well, doctor." "That is good. Well, come in with me and have something." The public house was beside the way. So they went in together and sat down. The doctor said to Sandy "What will you have?" "Oh, your pleasure, doctor." So the doctor ordered whiskey and soda. He drank it heartily, and after a little the doctor said to him again "What will you have, Sandy?" "Just your pleasure, doctor, your pleasure." So once more the doctor ordered whiskey and soda Sandy took it right heartily again. The doctor looked at him in astonishment and said "Sandy, I thought you had sworn off the drink, as I told you." "Aye," said Sandy "I did as you bade me, but a sick man must go by the doctor's orders."

What about this self-will and dourness? Here again you see the traces of Scotch history. This is a great thing. It can be traced right back to the days of Caractacus and his Druidical followers. It can be traced to the days of Wallace and Bruce. It can be traced to this, that Scotland has never once been conquered but by One—Jesus Christ. Burns has interpreted that beautiful spirit in our Scotch National Anthem: "Scotch wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Many of you know the great phrases of that poem.

"By oppression's woes and pains,
By our sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But we shall be free."

(Applause.) Scotland knows what it is to be in the throes of oppression just as much as Ireland does, and that spirit of staunch endurance Scotland has given to the world. A narrow thing? Why, a Scotchman does not just stand up and say that his nation has rights against every other nation in the world. You know how a man draws down his collar and throws out his head when he says it. (Laughter.) I have not very much sympathy for people who do that kind of thing. Maybe I am not long enough in America for it, but I know the good men in America are not of that type either. There are a few sober men, strong in heart and hand, who know the meaning of these great movements today. The Scot does not stand for the rights of nation against nation. He says:—

"To all the world I give my hand;
My heart I give my native land.
I seek her good, her glory—
I honor every nation's name,
Protect their fortune and their fame,
But I love the land that bore me;
I love the land that bore me."

He stands above all things for the rights of his own soul. What was the Reformation? Setting a nation free? No, to set men free first, free for the service of God and the right and freedom and truth. Freedom against tyranny in state or in church, no matter where it is seen, and that spirit is right in the heart of every true-blooded Scotchman yet. What is democracy?

Do you think democracy is a form of government or a system of law? Do not think it for a moment. If that is true then your country is to be classed with Mexico, for Mexico, too, is a republic. I was a loyal Scotchman once and I am a loyal American now. (Applause.) It is not that. Democracy is not that. Democracy is a spirit. That is why I tell you it has to be got through your colleges, your churches and schools, driven deep into the heart and life blood of your young people, until they throb with the living desire for the thing. It is a spirit which fears God and knows no other fear, a spirit which makes conscience the great authority, and which looks upon the rule of right as the supreme thing in all the world. That is democracy. (Applause.) I want to tell you that Scotland has given that essential thing to the world that can never be taken away from her name, has given, with her Irish sons—we all know how it throbs in their blood—has given that passionate love of liberty. We love it with a cry and an ache in our hearts. Some of you wonder why more people did not join the British Army when the call came out first. Scotland was too busy about good things to think about this bloody thing. I tell you we were not thinking of this at all. We were thinking of advancing social amelioration, of bringing together capital and labor. We were thinking of educational processes, of great movements in church and state, and when the call came, "Your king and your country need you," the people simply laughed at it. The king?—that meant nothing. Country?—it was a generalization to them. But when the government made clear to the Scottish people that they were fighting for the freedom of the individual against the pressure and tyranny of militarism, they could not hold back the university men of Scotland. (Applause.) My time is absolutely gone and my voice is almost gone, but I want to say that I have had a splendid introduction to America. I met two splendid people, two masterpieces of your country. The first was W. U. Hensel. (Applause.) My church sent him over with another to Scotland to interview me in Edinburgh, and ask me to come here. He was the direct means of my coming, and it was a privilege to meet American gentlemanliness in him. I have another, I married an American wife and she is a jewel.

THE PRESIDENT:

GENTLEMEN:—I am sure that you agree with me that the literary part of this programme has been a great success. My last official duty, and a very pleasant one too, is to introduce my distinguished successor, Rev. Doctor Jennings.

REV. DOCTOR JENNINGS:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—My embarrassment to-night in accepting this office is not that I follow a doctor. From the days of my first parish, when my church stood hard by a physician's office, I have been following the doctor. (Laughter.) Some wag put over the doorbell to the doctor's office this sign, "Press this doctor's button and the preacher next door will do the rest." (Laughter.) My embarrassment then in accepting this office as the successor of Doctor Deaver is not that I follow a physician, but it is in the fact that for the first time in my life in the exercise of my office I accept a live body from a physician. (Laughter.) I mean that as the highest possible compliment to my distinguished predecessor. He is accustomed to handing back to those who love them the bodies entrusted for the time to his care. (Applause.)

APPENDIX A.

[NOTE—The Report of the State Librarian for the year 1901 contains an interesting Scotch-Irish bibliography of Pennsylvania, and as the Society is occasionally in receipt of requests for such information, it has been thought wise to reprint this bibliography in order to make it more accessible to those interested in Scotch-Irish history.]

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APPENDIX B.

REPORT OF CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, TREASURER, PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY FOR YEAR ENDING
DECEMBER 31ST, 1915.

DR.

Balance from preceding year.....		\$581.67
Membership dues for 1915.....	\$496.00	
Subscriptions to 26th annual dinner.....	1,090.00	
Subscriptions to Professor Ford's History.....	30.00	
Interest on deposits.....	16.62	
		1,632.62

CR.

		\$2,214.29
Postage, &c.....	\$40.00	
Clerical expenses.....	30.00	
Speakers' traveling expenses.....	26.00	
Singer and accompanist.....	20.00	
Stenographer reporting dinner proceedings.....	25.00	
John Maene, carving spoon.....	40.00	
Hoover & Smith, silver plate for spoon..	10.00	
William H. Hoskins, engraving invitations.....	29.00	
Telegrams and telephone.....	5.95	
Subscriptions returned.....	5.00	
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, 230 covers, cigars decorations and music.....	948.60	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing notices and dinner plan.....	69.00	
Dreka Company, engraving menus.....	41.00	
Princeton University Press, 32 copies of "Scotch-Irish in America".....	64.50	
		\$1,354.05
Balance, January 1st, 1916.....	860.24	
		\$2,214.29

The above report has been audited and found correct, showing a balance of \$860.24 to the credit of the Society in bank, January 1st, 1916.

JAMES B. KINLEY,
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-

terminated 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.
 E. G. ALEXANDER, M. D..... 1627 Oxford St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM ALEXANDER..... Chambersburg, Pa.
 JAMES H. M. ANDREWS..... 502 South Forty-first St., Philadelphia.
 REV. C. M. ARMSTRONG..... Wayne, 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, JR..... Villa Nova, Pa.
 JOHN BAIRD..... Haverford, Pa.
 HON. THOMAS J. BALDRIDGE.... Hollidaysburg, Pa.
 JAMES M. BARNETT..... New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
 J. E. BARR..... 1107 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 DR. JOHN C. C. BEALE..... 41 South Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
 ROBERT BEATTY..... Coral and Adams Sts., Philadelphia.
 ROBERT O. BEATTY..... 461 W. 5th St., Erie, Pa.
 JOHN CROMWELL BELL..... 1333 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
 JAMES S. BENN..... The Union League, 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.
 SAMUEL R. BOGGS..... 1109 Melrose Avenue, Oak Lane.
 R. A. BOLE..... Pittsburgh.
 REV. J. GRAY BOLTON, D.D..... 1906 Pine St., Philadelphia.
 SAMUEL R. BROADBENT..... 3431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 FRANCIS SHUNK BROWN..... 1005 Morris Building, Philadelphia.
 J. CROSBY BROWN..... Fourth and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.
 J. WOODS BROWN..... 1510 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM LAIRD BROWN..... 1339 Cherry St., Philadelphia.
 REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D. 400 So. 15th St., Philadelphia.
 JAMES I. BROWNSON..... Washington, Pa.
 ROBERT J. BRUNKER..... 1000 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE
 (Honorary)..... 3 Buckingham Gate, London, S. W.,
 England.
 JOHN W. BUCHANAN..... Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
 HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON..... Pittsburgh, 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.
 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.
 RT. HON. SIR EDWARD CARSON
 (Honorary).....5 Eaton Place, London S. W., England.
 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.
 REV. J. W. COCHRAN, D.D.....Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.
 RICHARD E. COCHRAN.....York, Pa.
 A. J. COUNTY.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 DR. CLARK R. CRAIG.....331 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
 D. F. CRAWFORD.....Union Station, Pittsburgh.
 GEORGE W. CREIGHTON.....Altoona, Pa.
 ALEXANDER CROW, JR.....2112 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.
 REV. T. J. OLIVER CURRAN.....304 North Thirty-fifth St., Philadelphia.
- HON. JOHN DALZELL.....House of Representatives, Washington,
 D. C.
- WATSON R. DAVISON.....Waynesboro, Pa.
 CAPT. W. G. DAVISON.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 C. M. DAVISON.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 H. C. DEAVER, M.D.....1415 North Broad St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN B. DEAVER, M.D.....1634 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 JAMES AYLWARD DEVELIN.....400 Chestnut St., Phila., Wood Building.
 AGNEW T. DICE.....P. & R. Ry. Company, Reading, Pa.
 J. M. C. DICKEY.....Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
 S. RALSTON DICKEY.....Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
 JAMES L. DIVEN, M.D.....New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
 FRANKLIN D'OLIER.....Merchant and Mariner Bldg., Phila.
 J. S. DONALDSON.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 ROBERT DORNAN.....Howard, Oxford and Mascher Sts., Phila.
 HENRY R. DOUGLAS, M.D.....1806 Market St., Harrisburg.
 PETER S. DUNCAN.....Hollidaysburg, Pa.
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 RANDOLPH FARIES, M.D.....2007 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
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 Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM N. FERGUSON, M.D....125 W. Susquehanna Ave., Phila.
 WILLIAM M. FIELD.....1823 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 CHARLES A. FIFE, M.D.....2033 Locust St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER.....1012 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
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 W. H. FRANCIS.....Union League, Philadelphia.
 HUGH R. FULTON.....Lancaster, Pa.

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 ROBERT GARLAND.....Pittsburgh.
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 HARRY B. GILL.....328 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 HON. W. RUSH GILLAN.....Chambersburg, Pa.
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 WILLIAM A. GLASGOW.....Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
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 R. C. GORDON.....Waynesboro, Pa.
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 GEORGE T. GWILLIAM, JR.....Chadwick, Mo.
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 New York.

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 JOHN HAMILTON.....2300 Venango St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN CHAMBERS HAMMERSLEY...3336 North Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
 ROBERT S. HAMMERSLEY.....Front St. and Montgomery Ave., Phila.
 THOMAS L. HAMMERSLEY.....410 West Chelten Ave., Germantown
 WILLIAM HAMMERSLEY.....8 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM LATTA HAMMERSLEY...5818 Morris St., Germantown.
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 CHARLES HAY.....West Clapier St., Germantown.
 EDWIN R. HAYS.....Newville, Pa.
 THOMAS MCKINNEY HAYS.....1235 Third Ave., Huntington, W. Va.
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 HON. BAYARD HENRY.....1438 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
 HOWARD H. HENRY.....Fort Washington, Pa.
 JOHN J. HENRY.....Wissahickon Heights, Chestnut Hill
 Philadelphia.
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 W. WILLIS HOUSTON.....Seaboard Bank Bldg., Norfolk, Va.
 EDWARD M. HULL.....1016 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.
 A. L. HUMPHREY.....Pittsburgh.
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 THOMAS HUSTON.....Trenton Ave. and Dauphin St., Phila.

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AND

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OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA
SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY

AT

THE BELLEVUE-STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA

FEBRUARY 9th, 1917



PHILADELPHIA

PRESS OF ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT

Nos. 1211-1213 Clover Street

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MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.	

*Died 1917.

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING.

The Twenty-eighth Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, on Friday, February 9th, 1917, at 7 P. M., the President, Rev. W. Beatty Jennings, D. D., in the chair.

The report of the Treasurer for the year ending December 31st, 1916, was presented and approved (see Appendix "A," page 34).

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

President, HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON.

First Vice-President, MR. AGNEW T. DICE.

Second Vice-President, MR. WILLIAM H. SCOTT.

Secretary and Treasurer, MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

Directors and Members of Council:

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,	MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
MR. JOHN P. GREEN,	HON. W. W. PORTER,
MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,	HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON,
MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,	REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON,
HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER,	D.D.,
MR. JOHN D. MCILHENNY,	HON. HARMAN YERKES,
REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.,	HON. EDWIN S. STUART,
MR. SAMUEL REA,	*MR. JAMES POLLOCK,
REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY.
D.D.	

On motion, the meeting then adjourned to the banquet room.

The Rev. Robert MacGowan invoked the Divine blessing.

At the close of the dinner, the President, Dr. W. Beatty Jennings, spoke as follows:—

*Died 1917.

THE PRESIDENT (DR. W. BEATTY JENNINGS):

GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA AND GUESTS:—We welcome you to this twenty-eighth festival of self-congratulation and self-laudation. Other nationalities than the Scotch-Irish have done *some* things in the development of America and the world, but some things only, and there are still some things which men of other origin may yet do, but as Scotch-Irishmen we still have a great task to perform. We may help other men to higher thoughts, to nobler ideals and better performance in the world.

It is not infrequently the case that we ourselves derive profit from the reading of the history of our Scotch-Irish forefathers. Looking again the other day over Mr. Ford's History of the Scotch-Irish in America I got great help. One of the problems which I share with Mr. MacGowan and Doctor Cochran and Doctor Laird and a number of others here tonight is that of getting men to church and keeping them awake after they are there. It is a very serious problem. It grows more and more serious all the time. It is a problem which we have been trying to solve but thus far have found no solution whatever. In re-reading Ford's History I was reminded of the case of the Rev. Charles Beatty, who was an educated man but a peddler hawking his wares over this country. Stopping at the Old Log College he fell under the influence of William Tennant and decided to study for the ministry. Somewhat later he was chaplain in the little band of soldiers which Benjamin Franklin led out against the Indians in the neighborhood of what is now Bethlehem. As chaplain it fell to his lot to minister to the soldiers, to get them to come to prayers daily and to Sunday service, but almost in vain did he make this attempt. The men would not come, or if they came they would not stay, or if they stayed they would not remain awake. He spoke of his difficulty to Franklin, who made a suggestion. The soldiers were not only promised pay and provision but a gill of rum as well, and this rum was to be administered half in the morning and half in the evening. Mr. Franklin proposed to the chaplain of the regiment, who found difficulty in getting his men to go to prayers and to remain through devotion, that he would under-

take the distribution of the supply of rum, and make that distribution at the close of the prayers. It is sufficient to say that thereafter Mr. Beatty had no difficulty whatever in getting his men to come to prayers or to remain through the devotional hour. In this I have found at last a solution of my own long-time trouble. I am going to try that on the members of the First Presbyterian Church in Germantown and see how it will work, and if I find that it works then I will pass the secret on to you other gentlemen, who, like myself, have been looking for a solution of this problem.

It is with very great pleasure that I tell you that during the past year our Society has done one gracious and generous thing. On New Year's Day it sent the sum of 200 pounds, contributed by various members of the Society, for the support of the Ulster Volunteer Force Hospital for wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Belfast (applause), a hospital which at the time had a capacity of about 100 beds but in a very little while will reach a capacity of 600 beds. This gracious offering was sent by the Society in memory of John McIlhenney and in admiration of the splendid spirit of Ulster. (Applause.) A very fitting tribute to the memory of one whom all of us knew, and whom to know was to honor and to love.

We are honored this evening by the presence of several speakers in doing honor to whom we do the greater honor to ourselves. In order to hear them I, as your president, am going to throw away any thought of a speech which otherwise I might have made, and it is easy for me to do this because I happen to come first. I am able to do what Pat could not do. The priest met Pat as he was coming out of a saloon with a demijohn under his arm, and, hailing him, he said "Pat, what have you in the demijohn?" "Whiskey, your Reverence." "Whose is it, Pat?" "My brother Mike's and mine, sir." "Pat, show yourself a sober and good man and pour out your half and never touch anything to drink again." "Sure, I can't, your Reverence, my half is at the bottom." (Laughter.) My part of this performance is on top. I can do what Pat could not and very gladly do I make that omission. But before introducing the first speaker I do wish to say this one word. The hour has struck in the affairs of the civilized world

and of our country for the upholding of the Scotch-Irish ideals, for the manifestation of the Scotch-Irish spirit, and for the matching of the splendid sacrifices of our Scotch-Irish forefathers in behalf of freedom, right, truth and humanity. (Applause.) As citizens of a great and good nation we have seen mad militarism rioting in faithlessness and oppression and cruelty and blood. Bestiality armed as it supposes against possible hurt, has worked its devilish will, regardless of its sworn treaties, regardless of the rights of weaker nations, regardless of the holy helplessness of women and babies at their breasts, regardless of the principles of common humanity and in defiance of the reiterated protests of an amazed and indignant world, a shamed world too. And still this armored wild animalism greedily and clamantly riots in its orgy of drunken misdoing. Our own country with its nobler ideals and methods has uttered its protests, now gently, now more sternly, but gentleness has been construed as spinelessness and waiting as cowardliness. With almost infinite patience, patience bordering even on blameworthiness, and in the face of criticism at home and abroad, which was not wholly wanting in sarcasm and railery, our President—God help him and let us help him too—(applause) at last has broken diplomatic relations with the shameless offender and pledged the nation to positive battle upon the least further provocation. It is a solemn and careful hour for the United States of America, but Scotch-Irishmen have never been loath to give themselves to war when liberty and other rights of man were imperiled. (Applause.) The history of the Scotch-Irish in America has centered about three foci, education, religion and civil liberty, not three foci so much as a three-in-one focus, the individual man as God's freeman. Passing by the achievements of our Scotch-Irish forefathers in education and religion, let me remind you how much of that which was done by them was done by them in battle, in the Indian Wars, the War of the Revolution, the War of 1812 and later wars; and if God wills that in humanity's divinely ordained pursuit of the true, the beautiful and the good, we must again fight against retrogression and degeneracy, then we Scotch-Irishmen, true to the ideals and traditions of our ancestors, pledge here and now to our Country and its President, to our

brothers across the sea, to civilization, to humanity and to God our wealth, our arms, our blood, our lives. God in His mercy yet avert the awful battle! But our word is given and we stand ready if need be for the sacrifice. Scotch-Irishmen all are patriots, philanthropists, christians, lovers of peace, but lovers of peace with justice and honor even as was the Prince of Peace. (Applause.)

It is my pleasant duty and privilege to introduce as the first speaker one whose very name betrays him, and I have my long waited for opportunity to heap coals of fire upon the heads of the members of the clan MacDonald. It was a Scotchman and a MacDonald who wrote about a preacher these words:—

“The minister wasna fit to pray,
 And lat alane to preach;
 He nowther had the gift o’ grace,
 Nor yet the gift o’ speech.
 He mindit him o’ Balaam’s ass,
 Wi’ a differ ye may ken;
 The Lord He opened the ass’s mou’,
 The minister opened his ain.”

(Laughter.) It is not so and I call upon the many brethren of the cloth who are here tonight to rise up and testify with me that it is not so. Having to introduce a MacDonald, I am glad to take Biblical vengeance on him in saying that again and again I have sat at his feet and listened to his words, and never was there lacking in them a certain quality, a certain fineness, a certain spirit, a certain power that made me sure that his lips had been touched by a live coal from off Heaven’s altar. I have had my vengeance and I take very great delight in presenting to you as our first speaker the Honorable Doctor James A. MacDonald, of the *Toronto Globe*, one of the foremost citizens of the Dominion of Canada.

MR. J. A. MACDONALD:

MR. TOASTMASTER AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—I am in difficulties tonight. I have practiced neutrality for the past two years or more, whenever I have crossed the Border. I confess it has sometimes been difficult, but tonight I am up against it. My right to be here in this

presence has been deliberately challenged. (Laughter.) The crime that has been charged against me is that some time ago in the loins of my ancestor, I walked all the way from Petersburg, Virginia, to Philadelphia, and that, as my ancestor fought against the ancestors of some of the men of this Society, vengeance should be taken on my head. I am ready to be offered, but it reminds me of this truth, that you need to know all the facts before you express your opinion and dogmatize. It reminds me of the last time I was in London before the war. Everything happened either before or after the war. Before the war is all one time. I was in London at a time when there was political disturbance in Britain. There were two or three by elections on. The land question was the great question in British Politics. I say British Politics. I do not say English Politics. (Applause.) I say the King of Britain, not the King of England. I say the Navy of Britain, not the Navy of England. I say the Army of Britain, not the Army of England. I hope that the time will come when my friends of the press will know that England is not Britain, that Britain is not England, that England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales stand together, fight together and die together. (Applause.) That is not my story. I was at a dinner given to Mr. Asquith. Sitting beside me was a Harvard graduate, now a Baron I think. He had been up at a by election somewhere in the pit district in Devonshire. He was telling me his experience. We think in Canada and we think in the States that we have all the wrinkles that there are in an election campaign. We have not begun it. We do not understand the part to be played by a thorough-going heckler. This heckler—his interruptions—the fact that they are not opportune adds to their interest. My friend, who was a Canadian, was sailing on and doing very well in a free and easy way, but there was one man (not a Scotch-Irishman) who could not stand all the whiskey he had drunk (laughter) and he was interrupting the speaker. I will say this for the Englishman. I have not a drop of Saxon blood in me, thank God. (Laughter.) MacDonald, Grant, Cameron—thank God, three generations back, those were the only names. There is no Saxon in me. But this thing is true of the Englishman, he wants to see fair play, and one Englishman

got up as this Canadian was speaking. He said, "Don't you pay any attention to him. He is no good. He let his wife go to the workhouse today." That was pretty bad. A man who let his wife go to the workhouse would have to justify opening his mouth on that occasion, and this man wanted to give the necessary facts. Before you dogmatize and denounce a man you must know the facts, and he steadied his index finger as well as he could and said, "Don't you blame me till you see the Missus." (Laughter.) It is true that every drop of blood in my body is Scotch blood, I mean Scotch blood, Celtic blood. It is true my ancestors before 1776 left the Highlands of Scotland and came to America. It is true that my great-grandfather, Ian MacEwen Oig, fought for Prince Charles Edward Stuart at Culloden. It is true that thirty years after that he carried the same broadsword for King George of the House of Hanover in North Carolina. It is true that he lived at the Cape Fear River District. All that is true, and tonight I express no regret. Why? Why was it that so many of those Scotch people, speaking Gaelic, 40,000 of them, came up the Cape Fear River, settled in North Carolina, taught Gaelic to the negroes of the State, and that to this day twelve or more counties of North Carolina are as Highland Scotch in their blood, in their sympathies, in their interests, in their ideals, in their models, as any community in Canada, Glengarry or Bruce, or any community of the Highlands of Scotland that I know of? Why did so many of them fight on the Royalist side? Because they loved the House of Hanover? Not an atom. My ancestors had no more attachment to the House of Hanover then than they had thirty years before on the Battlefield of Culloden. Why did they fight on the Tory side who were not Tories? I thank God I have no Tory blood in my veins, and I see to it that there is no Tory blood flowing in the generation coming after me, but why did they in that spasm of their life, those Highlanders in North Carolina, fight on the Tory side? I will tell you why. They fought for Prince Charles Edward Stuart at the Battlefield of Culloden, and as many of them as fought there, my ancestors and Flora MacDonald and her breed, had to take the oath of allegiance to the House of Hanover, and that oath held thirty years after.

Yes, even after they had crossed the Atlantic, that oath held. Against their interests (because they lost everything for the House of Stuart in Scotland, lost everything for the House of Hanover in America,) they fought on both sides and lost for both. But why? Because they had taken that oath of allegiance. The time has come in America, the time has come in the United States, the time has come all over the free and just and law-abiding world when no man needs to make an apology, no man needs to express regret if all the blood in his veins is drained from the hearts of men who at the crisis of their personal experience and to their own loss and to their own hurt, were loyal to a scrap of paper. (Loud applause.) In our day this awful calamity to which you have referred would not have come to the world had the nations of the world and the leaders of the nations been loyal to their own treaties, been respectful of their own laws, been true to themselves, to their own histories. And I, for one, stand in this presence and say I thank God that Ian McEwen Oig, loyal to his oath, fought for the House of Stuart in Scotland, and fought for the House of Hanover in America, and that men of my breed and blood have gone to the Somme, to the battle fronts of France and Flanders, because they believe in the right of a free people to govern themselves. (Applause.)

Here we are Americans all, Scotch-Irish Americans and Canadians, I also am an American. We Canadians share with you responsibility for the honor, for the integrity, for the good name and for the service of the North American Continent. (Applause.) Real unity is not the unity of blood. Real unity is not the unity of territory. The real unity of nations of men is the unity of ideals. (Applause.) Men in Philadelphia whose blood is not my blood, whose blood is Teuton blood, hold as strongly as I do to the idea of the right of a free people to govern themselves, and no matter who is president or what the government might say or the government might do, they have never been neutral in this conflict because in the conflict of world ideas there is no neutrality of mind, and there has been no neutrality in this Republic. I know it. North, South, East, West and Middle, there can be no neutrality. You are with us or you are against us. You are with them or you are

against them. The issue is clearly drawn. We take sides. There is no neutrality, whether or not you enter this war—and I have prayed God you might not have to—I speak for myself. I speak as a Canadian but I only repeat the words of a man who has spoken Britain's great words for the past year. Our hope was that in the defense of your honor you might not have to enter this war. We had hoped that the democracy of the United States might line up with us on the other, the real battlefield, the battlefield not of brute force but of world ideas, the battlefield which yet must be crossed, where the ideas of freedom, of justice and of law contend against slavery, against injustice, against lawlessness. On that battlefield of great ideas we had hoped that this Republic might stand with the British Empire for the ideas of justice, of law and of peace. But if it is God's will that this Republic must enter this world war as a war power, I hope that the price may not be as great as for two whole years we have paid and England has paid and Scotland has paid and Wales has paid and Ireland has paid and France has paid and Belgium has paid. But we stand erect for justice, not for America alone, not for Canada alone, but for all the little peoples, for Belgium, for Poland, for Servia and for crucified Armenia, for all the little peoples whose crime was that they were innocent or that they were small. (Applause.) Here we are. We Canadians stand lined up with you men of the United States and with the free nations of America, yours the oldest of them all. One hundred and fifty years ago by your fathers was a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that a free people have a right to govern themselves. One hundred years ago Mexico also struck for independence from Spain. I was one of the representatives, along with two men or more from Philadelphia, who were the last of the guests of the Diaz Government. Has Mexico made good her declaration of Independence? If not, why not? Fifty years ago the colonies of Canada were given the British North America Act that made British North America a free nation, governing itself, and this is the distinction of your neighbor on the northern border, the first colony of any empire in the world's history, absolutely the first colony of any empire in the world's history that rose from colonial dependence

to national self-government without revolution, without separation and without sacrifice. (Applause.) Mark my words, the first colony of any empire in all the world's history that came to national standing, to nationhood, without revolution, without separation and without alienating themselves from their own historic background. That is something that Canada has added to the Declaration of Independence. The men of 1776 were never truer to their British breed, their British blood, their British ancestry, their British ideals, than when they stood for the right of the Colonies of America to govern themselves. (Applause.) Chatham and Burke, the leaders, the modern men of the Britain of that day, saw the issue. Chatham said, "If I were an American as I am an Englishman, while foreign forces were landed on my shore I would never lay down my arms, no never, never, never." He spoke the real sense of British freedom in 1777. Burke and all the leaders, men who yearn beyond the skyline where the straitened roads go down, were true to the Anglo-Saxon idea that is older than America, that is older than Britain, which runs back through fifteen hundred years. Men who stood for the right of people to govern themselves brought that idea to Britain. From Britain it came to America. The Celts had their own type of democracy and it is Celtic and not Anglo-Saxon. It is Anglo-Celtic civilization. It is Anglo-Celtic ideas. It is Anglo-Celtic life that has permeated this Nation, that has left its impress on Canada, that has shot over the world, and why? Because they loved the right of self-government. It was for freedom they fought. It was for freedom that they died, the freedom that is our inheritance and that we are called upon before God and humanity to defend and to justify today.

Canada joins with the United States in a far greater achievement than any achievement that has been won or that ever shall be won in this great war. All men know that men of the British breed can fight, English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh. On a thousand battlefields it has been proved, but here these two nations have done a thing that is without precedent and without parallel. Holding this Continent from the Mexican Border to the North Pole, both nations free, each nation governing itself, and for more than one hundred years that unarmed,

peaceful boundary line between us twain. (Applause.) God's sun today crossing this continent, rounding the world, has looked down upon no other boundary line between two great nations like that boundary line, a thousand miles from the Atlantic up a great river, a thousand miles across inland seas, a thousand miles from Lake Superior across the open prairie to the foot hills of the Rockies and a thousand miles across the great sea of mountains, and nearly a thousand more from the Pacific across to the Arctic, more than four thousand miles where nation greets nation, flag salutes flag, sovereignty answers to sovereignty. More than four thousand miles, with never a battleship, never a fort, never a gun, never a sentry on guard. (Applause.) These two nations have stood in Christianized, civilized internationalism, and Europe all the time paving the way with stones that would cut the feet of 40,000,000 of men, her boundaries bristling with bayonets, her ground soaked in blood. America stands up to suggest to Europe a more excellent way, but it cannot be Europe's, it cannot be the world's, it cannot be theirs and it cannot continue to be ours until the basis of our internationalism is justice to all peoples, law for all nations, peace and prosperity for all. Whether we go to the battle front or stay, our interests are not in men because of their blood but in men because of the ideas they represent, the convictions that impel them to duty, the purposes for which they give their lives. My word to you, men of Pennsylvania, with your Ulster ancestry and your Ulster blood, is this, not for America, nor for North America alone, but for the world, for the little peoples. Oh, believe me, the law of justice, of international good will, is the absolute law of human life.

The other day I was sitting in my office, looking across the street, thinking about international affairs, and on the Dominion Bank Building opposite I saw a man at work, a window-cleaner. He had a wide strap around his waist, and that strap was secured to a girder inside. He moved about that window with the very greatest care. A newsboy came in with the afternoon papers. I said to him "What makes that man so particular about those windows?" The boy said to me "A man did that two or three years ago and he made an awful mess

on the sidewalk." I said to him "Why should he fall down? Why didn't he fall up?" He said "Things don't fall up, sir. They fall down." Then he began to recite to me, I think he must have learned it in a night school, something about the law of gravitation. There you have it. The law of gravitation was law in the material world from the very beginning. It was law. It was not made law, it was law. When Adam and Eve watched the apples in the Garden of Eden fall, when Newton puzzled the scientific world, he had been sitting in his orchard and saw the ground littered with apples that had fallen. Things did not fall up, they fell down. They always do. Why? It is the law that all particles of matter over all the material universe are in relation to all the other particles of matter, attracted, repelled, and the atoms float in the sunbeams and the stars swing their way through infinite space. It was law from the very beginning. It shall continue to be, and in obedience to that law the window-cleaner moves along the sixteenth story. In obedience to that law the man in the submarine goes 600 feet under the surface of the sea and the man in the airship goes 12,000 above the ground. Why? They respect the law that they did not make, that parliament did not make, that the king did not make, that the president did not make. That is law, was law and always shall be law in the physical universe. We need to remember this. We as men and we as nations need to know this, that there is an eternal law, an immutable law, an unchanging law that is the law of men, that is the law of nations, that is the law of human society. The law that holds human society together is the law of goodwill, as absolute, as unchanging, as sure as the law of gravitation. It is the law of goodwill. It was the law of God, the law in Eden. When Cain rose up against it and said "Am I my brother's keeper?" he was his brother's keeper and he paid the penalty, and that law has carried its penalty all through history and it is the law now. It is the law for nations as well as for men (applause), and no nation can sin against that law of goodwill and not pay the penalty. No man can sin against the law and remain under the law and not pay the penalty. The strifes, the confusions in human society, in the family, in city, in county, in the nation, among the nations, are the results of men who fool with the

eternal law, and the nation makes a mess on the pavement of the world. When Bernardi crossed the United States to prepare those who heard his words for the coming of this war, in Cincinnati, in Los Angeles, and across through these States, he foretold this war. He read to them "Law is a makeshift. The only reality is force. Law is for weaklings, for weak men, for weak nations. The only power is force," and he would make those who would listen to him in this Republic believe that law is a makeshift, a scrap of paper. Somebody has to pay the price. Somebody is paying the price now. It is not simply the man who sins against, who transgresses the law, it is the innocent passer-by, Belgium, on the pavement below. But God is God. The law remains and in the end of the day those who stood for goodwill, even though it cost them all they had, they will be justified. (Applause.) Stand for the rights of free people to govern themselves. Let America, the United States and Canada, these two free, just, law-abiding peoples that have kept the law through these hundred years, eight millions on one side, one hundred millions on the other, power on one side, no army, scarcely the skeleton of a militia, no navy. Canada with only a handful of volunteers has sent more than 350,000 across the water and will send if need be 150,000 more, and all the nation, men, women and children, organized for service. (Applause.) What did they do in Toronto when the Civic Campaign was on for four days to raise money to minister to the needs of those whose men were at the front, for the Red Cross and patriotic bodies? Last year in four days the City of Toronto gave a million and a half. (Applause.) The week before last, from the bankers down to the little Jew boys and Italian boys, aliens and strangers from every land of Europe, they gave three million and a quarter in four days. (Applause.)

Men, my word is this. You may never go to the front anywhere. You may not have to go to the front, but we are all in the battle where truth tells, where ideas tell, where love serves and the law of the world's goodwill is the bond of the world's peace. Love after all is more than force. Love is greater than brute power. Love after all holds these peoples and nations together. Back of it all, back of all our confused international

politics, it is our common ideas, common faith and common love that hold Canada and the United States together. I remember, and with this I close, just before the war began, being down salmon fishing. A few men in this presence tonight prick up their ears when a man talks about salmon-fishing, salmon-fishing on the Humber River in Newfoundland, and if you have never fished for salmon and never caught salmon on the Humber River in Newfoundland, do not hurry to get to Heaven because there is something worth while on earth. (Laughter.) I went salmon-fishing up the Humber River with Henry VanDyke. Henry VanDyke can cast a fly. It is a poem in itself. I may have caught as big a salmon as he did but he could beat me casting a fly. All day long we cast flies and had salmon up at the Big Falls on the Humber River, seventy-five miles up, where salmon come from the sea, where they make the leap, ten feet, twelve feet, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen feet. I am telling you on my honor as a newspaper man and a newspaper man never lies. I saw them make a leap up fifteen feet, as I went seventy-five miles further up on the salmon spawning ground, rooting for them as I had not rooted for anybody since I was rooting for myself on the football field at the University of Toronto. All day perhaps one in a hundred would get it. All day long we watched it. Forty-pounders lifting themselves with great dignity half way out of the water and sliding back. Little ones and those who took life seriously, 18-pounders, 20-pounders, 25-pounders, making the leap. Once they got the current, up the current they went like submarines. All day VanDyke and I watched them. Then at night on top of a rock three or four hundred feet high (four hundred feet is high enough I guess—ask VanDyke, he has got the book), (laughter) when our camp was around the Big Falls, 250 or 300 feet wide, and with the long call of the bull moose dying away in the evening, there under the starry sky we sang college songs. VanDyke had his and I had mine and Warburton had his and VanDyke's son had his. Warburton is a Methodist, a Wesleyan from England. He hit up an old Wesleyan Hymn. I am a Presbyterian and so is VanDyke. There was nothing really dignified and majestic enough to suit the occasion, so we raised the Ninety-third Psalm, "The floods have lifted up, O Lord,

the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lifted up their waves." The Ninety-third, the Ninety-fifth, the One hundred and Twenty-first, all those Psalms we sung. Then I began to ask VanDyke about Tennyson. I remembered when I was a student at the University twenty—make it more than that if you like—years ago, I read an article by Henry VanDyke in the *Princeton Review* on the poetry of Tennyson. I remembered I reviewed a book of Henry VanDyke's on the poetry of Tennyson after I got in newspaper work, so I asked him about Tennyson. He told me about the last visit he made to Tennyson two or three weeks before Tennyson died, at Tennyson's home in Surrey when they spent a week together there. That is another story, but when VanDyke was leaving on Monday morning, Tennyson presented him with a copy of his photograph. An inspiration came to VanDyke, as often comes to men with seeing eyes. He turned the photograph back to Tennyson and asked him to write his name on the back of it and to write there the lines from his poetry that he wanted to have live if everything else died, the lines he wanted thousands to love and remember if they forgot everything else. I have sometimes asked university men "If you had been Tennyson and written all that wealth and wonder, and had been asked to put on your photograph the lines that were your message, your words to the world that you wanted to have live, what would you have written? Would it have been from In Memoriam, from Idylls of the King, this, that or the other?" This is what Tennyson wrote, after his fourscore years of brooding upon life and its uses and its deep meaning and its great purposes—these two lines from Locksley Hall.

"Love took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that trembling passed in music out of sight."

There was his message. There was his word to men, to the younger English-speaking world, to you and to me today, that the greatest power known in the social zone, in the national zone, in the international zone, in any zone of human life, is not force, it is love.

"Love took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with might
Smote the chord of self,"

the chord that makes disharmony and discord in the city, in the nation, among the nations, self-consciousness, smote the chord of self that trembling passed, but passed in music out of sight. There is no power, says Tennyson, but the power of love that can take up the jangled and broken harp strings of life and touch them so that self-consciousness passes away in music. Oh, men, we may not fight, but we can love, we can serve for love's great sake, and when this ghastly nightmare is over, love must take up the harp of international life, so broken, so spotted with blood, and strike the chord of international self until the war drum throbs no longer and the battle flags are furled in the parliament of man, the federation of the world. (Loud Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:

GENTLEMEN:—Mr. MacDonald was too modest to tell you of the part which his great newspaper, the *Toronto Globe*, and the part which he himself as editor played in Toronto's raising a few days ago of its additional \$3,500,000. I have now the added pleasure of presenting to you the second speaker of the evening. Belgium's cry has come to the end of the earth and has touched the heart of the world. Nobly has warring Great Britain responded to Belgium's cry for help. It is simply amazing the amount of money which troubled Great Britain has poured out for the relief of Belgium. Not yet have the United States in our ease begun to appreciate, much less have we begun to approach the amount in generous gifts for Belgium which England has poured out. We have with us tonight, and all Philadelphia delights to do him honor, a man, thank God an American, who has not only given his money and thought and time, but has given himself to the relief of suffering Belgium. Our next speaker, Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, is the prince of American givers and as such I present him to you. (Loud applause, the company rising.)

MR. HERBERT C. HOOVER:

GENTLEMEN:—Your chairman has misrepresented me. I aspire to no title of prince of givers. I aspire to the title of prince of beggars. (Laughter.) I am not going to take your

time to tell the whole story of Belgian Relief nor going to ask you for money tonight. I am going to ask you for service greater than money—to ask for your support to a great cause. Ours is a simple story of an institution dedicated to self-sacrifice, to save life, not to its destruction, a body unique in history because created by agreement of all the belligerents in this war, because of the overpowering necessity to stem the greatest possible catastrophe of this war. Our Ambassadors and Ministers acting under our government initiated this institution, but by necessity left it to a small body of volunteers to organize its finance, shipping, distribution of foodstuffs to 10,000,000 people, an organization that has grown today to an army of 55,000 volunteers. It has received the support of the whole of the world and the support in the terms of quantities greater than ever came to any institution before. Up until tonight we have spent upwards of \$260,000,000 in saving lives of the French and Belgian population under occupation by the German army. (Applause.) The commission for relief in Belgium is not wholly a charitable organization in the ordinary accepted sense. It is a great economic engine supported voluntarily by the best of brains in the banking world, the commercial world, the manufacturing world, the world of devotion and self-denial. It designs not altogether to care for the destitute but also to care for the well-to-do by enabling the well-to-do to help themselves. It is an implement of self-help to a whole nation. These people comprise in the first instance 7,500,000 in Belgium. Of that number one-half are destitute and that half must live on charity. Up until tonight we have spent over \$100,000,000 providing that mass of people with bare subsistence in benevolence. In addition to that sum, which is the sum which appears on our books, the Belgians in Belgium have provided upward of \$50,000,000 out of their own slender resources to supplement that amount. (Applause.) The well-to-do in Belgium have paid for their food and with the assistance of their banks, their government and the Allied Governments we have been able to translate the forms of payment which they have made into a debt for redemption after the war. Of the money spent upon the destitute about \$30,000,000 has

been received from the charitable world. Of that amount \$15,000,000 have come from the British Empire by voluntary gift, \$9,000,000 have come from the United States. The balance has come from many nations. Of the \$70,000,000 which I have yet to account for to you the British and French Governments have each advanced one-half to the Belgian Government without interest, possibly without re-payment. (Applause.)

In addition to the Belgian population we have also the responsibility of 2,250,000 people in the North of France. The original population in that area was over 3,000,000. The men were mobilized out so that the great mass of those still remaining are women and children. The entire cost of the support of those people has been borne by the French. Every month they have placed at our disposal the sums which we demanded, today \$7,500,000 per month, but with one condition and that condition has been that France wishes no charity. France wishes to carry the burden of her own people. (Applause.) France but asks of the Americans that they should furnish the implement through which they may support their own.

I have the feeling that our own countrymen have not done all that they might have done. I have a recollection of having made a visit to Glasgow early in the war, among people from whom you are yourselves descended. It is a city of the same population as Philadelphia, and despite the reputation of the Scotchman for closeness, Glasgow has given to us upward of \$1,250,000. (Applause.) That is one dollar for every person in the City of Glasgow, and in addition to that they have carried the burden of the war and the hundred other charities which have followed upon it. We in America have stood apart from this war. It is true it is not our war but it is true that we have an obligation growing out of it. It is not for me in the position I hold to discuss any of our political obligations but I can mention this one. There is an obligation of every rich man to the community. There is a stronger obligation of a rich nation to the world community and that obligation is redoubled if its wealth has been increased from the miseries of the rest of the world. I believe that we have a right to ask the American people for support in this work of an order, a size and

a volume such as has never yet been for any charity, not only because charity is needed but because it is a national burden which we assumed. We are asking now that the American people should provide a minimum of \$1,500,000 a month to support our budget and even this I feel less than we should do. We are asking in fact for one and a half cents per capita per month, this money to be used solely to provide an extra meal, a supplemental meal for children in the public schools of Belgium. It is not much to ask. It is our duty to find it. This Commission for Relief in Belgium has been founded by and has been directed by Americans. It has set a standard and ideals of its own. It had thought to demonstrate in Europe that not all our people were fishers for a profit in a pool of blood. We had thought to throw a gleam of sunlight into a sweltering dungeon. We had thought to prove that great strain of self-sacrifice which we know built and maintained this republic, but today we feel failure at our door.

This is an American institution. It becomes an American duty and should be an American pride to support it in the measure of our wealth and of our people. I and my 200 American colleagues have given our time, we have given our lives and our sacrifice to this work, and yet the obligation on every gentleman here present is as great as it is upon me. (Applause.) I do not come before you to ask your help on any ground of emotion. I do not lay before you pathetic, heartbreaking pictures of emaciated and dying children. No such thing exists in Belgium. The picture we have to lay before you is that of happy faces of children, well cared for, well nourished, who have been the objects of our particular solicitude for over two years. Our duty has been to maintain the laughter of children, not to dry their tears. Our warehouses today have thirty days supplies and tragedy is thirty days removed. Given that we are supported starvation will come no nearer that body of children than thirty days. Therefore I wish to repeat that there is no starvation in Belgium. The relief of Belgium has gone on for two years and a quarter under the responsibility of Americans and any other statement than this would be proof of our incapacity and our inefficiency. What we ask is that we should be given the means to carry that work on to the end.

We ask the assistance of every one of you in organizing this country to provide us with this resource. (Loud applause.)

MR. C. STUART PATTERSON:

MR. CHAIRMAN:—I am directed by the genial and all powerful secretary of this Society to interpose for a very few moments. My sympathies were very keenly excited by that which you told us with regard to the obstacles put in your way by the unhappy tendency, on the part of my friend Mr. Henry, and, I presume also, on the part of my friend Mr. Law, to listen to your most moving addresses with closed eyelids. It reminded me that when I was last in Edinburgh a clerical friend of mine told me that one of his clerical friends of a hot summer morning when preaching to his congregation was very much disturbed to see that a very large number of them were peacefully sleeping. Finally his indignation got the better of him and he said "Are you not ashamed of yourselves? Look at Jock, the village idiot, sitting in the gallery wide awake." Just at that moment the idiot said "Hadna I not been an idiot I would have been asleep too." (Laughter.)

Mr. President, you expressed the sentiments of every member of this Society, when you put in your own forcible way the duty incumbent on every member of this Society in this national crisis of supporting the President of the United States. (Applause.) It has occurred to some of us that it would be fitting that the President of this body of loyal Americans, Scotch-Irishmen, but above all Americans, should send a message to the President of the United States, and I have ventured therefore, after conference with some of my brethren, to suggest that this resolution be adopted:

"Resolved, that the President of this Society be requested to assure the President of the United States that the members of the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania will loyally support him in defending the honor of the country, and maintaining on land and at sea all the rights of its citizens."

With your permission I will ask you to put that motion now.

THE PRESIDENT:

We have heard the resolution proposed by Mr. Patterson. Are there any remarks?

(The question being on the motion to adopt the resolution of Mr. Patterson, it was unanimously adopted.)

MR. PATTERSON:

Mr. President, Doctor MacDonald in eloquent terms referred to the desirability of peace for this country. We all want peace, and yet in the heart of every man there is one thought connected with that to which I think expression ought to be given.

“Lord God, we pray for peace! We urge our plea
That to these shores the red tide shall not roll,
Yet first we ask this greater boon of Thee,
This greater boon still dearer to our Soul—
That peace shall not be ours, if peace be base—
That ease shall not be ours, if ease be shame;
That Thou wilt teach us, if we must, to face
The wrath and rack, the fury and the flame.
Point us the way of service, mighty Lord!
Make us to see the high things we must do,
And if, to serve, we needs must draw the sword,
Nerve heart and arm to see the dread task through.
Dear God, we pray for peace, but first we pray
That this, our country, loved by us so well,
Shall not from duty turn her face away—
Shall not lose hope of Heaven for fear of Hell.”

Mr. President, reference has been made by the two preceding speakers to the great war that is raging, and the fact that millions of men in the trenches have died, and are dying, and that other millions of men have been maimed and must drag out for whatever time may be left to them a diminished existence.

“With generous hands, they paid the price,
Unconscious of the cost.
No lavish love of after years,
No passionate regrets, no gifts or sacrifice of tears,
Can ever pay our debt.”

Mr. President, it is our debt. We cannot bring back the men who have made the last great sacrifice, but we can, every one of us, to the best of our ability, do what we can to help the men who are suffering, to help the victims of the war, the widows and the orphans of the war, to help brave Belgium that stood in the front of the battle, to help England, France, Canada, whose record is splendid, all fighting for every principle that America holds dear.

Mr. President, this Society has always had close and intimate relations with the clergy. It has been one of the most interesting features of this Society that some of the most distinguished clergymen of Pennsylvania have been our members. We remember with great interest and with great pleasure those who have been taken from us. We often think of Dr. McIntosh, Dr. McCook, and many other clergymen, who added interest to every one of our meetings while living. The Society has to congratulate itself this year that it has been fortunate enough to have your services as its President, and that you have been able to spare some time from the onerous duties of the pastorate of a large church, and from the responsibility of administering the greatest theological Seminary in the country, in order that you might guide our deliberations. It is only a faint expression of the regard and respect in which the Society holds you that I am now permitted to hand you that little gift that the Society presents to its retiring President. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:

MR. PATTERSON, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY:—From my heart I thank you for this token of your appreciation of anything that I may have done. The office itself has been the supreme honor. In accepting this spoon I may tell you the use to which I propose to put it, a use to which most of you could not under any circumstances put a like gift. Ian MacLaurin in his last tour of America, said, among other things, that the prescription for a sermon which was oftenest used in America is this: Tincture of Hodge one ounce, add water nine ounces, mix thoroughly and give a spoonful morning and night to drowsy hearers. It is to that use and none other that

I propose to put this spoon. I am going to add water to a little bit of truth that I may get from others and in turn pass that on to my slumbering congregations. From my heart I thank you for this gift.

It is with regret that I tell you that the Honorable Henry Wilson Temple has been obliged to remain in Washington for an important meeting of the Foreign Relations Committee, that meeting to be held tonight, and for that reason his speech cannot be heard. I read a few days ago in a British paper that at a certain point on the Somme battlefield, in a rudely constructed shelter, moving pictures were being taken. A regiment of Warwickshiremen was passing along the summit of a hill and an enthusiastic Buckingham man cried out "Where are the Highland Regiments now about which I have heard so much?" Unfortunately for him there happened to be in the little company present a short, bandy-legged Scotchman, and he accepted the challenge. "Where are the Highland Regiments now, do you ask? They are beyond the hills fighting the Germans while you are here getting your pictures taken."

I present you as the next and last speaker of the evening a Scotchman who in the earliest stages of this dreadful conflict was below the hills at the front, fighting the Germans, and he bears in his body the marks of the faithful service of his country and its cause. A son of the manse, the son of a Scotch dominee, an ex-moderator of the General Assembly of the United Free Church, he entered among the first one hundred thousand for service and not until by the wounds of battle he was incapacitated for service did he retire from the front, and then because he could no longer remain at the front. After recovery the British Government sent him over to the United States as one of its engineers to supervise the manufacture of munitions. I take the greatest possible delight in presenting to you Captain J. C. W. Reith, our last speaker.

MR. J. C. W. REITH:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—At this late hour and after hearing eloquence of the standard which you have had tonight, I respectfully asked your Chairman to excuse me,

but was refused my request. I am in a peculiarly difficult position and one which I do not by any means appreciate, and I feel it due to myself to make that explanation to you, that I should have preferred not to have spoken.

This is undoubtedly a night upon which one looks back, and I think the brilliancy of this gathering is intensified when one remembers that many of you trace your descent back to humble men and women praying by the fire-side of a cottage in Scotland or Ulster, on a Saturday or a Sunday night, and here is an unconscious tribute to those people, to the man whose lack of higher education and whose shortage of ready cash was more than compensated for by his simple faith, in strength of which he ventured across the seas into unknown enterprise. Faith in Almighty God is not a thing to keep quiet about. It is not a thing to speak about on the Sabbath Day alone. It is the most powerful weapon in the hand of a fighter, and it is a characteristic of Scotland and of Ulster, if Scotland and Ulster have any characteristics at all.

We know that with every privilege there is a corresponding responsibility to be shouldered and the higher the privilege the heavier the duty. I do not wish to presume, please do not think me doing so, but if I were a Pennsylvania Scotch Irishman, instead of being merely a Scotchman, I think I should be asking myself questions, and these are days of insistent questionings. Have I played my part alongside of those my brothers? Have I, although saved, or shall we call it prevented, by thousands of miles of ocean from actual physical participation in the war, have I in any of the score of ways (of which you have heard tonight from Mr. Hoover for one and Dr. MacDonald for another), open to me, upheld the arms of those who fought? If it is a day of insistent questioning; it is also the day of plausible excusing. I am not going to mention any excuses. I have heard plenty. Practically every man I have met in this country has made excuses, but through all the excuses I seem to have heard a gentle but insistent voice calling from out of the pages of ancient writing, which it is convenient at times to ignore, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ" and that was not simply the echo of a Galilean dreamer speaking

quietly to a devoted, simple minded band of personal attendants, but it was a statesman, if ever there was a statesman, of world-wide renown, dictating the terms of a fundamental law of nations, and there is no man or community or society or country which can afford to disregard that mandate, without being called to account before the judgment bar of civilization some day, equally with those who have chosen to play the part of tyrants or murderers. It is all light and laughter and freedom from care, here, and unprecedented prosperity. I do not know how many of you have been in London or Edinburgh or Belfast or Glasgow since the war, but you may know there is very little light there, very little laughter, a very great deal of anxiety, and the pinch of the war is felt by old, by young, by rich and by poor. How often I have heard it here, "I have made a little fortune in the last two or three years. I have cleared something off the conditions," There you hear them saying "I too have lost my only son."

There are people here in America who are sometimes inclined to be patronizing towards our country, and there are admittedly a great many things we can learn from you, but there are things which you will never teach us because for one thing we do not require to be taught them. From the earliest days we have known how to suffer heroically and die nobly whenever occasion demands. (Applause.) You may talk of antiquated methods and red tape, and we admit it, but do not talk about sacrifice. You can teach us how to run an electric power plant and a telephone system so that these conveniences may be taken into the humblest homes. You can teach us factory and railroad organization, and, my conscience, we need it, but you cannot (I have been here for a year) teach a man in Scotland or Ulster what an honest day's work is, how to do a job of work in such a way as to be proud of it for its own sake. I heard a lot about hustle and I like to hustle. Nothing on earth pleases me better than to hustle, but I am sorry to say with all your hustling, among working men, and possibly among other kinds of men, there goes much individual inefficiency and a superficiality of workmanship. I have found discipline in places at a discount, and an inability or incapacity to take hold and command men

such as is positively tragic. Now, among certain sections of your community it is the ambition to own a cheap motor car. When they do get it they are content to drive about in it, month in and month out, and never clean the outside of the car. One wonders where their self-respect is. Cheap cars and heavy trucks are driven about your roads with a disregard to public safety and the rules of the road, and further with a degree of sheer, unmitigated hooliganism which is tragic. The working man in Scotland and Ulster does not have a motor car, but he has what your men have not got. He cultivates his little patch of ground, and produces there in season the flowers of heaven, and whether he means to do it or not, he is thereby glorifying his Creator. Here they have no time and no money for gardens, and I will tell you another thing you have yet to teach men in Scotland and Ulster and that is to mortgage their homes to buy a motor car. (Applause.)

I cannot keep off the war altogether. I have heard of a meeting in an adjacent locality of an association of individuals who fortuitously foregather, much in the same style as the sparrows do, under the sheltering cornices when the rain showers are beating down, there to indulge in much twittering of idle tongues and preening of feathered hypocrisy—an association which is pleased to call itself the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and they have been rejoicing in the presence of an English Member of Parliament and an English clergyman of, for the moment, somewhat exceptional views, and I will say that I could give them both first-class jobs if I were back where I was this time last year, and that is repairing wire entanglements under machine gun fire. (Applause.) Fellowship with the devil, and reconciliation with the most outrageous empire which the world has seen forsooth. There are people who are very quick to notice misdemeanors in anything which affects their immediate persons or their pockets. Their ears are dull of hearing if they have not caught the sound of the tread of unreturning feet of deported Belgians, nor heard the cries of thousands of thousands of Armenians in massacre.

The Germans are, however, producing what they did not expect to produce. In every searchlight which sweeps our

parapet, in every star shell which hangs over the line, in every shell which hurtles through the air, in every Zeppelin and submarine, there are seen the instruments which are molding the character of the British people, and in their failure to foresee and recognize this lies the surest sign of the surrender of their domination. (Applause.) Reconciliation? I have mentioned before in another place in this city the Star in the East that we heard about some time ago, and I said I did not think it was a Star of Peace, but that I was not very sure if I could say what I thought it was, but I think I am sure now. I would like to know if you are with me when I say that, if there is a light on the horizon at all, it is the morning star of a righteous retribution. (Applause.) Let us not talk about reconciliation and fellowship as long as there is destruction and desolation in the land, piracy on the high seas and flying murder in the air. If you are going to be in at the death it is time you set about purchasing a horse. What are you going to do, you and kindred societies, alongside of those to whom by every association of kinship, interest and ideals you stand irrevocably connected? (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:

GENTLEMEN:—My one remaining duty and delight is to surrender this office which so generously you gave me, and commit you to the care of my successor, Hon. Judge Buffington, your newly-elected President. In so doing I find myself standing between the Doctor on the one hand and the lawyer Judge on the other, and the succession is quite logical. The doctor provides the corpse, the minister buries it and the judge administers the estate. Having received the office from Doctor Deaver, my honored predecessor, and having dealt as gently with you as I know how to do, I now, in perfect confidence in his ability, surrender you to Judge Buffington. I know that all the qualifications necessary to the administration of this office are to be found in him. I got a letter once from a man in Wisconsin (I was living in Detroit at the time) asking if I could give him the name of a lawyer in Detroit who was both reliable and prompt. I sent him the names of several. I have

no doubt whatever of Judge Buffington's reliability, I have no doubt also of his promptness, and indeed of his possession of all necessary qualities. Gladly, therefore, and with my thanks, I entrust you to him.

JUDGE BUFFINGTON:

GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—An engagement in Pittsburgh tomorrow morning with the Chamber of Commerce leads me to make the last train from Philadelphia at the last minute tonight. You are therefore warranted, Mr. President, in saying that in accepting the honored position of President of the Scotch-Irish Society for the coming year any remarks I have tonight will be exceedingly brief, unless Mr. Patterson or some gentleman of the Pennsylvania Railroad will see that the train is held. I beg leave, gentlemen, to say that it is a great honor to me, coming from the west of the Allegheny Mountains, where the Scotch-Irish have played some part in the doing of things a good many years ago, to be called to the presidency of this society, one of the most honored of all the racial or dual-racial societies of the United States. In accepting that honor tonight I am reminded of an incident that occurred to me when I was a boy. I remember the old clergyman of the church with which I was connected, who had served it very faithfully for many years, had been elected Rector Emeritus and at an advanced age a new clergyman was chosen to fill his place. The old rector took the new man around to introduce him to the different members of the parish, and among others an old woman who was quite well known to the boys of the town for the talking propensities she had. He knocked at the door and old Hannah opened it about a crack-way wide and with a not wholly hospitable air, and sized up the situation. The old man said: "Mrs. Stewart, I brought you your new rector." She looked at him and said, "I don't want to see him. The old one is good enough for me." The new man turned around and said "Mrs. Stewart, if I serve this congregation for fifty years and have a remark of that kind awaiting me at the end I will feel that I am a very happy man." So I may say, gentlemen of this society, that if at the end of

this coming year I feel that I leave as kindly and as able a record as Dr. Jennings does behind him, I shall feel well content. The doctor has told us that he intends from this night to forever minister to the congregation of Mr. Bayard Henry and his associates in Germantown on the theory Benjamin Franklin suggested in the story told here tonight, namely, of putting them all in a contented frame of mind on rum rations. I do not know that I can follow his ecclesiastic practice by putting you on that diet. I do not know that I can do as successfully as Doctor Deaver does in the medical profession with our mutual friend the appendix. But barring the rum of the dominie and the pet appendix of your surgical president, the law will try in a modest way what it can to follow in the illustrious footsteps of medicine and the gospel in their chosen spheres.

What that year may bring forth is a matter we are all gravely concerned with tonight. I think none of us will go away from here feeling just the same as we did when we came in this room tonight. The splendid sentiments we have heard uttered here tonight; the depth of loyalty; of feeling and of love of country from these men who are already in the conflict; the tenderness of him who is helping bind up the wounds of those who are at the war, have touched the hearts of all of us. America, I say to you gentlemen who come from without her borders, is thinking deeply and quietly and earnestly about these matters that face us. We do not know what these twelve months may bring to us. We do not know what we too may have to face. We have no bitterness against any nation; but we have an earnestness for right and justice, and a stern insistence for the golden rule between nations, be one great and the other small, be one weak and the other strong. We have a deep-seated and an abiding faith that might is not the test of right, but that right is the foundation on which all might must be bottomed. We do not know what is ahead of us but we know this, that whatever determination comes to us tomorrow that outcome for us belongs, so far as we can see it, to God and to the right as He gives us to see the right. Here tonight I am sure in this closing hour, this splendid organization, bearing as it does the names of two races migrating to these shores, that in the name of its two races and in the names of all those of many other

nations that have gathered on our shores here, and that running through the great mass and majority of them all, I care not what their race or what their creed or what their birth may be, that there is today a deep and willing spirit that is going to give to all the races gathered here on this western hemisphere a new meaning to those old words "*E pluribus unum*"; not one flag from many stripes, not one flag from many stars, not one country from many states, but one race—the American race—devoted to freedom, to right, to ideals in which all races that have migrated to this shore shall lose the identity of the past in the composite Americanism of today and the future. (Applause.) Gentlemen, the annual dinner of the Scotch-Irish Society now stands adjourned.

NOTE:—Lord Bryce sent the following communication to the Scotch-Irish Dinner, which arrived too late to be read:—

“Kindly give my warmest greetings to the members there assembled, and tell them that the presence of Irishmen from different parts of Ireland, side by side in the British trenches, has been having an excellent effect in removing misunderstanding between Protestant Irishmen from Ulster and other Irishmen, whether Protestant or Catholic, from other Provinces of Erin. This is all to the good and will be very helpful for the future.”

In Memoriam.

THE REV. JAMES D. MOFFAT, D.D., LL.D.

1846-1916.

[Minute adopted by the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society at its Annual Meeting, February 9th, 1917.]

An outstanding loss to the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania, during the past year, was the removal by death of one of its most distinguished members—the Rev. James D. Moffat, D.D., LL.D., of Washington, Pennsylvania, who entered into eternal rest on the morning of November 4th, 1916.

The career of Dr. Moffat, as an educator and as a leader in ecclesiastical affairs has left a deep impress, not alone on the constituency of Washington and Jefferson College, of which he was the honored President for thirty-three years, and upon the Presbyterian Church, of whose General Assembly he was made Moderator, in the year 1905, but upon the collegiate and ecclesiastical life of the country at large, wherein he had been a conspicuous figure, and had exerted a notable influence.

James David Moffat was born in the town of New Lisbon, Ohio, on March 15th, 1846. He was the son of the Rev. John and Mary A. McNeelan Moffat. His parentage was Scotch-Irish, as is evident from these names. His father was a Presbyterian preacher of good education and of forceful influence in the pulpit, and much beloved among his people, and his mother's personality was marked by religious characteristics, both tender and strong.

After proper preparatory studies, he entered Washington and Jefferson College and was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the Class of 1869.

Having chosen the profession of the Christian ministry, he entered upon the study of theology at the Princeton Theological Seminary, as a member of the Class of 1871. One year before graduation, he was called home by the serious and last illness of his beloved father, then the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Wheeling, West Virginia, and, upon

his father's death he was elected, as the successor of his father, the pastor of that church, being ordained to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, March 8th, 1873. In the city of Wheeling he took a prominent place as a preacher of unusual merit, being known as a man of clear, strong thought and forceful, logical utterance.

In the year 1882, he was unanimously elected by the Board of Trustees of Washington and Jefferson College to the presidency of that institution, and continued in this office until the year 1915, when, at his own request, he was released from active duties and became President-Emeritus.

For thirty-three years he directed the affairs of the college with conspicuous ability, enjoying the esteem and affection of the officers and alumni, and the respect and love of the students. The college grew rapidly under his discreet and efficient administration. The number of professors multiplied threefold; the number of students doubled. New buildings were added from time to time, and adequate equipment. Four hundred and forty thousand dollars were added to the endowment funds, and through this endowment a grant of \$100,000 was secured from the Rockefeller Foundation.

Washington and Jefferson College is, to a great degree, a Scotch-Irish institution; its officers, faculty and student-body have been most largely of our race, and this Society feels a just pride in the history of this noble institution of learning, which has educated for the learned professions of the law, medicine and the ministry, and fitted for successful and influential business and commercial careers, so many prominent men of our country.

As an ecclesiastic, Dr. Moffat was widely known throughout the Presbyterian Church and in other denominations. He was broad minded, sane and strong in his advocacy of measures to which he gave his logical mind and earnest support. He was always listened to with marked attention, and usually followed by those whom he addressed. Bits of humor thrown into his speeches relieved many a trying situation, and carried conviction too. His pleasing personality and always clear manner of stating a proposition told for the winning of his case.

He was highly honored in his own Church. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him in 1882 by Hanover

College and in 1883 by Princeton University. The degree of Doctor of Laws was bestowed upon him by the Western University of Pennsylvania, now the University of Pittsburgh, in 1897, by the University of Pennsylvania in 1900, and by the Missouri Valley College in 1906.

He represented the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., at the Presbyterian Alliance in London, and again, in 1904, at the meeting of that international body in Liverpool.

He was elected Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in 1905, and was often called into the councils of the Church appointed to consider matters of great importance, and served on many special committees to which vital issues were referred. He was always looked to as a leader.

Dr. Moffat was a great preacher, and, during all the years of his service as college president, was frequently heard in various pulpits, and, uniformly, with much acceptance.

His manhood was of the sterling type, yet, withal, of the gentle bearing. He was modest, retiring by disposition, always ready to listen courteously to the opinions of others, yet strong and definite to express his own. Sanctified common sense was a distinguishing characteristic. He never lost his balance, or said foolish things, or missed fire. He was simple in his tastes, and lived the simple life. He walked humbly with God, and fixed his faith forever on the Saviour of men.

Dr. Moffat was a member for many years of this Society, and took the deepest interest in its proceedings and welfare. His presence on the occasion of an annual dinner was hailed with delight, and his after-dinner speeches, instructive, inspiring and seasoned with genuine wit and humor, were heard with enthusiastic interest by all present.

He was President of the Society for the year 1902-03. This Society holds in highest esteem the educator and the religious leader, being true to the traditions of our race concerning the School and the Church. Among all those representing these interests at meetings of the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania, either as members or as guests, no one was more highly regarded or more cordially welcomed than Dr. Moffat.

In sincere sorrow for his death and with grateful memory of his noble character and honorable life, this minute is adopted.

APPENDIX A.

REPORT OF CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, TREASURER, PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, FOR YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31ST, 1916.

DR.	
Balance from preceding year.....	\$860.24
Membership dues for 1916.....	\$546.00
Subscriptions to 27th Annual Dinner.....	1,300.00
Interest on deposits.....	17.13
	1,863.13
	\$2,723.37
Subscriptions to Ulster Volunteer Force Hospital, received prior to January 1st, 1917.....	710.00
	\$3,433.37

CR.	
Postage, telegraph, telephone, etc.....	\$52.38
Clerical expenses.....	50.00
Speakers' traveling and hotel expenses....	141.10
Singer and accompanist.....	20.00
Stenographer reporting dinner proceedings	17.00
John Maene, carving spoon.....	40.00
Hoover & Smith, box and silver plate....	10.00
William H. Hoskins, engraving invitations	18.00
Subscriptions returned.....	45.00
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, 280 covers, cigars, decorations and music.....	1,118.25
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing notices, dinner plan and 26th annual report....	273.75
Dreka Company, engraving menus.....	49.00
	\$1,834.48
Brown Brother & Company, two hundred pounds for Ulster Volunteer Force Hospital.....	961.28
Cablegram to Samuel Cunningham.....	10.36
	\$2,806.12
Balance January 1st, 1917.....	627.25
	\$3,433.37

The above report has been audited and found correct, showing a balance of \$627.25 to the credit of the Society in bank, January 1st, 1917.

T. EDWARD ROSS,
EDWARD M. BIDDLE,
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.

V. 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 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-

terminated by the Council. The costs of the same shall be at the charge of those attending it.

XII. AMENDMENTS.

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

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

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

LIST OF MEMBERS.

- E. G. ALEXANDER, M. D.....1627 Oxford St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM ALEXANDER.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 JAMES H. M. ANDREWS.....502 South Forty-first St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM H. ARROTT.....431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 LOUIS H. AYRES.....4th and Cumberland Sts., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM G. AYRES.....4th and Cumberland Sts., Philadelphia.
- D. G. BAIRD.....228 South Third St., Philadelphia.
 THOMAS E. BAIRD, JR.....Villa Nova, Pa.
 JOHN BAIRD.....Haverford, Pa.
 HON. THOMAS J. BALDRIDGE.....Hollidaysburg, Pa.
 JAMES M. BARNETT.....New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
 J. E. BARR.....1107 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 DR. JOHN C. C. BEALE.....41 South Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
 ROBERT BEATTY.....Coral and Adams Sts., Philadelphia.
 ROBERT O. BEATTY.....47 Union St., Hamburg, N. Y.
 JOHN CROMWELL BELL.....1333 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
 JAMES S. BENN.....The Union League, Philadelphia.
 EDWARD M. BIDDLE.....1200 Land Title, Philadelphia.
 HON. EDWARD W. BIDDLE.....Carlisle, Pa.
 SAMUEL GALT BIRNIE.....133 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
 BENJAMIN R. BOGGS.....Philadelphia & Reading Ry., Phila.
 SAMUEL R. BOGGS.....1109 Melrose Avenue, Oak Lane.
 R. A. BOLE.....Pittsburgh.
 REV. J. GRAY BOLTON, D.D.....1906 Pine St., Philadelphia.
 SAMUEL R. BROADBENT.....3431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 FRANCIS SHUNK BROWN.....1005 Morris Building, Philadelphia.
 J. CROSBY BROWN.....Fourth and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.
 J. WOODS BROWN.....1510 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM LAIRD BROWN.....Lansdowne, Pa.
 REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.400 So. 15th St., Philadelphia.
 JAMES I. BROWNSON.....Washington, Pa.
 ROBERT J. BRUNKER.....1000 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE
 (Honorary).....3 Buckingham Gate, London, S. W.,
 England.
- JOHN W. BUCHANAN.....Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
 HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON.....Pittsburgh, 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.
 REV. JOHN CALHOUN, D.D.....Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.
 HON. J. DONALD CAMERON.....U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.
 HON. J. D. CAMPBELL.....P. & R. Terminal, Philadelphia.
 RT. HON. SIR EDWARD CARSON
 (Honorary).....5 Eaton Place, London S. W., England.
 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.
 REV. JAMES CARTER.....Lincoln University, Pa.
 HENRY CARVER.....Doylestown, Pa.
 REV. J. W. COCHRAN, D.D.....Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.
 RICHARD E. COCHRAN.....York, Pa.
 A. J. COUNTY.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 DR. CLARK R. CRAIG.....331 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
 D. F. CRAWFORD.....Pittsburgh.
 SAMUEL CUNNINGHAM (Honor-
 ary)....."Fernhill," Belfast, Ireland.
 ALEXANDER CROW, JR.....2112 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.
 REV. T. J. OLIVER CURRAN.....304 North Thirty-fifth St., Philadelphia.

 HON. JOHN DALZELL.....House of Representatives, Washington,
 D. C.
 WATSON R. DAVISON.....Waynesboro, Pa.
 CAPT. W. G. DAVISON.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 C. M. DAVISON.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 H. C. DEEVER, M.D.....1415 North Broad St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN B. DEEVER, M.D.....1634 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 JAMES AYLWARD DEVELIN.....400 Chestnut St., Phila., Wood Building.
 AGNEW T. DICE.....Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.
 S. RALSTON DICKEY.....Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
 JAMES L. DIVEN, M.D.....New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
 FRANKLIN D'OLIER.....Merchant and Mariner Bldg., Phila.
 J. S. DONALDSON.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 HENRY R. DOUGLAS, M.D.....1806 Market St., Harrisburg.
 PETER S. DUNCAN.....Hollidaysburg, Pa.
 EDWARD J. DURHAM.....412 Stephen Girard Bldg., Phila.
 THOMAS P. DYER.....Apt. B, 504 Midvale Ave., Phila.

 DANIEL M. EASTER, M.D.....Greensburg, Pa.
 IRWIN CAMERON ELDER.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 REV. ALFRED L. ELWYN.....113 E. 37th St., New York.

 EDGAR DUDLEY FARIES.....617 Franklin Building, Philadelphia.
 RANDOLPH FARIES, M.D.....2007 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON.....West Mermaid Lane, Chestnut Hill,
 Philadelphia.

- ROBERT S. HAMMERSLEY.....Front St. and Montgomery Ave., Phila.
 THOMAS L. HAMMERSLEY.....410 West Chelten Ave., Germantown.
 WILLIAM HAMMERSLEY.....8 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM LATTA HAMMERSLEY...5818 Morris St., Germantown.
 J. C. HAWTHORNE.....Carlisle, Pa.
 GEORGE HAY.....111 West Upsal St., Philadelphia.
 CHARLES HAY.....West Clapier St., Germantown.
 EDWIN R. HAYS.....Newville, Pa.
 GEORGE M. HAYS.....Carlisle, Pa.
 THOMAS MCKINNEY HAYS.....1235 Third Ave., Huntington, W. Va.
 REV. CHARLES W. HEATHCOTE,
 S.T.D.....4419 N. 9th Street. Philadelphia.
 JOHN J. HENDERSON.....1705 Tioga St., Philadelphia.
 HON. BAYARD HENRY.....2238 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
 HOWARD H. HENRY.....Fort Washington, Pa.
 JOHN J. HENRY.....Wissahickon Heights, Chestnut Hill
 Philadelphia.
 T. CHARLTON HENRY.....Chestnut Hill, Phila.
 JOHN ARMSTRONG HERMAN.....Harrisburg, Pa.
 DANIEL C. HERR.....Harrisburg, Pa., P. O. Box 774.
 A. G. HETHERINGTON.....2049 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 DR. HOWARD KENNEDY HILL...314 So. 17th St., Philadelphia.
 DR. JOSEPH W. HOUSTON.....238 East King St., Lancaster, Pa.
 SAMUEL F. HOUSTON.....509 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
 W. WILLIS HOUSTON.....Seaboard Bank Bldg., Norfolk, Va.
 EDWARD M. HULL.....1016 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM P. HUMES.....Bellefonte, Pa.
 A. L. HUMPHREY.....Pittsburgh.
 REV. ROBERT HUNTER, D.D....2902 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia.
 JOSEPH M. HUSTON.....Wissahickon Ave. and Lehman St.,
 Germantown.
 THOMAS HUSTON.....Trenton Ave. and Dauphin St., Phila.
 JOHN H. IRWIN.....Front and Berks Sts., Philadelphia.
 HOWARD I. JAMES.....Bristol, Pa.
 G. L. S. JAMESON.....1429 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN FLEMING JONES.....234 N. 22nd St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN W. JORDAN.....1300 Locust St., Philadelphia.
 JOSEPH DE F. JUNKIN.....Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
 REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS, D.D.6012 Green St., Germantown, Phila.
 JOHN KENDIG.....1220 Market St., Philadelphia.
 DR. DAVID S. KENNEDY.....315 Trainer Ave., Ridley Park, Pa.
 GUY M. KENNEDY.....5417 Locust St., Philadelphia.
 J. W. KENNEDY, M.D.....1409 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 M. C. KENNEDY.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 THOMAS B. KENNEDY.....Chambersburg, Pa.

- SAMUEL T. KERR.....1905 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 J. B. KINLEY.....411 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
 W. S. KIRKPATRICK.....Easton, Pa.
 EDWARD J. KITZMILLER.....Shippensburg, Pa.
 SAMUEL M. KITZMILLER.....Shippensburg, Pa.
 SAMUEL MCILHENNY KNOX.....310 West Upsal St., Germantown.
 HON. P. C. KNOX.....Washington, D. C.
- REV. JOHN B. LAIRD. D.D.....4315 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia.
 J. A. LANGFITT.....110 Diamond St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 JOHN S. LATTA.....1215 Arch St., Philadelphia.
 DR. SAMUEL W. LATTA.....233 S. Fourth St.—Annex, Philadelphia.
 THOMAS LOVE LATTA.....3819 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 ROBERT L. LATIMER.....24 North Front St., Philadelphia.
 REV. SAMUEL H. LEEPER.....Media, Pa.
 CRAIG N. LIGGET.....4036 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN LLOYD.....Altoona, Pa.
 GEORGE E. LLOYD.....Mechanicsburg, Pa.
 J. BARTON LONGACRE.....358 Bullitt Building, Philadelphia.
 L. H. LOVELL.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
- JOSEPH P. MACLAY, M. D.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 JAMES S. MAGEE.....New Bloomfield, Pa.
 COL. LOUIS J. MAGILL.....2534 S. Cleveland St., Philadelphia.
 PROF. F. S. MAGILL.....Penn Hall, Chambersburg, Pa.
 ALEX. MARTIN.....1728 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 REV. S. A. MARTIN, D.D.....Easton, Pa.
 GEORGE V. MASSEY.....904 Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM D. MATHESON.....Middletown, Pa.
 A. W. MELLON.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
 DR. ROBERT H. MOFFITT.....1705 Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.
 WILLIAM J. MONTGOMERY.....Eighth National Bank, Philadelphia.
 HENRY W. MOORE.....704 West End Trust Building, Phila.
 JAMES S. MOORHEAD.....Greensburg, Pa.
 W. HEYWARD MYERS.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 W. LOGAN MACCOY.....1218 Real Estate Trust Bldg., Phila.
 DR. JOHN HENRY MACCRACKEN..Easton, Pa.
 REV. ROBERT MACGOWAN.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
 J. O. MACINTOSH.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 RUSSELL A. MCCACHRAN.....Bloomsburg, Pa.
 THOMAS M. MCCACHRAN.....P. R. R. Office, Altoona, Pa.
 HON. SAMUEL J. M. MCCARRELL,Harrisburg, Pa.
 REV. THOMAS C. MCCARRELL...Middletown, Pa.
 HON. J. P. MCCASKEY.....Lancaster, Pa.
 W. J. McCLARY.....The St. James, Thirteenth and Walnut
 Sts., Philadelphia.
 SAMUEL McCLAY.....Pittsburgh, Pa.

ARCHIBALD MACLEAN O'BRIEN...215 Vassar Ave., Swarthmore, Pa.
 R. L. O'DONNELL.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
 GEORGE T. OLIVER.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
 DAVID B. OLIVER.....233 Oliver Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 ROBERT A. ORBISON.....Huntingdon, Pa.
 HON. GEORGE B. ORLADY.....Huntingdon, Pa.
 D. A. ORR.....710 North American Building, Phila.
 JOHN G. ORR.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 REV. THOMAS X. ORR, D.D.....4614 Chester Ave., Philadelphia.
 J. WILLIAM ORR.....Pittsburgh.

REV. WILLIAM PARK, D.D., LL.D. [Ireland
 (Honorary).....Rosemary Street Congregation, Belfast,
 CHARLES L. PATTERSON.....Wilmington, Del.
 C. STUART PATTERSON.....1000 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 GEORGE STUART PATTERSON...Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON.....314 Franklin Building, Philadelphia.
 T. H. HOGE PATTERSON.....4231 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 THEODORE C. PATTERSON.....715 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 THOMAS PATTERSON.....Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 R. H. PATTON.....328 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 RICHARD PATTON.....Wayne, Pa.
 REV. W. A. PATTON, D.D.....Wayne, Pa.
 WILLIAM A. PATTON.....Broad St. Station, P. R. R., Phila.
 HAROLD PEIRCE.....222 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
 W. W. PINKERTON.....537 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
 NORMAN B. PITCAIRN.....Perryville, Md.
 WILLIAM MCLELLAN POMEROY...New Haven, Conn.
 A. NEVIN POMEROY.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 J. NEVIN POMEROY.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 HON. WILLIAM D. PORTER.....Hotel Schenley, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 HON. WM. W. PORTER.....2025 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 HON. WM. P. POTTER.....Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, City
 Hall.

McCLUNY RADCLIFFE, M.D...1906 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 J. EVERTON RAMSEY.....Morris Building, Philadelphia.
 SAMUEL REA.....Broad St. Station, P. R. R., Phila.
 GEORGE W. REILY.....Harrisburg, Pa.
 ABNER RUTHERFORD RENNINGER.1337 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN M. RHEY.....Carlisle, Pa.
 ROBERT A. RICHARDS.....Carlisle, Pa.
 DAVID H. RIDDLE.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 H. A. RIDDLE.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 W. L. RITCHEY.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 C. A. RITCHEY.....Hagerstown, Md.

- MAURICE RITCHIE.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 RICHARD B. RITCHEY.....Mercersburg, Pa.
 J. E. ROBERTS, M.D.....Lansdowne, Pa.
 REV. HAROLD MCAFEE ROBINSON,
 D.D.....325 Hamilton St., Easton, Pa.
 HON. JOHN B. ROBINSON.....Media, Pa.
 REV. W. COURTLAND ROBINSON,
 D.D.....3504 Baring St., Philadelphia.
 W. D. ROBINSON, M.D.....2022 Mt. Vernon St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN GILMORE RODGERS.....Buffalo, N. Y.
 JAMES SLOCUM ROGERS.....701 Commonwealth Building, Phila.
 ADAM A. ROSS.....Morris Building, Philadelphia.
 GEORGE ROSS.....Doylestown, Pa.
 THOMAS ROSS.....Doylestown, Pa.
 T. EDWARD ROSS.....1209 Morris Bldg., Philadelphia.
 DONALD T. RUTHERFORD, M.D.Harrisburg, Pa.
 J. E. RUTHERFORD.....Harrisburg, Pa.
 ROBERT MURDOCH RUTHERFORD.Steelton, Pa.
 WILLIAM SUMNER RUTHERFORD..200 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, Pa.
- HON. SYLVESTER B. SADLER....Carlisle, Pa.
 LEWIS H. SADLER.....Carlisle, Pa.
 WILLIAM I. SCHAFFER.....Chester, Pa.
 CHARLES SCOTT, JR.....Overbrook Farms, Philadelphia.
 GARFIELD SCOTT.....N. W. Cor. Broad and Arch Sts., Phila.
 GEORGE E. SCOTT.....21 South Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN SCOTT, JR.....2218 Locust St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM H. SCOTT.....1211 Clover St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM P. SCOTT.....1211 Clover St., Philadelphia.
 HON. W. N. SEIBERT.....New Bloomfield, Pa.
 A. C. SHAND.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 MAJOR THOMAS SHARP, U. S. A..Chambersburg, Pa.
 JAMES W. SHARPE.....Newville, Pa.
 WALTER KING SHARPE.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 W. C. SHAW, M.D.....909 Wylie Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 C. M. SHEAFFER.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 E. A. SHULENBERGER, D.D.S....Carlisle, Pa.
 REV. DAVID M. SKILLING.....Webster Groves, St. Louis, Mo.
 HOWARD SMITH.....73 North Franklin St., Pottstown, Pa.
 R. STUART SMITH.....934 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
 GEORGE F. SPROULE.....Golf Road and City Ave., Philadelphia.
 HON. WILLIAM C. SPROUL.....Chester, Pa.
 E. J. STACKPOLE.....Harrisburg, Pa.
 REV. WILLIAM S. STEANS, D.D..Washburn St., Scranton, Pa.
 REV. DAVID M. STEELE, D.D....330 South Thirteenth St., Philadelphia.
 JOSEPH M. STEELE.....1600 Arch St., Philadelphia.

J. SAMUEL STEPHENSON.....14 North Front St., Philadelphia.
 J. E. STERRETT.....52 William St., New York.
 GEORGE STEVENSON.....1921 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN B. STEVENSON, JR.....Abington, Montgomery County, Pa.
 ALEXANDER STEWART.....Shippensburg, Pa.
 REV. GEORGE B. STEWART, D.D..Theological Seminary, Auburn, N. Y.
 GEORGE H. STEWART.....Shippensburg, Pa.
 GEORGE H. STEWART, JR.....Shippensburg, Pa.
 HON. JOHN STEWART.....Chambersburg, Franklin County, Pa.
 WILLIAM M. STEWART.....Residence not known.
 WILLIAM C. STOEVER.....727 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 HON. JAMES A. STRANAHAN.....Harrisburg, Pa.
 HON. EDWIN S. STUART.....P. O. Box 454, Philadelphia.
 J. T. STUART.....311 Arcade Building, Philadelphia.

MCLEOD THOMSON.....1017 Pennsylvania Bldg., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM THOMPSON.....230 South Thirty-ninth St., Phila.
 M. HAMPTON TODD.....133 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
 THOMAS S. TRAIL.....Widener Bldg., Phila., care of Harris,
 Forbes & Co.
 J. WALLACE TURNBULL.....Crozer Building, Philadelphia.
 J. LEWIS TWADDELL.....1212 Market St., Philadelphia.

HERBERT AGNEW WALLACE.....Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.
 ROBERT BRUCE WALLACE.....Manayunk National Bank, Phila.
 RICHARD H. WALLACE.....501 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
 THOMAS L. WALLACE.....P. R. R. Freight Station, Harrisburg, Pa.
 WILLIAM S. WALLACE.....Bailey Bldg., 1218 Chestnut St., Phila.
 CHARLES C. WATTLand Title Building, Philadelphia.
 DAVID H. WATTS, JR.....1522 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 REV. FRANK T. WHEELER.....Newville, Pa.
 ROBERT C. WHITE.....426 So. 13th St., Philadelphia.
 ROBERT F. WHITMER.....Girard Trust Building, Philadelphia.
 JOHN J. WILKINSON.....505 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 STANLEY WILLIAMSON.....1827 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
 M. J. WILSON, M.D.....4143 North Broad Street, Philadelphia.
 REV. ROBERT DICK WILSON, D.D.Princeton, N. J.
 WILLIAM J. WILSON.....Care of Herbert J. Stockwell & Co.,
 Philadelphia.
 HON. CYRUS E. WOODS.....State Dept. Harrisburg, Pa.
 HON. JOSEPH M. WOODS.....Lewistown, Pa.
 ROBERT A. WRIGHT.....1001 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
 GEORGE S. R. WRIGHT.....1324 Wakeling St., Frankford, Phila.

HON. HARMAN YERKES.....Land Title Building, Philadelphia

DECEASED MEMBERS.

HON. E. F. ACHESON.....	Washington, Pa.
W. J. ADAMS.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
J. SIMPSON AFRICA.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
DANIEL AGNEW.....	Beaver, Pa.
JOSEPH ALLISON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. J. ARMSTRONG.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
REV. C. M. ARMSTRONG.....	Wayne, Pa.
JOHN BAIRD.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
THOMAS E. BAIRD.....	Haverford, Pa.
HON. THOMAS R. BARD.....	Hueneme, Cal.
ROBERT S. BEATTY.....	Buffalo, N. Y.
R. T. BLACK.....	Scranton, Pa.
J. C. BLAIR.....	Huntingdon, Pa.
THOMAS BOGGS.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
P. P. BOWLES.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
SAMUEL BRADBURY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
REV. CHARLES WESLEY BUOY, D.D.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. J. CALDER.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
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ROWAN CLARK.....	Tyrone, Pa.
DAVID CONWAY.....	Mount Joy, Pa.
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HENRY HOLMES.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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JOHN W. WOODSIDE.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
NEVIN WOODSIDE.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.....	Philadelphia, Pa.

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL MEETING

AND

DINNER

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA
SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY

AT

THE BELLEVUE-STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA

FEBRUARY 21st, 1918



PHILADELPHIA

PRESS OF ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT

Nos. 1211-1213 Clover Street

1918

Hon. Thomas
Parker Porter.

Dr. George W. Warren.

Hon. Robert S. Frazer.

William P. Gest.

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1918

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MR. AGNEW T. DICE.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT,

MR. WILLIAM H. SCOTT.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT

MR. WILLIAM A. PATTON.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER,

MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

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MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,	MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
MR. JOHN P. GREEN,	HON. W. W. PORTER,
MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,	HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON,
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MR. SAMUEL REA.	DR. JOHN B. DEAVER,
REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS, D.D.,	HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON.

COMMITTEES.

ON NEW MEMBERS:

REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS, D.D., <i>Chairman</i> ,	MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,
MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	MR. WM. RIGHTER FISHER,
MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.	

ENTERTAINMENT:

MR. WILLIAM A. PATTON, <i>Chairman</i> ,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.,	MR. EDWIN S. STUART.

HISTORY AND ARCHIVES:

T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON, <i>Chairman</i> ,	MR. JOHN P. GREEN,
HON. JOHN STEWART,	HON. HARMAN YERKES,
MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.	

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL MEETING.

The Twenty-ninth Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, on Thursday, February 21st, 1918, at 7 P. M., the President, Hon. Joseph Buffington, in the chair.

The report of the Treasurer for the year ending December 31st, 1917, was presented and approved (see Appendix "A," page 49).

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

President, MR. AGNEW T. DICE.

First Vice-President, MR. WILLIAM H. SCOTT.

Second Vice-President, MR. WILLIAM A. PATTON.

Secretary and Treasurer, MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

Directors and Members of Council:

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,	MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
MR. JOHN P. GREEN,	HON. W. W. PORTER,
MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,	HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON,
MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,	REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON,
HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER,	D.D.,
MR. JOHN D. McILHENNY,	HON. HARMAN YERKES,
REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.,	HON. EDWIN S. STUART,
MR. SAMUEL REA,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY,
REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS,	DR. JOHN B. DEEVER,
D.D.	HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON.

On motion, the meeting then adjourned to the banquet room.

The Rt. Rev. Charles D. Williams, Bishop of Michigan, invoked the Divine blessing.

At the close of the dinner, Mr. Bayard Henry, on behalf of the Society, presented the President with a carved spoon, and Judge Buffington spoke as follows:—

HONORABLE JOSEPH BUFFINGTON:

GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—I really felt when this beautifully carved spoon was placed in my hands tonight too deeply moved to then make any reply. I will now only say I shall prize it all my life, and after I am through it will go to a lad (God bless him) with the Scotch-Irish blood of his mother and his father in his veins. The thoughts tonight of people from all over the world are centered around this board, strange as that may seem. The other day a letter came to me from that splendid Scotchman who spoke to us last year, Captain Reith. His thoughts are with us from over there, for he wrote:—"I wish I might be with the Scotch-Irish friends at their dinner this year." I do not doubt that tonight "Morry" Kennedy is not only remembered by us men of Scotch-Irish breed here on this side the ocean, but that "over there," where duty has called him, and where he will stay till its "over over there," his thoughts are turning tonight toward us and every Scotch-Irish by-product of the Cumberland Valley.

I confess to feeling somewhat embarrassed tonight by the fact that I occupy the dual position of president and toast master. I have been taught as toast master to be as brief as possible, but after sitting until six o'clock in Court this evening and listening all day to others exercising the constitutional right of free speech, I feel that it is now my right to say something also—and I have something to say; but it has occurred to me that as long as I am the president of this Society, that instead of saying what I had to say, first, I am going to keep my preachment to the tail end of the feast, for you know they always keep the best to the last. So, as toast master, I am going to say as little as I can, and really give our guests and orators tonight the opportunity of giving you their ideas on these vital war questions and matters that are before us, and reserve what little I have to say, as president, until the close of the gathering tonight. Indeed, I have already assured some of the speakers that it was a holiday tomorrow, so I have given every one of them *carte blanche*, and we propose to keep you here a good while.

We have been speaking of the thoughts of different parts of the world being with us tonight, and I hold in my hand some

evidence of the regard and the eyes that are turned toward America in these days. May I read you some messages that have come?

The first is from the Minister of the Infant Republic of Cuba, who says:—

“In this great war for the triumph of Democracy, through the war Cuba is proud to be an ally of the powerful Nations who are fighting to establish peace through the victory of the Armies of International Justice for which so many heroic Scotch-Irish have given their lives.

“CESPEDES,
“*Minister of Cuba.*”

The next is from the Italian Ambassador. He asks me to be the interpreter of his country's sentiments, but I think his burning words speak for themselves:—

“In the name of Italy, fighting for the just cause of the civilized world, in union with her valued Allies, I send greetings to the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania. The patriotic co-operation of all the citizens of this great Republic assures victory and lasting peace. I beg you, Sir, to make yourself the interpreter, before the members of your Society, of my Country's determined will not to lay down arms until right has prevailed over might and violence.

“DI CELLERE”

The next message is from Koo, the Chinese Minister, who interprets the heart of the Orient:—

“I am glad to send the warmest greetings to the Scotch-Irish Society on the occasion of its Annual Dinner. The Chinese people are proud to have the Scotch-Irish as comrades in the war, fighting for the common cause which can have no other than a successful issue.”

The next is in response to a letter which your president sent to the former Lord Chief Justice of England, in which he had expressed his personal gratification that he was very glad that at this crucial time in the world's history, a member of our

own profession had come to represent Great Britain as its ambassador. This will explain the first part of the message, but the significance to you and me, as civilians in these war times, lies in the closing part of what Lord Reading says. The message he sends is:—

“Thank you very sincerely for the cordial good wishes contained in your letter of February 13th to me as Lord Chief Justice of England, who have been chosen to represent my Country in this great Republic. It is a pleasure to receive so kind a welcome from members of my own profession in America. I would gladly have been present at your Annual Dinner on February 21st if my work here did not make it impossible for me to leave Washington this month. We have entered on the crucial period of the war. The part which civilians have now to play in it is not less important than that intrusted to the armed forces of the Allies.

“READING.”

The Ambassador of our faithful and firm friend, Japan, the nation whose whole future and interest is, in my judgment, in common with us, writes these hearty greetings:—

“It affords me much pleasure, in response to your request, to send a few words of greeting to the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania on the occasion of its annual dinner.

“At a time when the world’s civilization hangs in the balance, when not only all the just and honorable nations of the world, but each and all of their subjects and citizens should do their utmost to uplift and defend that civilization, it is, in my opinion, highly proper and fitting that reunion of men such as yours should be made the occasion of high resolutions and of reconsecration to that great cause. The world today, war-weary and spent, though undaunted in spirit and the will to victory, is looking to America for fresh endeavors that will give to it peace and joy forever. It is groups and societies of active, patriotic men like yours that are to leaven the whole lump of the American nation and spur them on to victory.

“I most sincerely wish every success to the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania, and in particular to its annual dinner.

“T. TANUKA.”

A letter which I have before me, and which will be the last that I will read before calling on the first speaker of the evening, goes to my heart. There is no place that we feel more kindly toward than that Nation that sprang up and is safeguarding, from the Vosges up to the splendid British Line, the fate of humanity—the French Nation. This letter, without any word of mine, will introduce the first speaker of the evening. It reads as follows:—

“Embassy of the Republic of France to the United States.

“WASHINGTON, February 18th, 1918.

“MY DEAR JUDGE:—As you only too well surmise, the pleasure of meeting the Scotch-Irish Society and my dear and admired friend, former Ambassador Herrick, is not one which I can hope to enjoy at the present time. Offering my thanks for the invitation which I appreciate the more that many special ties unite me with the City of Independence, I beg you to assure those more fortunate than myself that I need not know what Mr. Herrick will say concerning the war and its necessary issues in order to back each and all of his words. From a good tree only good fruit can come. We know what the former Ambassador can do, and there is a city among many others which will never forget Mr. Herrick’s deserts, that is the City of the Good Ship that storms can toss but not sink, Paris. No half way with evil doers. They must change or be suppressed. That much of a choice we can leave them. Believe me, with best wishes for the Scotch-Irish Society and for the great common cause,

Most sincerely yours,

“JUSSERAND.”

Gentlemen of the Scotch-Irish Society, I have the honor of presenting Ambassador Jusserand’s and France’s friend, Governor Herrick, our late Ambassador to France.

HON. MYRON T. HERRICK:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I assure you, Mr. President, that that message from Ambassador Jusserand goes straight to my heart also. It recalls one of the closing incidents of the old order in Paris. At the last dinner in the

embassy a few days before war was declared we had as guests Ambassador and Madame Jusserand, Baron von Schoen, the German Ambassador to France, Madame von Schoen and their daughter. Madame von Schoen was a Belgian. The two ambassadors had been together at different posts early in their careers and were friends.

My mind goes back tonight across the terrible intervening years to that evening and to our conversation about the possibilities of war. Only a few days later war was declared. Ambassador Jusserand was obliged to return to Washington at once. Though I was not really in the hotel business he left his baggage with me, and I forwarded it to him in Washington after the mobilization. He even found it difficult to obtain transportation to Havre in the midst of the troop movement, for not only the railroads but automobiles were required for the army. But the motors used at the embassy were exempt, and as there were many Americans in Paris whose motors were liable to be taken, it had occurred to me to do some requisitioning of motors myself for the use of the twenty or more United States army officers who happened to be in Paris and whom the Government had allowed me to attach to the embassy. Those army men were most helpful in those troubled days, and when Ambassador Jusserand found so much difficulty in getting to Havre I arranged that one of these officers should take him there by automobile. However, the evening before he was to start he called me on the telephone and said it had been arranged for him to go to Havre in a French government automobile, which seemed more fitting than that he should be sent by the American ambassador.

We have been fortunate in having here in America during these many years a man of fine character and high type like Ambassador Jusserand. He is a fitting representative of the wonderful French people.

During those anxious days at the outbreak of the war, Baron von Schoen, the German ambassador to France, came to my room one morning before I got up, and said:

"I am leaving France, and I have come to ask you to take over my embassy. Have you authority from your government?"

“No,” I replied, “I have not, but I will take you over.”

He said, “But I need money to get away. I have no money at all.”

That point has always interested me—that Baron von Schoen should have been without funds at that moment. You will remember that when war was declared the banks stopped payment.

I told him I had not enough money for his needs, but that I would endeavor to get him some. So after we had had breakfast in my bedroom we started out, before banking hours, hunting bankers. I kept him in the motor and he pulled down the shades when we drove up to the banker's residence. I asked the banker to give me \$5000 in gold. He answered that it was out of the question, no gold could be paid. I asked him if he had it. He said he did.

“Then,” I said, “I get it. You are going to give it to me for this reason. I am not only going to bank for Austria and Germany while I have their affairs in my hands, but my advice may be asked in the designation of some one to bank for America, for France will want to deposit large sums for credit in America. So I want your permission to draw my check on your bank though I have no balance there. I have never had that privilege before, but I want it now.”

He went down to the bank and gave me \$5000 in gold which I turned over to Baron von Schoen. He gave me his obligation and started for Germany. That was the last I saw of him.

The Chairman: “Did you get your money back?”

Mr. Herrick: “Yes, eventually.”

The Chairman: “In gold?”

Mr. Herrick: “No, not in gold.”

Before the war I was discussing one time with Mr. Hanotau the export of American automobiles to France. Mr. Hanotau had expressed his surprise that we should be sending automobiles to France which is the home of the motor, and I explained to him how the standardized processes of the Ford plant, for example, enabled the turning out of a great number of machines in a year, at moderate prices.

“That is due,” he said, “to your wonderful initiative and capacity for organization. It comes from the youth of your

country. In two thousand years we have lost something of our initiative. We could not now create those great industrial organizations."

While I was inclined to agree with Mr. Hanotaux at that time, not thinking beyond the moment, and while France did possibly lose something in the way of initiative during two thousand years in which she has led the progress of civilization, yet she has gained something which more than compensates. She has gained a spirit so fine, a sense of national unity so strong and lasting, that she has given to the world an example of patriotism and self-sacrifice such as no nation ever gave before, an example that will endure for all time.

Here in Philadelphia, which had so large a part in colonial history, I think especially of those early years of this nation when its destinies were closely linked with the destinies of France, when the men and the resources that France brought to the aid of our forefathers enabled them to win that independence which was first proclaimed here and which has remained our most cherished possession. That winter at Valley Forge, not far from here, must have been a winter very like this. That was the darkest hour in the struggle for liberty then, as I trust this will now be the darkest hour in our struggle for world liberty.

After Yorktown, Philadelphia witnessed the making of the Constitution which conserved and made permanent those principles for which France and this infant republic had fought as Allies. The wise and moderate citizenship of Philadelphia contributed to the final establishment of those principles of liberty and free government for which this nation stands sponsor in the western hemisphere.

These sacred memories of the past return to us with special emphasis tonight as we observe the birthday of George Washington. Millions of American citizens will stand reverentially before his portraits and statues tomorrow with a new and higher comprehension of his life and character, realizing as never before the real measure of his service to our country.

A few days ago we observed the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, that other towering personality in American history, who saved the nation that Washington made possible, and made

the Constitution a truthful document by writing into it the immortal lines that ended the vicious institution of human slavery which had poisoned the life of the nation from the beginning.

A few days earlier still, at the end of January, the country paid tribute on his birthday to William McKinley, of blessed memory, another war president, and a man of singularly sweet and noble character whom all men loved. The Spanish-American War did not threaten the life of the Republic but McKinley's conduct of it was able and efficient, and it was fraught with great results. The United States emerged from that war as a world power. The delicate and dangerous questions involved in it were so wisely handled as to enable the Nation to enter with dignity and honor into the society of great nations. It did not make McKinley an outstanding figure, like Washington and Lincoln, but he grew with each day of the war's progress and in the lengthening perspective of the years his stature increases. Under his benign influence the long resentment of the South died away and the Mason and Dixon line lost its evil significance. The unhesitating return of Cuba to its own people and the magnanimous attitude adopted toward that country and toward the Philippines, dissipated the distrust which South America had felt toward the United States and began that cordial relationship among the nations of this hemisphere which is causing them to follow our leadership against the aggression of Germany. Likewise the generous treatment of China in the matter of the Boxer indemnity set a new and higher standard of international altruism for the world. Under McKinley the United States began to develop a policy and a personnel for colonial administration approaching the wise and liberal policy which has characterized England since the American Revolution and given her in this war the loyal and invaluable support of her colonies.

These three war presidents have been much in our thoughts since 1914. They all had their detractors; they all suffered from abuse and misunderstanding, and the selfishness of those who could not rise to comprehension of the high purposes that they held clearly in view. But the voices of their critics are

long since silent while the names and deeds of these men have become an imperishable part of the Nation's life. Each one of these presidents in his turn represented the initiation of a new epoch of which he was the leader. They guided the nation safely and victoriously through dark and troubled times largely because they brought about themselves as counsellors and administrators the ablest men of their time.

Washington had only four places in his Cabinet; he put General Knox of Revolutionary fame in the War Department; he made Edmund Randolph, who had opposed the adoption of the Constitution, Attorney General; he made the incomparable Hamilton Secretary of the Treasury; and Jefferson, who was never his friend, and who never ceased to intrigue against him even while in his Cabinet, became Secretary of State. Personalities did not count with Washington. These men had power, therefore they had place with him in making the Nation.

Lincoln had four Democrats in his Cabinet, and only three men of his own party. Stanton, a Democrat and his violent opponent of other years, was made Secretary of War because he was the ablest man Lincoln could find. Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, who had been a rival candidate for the presidency and who ill concealed his contempt for Lincoln, was Secretary of the Treasury. Later on Lincoln found it more comfortable to have Chase a little further away and he made him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and there also Chase performed a great service for the Nation. Seward, who became Secretary of State under Lincoln, had also been his opponent for the presidency. These were the big men of the time, men of great ability with large following. Lincoln recognized their power. Their personal opinions of him, their partisan antagonisms, meant nothing to him so long as they were patriots, and that they were, therefore he drafted them for the war. He subordinated everything, as did Washington, and dedicated everything to the one supreme purpose, that of winning the war; and thereby, as Washington became the father of his country, Lincoln became its savior.

The incomparable war message of the President last April clearly expressed the aims and prayerful purposes of the

people of the United States and met the unqualified approval of every patriotic American. Those who opposed the President in the election and who disagreed with his policies, have in this crisis put away partisanship and prejudice and are dedicating their all to the winning of the war. We see clearly, though it has taken a long time to comprehend and act, that this is our war and has been from the beginning, and this Nation at whatever cost must go through with it to a victorious end. The "divine right of kings" against the divine right of peoples—that is now the clearly defined issue. There can be no compromise between right and wrong. There was only one choice for us, and that choice we have made. It will doubtless cost the happiness of this generation and untold sacrifice. So let us uncomplainingly lay aside the non-essentials and prepare to pay the penalty for the happy, heedless years of national drifting, emulating that sterner life and thought of our Puritan ancestors, high in the hope that this war is to be the last campaign in that struggle which began two thousand years ago with the birth of Christ, for His birth was the birth of Democracy. With His inspired teaching began the struggle for justice and liberty, and the right of people to determine their own destinies. Let us take inspiration from the fact that our Nation was founded on these principles, and that in its inception is the only example of a people who expatriated themselves to found a government on the principles of liberty and justice.

I can speak of these events in our colonial history with due regard for my English friend, Mr. Noyes, because England later became one of the great democracies herself. England, which has given a wonderful example of government of the people, England with her "contemptible little army," as the Kaiser called it, England together with France saved us in this war, just as clearly as France saved us in the days when England was an autocracy.

The other day I was told that only about 2700 of those 80,000 Englishmen who came over to France in the first days of the war are living today. Magnificent men they were! I saw many of them coming back wounded from the front, some on motor lorries, and those that could walk, on foot, I saw them where they had died on the field at the Battle of the

Marne. They came back from the front quiet, imperturbable, self-possessed, the same Englishmen, undisturbed, unruffled in all that excitement and horror of war as you would find them in their days of peaceful vocation. How wonderful they were!

One day, just after the turn of the Battle of the Marne, I was returning to Paris from a visit to the front. In the cool of the evening we came upon three Tommies at the end of a little chateau. They were the "wounded who could walk," allowed to go back by themselves. One was tying up another's foot and he had a bloody bandage on his own head. We had an extra motor following, so we stopped and said, "Can't we give you a lift? We will take you on to a hospital."

"Thank you, sir. Thank you kindly, sir, but we are stopping on 'ere a bit, sir."

"But you can't stay here. Let us take you back. Why do you stay here?"

"Well, sir, you see we 'ad a bit of a scrimmage 'ere"—they had just driven out the Germans—"and our Colonel 'e was 'it in the 'ead and we buried 'im over there under the fir trees"—then we saw a fresh mound of earth—"and so we thought we would just stop on with 'im a bit. Thank you kindly, sir."

After the Battle of the Marne, while the English Navy held the seas, it was the industrial mobilization in England that enabled the French and English to hold the line across Belgium and France and gradually to begin to beat back the invaders. At a time when delay would have been fatal the representatives of government, of capital, and of labor, which had been very far apart indeed at the beginning of the war, declared a truce to industrial strife. Lloyd George had the confidence of labor, and he was called to command. He said, "If we do not make munitions, and make them quickly, damnation will fall upon our sacred cause for which so much precious blood has been shed." It was this spirit in England and France that brought forth the munitions and saved the western front and won the decisive battles of Verdun and Ypres.

We shall finally co-ordinate government, capital and labor here, but we move too slowly. It is for us, with England and France, to save the western front again. And if we do not

make haste damnation will fall upon our sacred cause. Capital can not escape sacrifice, and should not. Labor can not escape sacrifice, and should not. There must be equal sacrifice and equal justice. The Government, conscious of the heavy duty of winning the war, free from partisanship and personal ambition, may ask, in the words of the President, of every American citizen and demand an immediate answer: "Will you co-operate or will you obstruct?"

HONORABLE JOSEPH BUFFINGTON:

A year ago I sat here in your City one night and listened to the eloquence of a man who I felt was burning the inner fires of repression in his heart. It seemed to me he was burning the candle at both ends, and the burning came, as it seemed to me, from overwork, and next day I sat down and dropped a line to that valued friend and said, "Your Country, your City and Christianity need you too much. You must stop, or a year from this you will be at the end of the tether." It is hard work to talk to a man straight like that, and I got a beautiful letter back from that appreciative friend; but a few months after that I understood that health, strength and vigor were coming back to him, and that what had been consuming him was the inward fires of a soul that felt that we ought to be in this struggle. Tonight he is here. I watched him grow strong. I watched him take the lead in the great mobilization of the forces of Pennsylvania. I have seen him at work in his profession. I have seen him with his face to the light, give his boy and the husbands of his two girls, all he has to give, and strength has come back to him because, thank God, he is no longer a neutral, he is an Ally. That is George Wharton Pepper.

GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER:

MR. TOASTMASTER AND GENTLEMEN:—It is hardly necessary for me to say how much I appreciate this evidence of your cordial friendship, or to express the deep appreciation that I feel at having received the invitation which brings me here tonight. It seems to me, in these days of constant work and almost incessant strain, that social relaxation and an

evening passed with such good fellows as you is itself a health-giving experience. It is something that we owe to ourselves in days of stress. Then it is a great honor to be bidden as the guest of this distinguished Society and to be privileged to lift one's voice in praise of the Scotch-Irish. Then there is a third reason that made me glad to come. I thought to myself, "I shall now have an opportunity to get an answer to a question which has puzzled me these many years, and that is, what, after all, is a Scotch-Irishman? Of course, I have known in a general way that the people called Scotch-Irish are scattered throughout our community and up and down the length and breadth of our land. I have been told that you are the people who in the Revolutionary War created and achieved our independence. I have been told that you are the people who saved the Union in the sizzling 60's. I have been told that it is to you that we owe in large measure the public educational system of the United States. I have been told that the Scotch-Irishmen are among the very few, or the relatively few, of our fellow-countrymen, who can not only recite the Ten Commandments but who even keep some of them. And I am not sure but that their crowning achievement is the one to which your President so touchingly referred when he read the letter from Minister Koo—who spoke of the invincible alliance that has now been formed between the Scotch, the Irish and the Chinese.

But, after all, this is only the record of what you have done. It throws no light at all on the question what you are. I have been aware for many years that if you wanted to get anywhere in an American community it was very important to keep on good terms with the Scotch-Irish, whoever and whatever they may be. I have observed, these many years, that if you wanted anything like political favor or political recognition, you usually found it to lie in the gift of a Scotch-Irishman. In my own profession the recognition of this truth is most important; because for some reason which I have never been able to fathom, almost every judge that amounts to anything is a Scotch-Irishman; and you know that an attitude, if not of reverence at least of *respect* for the judiciary, is a very becoming attitude for a practicing attorney.

What is a Scotch-Irishman?

The first thing which is obvious is that he has little or nothing in common with the Scot. I have looked over the roll of names in your distinguished list. Almost every one of them is familiar to me and almost every man is known to me to be extravagantly lavish in his personal expenditure. There is not a man within the sound of my voice who is not wholly indifferent to the question whether or not the loans he generously makes to his friends are repaid, differing in that respect from the anxiety that Ambassador Herrick felt respecting the safety of his loan to Baron von Schoen. I am sure that the traditional prejudice of the Scotchman in favor of alcoholic stimulants is entirely wanting in the case of the Scotch-Irishman. We have all heard of Scotch whisky and we have all heard of Irish whisky; but if there ever was such a thing as Scotch-Irish whisky it has been lapped up long ago.

You have no real affiliation with the Irish. A Scotch-Irishman can look you level in the eye and tell you the most necessary and unpleasant truths; and no Irishman that walked God's earth could ever do that. Speakers at former dinners of yours, who have tried unsuccessfully to be funny, have told me that they suspected that the Scotch-Irish were lacking in a sense of humor; and I must say that when I have read some of the racial claims contained in the addresses of your ex-presidents I have fancied there might be some truth in that charge. You are not Irish and you are not Scotch and you are not a blend; because you cannot make a combination of the distinctive characteristics of the Irish and the Scotch since they are mutually exclusive, destructive and contradictory. What are you? I have tried to solve the problem by studying individual cases of the disorder. Take my partner, Bayard Henry, for instance. I have studied him lo, these many years, and, for the life of me, I cannot tell whether that which is characteristic of him is the thing derived from his Scotch-Irish ancestors or whether it is a sort of human storage battery with which he seems to be equipped, that keeps everybody in the office and anywhere within range in perpetual motion and that tears out the telephone from its socket if anything goes wrong over the wire. Mr. Toastmaster, I have

come to the deliberate conclusion that the Scotch-Irish are no longer a racial group at all. The thing that is characteristic of you is not the stock from which you are sprung so much as it is the tenacity with which you hold to certain principles that are fundamental in our National life. It seems to me as if a man might aspire to membership in your honorable Society even if he has not a drop of Irish or Scotch blood in his veins, if so be he is able to prove himself true to your ideals of Christian citizenship. We are told that we are fighting for democracy. And so we are; but we must not forget (Ambassador Herrick has made it impossible for us to forget) that in the process we are vastly improving the quality of the democracy that we are fighting for. We are refining the product which we are commending to the world. The thing of which we are proud is not the debased democracy which characterized this Nation before the purifying process began, but it is that spirit of a free people which will be characteristic of this Democracy when we shall have emerged triumphant from the great tribulation and shall have washed our robes in blood. One reason among many why I admire you Scotch-Irishmen is because it seems to me that you manifest in an extraordinary degree that attitude of mind toward life which is of the essence of the democratic idea. It is not merely that you think little of emperors, kings and bishops. (You notice how in their presence the bishops who are your guests insensibly drift together for mutual protection.) It is rather that you lay large stress upon the value of individual liberty in religion and in government and stress lightly the principle of authority in church and in state. It seems to me that the Scotch-Irishman is typical of the democracy for which we are striving to make the world safe, and I love him and I honor him because of that fact. Doubtless, my friends, you men, because your attitude of mind is as far removed as possible from that of the German, and you therefore are a strong bar against the onslaught of the Hun—doubtless you are doing more than the rest of us in this great cause, but you are not beginning to do enough. This war has so far thrust itself into our consciousness in terms of the cheerful yielding up of our boys to fight the good fight of freedom; but we who stay at home must

not forget that with us rests the ultimate decision of the conflict in which they have so cheerfully enlisted. The time is coming soon when hell will enlarge herself, will disgorge her devils and vomit them towards the line, and the supreme question then will be whether that line will hold. You and I know that the boys that we send yonder will do everything that is humanly possible to stem that onslaught. Among all the changes and chances of this life that one thing is a bed-rock certainty. But we are apt to forget that it rests with you and with me to determine whether their possible is going to be sufficient to turn the scales of victory. The question, in that supreme moment, whether or not they will check and turn back that onslaught, is going to depend upon the extent and thoroughness of their training, the thoroughness of their preparedness, the degree of their morale and the efficiency of their equipment, and you and I are those upon whom rests the decision whether or not that training is to be sufficient, whether or not that preparedness is to be adequate, whether or not their morale is to be maintained, whether or not their equipment is to be ready at hand and suitable for its task. Ours is the decision and we must register our decision in the little acts of life day by day and hour by hour. If we suffer ourselves to share the self-deception of those who believe that all is well enough with our military and naval situation, then we may be depriving our boys of their fighting chance. It is our business not to be destructive critics. It is our business not to pick flaws in great policies or to carp at the achievements of great men; but it is our business to know the facts and find them out relentlessly and insist that those in authority shall face the facts, and everlastingly pursue those who shut their eyes to them. If we fail to work day and night in the Thrift Stamp Campaign and for the Third Liberty Loan, or if we tolerate the all-to-common and despicable spirit of tax dodging in this Country, we may be depriving our boys of the one thing necessary to enable them to make their resistance effective. If we do not whole-heartedly and ungrudgingly support the policies of the Food Administration we shall be serving our bellies rather than our boys. My friends, we must realize that we are far from having translated into practice

and conduct these convictions, which, as intellectual, propositions, perhaps we all share. We are very, very far to-night, even you enlightened men within the four walls of this room, from acting like men who find themselves face to face with a desperate situation. What are we waiting for? Do we expect some miraculous interposition of Providence? God Almighty is doubtless thinking that the victory will do us no good unless we win it for ourselves. And if we are to win it it means that it is to be won through a combination of *all* our efforts, of *all* our resources, and not merely of some of them. We must shut our ears to the seductive and deceptive talk of those who even now are daring to discuss the elements of peace. This is no time to talk of peace. Americans, like the English and French, can be trusted to insist only upon fair terms of peace—when we shall have licked the Kaiser; but the business before us, the business in hand, is to do the greatest piece of licking that the world has ever seen. Scotch-Irishmen, American Patriots, and every one among you, who fears God and hates the devil, the Huns are coming and I call upon you to go Over the Top.

HONORABLE JOSEPH BUFFINGTON:

GENTLEMEN:—The next name on the program—I see Pittsburgh, I see Cleveland, I see Philadelphia, I see Hartford—but the next name on the program seems to have no abiding place. Maybe he is in a transition state. Maybe he is going to be that new combination which shall grow out of the old Motherland and the daughter coming together and making a new American Saxon Englishman. We have with us Professor Noyes, and you know those who sing and inspire and give the folk lore to the Nation greatly aid in winning the Nation's victories. I am going to call on Professor Noyes, but before I do that I am going to toast the King of the Nation that could fight and prepare at the same time. Mr. Consul-General Thomas Parker Porter, will you please rise in your place and bow for the English Nation while we drink to the King? Gentlemen, I have the honor to introduce Professor Noyes, formerly of England, now of Princeton.

ALFRED NOYES:

GENTLEMEN:—It has been suggested that I should give you some verses tonight, and verses at a time like this must always seem a little trivial, I think, but the verses that I propose to give you have at least this justification, that they were suggested by various aspects of what is being done on the other side. There are two short poems I want to give you, which were suggested by the work of our patrol fleet on the other side, of which I saw a little a year ago, and there was one side of it that impressed me particularly that might appeal, I think, to this audience. I noticed that the names of the little boats, the trawlers and drifters, of which there are some three thousand now guarding our shores and patrolling our waters, hunting submarines, were all suggestive of Old English and Scotch-Irish tradition. You get names amongst them like "Kilmeny." There were three names in the Book of Songs I noticed tonight that you get amongst them. Colleen very often appeared. You get names like Barbara Cowie, Comely Bank, and out of Old English Folk-Songs you get names like Robin Hood, the Dusty Miller and the Young Nun. You also get names suggestive of the hardships of these men's calling, names like Thrift, Faithful, even names suggestive of the faith of these men, like Gleam of Hope, Kindly Light. That was the people's fleet. To see them going out at sunset was like seeing Britain open her great silent heart to let out her inmost thoughts to guard her shores. The first of these poems I want to give you was suggested by the name of Kilmeny, Bonnie Kilmeny the Scotch lassie who, as you know, was taken away by the magic of the fairies and when she returned knew not what she had seen or where she had been.

KILMENY.

Dark, dark lay the drifters against the red West
 As they shot their long meshes of steel overside,
 And the oily green waters were rocking to rest
 When *Kilmeny* went out, at the turn of the tide;
 And nobody knew where that lassie would roam,
 For the magic that called her was tapping unseen,
 It was well-nigh a week ere *Kilmeny* came home;
And nobody knew where Kilmeny had been.

With a gun at her bow that was Newcastle's best,
 And a gun at her stern that was fresh from the Clyde;
 And a secret her skipper had never confessed,
 Not even at dawn, to his newly-wed bride;
 And a wireless that whispered above, like a gnome,
 The laughter of London, the boasts of Berlin;
 O, it may have been mermaids that lured her from home;
But . . . nobody knew where Kilmeny had been.

It was dark when *Kilmeny* came home from her quest,
 With a bridge dabbled red where her skipper had died,
 But she moved like a bride with a rose at her breast,
 And "Well done, *Kilmeny*," the Admiral cried.
 Now, from sixty-four fathom a conger may come,
 And tell you his tale of a drowned submarine;
 But, late in the evening *Kilmeny* came home;
And nobody knew where Kilmeny had been.

There's a wandering shadow that stares at the foam
 (Though they sing all the night to old England, their queen)
Late, late in the evening, Kilmeny came home,
And nobody knew where Kilmeny had been.

There are some three thousand of these boats, as I told you, and they are manned by the fisher folk, longshore fishermen, who are of all ages, ranging from the early 20's to three score years and ten. The men of three score years and ten, of whom there are at least half a dozen in that Fleet, are by no means the least tough. One of those, who is, I think, an Irishman, but I cannot give you the rich music of what he said, made a remark on which I based another poem. He was asked how he bore the bitter March nights. They are out in all seasons and in all weathers, and he said, "Well, I don't get cold. I soak my sea gloves and my sea boots in salt water and that keeps me warm." That was an obvious subject for a poem and it is called "Salt Water."

SALT WATER.

The very best ship that ever I knew
 —*Ah-way O, to me O—*
 Was a big black trawler with a deep-sea crew—
Sing, my bullies, let the bullgine run.

There was one old devil with a broken nose
 —*Ah-way O, to me O—*
 He was four score years, as I suppose—
O sing, my bullies, let the bullgine run.

We was wrecked last March, in a Polar storm
 —*Ah-way O, to me O*—
 And we asked the old cripple if his feet was warm—
Sing, my bullies, let the bullgine run.

And the old, old devil (he was ninety at the most)
 —*Ah-way O, to me O*—
 Roars, “Ay, warm as a lickle piece of toast”—
So sing, my bullies, let the bullgine run.

“For I soaked my sea-boots and my dungarees
 —*Ah-way O, to me O*—
 In the blue salt water that the Lord don’t freeze”—
Oh, sing, my bullies, let the bullgine run.

The next one is slightly more serious and I suppose might be called a symbolic poem. It was suggested by the wireless with which these boats are equipped, and also is an attempt to remind one that these boats are not always successful. Men do not always come home to the little cottages on the coast that wait for them. As one man said to me, “We only know what boats are lost when we see the faces of the women.”

WIRELESS.

Now to those who search the deep,
Gleam of Hope and Kindly Light,
 Once, before you turn to sleep,
 Breathe a message through the night.
 Never doubt that they’ll receive it.
 Send it, once, and you’ll believe it.

Wrecks that burn against the stars,
 Decks where death is wallowing green,
 Snare the breath among their spars,
 Hear the flickering threads between,
 Quick, through all the storms that blind them,
 Quick with worlds that rush to find them.

Think you these aerial wires
 Whisper more than spirits may?
 Think you that our strong desires
 Touch no distance when we pray?
 Think you that no wings are flying
 ’Twixt the living and the dying?

Inland, here, upon your knees,
 You shall breathe from urgent lips,
Round the ships that guard your seas,
 Fleet on fleet of angel ships;
Yea, the guarded may so bless them
That no terrors can distress them.

You shall guide the darkling prow,
 Kneeling thus—and far inland—
You shall touch the storm-beat brow
 Gently as a spirit-hand.
Even a blindfold prayer may speed them,
And a little child may lead them.

It might be appropriate if I gave you here some verses which were written about the time when America entered the war, on an American subject. I tried to express in them the feeling of Englishmen with regard to this Country. The first four lines of this poem were written for an inscription on a monument that has just been erected on the old Battle Ground of Princeton, where, as perhaps some of you know, the English and American Soldiers who died there were buried together. It has often seemed to me that on both sides, both in England and America, we overlook the real thing at issue in that Revolutionary War. I not only agree with everything that was said by Mr. Herrick tonight about that Revolutionary War, but I would go further. I would say that it was the same war then that we have today, and also that the people fighting it were almost the same. I wish very much that the military maps of that War were published today and were scattered abroad in this Country. Get the books on the Battle of Princeton and study the military maps there, and you will find in those military maps what will show you, if you did not already know it, that the direction of that war did not seem to be English at all. The names Mr. Herrick quoted tonight, I did not notice any Schmidt amongst them. I noticed many Scotch-Irish names, or some Scotch-Irish names and some English names but did not notice any German names amongst them, and I seem to remember a little village in Sussex named Washington and a cathedral town in England named Lincoln. McKinley somehow suggests the Scotch-Irish to me. The first four lines of this poem were

written before America came into the war. The rest of the poem was written afterwards.

PRINCETON IN WAR TIME.

*Here Freedom stood by slaughtered friend and foe,
And, ere the wrath paled or that sunset died,
Looked through the ages; then, with eyes aglow,
Laid them to wait that future, side by side.*

(Lines for a monument to the American and British soldiers of the Revolutionary War, who fell on the Princeton battlefield, and were buried in one grave.)

i.

Now lamp-lit gardens in the blue dusk shine
Through dog-wood, red and white;
And round the grey quadrangles, line by line,
The windows fill with light,
Where Princeton calls to Magdalen, tower to tower,
Twin lanthorns of the law;
And those cream-white magnolia boughs embower
The halls of "Old Nassau."

ii.

The dark bronze tigers crouch on either side
Where red-coats used to pass;
And round the bird-loved house where Mercer died,
And violets dusk the grass,
By Stony Brook that ran so red of old,
But sings of friendship now,
To feed the old enemy's harvest fifty-fold,
The green earth takes the plough.

iii.

Through this May-night, if one great ghost should stray
With deep remembering eyes,
Where that old meadow of battle smiles away
Its blood-stained memories,
If Washington should walk, where friend and foe
Sleep and forget the past,
Be sure his unquenched heart would leap to know
Their souls are linked at last.

iv.

Be sure he walks, in shadowy buff and blue
 Where those dim lilacs wave.
 He bends his head to bless, as dreams come true,
 The promise of that grave;
 Then, with a vaster hope than thought can scan,
 Touching his ancient sword,
 Prays for that mightier realm of God in man,
 "Hasten Thy Kingdom, Lord.

v.

"Land of our hope, land of the singing stars,
 Type of the world to be,
 The vision of a world set free from wars
 Takes life, takes form from thee;
 Where all the jarring nations of this earth,
 Beneath the all-blessing sun,
 Bring the new music of mankind to birth,
 And make the whole world one."

vi.

And those old comrades rise around him there,
 Old foemen, side by side,
 With eyes like stars upon the brave night-air,
 And young as when they died,
 To hear your bells, O beautiful Princeton towers,
 Ring for the world's release!
 They see you piercing like grey swords through flowers,
 And smile, from souls at peace.

HONORABLE JOSEPH BUFFINGTON:

GENTLEMEN:—You will be quite at liberty to go after the next speaker, but my word went out to him that no one would leave until my turn to speak came and that was when he had finished. I have been so much touched by what Professor Noyes has so beautifully written of the most beautiful college town in America, Princeton, that my heart turns tonight to my own Alma Mater. As I thought of Hartford, the most beautiful of New England cities, and my four very happy college years spent in that hospitable place, I could not help but think of my deep affection for the college of that city, but it was before Doctor Adam's time, and I recall when during

my senior year, on a day that comes about thirty days ahead of this, or a little more, we got thirteen of the clergy in that vicinity to come down to marry a bogus couple at the Old United States Hotel in Hartford, headed by your former Doctor Twitchell. You can understand what a deep affection I have for the College of Hartford, and I have the pleasure of presenting Doctor John Douglas Adam, the man who has made the fame and reputation of the great seminary with which he is connected, of world-wide authority.

PROFESSOR JOHN DOUGLAS ADAM, D.D.:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I appreciate very greatly the gracious invitation to be here tonight as your guest, especially when I realize that I bring with me no trailing clouds of glory. However, I may be able to help Mr. Pepper in his dilemma. He finds it difficult, notwithstanding his great eloquence, to understand the meaning of a Scotch-Irish American. I might tell him that from the Scotsman's point of view a Scotch-Irishman is one who has had his heredity and his training in Scotland, his adventure in Ireland and his career in America. The hyphen is a very difficult word these days. Nevertheless the hyphen joining the Old World and the New can never be an unwelcome fact in the United States so long as it brings the virility of the Old World to the problems of a triumphant Democracy. A man need not hate his mother because he loves his wife. This Nation has provided, as no other Nation has provided, a gracious and ample welcome to every Irish-American to find himself, his place and his destiny. The perpetuation of Old World racial memories, brought to this soil not as a menace but as an enriching contribution, has helped to make this Country what it is tonight. For the difference between a medicine and a poison is not in the ingredients but in the proportion of the ingredients, and any man who seeks to know the history of the Scotch-Irishman in America knows that the proportion of the ingredients has been wholesome for the Republic. We all know that it is a Scotch-Irishman in the most august position in the world today, who is the interpreter to the world, an anguish-stricken world, of the elements of

Democracy. This Nation is the only Nation, the only great self-governing Nation that was ever born in idealism, the only great self-governing Nation that was ever born Christian, and Democracy is the crown and flower of idealism. It is its incarnation. The men and women who came over here in the Seventeenth Century, were many of them not only of the best blood in Europe, but had the highest ideals that reigned in the minds of men. I need not tell you that the life and light of New England some two hundred and fifty years ago was the most morally august thing on this planet, and that is saying a good deal for a Scotchman. Those men and women who came over here came with a vision and they translated that vision into life as they lived it on this soil, and the fruit and triumph of it is in your colleges, your public schools, your universities, and written in the Constitution of the United States. And every man who has had a prophetic vision in the great days of this Nation's life, who has interpreted the mission and destiny of the United States, has interpreted that mission and destiny in terms of Democracy. Not only so, but the democratic idea as it has flourished on this soil, has benefited the whole world. I suppose Germans would admit in their frank moments that perhaps the greatest intellect produced in Germany was Emanuel Kant, and Emanuel Kant got his democratic ideas from America. His hopes and philosophizings and dreams toward a world-wide Democracy and a universal peace were profoundly influenced by his vision of what was going on on this side.

But there is another great idea, a recrudescence of the past, an idea which is not modern, but which is powerful, as we heard tonight. That idea of monarchical absolutism has its headquarters in Germany, not the creation of the intellectuals not the creation of Nietzsche, but the creation of men drunk with power. It is emperor-lust for power that has corralled the intellect of the intellectuals of Germany. It is not Nietzsche that has created monarchical absolutism. It is monarchical absolutism that created Nietzsche. The intellectuals of Germany today stand as vassals to a dominating idea which has no modernity in it, but which is simply a recrudescence of past ages, of the ideas which have been fought over and won. It was

baptized to a new consecration and activity after the Franco-Prussian War, and now we see it on the plains of France and Flanders tonight. This idea has not only conquered the intellectuals of Germany but it holds unfortunately large numbers of the German people. I understand the Cologne "Gazette" is an inspired organ of the German Government, and only a few weeks ago that organ said the German people repudiate the idea of democratization. I did not say that. The Cologne "Gazette" said it, and it ought to know. So we have these two great ideas in deadly conflict. The United States and her Allies are at war for a great moral idea which has been trying to win its way through the centuries on from, as we have heard tonight from Mr. Herrick, two thousand years ago, on through the Magna Charta of King John, fighting its way, century after century, and today we are in the historical crisis of the whole idea. The centuries meet in one focus point. We have today a microcosm of the history of the world gathered into an intense dramatic conflict, and we are living in it and our boys are fighting in it and our relatives have died in it. This focus point of all history, this struggle for the future of the history of the planet, as to whether the Divine idea of Democracy shall go forward or backward. As we read the philosophy of human history, it is a war of ideas, of moral ideas. Sometimes you hear a man say this war is three thousand miles away. Why should we be interested? An idea is never three thousand miles away from your head, or mine, unless it is a great deal further. The only distance between an idea and your head or mine is our willingness or our ability to receive it. These Allies are in this war for the idea of Democracy which has all the authority of the history of the past and of the concentrated intelligence and reverence of centuries. There is no such thing as two hemispheres now. Since the days of the illustrious George Washington the world has changed inevitably. What has done it? Among the things we have contributed to it are the steamboat, the railroad train, the penny post, the newspaper, the telegraph, the telephone, the wireless. All these things have turned the world from an aggregation of nations into one living, interpenetrating body. This world is one living body, and when some malignant growth grows within our

body we call in the surgeon to have it excised. We do not seek that the surgeon should kill us, but simply that he should rid our body of this malignant growth which threatens the functioning of our organs and our life itself. The United States and her Allies recognize that this world is one living, interpenetrating body, but there is a malignant growth in that body, in one organ of that body, and the surgeon has been called in to excise that cancerous growth. The United States and her Allies do not seek to crush Germany but simply to crush the devil out of Germany. We had nothing to say about the political philosophy of Germany so long as she kept that within herself. We, many of us here I suppose, have been in Germany, in her universities and other centers of its life and thought, and we have seen this malignant growth growing. Those of us who have spent our summers again and again in Germany have felt its frightful murderous power, but we were only guests for the time being, and we carried ourselves in silence, but when this thing came out beyond the borders of Germany, when it ran amuck on the face of the earth, as I saw it with my own eyes only a few months ago in Belgium, then, of course, the United States with her Allies had to take charge of the situation. It was not an interference with the liberty of Germany but simply a desire for the peace of the world. These Allied Nations are in this war for the purpose of preserving that idealism in the world in which this Nation was born and for which she stands, for I believe that this Nation has idealism at its heart. The men who write of America as the land of the dollar, are superficial in their vision. No American can read the history of his own national struggles, without seeing writ large over it all that idealism is the heart and soul of this Country. She can only fulfill her destiny as she is true to it, and where she debauches it she is guilty of miscarrying that high calling, the greatest calling in the world for a nation, to become a light of the world.

This Nation with her Allies, is in this war for the preservation of the ideal element in the life of the world, truth, justice and honor. I think we all agree that Germany is perhaps the most materially efficient nation on the face of the earth today. We marvel, we stand aghast and amazed at the vastness of her material efficiency, but that is all she has left. Those of you

who have read reports like the Viscount Bryce's report on Belgium, those who have heard by word of mouth from French and Belgians, fully realize that the militaristic power of Germany has thrown out everything except her material efficiency, while the United States and her Allies, true only to their mission and destiny, are seeking to retain those elements of idealism in the life of the world without which our life would not be worth living. We might as well ring down the curtain on the stage. Look at that heap of stones at the mouth of a quarry and then look at that great Cathedral like Notre Dame. What is the difference? Architecture. Look at that pile of iron at the mouth of the mine and at the great bridge spanning a river. What is the difference? Mathematics. Look at a great picture in a gallery. It is only paint and canvas. I can get more paint in a paint shop and more canvas in a dry goods store, but it is not those elements which are supreme in a picture. It is the genius, it is the vision, it is the insight of the artist. These things we cannot grasp and carry off in a bag, yet we all recognize it is these impalpable things that are the real things. These are the only things that compel us to make great sacrifices. Not one of us is willing to make vast sacrifices for anything else than that impalpable, inscrutable reality which we call idealism in national life. These Allied Nations are seeking to retain this, to retain the bond that binds international life into one living, interpenetrating organism. What is the bond that binds international life? It is confidence. Confidence is the thing that binds everything that is civilized. Our family life is held together by confidence. Our business life, our national life, our international life, and then the Kaiser tells us there is no such thing as international law, and the Kaiser ought to know. We seek to keep that thing and therefore the struggle is, idealism *versus* material efficiency.

I went over the other day to see the struggle with my own eyes, and as I passed through London I saw the American Boys on their way to France. I never shall forget that morning. I would not have missed that for anything, that vision of the American Boys going through London. I was standing in Trafalgar Square. I never saw Trafalgar Square packed as it was that morning. They were climbing up on the King Charles

Monument. They were standing on the plinth of the Nelson Monument. They were standing on top of the National Gallery. They were peering out of what were once the Grand Hotel windows. They were looking out of the windows of Morley's Hotel. That square was packed with thousands of people. The American soldiers, 4000 strong, came swinging up through Trafalgar Square, and they received a wonderful reception. The people of London saw a new type of soldier, I think; lean, wiry, with great intelligence and a sober earnestness looking out from his eyes, but there was one memorable moment that I shall never forget. As the band was playing American patriotic airs and the boys were marching up into the Square, it was a breezy morning. As they came up into the Square that vast throng was not prepared for what its eyes saw as the great national emblem fluttered out in the breeze above the heads of the 4000 marching boys. London, because it was an intelligent crowd, not only saw physically the situation, not only the Flag, not only the boys, heard not only the patriotic airs, but London saw and felt a great moment of human history. It saw the microcosm, the aspiration of centuries, focussing the Old World and the New in one movement of Divine intelligent protest and antagonism against an accursed lie of history which should have been buried a thousand years ago. I went over to France after I saw the boys and put up at an old French Chateau some twenty miles perhaps or more from the front, and as I was motored from the port at which I landed in France I was amazed to find in the three hours and a half of fast motoring through that part of France where the Germans had not been, that every field had been tilled and had borne a harvest. I was not prepared for it. I expected to see great wastes, because the Flower of France was either on the battlefield, in hospital or lying silent in the grave, and I said to my friend, the British captain who was taking me to the chateau, "What does it mean? Who tilled those fields? Who harrowed them? Who brought in the harvest?" He said proudly, "The women, the women of France." I have spent a month practically of every year for many years in France and think I know something of the French people, but I have recently seen the transfiguration of those people. Not to speak of the Frenchmen,

during my stay in France I never saw a French woman smile but I never saw her weep. I saw a strong, resolute, soul who had risen to a vast and unparalleled challenge and knew that she met it. God bless the women of France. The day after I got to the chateau the commandant in charge said, "You are going this morning to the front. If you will try on your gas mask and your shell helmet and put on your puttees and my trench boots, the car will be ready in a few minutes," and we were off to the front. We entered that zone where the Germans had been; you know those lovely French trees that every visitor to France has learned so greatly to admire. Every one of them had been cut down on both sides of the road for miles and miles, cut into logs lying there, and with apparently no purpose except devilishness. We sat down on one of those logs and had our early lunch, and as we lunched I did not realize we were within range of shells until five fell in the next field, and I turned around to look at the last one and saw a great branch of a tree beginning to fall over as it were, and then I saw a great cannon appear as the branch fell back, only about twenty-five yards behind us, and my captain said in a most philosophical tone, "You had better put your hands over your ears for there will be a slight noise presently," and there was a slight noise presently. Then we went up towards the front. We arrived behind the third line trench and I saw the men there busy cooking and playing while shells came screaming over our heads, and he said, "This is the communication trench." I was delighted as we went up that communication trench toward the front line trench to see that Tommy had his little joke. Those trenches were called Sallie's Alley and Mary's Walk and Jennie's Road, and so on. One was pleased to see that touch of fun. What a saving grace it is out there! When we got up to the front line trench, he said, "Perhaps you would like now to go up into the sap, that little trench going up beyond the front line trench." As I got up there I spoke to the officer in charge, very much in the tone I am speaking to you. He said, "Whush, man,"—that is how Scotchmen talk—I do not know whether Scotch-Irishmen talk like that—I said, "What is the matter?" He said, "The Germans have heard you." I said, "The Germans? Are they so near as all that? I thought

they were perhaps a hundred yards away." He said, "Listen and you will hear them talking." They were only twenty yards away, and the shells were whirring while the men were doing their duty. Just picture one of those Tommies in that front line trench or in the sap twenty yards from the Germans. I was there only half an hour. Those boys were there for seven days, or fourteen days and some of them seventeen days. Picture one of them with his shell helmet on and with his gas mask around his neck and his khaki clothes torn, parts of them to ribbons, because they had been Over the Top the night before. There they stood, unshaven, unwashed, their clothes wrinkled because they had been soaked to the skin and up to their knees in water, and when they had a chance to sleep they lay in the dugout like a rabbit warren by the side of the front line trench, their faces black with gun powder, and yet as I talked to those men and looked into their eyes I said, "I see a new type of man." Not in every case, but, in many cases, I saw a man who had found himself. I saw a man who had broken the upper crust of his superficial self and had got down to the molten depths that are in the romantic zone of every man. There was new dignity in his courage. There was a strange light in his eye and a strange masterfulness and kindness in his voice. I thought of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities." I thought of Sidney Carton in the tumbril in Paris, on the way to the place of execution, of whom Dickens says "His face was the most beautiful face in all Paris because he gave his life for his friend." I saw Sidney Carton. He is a great man, and, gentlemen, you and I must look out when he comes home to America lest he be our moral superior. There are big men coming back, men who have a keen scent for unreality, men who have a new scorn for cant, men who look down with indignation against all kind of indolence and subterfuge. We will have to work hard, to stand on the moral level of multitudes of those men when they come back from France. I went that afternoon from the trenches to Arras and I saw there a small city shot to pieces. It seemed as if every house had been ruined, and as I stood in front of the Cathedral looking at its ruin, there came a fine type of old French gentlewoman from across the road from her old house that was in ruins, and she said to me in a most polite

way, "Monsieur, that is my house over there." It was a large house. I said, "Yes, Madame. They have used it very badly." "Yes, yes, they have put over a hundred shells into it, aiming for the Cathedral." Then she drew herself up, true to the French spirit of today, and she said, "But, Monsieur, I am still living in the cellar." Yes, the French people are living in such places with the noble and transfigured contempt for all kinds of danger, for both men and women, multitudes of them who are living, have died already. And when a man has died already having faced it many times and lives, look out for the moral force of that man. Nothing can stand in his way. Nothing can phase that man again for he has found himself in the deepest depths of his personality. I went to Baupaume another day and saw a city, not that had been shelled, but that had been blown up, with dynamite, by Hindenburg on his retreat. Every house seemed to have been ruined. I went into the cemetery and saw a great monument, as high as the ceiling, that Hindenburg had raised to his officers, and I said, "Hindenburg, you did not intend to leave this place or you would not have put up a thing like that." It was an immense thing with the Kaiser's crest on the top of it, built as a memorial to his officers who had fallen. I saw in that cemetery the only touch of German humanity I saw in my visit to France and Flanders. It was a little metal disc over a British private airman's grave, put there by German hands in memory, and I said, "Thank God for one little touch of humanity in the midst of this vast carnival of brutality." I went through the Valley of the Somme and motored for twenty miles through a howling waste, not one single house standing, but vast piles of stone and wood here and there piled up by the salvage corps. The trees had become like barren, burnt telegraph poles. No harvest, nothing but crosses and mounds, tens of thousands of them, and almost every yard a shell hole, a vast pock-marked area that was once a glorious plain of France, now a howling wilderness of desolation, and here and there by the wayside little lonely crosses raised to unknown soldiers. I saw only one flower growing; it grew everywhere, a little red flower. As I saw that little red flower on the graves by the crosses, in the shell holes, in the fields of blood, I thought of George Matheson's lines: "I lay

in dust life's glory dead, and from the ground there blossoms red life that shall endless be." Gentlemen, that is the challenge to us. The blood of those men cries to us, for this is a war in which we are all engaged, not merely men of fighting age, but every man. It is your war and my war, here tonight in this banqueting room as well as on the plains of France. God help us if we do not try to bring forth at least the moral equivalent of what those men are making in sacrifices in France. We cannot stand alongside of them when they come back if we do not, for this war is either making you and me or unmaking us. We shall either be bigger men or smaller men according as to where we stand and according as to the sacrifice we make "For the cause that lacks assistance, for the wrongs that need resistance, for the future in the distance, for the good that we can do."

HONORABLE JOSEPH BUFFINGTON:

GENTLEMEN:—We will call on a veteran of the War for the Union, to place on record in this Society the names of those who have gone to the Service, Mr. C. Stuart Patterson.

MR. C. STUART PATTERSON:

GENTLEMEN:—There are some members of this Society whom the Society holds in chiefest of honor, the men from our own number who have gone to the front. I do not think that we ought to part to-night without paying our tribute of respect and admiration to them. The list which I read you is no doubt incomplete, but these names have come to my attention:—

DR. E. G. ALEXANDER, Major, M. R. C.

EDWARD M. BIDDLE, First Lieutenant, Ordnance Department, Foreign Service.

DR. CHARLES A. FIFE, Captain, M. R. C.

MARK R. M. GWILLIAM, First Lieutenant, U. S. A.

THOMAS MCKINNEY HAYS, Major, N. A.

M. C. KENNEDY, Colonel, Transportation Department, France.

REV. JOHN DAVID LINDSAY, United Service Commission, Camp Gordon.

COLONEL LOUIS J. MAGILL, U. S. Marine Corps.

DR. J. BRUCE McCREARY, Major, M. R. C.

CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, Lieutenant Colonel, N. A. Ordnance Department.

GEORGE STEWART, JR., 446th Detachment, Engineers, France.

R. STUART SMITH, Major, Foreign Service, Red Cross Branch.

In addition to those members of the Society there are many men closely connected with men whom I see around this table tonight, who are now on duty with the Army. My friend Mr. Gribbel has, I think, two sons in the Service. My friend, Mr. Bayard Henry, has two gallant sons, one in the Army and the other in the Navy. Mr. Dickinson has a son and a son-in-law on duty in France. Judge, I think you have two sons in the Service. Mr. Peterson, who has left us, has a son with the Pennsylvania Railroad Engineer Corps, I think one of the very men whom the eloquent speaker saw marching through London. Let us drink to those men in expression of our respect, our admiration and our regard for each and every one of them. It escaped my attention for a moment, but my friend Mr. Pepper has a gallant son and two sons-in-law in the Service, three for whom he can wear stars.

HONORABLE JOSEPH BUFFINGTON:

While the wit of its orators and the brevity of its toastmaster are the soul of a feast, the honored custom of this Society that he who presides as toastmaster shall also speak as president, constrains me as president to break that rule of brevity which as toastmaster, I fain would follow. But while this tradition of the elders eliminates my brevity, it in no way, brother orators, affects your wit.

We meet tonight as a race, but above that, as a race of a great sovereign Commonwealth, for we are the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania. It would be farcical in this presence at least, to speak of a Scotch-Irishman among us, who does not believe in the Scotch-Irish, but how about us as Pennsylvanians? Do we believe equally in Pennsylvania? For my part, I have no use for a Pennsylvanian who has no use for Pennsylvania, and were I called on to revise the Book of Common Prayer, I would add to its Litany, "From a Pennsylvanian who is not a Pennsylvanian, Good Lord, deliver us." You know the type—one who stands mute when this great Commonwealth is abused or villified, or what is worse, becomes a spineless apologist for the State of his nativity.

An apologist! To those who see the "things as they are," while Pennsylvania is the least understood and the most gen-

erally abused of all the States of the Union, yet in the sphere of accomplishment, and in silence over that accomplishment, she is the peer of any and a giant among all. And in these present days when the test of war efficiency is not so much the thing done, for that is a matter to be expected, but the thing left undone is the crux test of efficiency, the United States at large is beginning to see now, what the leaders of the Allies have long seen and recognized, that it is to Pennsylvania mills, to Pennsylvania mines, to Pennsylvania men, and to Pennsylvania business efficiency, the world itself has turned in the winning of the war. For example, when among the hundreds of establishments in my home city that are working war work day and night, I single out three concerns only and tell you that of the thirty thousand men each of the three employs, ninety thousand in all, that ninety per cent. of their output is Government work, and when I multiply those three by the thousands of war-employed Pennsylvania plants, from the shipyard city of Chester on the Southeast, to the boiler city of Erie, with its giant electrical equipment plants on the Northwest; from the mills of Bethlehem on the Northeast, to the mills of Pittsburgh on the Southwest; with here in Philadelphia the Midvale for armor and guns, the Baldwin renewing the French railroads behind the lines, with our Philadelphia textile mills supplying the warp and woof of what clothes our soldier boys, you can well believe that I speak the words of truth and soberness when I say that the Pennsylvania host which did a day's work for this war for their country today on Pennsylvania soil, far exceed the number of men from the whole United States who today stand on the soil of France.

Those who in the piping times of peace have ignorantly undervalued our great State, now that the test of war confronts the Nation, begin to realize that a Commonwealth that has at each end of its borders plants bigger and better than Krupp or Essen, that that Commonwealth is bound to be as great a barrier to the Exodus of Democracy as was that great Commonwealth's share in its Genesis. For when the Macedonian cry of the Nation comes, Pennsylvania rises up, and all the isms of the piping times of peace, be they Quakerism or capitalism, Scotch-Irishism or trade unionism, Germanism or pacifism,

merge and lose themselves in that one ism that is of moment today, the ism that will block for all time the onrush of a world-engulfing Prussianism and a ruthless militarism, and this ism is spelled out in patriotism. And no State in this Nation typifies so markedly the mistaken view of Prussian statesmen and their idea that when the time of stress came that every man in America with German blood in his veins, would prove recreant to Americanism and servient to Prussianism. For in answer to this expectation, Pennsylvania gives the response when it points to three great plants within its borders that have been and are now armor-plating the ships of the Nation, and says the directing heads of Midvale, Bethlehem and Carnegie Steel, my good friends and old-time neighbors, Schwab, Dinkey and Homer Williams, as I may venture to say of myself, have each of them in their veins a dash of that loyal, patriotic American stock, the Pennsylvania Dutch.

Men outside of Pennsylvania are beginning to see that if this broad belt, from the Delaware to Lake Erie, these woods of Penn, were blotted out and the Allies were shorn of Pennsylvania steel stuff, the tank, the ship, the mortar, the gun, the rail and the truck; if this great State failed from within her borders to fuel-feed the war-assisting furnaces of the Nation, to steam the boilers of the leviathans of the sea, then truly, though the flag of Democracy was born on Pennsylvania soil; though the Constitution was forged on Pennsylvania ground; though the gospel of government "Of the people and by the people," was published to the world and immortalized on a Pennsylvania battlefield,—yes, if Pennsylvania were blotted out to-day, who can gainsay the fact that the iron heel of Prussian militarism would cover the face of the earth and the black flag of Prussian piracy brood over the face of the waters.

Endowed with those great material resources that form the warp and woof of all instruments of war, this great Commonwealth has a still richer mine within her borders, in the souls of that great body of loyal women and broad-visioned men who have shown a patriotism that rises above sectionalism and stateism. Pennsylvania, my friends, has a war achievement, a war efficiency, a war industry, bottomed on the three splendid race strains, the Quaker, the Pennsylvania German and the

Scotch-Irish, whose power to do is in inverse proportion to its willingness to boast. I have always been proud of my native State, but never so proud as in these war times. With no part in the controlling councils of the Nation, Pennsylvania's resources and her people have been at the Nation's call. While her leaders have not been called into council, her representatives have accepted the leadership of those who are in place, and putting patriotism above partisanship, our Pennsylvania representatives have made it possible for our President to carry through patriotic plans which but for such loyal Pennsylvania help, would have failed at the critical moment. For, thank God, Pennsylvania has had no place, no representative, among the little twelve lawmakers whom the President so rightly held up to the gaze of the Nation. The people of this great Commonwealth have built no barriers to their patriotism. They have cheerfully accepted the laying and loyally paid the tribute money placed on their great products. They have surrendered their own right to fix their own prices on those products. They have when asked, handed over the regulation of them to those who came from without her borders. They have done this generously, unstintingly, patriotically. They have made no complaint that products of other sections have lined up in the slacker class. They have yielded to the Nation at large, and to the Government in particular, their steel, their iron, and above all, their fuel, at prices fixed by their rulers; and they have made no complaint when they had to pay unrestricted prices for the unrestricted products of sister states. Tonight there are homes upon homes in this patriotic city that are facing empty coal bins, but venting no whimper because Pennsylvania coal is being taken from our borders to keep the home fires of the Nation burning. Pennsylvania has felt no sting, and Achilles-like, has not sulked in the tent because its great citizenship has not been called to lead where Pennsylvanians felt they were fitted to lead, and I want to bear testimony here tonight, that while I have traveled from one end of this State to the other and have talked with its men who did large things, that while the keen brain, the business acumen and the practical experience of such men did not approve the stoppage of our industries, that I heard but one common

patriotic response both in word and deed, and that was to carry out both the letter and the spirit of the workless days ordained by the powers that be.

And while this great State has done these material things, she has taken the heritage lead that from the beginning of the Nation has been her place in working out the war problems of the great Democracy of self-government; she has taken a recognized lead in those self-imposed tasks which the people have in these war times placed on themselves. And herein lies the genius and sublimity of Democracy, in the great self-imposed voluntary conscription of our young men, the voluntary conservation of food, the voluntary mobilizing of money, and the voluntary mobilization of public order. No State has excelled the Keystone. There is no State in the Union today where there is better and more efficient organization in food regulation and control than in Pennsylvania. There is no State where better systematizing and more efficient results in Liberty Loans and thrift saving have been worked out than in Pennsylvania. There is no State where the people's machinery to make effective the Red Cross, the Knights of Columbus, the Young Men's Christian Association, the Salvation Army, and kindred altruistic agencies, surpasses that of Pennsylvania. When the great National Guard of our State, one of the three best in the Union, was called to the colors and the State was left without that buttress for law and order, three great elements of law and order came into play. One was the thousands and thousands of loyal Pennsylvanians who without money and without price, have quietly banded themselves into a great, silent, officered Protective Association, that possibly even without your knowledge, forms a great bulwark behind the municipal authorities of the State and the Secret Service of the Nation. And back of that stands the pre-vision and the far-sightedness of Pennsylvania in its State Constabulary, a little Leonidas band of three hundred, that can anywhere, at any time, at any hour, face anarchy, mob rule, violence, sedition, heresy or treason. And thirdly, there is a Reserve National Guard of Pennsylvania, of five thousand, infantry, cavalry, machine gun battalions now largely recruited. And while doing this, Pennsylvania has sent one thousand

more of her sons into the regular army than any other state in the Union. And just here I want to pay a deserved tribute to the type of men Pennsylvania has sent to make up the moral fiber of our defenders—for, my friends, moral fiber, character, in camp and trench and sea, and the supporting soul of the Nation at home, are the unconquerable moral reserve that will prevail over immoral Prussianism. The type of men from Pennsylvania! What think you, as Pennsylvanians, of these boys, when I tell you that an Annapolis man in charge of a Pennsylvania naval recruiting station, told me that of two thousand men he recruited, only nine men had in service developed venereal disease, and when a West Pointer told me that in two thousand men in his regiment, which was made up almost wholly of Pennsylvanians, there were not but two cases.

And there is another great thing that this great State has done, silently, quietly, through the course of years, and that to-day has removed a menace which those who did not know the foreign-born, feared when this struggle came. Twenty per cent. of the foreign immigration comes to Pennsylvania, and when the war came those who did not know them, feared the foreign-born. Has anyone of those present heard of any trouble on Pennsylvania soil from our foreign-born citizens? Thanks to the Pennsylvania school teacher; thanks to the patriotic foreign-language press of Pennsylvania—and few of us recognize its extent and its power—there has been an absorption by the foreign born of Liberty bonds beyond the conception of that native born American type exemplified by pacifist, theorist, and statesman of the type of the twelve lawmakers whom the President mentioned. And when we add to this great, quiet, unheralded work of our men, the unparalleled work of our women, the marvelous efficiency of their altruistic organizations, the work that is going on day and night in hundreds of thousands of homes, in churches and public places, in this State; when we couple all these together and see the things that Pennsylvania has quietly, effectively and patriotically done, we can stand by and endure criticisms of Philadelphia's slowness, Pittsburgh's materialism, and Pennsylvania's corruption, and with Quaker reserve, Penn-

sylvania Dutch phlegmatism and Scotch-Irish modesty, turn to the eloquence of things accomplished, and in quietness of heart we can thank God that this Nation has in the crux of the war stress and war strain, never called on the Pennsylvania reserve and found them wanting. Why, men, Pennsylvania has not begun to do for the Nation what we are going to do. When the war, of which we are only nibbling at the edges, comes to us as it has come to Canada, to Britain, to Belgium, to France, for the last three years, when the war comes home to us, as it will come in the next three years, the Nation, the President, the Allies, the world, can count on the Pennsylvania reserve. The Pennsylvania reserve! In the darkest day of the Rebellion, Lincoln found a Scotch-Irish war governor, who quietly formed the Tenth Legion, the old Pennsylvania Reserves. With no call to the colors, Andrew Curtin formed that force. And when a war-weary Nation was turning its thoughts toward a premature and unconsequential peace, it was that same Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish governor who gathered on Pennsylvania soil the war governors of the Nation, and binding them together at the Altoona conference, like the rods of a lictor's axe, brought courage and comfort to the wearied Lincoln. It was on Pennsylvania soil that that great movement, the Sanitary Commission, sprung largely from the heart of a great Philadelphia, the forerunner of all the great altruistic agencies of this war. And when Lincoln, weary of red tape, inefficiency and lack of co-ordination, combed the whole United States to find the one man of the hour who had in him the fiber of a great war secretary, and when he failed to find him even in the ranks of his own party, he came to Pennsylvania and from the ranks of his opponents chose Edwin M. Stanton, a Pennsylvania lawyer, one who had been a member of President Buchanan's cabinet, and Stanton, the war czar, strangely enough the son of a Quaker, became the greatest war minister the world has ever known. With that great genius of leadership which consists in finding the right man for the job and then putting him in supreme control of the job, Lincoln took that Pennsylvania lawyer, and Stanton grew into the greatest war minister, with the possible exception of Pitt, the world has ever known. If Pennsylvania had done

nothing else for the Union than furnishing to Lincoln Stanton, the war czar, she had done her part. And when Lincoln made him the war czar, and turned over to him the one-man power of winning the war, Lincoln too had done his part, and when with characteristic humor Lincoln said when some of his requests to Stanton were refused, that he had no influence with this administration, and when he tried to do something in the War Department, some malicious person told him that Stanton had remarked that the President was a fool, Lincoln, helpful, humble, sublime, humorous, giving all credit to others, accepted all blame for himself. Lincoln, whom time has written down as the great winner of the war, and forgotten the great war minister whom he chose—this same Lincoln, the inerrant and universal hand of time and history has written down as doing it all. Blessed are the meek, indeed, for they shall inherit the earth.

With these few passing thoughts on the part Pennsylvania played in upholding the hands of President Lincoln in the Civil War, and of the great part Pennsylvania has taken, is now taking and will take in upholding the hands of President Wilson in this war, may I venture a few brief thoughts covering the twelve months that have passed since we met in this room. A year ago tonight, as your incoming president, I stood here as an American citizen, bound more than my fellows by my official position to the limits of neutrality. In closing our dinner that night, I could only say to the Canadians and Scotchmen who were our guests, "America, I say to you gentlemen who come from without her borders, is thinking deeply and quietly and earnestly about these matters that face us. We do not know what these twelve months may bring to us. We do not know what we too may have to face. We have no bitterness against any nation, but we have an earnestness for right and justice and a stern insistence for the golden rule between nations, be one great and the other small, be one weak and the other strong; we have a deep-seated and an abiding faith that might is not the test of right, but that right is the foundation on which all might must be bottomed. We do not know what is ahead of us, but we know this, that whatever determination comes to us tomorrow that outcome

for us belongs, so far as we can see it, to God and to the right as He gives us to see the right."

But tonight we and our then defenders, now our Allies, stand here on a different basis. Thank God, we have ceased to be neutrals, that we are no longer in a position where we seem indifferent to the right, but where as Allies we can fight for that right. We line up with our Allies today with no new cause of war, other than what came into being three years ago. Three years ago when the neutrality of Belgium was violated, the world challenge went forth that on land no small nation had any rights which the Prussian was bound to respect. That made the issue on the land three years ago. Two years ago, when the two hundred Americans on the Lusitania were ruthlessly murdered, the word went forth that the neutral had no right on the sea the Prussian was bound to respect. And so on land and sea the American issues for which we now fight were formed, framed and created, three years ago, and for those three years those world-wide rights, those American rights, vital, essential, basic to humanity, basic to Democracy, basic to America, have been trembling in the balance. Belgium, Britain, France, were defenders of those rights, and men now realize that had the line of Belgium, Britain, France, gone down, during any part of these three years, that it was only a question of a choice of time and place until Prussia would be upon American soil. For during those three years it was the Belgian, British and French lines of soldiery, the walls of their navy, Belgian, British and French ideals were the only thing that stood between America's future, and what was infinitely worse, between America's women and the fate of the women of Belgium and northern France. Well do I remember the very spot in October, 1914, while this line was trembling in the balance, and those who sensed the significance of the struggle then waited with bated breath; the very spot where in answer to the query of a friend, I then and there said, "If that line breaks, there is but one thing, my friend, left to you and to me; to shoulder the musket here on American soil and be prepared to die, and to leave our wives with pistols in their hands to save their honor." In the three years that have followed, I have felt every moment

of the time that the protectors of the honor of American women here in America were not we American men, but those Belgian men, British men and French men, and, thank God, that in those lines were thirty odd thousand of American volunteers who sensed the significance of this struggle while we slumbered and slept, and who, weary at being kept out of war, went over there only too proud to fight for that which they sensed America would have to fight for when she finally found her soul. But now the veil of neutrality is rent, and we can stand in the open and give utterance to the deep things of the heart. What is now our relation to this great war? What is our mission? What is our part? Coming in at the eleventh hour, after these men, then our protectors now our Allies, have borne the heat and burden of the day, God forbid, that, no matter what the sacrifices of our future may be, that we should ever boast that America won this war. The millions of silent graves, Belgian, British and French, Italian, Roumanian, Servian, Russian, of the past three years, forbid us this boast, and they tell us that this war was spiritually won when the crossing of Belgium's neutral frontier, the ravages of that neutral country, the breach of treaties, the Lusitania, Edith Cavell, Captain Fryatt; when the thousand and other things roused Belgium, Britain and France, to a sense of world duty. Had they not answered the call, the sun of Democracy would then have sunk, and with it would have sunk America. But because they in 1914 neither hesitated, delayed nor faltered, the war was spiritually won then. And our mission today is to hammer home and clinch the nail which Belgium, Britain and France have been driving alone—to clinch the nail that Belgium, Britain and France have driven through the lid of the coffin of Prussian militarism and our mission is to clinch that nail so that that militarism shall be buried for all time. And unless that nail is clinched, this war will have to be fought over again before the American baby now in the cradle comes to man's years. Our mission in this war is prophetic. It concerns the war of twenty years hence. It concerns the little baby girl now in the cradle, and saving her twenty years hence from being the prize of Prussian military lust and rapine. In my judgment, the war our boys

who have gone overseas and are now fighting, is the war of 1938, and the battles they are now fighting are the battles by anticipation on American soil of the war of 1938. The battles these boys are fighting "over there" in 1918 are the battles of 1938 "over here"; the women they are protecting are not alone the women of France in 1918, but they are the little girls as yet in cradles here in America, and, in my judgment, it is up to those boys—and I have told the boys so in camps—that it is for them to determine whether the fate of those American girls, grown to womanhood, shall in 1938 be food for Prussian militarism, as the women of Belgium and northern France have been in these past three years. And I want to tell you right here, that whether you or I sense the significance of the job ahead of them, those khaki-clad American boys do, and they will stand for no camouflage Prussian peace. They have gone after a peace that means peace, a peace that will be made by peacemakers, and they know that the only peace that means safety here at home, is when Prussianism is fought to pieces and smashed to pieces. And I tell you, my friends, unless with a united front America and her Allies win this war, that when the next world-war comes America will have to fight it alone here on American soil, for there will be no Allies left then with power to join her, for, unless this war of 1918 is won, and won right, by 1938 the fate of Britain and France will be that of Nineveh and Tyre.

A few days ago I met a man, who, within the last twelve months, had talked face to face with Von Hindenburg and members of the German general staff. Let me tell you what that general staff officer frankly told to my informant. In substance it was this: "When this war began Germany had only prepared to fight France and Russia, for we never expected England to get into the war. But when this war is over, we will prepare the next time to fight the world." I believe that man speaks what he believes, and that what he says is the whole truth and nothing but the truth, and that the purpose and the plan and the preparedness of the next twenty years are in the soul of that general staff today. With a camouflage peace Prussia will drink again to "the Day," and that day will be American Day. Germany's present war plan was

thwarted when unprepared Britain flung, fought and prepared at the same time, and I bow my head in reverence to a nation that unprepared can fight for a principle, and that fights while she is preparing to fight. And in my judgment, the mission of America today is to save the world from the intensified awfulness that will come twenty years from now, from such an intensified, scientific, efficient preparation on the part of Germany, beside which the preparation for this present war by the German general staff will seem child's play. With that inerrant instinct that goes to the root of a question, the Scotch-Irish mind here tonight can grasp the basic truth that our Allies have already spiritually won this war for America, and with a prophetic eye for the future that is based on a just appreciation of the present, the Scotch-Irish mind sees that America's privilege, and duty now is to fight this war of 1918 in such a way as to save our fighting the war of 1938. To do this, to save the world and ourselves from a Golgotha and Calvary twenty years hence, we are willing, with faces to the light, with bleeding feet and aching heart, to tread the *Via Dolorosa* of the present, and as we enter the struggle we bare the Nation's soul and submit to the judgment of history and time, and above all, to our own national conscience, that we cross the sea with the highest justification, the purest unselfishness, and the most generous principles for the good, not for ourselves alone—though never forget that this is a war of American self-preservation—but for the world and the world's freedom, of which we stand to-day as trustees, disinterested, unselfish, unflinching. We want no indemnity; we covet or desire no nation's ground, and the only ground we can get will be six feet somewhere in France, somewhere in Belgium, somewhere if it is necessary to tread the whole length of the *Via Dolorosa*, all the way on the road to Berlin through Alsace and Lorraine; somewhere where we can lay our consecrated dead. As we cross the seas we go in the spirit of Lincoln, when he said, "I shall do nothing in malice. What I shall deal with is too vast for malicious dealing." And as our men brave the ruthlessness of the U-boat, the hellishness of the gas, which poisons not in but after the battle, the bomb aimed at the Red Cross on the hospital roof, the feeling in

our hearts will be that of Him who two thousand years ago looked down on that other greatest and most heartless military power the world had known, saying, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." And as with the set jaw of purpose and the firm heart of right, our American boys go forward to the trenches, passing the graves of our dead and consecrated Allies of the past three years, it will be for them over seas, and for us at home, to reverently salute these allied dead; and thanking God for their devotion, resolve that, in His name, America will not leave their work unfinished or suffer their sacrifice to be made in vain. No, the mission of America in this great struggle is to keep during the years of this war, her soul as it is today, free from greed, glory or gold. She stands today with no selfish aim in view. She stands today having the confidence of the world in her integrity of purpose. She stands today as the big brother of the weaker nations. She stands today as the disinterested trustee for the world's democracy. Her mission it is to use that vantage-ground to prevent the wrong kind of peace; and a Prussian peace that is not meant to be kept, a camouflage peace, is the wrong kind of peace; it is no peace, it is a stepping-stone to war. America's mission is to win a peace that is not a surface peace, but one that comes from a regenerated, de-Prussianized soul, one from a German people that has been taught by the completeness of its defeat that its best interest and its only course is to seek peace and ensure it. America's mission is that of a trusted nation, for there is no nation in all the twenty-three engaged in this struggle that trusts any other nation more than all nations in their hearts trust and believe in an unselfish, disinterested America. Turkey has infinitely more faith today in America than she has in Germany. Austria has a thousand-fold more confidence in disinterested America than she has in selfish Germany. The German people themselves, although they may not realize it, will see the day when they will have more faith in the integrity of purpose of the United States of America than they have in the general staff of the imperial government of Germany.

My friends, the Scotch-Irish mind, with pitiless logic, can see an evil and with unswerving sacrifice can go forth to meet

that evil, and the evil they see is that Prussianizing of the German soul for the last forty years has caused this war of 1918 over there in France, and they know that the de-Prussianizing of that German soul is the only way to prevent a greater world-war over here in America in 1938. And when that type of mind sees both the evil and the remedy, then that type of mind, and I believe it typifies the spirit of America today, is prepared to follow that *Via Dolorosa* that lies between the evil and its cure, and to follow that line to its limit, no matter what the sacrifice, without variableness and without shadow of turning. What mounds shall mark the sides of that *Via Dolorosa*, over whose threshold the angel of Death shall pass, God only knows! But as ever, the men and women of the Scotch-Irish breed turn to the record their fathers and their mothers prized, and from its pages, methinks, the answer comes. "And Isaac spake unto Abraham, his father, and said, My father; and he said, Here am I, my son, and he said, Behold the fire and the wood, and where is the lamb for a burnt offering, and Abraham said, My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering, and so they went both of them together."

Gentlemen, I thank you for bearing with me as President of this Organization. I hand the reins of government over to my successor, Mr. Dice.

MR. DICE:

GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—I appreciate very much the compliment you have paid me by electing me as President of your Society. I shall do my best to uphold the high traditions of this Society. The hour is late and fortunately for me the incoming President is not expected to give you a talk. I have but one duty to perform now, and that is to adjourn the meeting. It is therefore adjourned.

APPENDIX A.

REPORT OF CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, TREASURER, PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, FOR YEAR ENDING
DECEMBER 3d, 1917.

DR.

Balance from preceding year.....		\$627.25
Membership dues for 1917.....	\$596.00	
Subscriptions to 28th Annual Dinner.....	1,395.00	
Additional contributions to Ulster Volunteer Force Hospital.....	325.00	
Contributions from members of the Society to Canadian Red Cross Fund.....	535.00	
Interest on deposits.....	20.30	
		2,871.30

\$3,498.55

CR.

Postage, telegraph, telephone, etc.....		\$42.39
Clerical expenses.....	50.00	
Speakers' traveling expenses.....	50.00	
Singer and accompanist.....	30.00	
Stenographer reporting dinner proceedings.....	23.00	
John Maene, carving spoon.....	40.00	
Hoover & Smith, box and silver plate.....	11.00	
William H. Hoskins, books for Society's records, and engraving invitations.....	42.50	
Dreka Company, engraving menus.....	46.00	
Subscriptions returned.....	30.00	
Bellevue Stratford Hotel, 290 covers, cigars, decorations and music.....	1,182.15	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing notices, dinner plan and twenty-seventh annual report.....	342.76	
J. A. Macdonald, for Red Cross and Patriotic Fund of Canada.....	500.00	
British Relief Society for wounded soldiers and sailors.....	100.00	
William A. Horstman—Canadian flags....	8.00	
		\$2,497.80
Balance January 1st, 1918.....	1,000.75	
		\$3,498.55

The above report has been audited and found correct, showing a balance of \$1000.75 to the credit of the Society in bank, January 1st, 1918.

T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,
SAMUEL GALT BIRNIE,
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.

V. 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-

terminated 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.

PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY.

ORGANIZED FEBRUARY 13, 1890.

PRESIDENTS.

- 1890 REV. J. S. MACINTOSH, D.D.
1891 COL. JOHN A. WRIGHT.
1892 REV. S. D. MCCONNELL, D.D.
1893 C. STUART PATTERSON, ESQ.
1894 W. W. PORTER, ESQ.
1895 REV. HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D.
1896 JAMES A. LOGAN, ESQ.
1897 WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER, ESQ.
1898 HON. HENRY W. WILLIAMS.
1899 MR. JAMES POLLOCK.
1900 HON. JOHN STEWART.
1901 BAYARD HENRY, ESQ.
1902 REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D.
1903 MR. JOHN P. GREEN.
1904 ROBERT SNODGRASS, ESQ.
1905 HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON.
1906 HON. NATHANIEL EWING.
1907 REV. M. A. BROWNSON, D.D.
1908 HON. HARMAN YERKES.
1909 HON. EDWIN S. STUART.
1910 HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER.
1911 MR. JOHN MCILHENNY.
1912 MR. M. C. KENNEDY.
1913 REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.
1914 MR. SAMUEL REA.
1915 DR. JOHN B. DEEVER.
1916 REV. WILLIAM BEATTY JENNINGS, D.D.
1917 HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON.
1918 MR. AGNEW T. DICE.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

- 1890-1895 C. WATSON MCKEEHAN, ESQ.
1896- CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, ESQ.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

- E. G. ALEXANDER, M.D.....1627 Oxford St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM ALEXANDER.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 JAMES H. M. ANDREWS.....502 South Forty-first St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM H. ARROTT.....431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 LOUIS H. AYRES.....4th and Cumberland Sts., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM G. AYRES.....4th and Cumberland Sts., Philadelphia.
- D. G. BAIRD.....228 South Third St., Philadelphia.
 THOMAS E. BAIRD, JR.....Villa Nova, Pa.
 JOHN BAIRD.....Haverford, Pa.
 HON. THOMAS J. BALDRIDGE....Hollidaysburg, Pa.
 JAMES M. BARNETT.....New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
 J. E. BARR.....1107 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 DR. JOHN C. C. BEALE.....41 South Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
 ROBERT BEATTY.....Coral and Adams Sts., Philadelphia.
 ROBERT O. BEATTY.....47 Union St., Hamburg, N. Y.
 JOHN CROMWELL BELL.....1333 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
 JAMES S. BENN.....5001 Hazel Ave., Philadelphia.
 EDWARD M. BIDDLE.....1510 Morris Building, Philadelphia.
 HON. EDWARD W. BIDDLE.....Carlisle, Pa.
 SAMUEL GALT BIRNIE.....133 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
 BENJAMIN R. BOGGS.....Philadelphia & Reading Ry., Phila.
 SAMUEL R. BOGGS.....1109 Melrose Avenue, Oak Lane.
 R. A. BOLE.....Pittsburgh.
 REV. J. GRAY BOLTON, D.D....1906 Pine St., Philadelphia.
 SAMUEL R. BROADBENT.....3431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 FRANCIS SHUNK BROWN.....1005 Morris Building, Philadelphia.
 J. CROSBY BROWN.....Fourth and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.
 J. WOODS BROWN.....1510 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM LAIRD BROWN.....Lansdowne, Pa.
 REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.400 South Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
 JAMES I. BROWNSON.....Washington, Pa.
 ROBERT J. BRUNKER.....1000 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE
 (Honorary).....3 Buckingham Gate, London, S. W.,
 England.
 JOHN W. BUCHANAN.....Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
 HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
 WILLIAM H. BURNETT.....400 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 CHARLES ELMER BUSHNELL....Atlantic Refining Co., The Bourse, Phila.

- A. A. CAIRNS, M.D.....1539 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.
 REV. JOHN CALHOUN, D.D.....Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.
 HON. J. DONALD CAMERON.....U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.
 HON. J. D. CAMPBELL.....P. & R. Terminal, Philadelphia.
 RT. HON. SIR EDWARD CARSON
 (Honorary).....5 Eaton Place, London S. W., England.
 HERBERT M. CARSON.....937 W. Fourth St., Williamsport, Pa.
 ROBERT CARSON.....Huntingdon St. and Trenton Ave., Phila.
 WILLIAM G. CARSON.....205 S. Forty-second St., Philadelphia.
 REV. JAMES CARTER.....Lincoln University, Pa.
 HENRY CARVER.....Doylestown, Pa.
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WILLIAM PENN LLOYD.....	Mechanicsburg, Pa.
HARRY V. LOGAN.....	Scranton, Pa.
JAMES A. LOGAN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN P. LOGAN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JAMES LONG.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
SIMON CAMERON LONG.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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GEORGE A. LYON, U. S. N.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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W. M. McALARNEY.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
HON. ROBERT McCACHRAN.....	Newville, Pa.
C. McCLELLAND, M.D.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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HON. A. SAMUEL McCLUNG.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
HON. A. K. McCLURE.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
J. BREWSTER McCOLLOM.....	Montrose, Pa.
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R. S. McCOMBS, M.D.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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JOHN McILHENNY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
C. WATSON McKEEHAN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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JAMES E. McLEAN.....	Shippensburg, Pa.
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ROBERT McMEEN.....	Mifflintown, Pa.
HON. LEV McQUISTON.....	Butler, Pa.
GEORGE H. MELLON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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JOHN W. WOODSIDE.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
NEVIN WOODSIDE.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.....	Philadelphia, Pa.

THIRTIETH ANNUAL MEETING

AND

DINNER

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA
SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY

AT

THE BELLEVUE-STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA

FEBRUARY 21st, 1919



PHILADELPHIA

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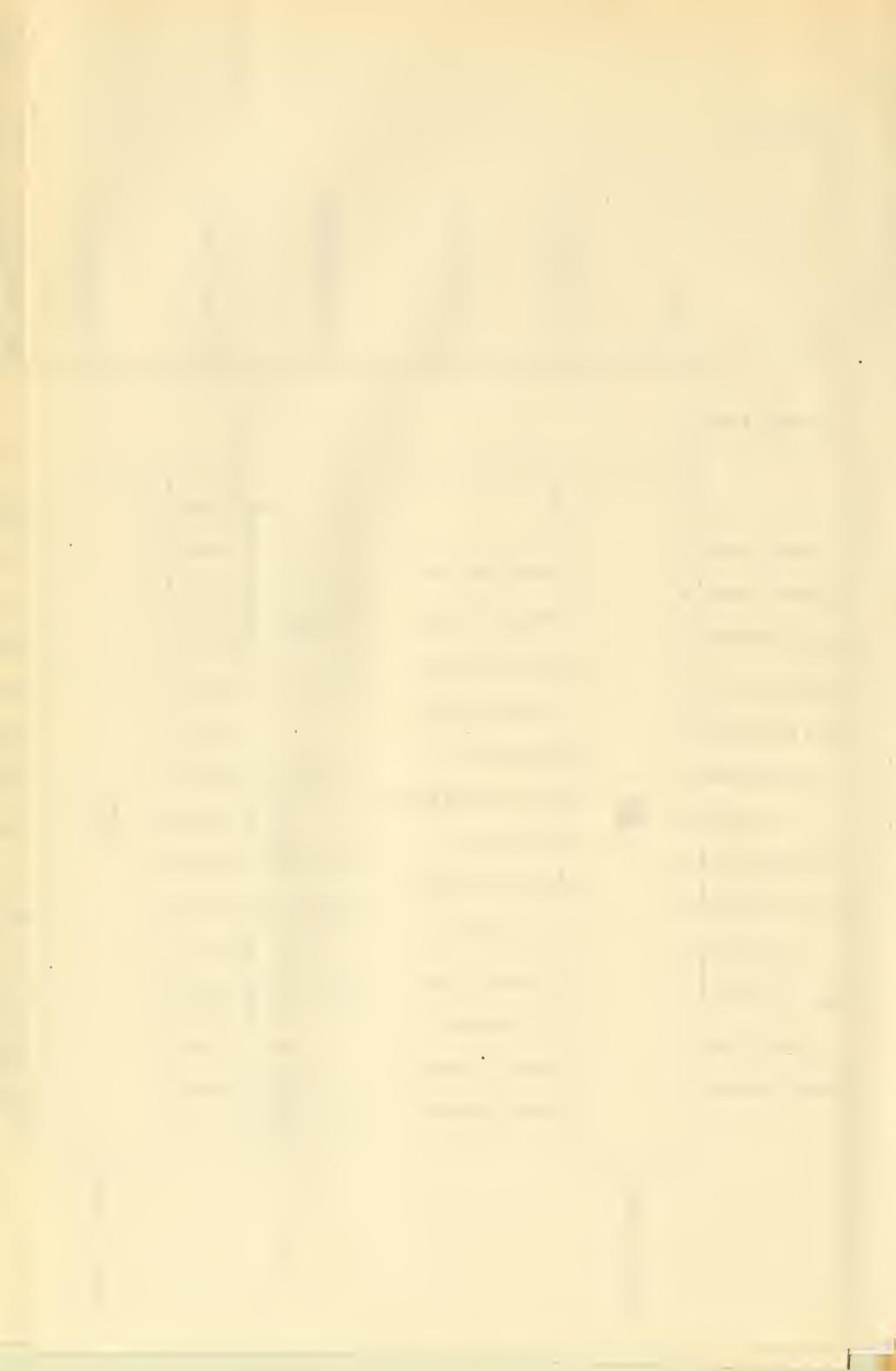
1919

Rev. John B. Laird.

Rev. Alexander
MacColl.

Rev. J. Gray Bolton.

Rev. Robert Hunter.



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1919

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FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT,

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT

MR. WILLIAM I. SCHAFFER.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER,

MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

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MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,	MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
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MR. SAMUEL REA.	DR. JOHN B. DEAVER,
REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS, D.D.,	HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON,
	MR. AGNEW T. DICE.

COMMITTEES.

ON NEW MEMBERS:

REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS, D.D., <i>Chairman</i> ,	MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,
MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	MR. WM. RIGHTER FISHER,
	MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

ENTERTAINMENT:

MR. WILLIAM I. SCHAFFER, <i>Chairman</i> ,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.,	MR. EDWIN S. STUART.

HISTORY AND ARCHIVES:

T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON, <i>Chairman</i> ,	MR. JOHN P. GREEN,
HON. JOHN STEWART,	HON. HARMAN YERKES,
	MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

THIRTIETH ANNUAL MEETING.

The Thirtieth Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, on Friday, February 21st, 1919, at 7 P. M., the President, Mr. Agnew T. Dice, in the chair.

The report of the Treasurer for the year ending December 31st, 1918, was presented and approved (see Appendix "A," page 51).

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

President, MR. WILLIAM H. SCOTT.

First Vice-President, MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON.

Second Vice-President, MR. WILLIAM I. SCHAFFER.

Secretary and Treasurer, MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

Directors and Members of Council:

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,	MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
MR. JOHN P. GREEN,	HON. W. W. PORTER,
MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,	REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON,
MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,	D.D.,
MR. JOHN D. McILHENNY,	HON. HARMAN YERKES,
REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.,	HON. EDWIN S. STUART,
MR. SAMUEL REA,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY,
REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS,	DR. JOHN B. DEAVER,
D.D.	HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON,
	MR. AGNEW T. DICE.

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, Mr. Agnew T. Dice, the President of the Society, spoke as follows:—

THE CHAIRMAN:

GENTLEMEN OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, AND GUESTS:—I need hardly say to you how very much I appreciate the honor of being President of this Society, much as I dislike the duty of presiding at a gathering of this kind, introducing speakers, etc.

The superiority of the Scotch-Irish Race has so often, and certainly, been established by gentlemen at former meetings and dinners of your Society, that anything I might say in that direction would seem to be superfluous, and I therefore refrain, except to admit the fact.

At the dinner which was given in this room one year ago, you will all remember the very great apprehension which was then felt as to the result of the drive which we all knew was impending and felt would be launched by Germany as soon as their preparations were completed, and the weather conditions would permit. The drive came, and how anxiously we watched the papers from day to day. For a long time the result seemed to be in doubt. I think we all felt extremely confident, however, that our Allies would hold out until we could get enough men and materials to the front to turn the tide. In that we were not mistaken, and, thanks to the valor and endurance of the men, both of our Allies and our own, the enemy was held. Later, our men getting there in increasing numbers did turn the tide, and the right prevailed, and Kaiserism and all that it stood for is now, we firmly believe, forever destroyed.

The coming of peace has, however, brought with it problems that require the most serious consideration on our part, and unless they be solved wisely we will not get the benefit that the great sacrifices that were made in the war warrant.

As a war measure, on December 28th, 1917, the railroads were taken over by the Government, and while the Director-General assumed the operation, he did not, until some time later, put his own operating organization in charge. He did, however, immediately do many of the things that the railroads had vainly sought permission to do for a long

time. Freight rates were raised 25 per cent., passenger rates as high as 50 per cent., and passenger trains were taken off to the extent that passenger mileage in the United States was reduced nearly fifty million miles per year.

The system of pooling of service, terminals, etc., was also immediately effected by the Federal Administration, something that the railroads had particularly desired, but were forbidden to do by law.

So far as the increase in rates are concerned, while the railroads had for many years sought increases in both passenger and freight rates, none of them had ever expected or asked for increases of the size that were at once made.

The Act under which the railroads were taken over provides that they be returned at a period not later than 21 months after the signing of peace. We now have men, high in the councils of the nation, advocating that they be retained for a period of five years. I myself have never seen any reason given that would justify any such action on the part of the Government.

We all know the phenomenal development and success of our country, and few men will question that much of that success has been due largely to the rapid development of our transportation system. That development continued in an amazing way until the railroads were handicapped by falling revenues, when improvements, extensions, etc., were discontinued.

Many comparisons might be made as to the capitalization per mile, and the comparative freight and passenger rates, but I think all that it is necessary to say in that direction is to call your attention to the fact that the average cost in Europe to haul a ton of freight one mile is the same as the cost to haul two tons of freight one mile in this country. This was developed in testimony given by Mr. W. M. Acworth, the great English railway expert, before the Joint Sub-Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, Congress of the United States, May 7th, May 9th, 1917.

To those of you who are interested in studying this matter further I would suggest that you get Mr. Acworth's testimony.

The excuse for taking over the railroads was given,— that the railroads had failed or broken down; and I respectfully submit that the railroads did not fail or did not break down, but that the Government failed or broke down in not providing proper supervision and regulation and authority to the railroads to enable them to do what was necessary before the war to strengthen them. Had this been done, I am satisfied that better service would have been given during the war, and I know that conditions on the railroads today would be infinitely better than they are.

While the danger that Federal control of the railroads may drift or be forced into Government ownership seems less remote today than it appeared while the war continued, it behooves all patriotic Americans, and especially those of Scotch-Irish blood, with their traditional love of liberty, to guard against the grave industrial and political evils that thinking men agree would inevitably result from Government ownership. The American ideal of Government, for which the Scotch-Irish can claim a full share of credit, is that the sphere of government shall be limited to the preservation of law and order, and of keeping the conditions of competition fair and even as between individuals. In other words, it is the government that shall keep its hands off the private affairs of citizens, and shall do nothing that private enterprise is willing to undertake. Under government of the States and Nation, based upon this simple conception, our country has attained an industrial development not surpassed in recorded history. In particular this is true of our American railroads, which admittedly, under private ownership and operation, led the world in mileage, service and cheap rates. The trial which has been made of Government ownership of railroads in many countries, where that condition has been forced by circumstances and conditions that do not exist in America, leaves no room for any reasonable doubt as to the evils, industrial and political, that inevitably follow Government ownership.

The national scandal that recurs with each session of Congress, in the huge appropriation for the improvement of rivers and harbors, furnishes an example of the methods by

which the construction of new railroad facilities would sooner or later be controlled. Can it be doubted, moreover, that constant pressure would be brought to bear through political channels to secure the adjustment of rates desired by favored localities, sections or parties? The uniform experience of countries which have Government ownership (with the possible exception of Germany) is that railroad management cannot be freed from political influences, and it cannot be doubted that, to subject the growth and operation of our American railroads to political control would be an industrial and economic disaster.

We have all been patient during the period of the war with the railroad service afforded by the United States Railroad Administration, unfavorably as such service compares with that given by the railroads under private ownership. We realize, of course, that the conditions brought about by the war created unprecedented operating difficulties. It may safely be said, nevertheless, that a prime factor in the lowering of the American grade of railroad service under Government operation has been the deadening of individual initiative, which inevitably results when Governmental red tape gets wrapped around any industrial enterprise. We have heard a great deal of talk by many theorists during recent months as to the wastefulness of the competition which, in many respects, unwise laws forced upon the railroads. The fundamental fact remains, however, that competition,—the desire to beat the other fellow,—has been one of the great driving forces that produced the unrivalled services given by our American railroads, and no argument is required to prove the proposition that such service could not be given under Government ownership and operation of the railroads, even though every position from that of the Director-General to a track hand was placed under the protection of Civil Service laws and rules.

Mention has been made of the unbreakable connection, wherever Government ownership has been tried, between railroad management and politics. In Belgium, which, for compelling reasons, was one of the pioneer States in Government ownership of railroads, the political party which

was in power when the first Government railroads were acquired or constructed, has never been displaced. In every country, excepting Germany, where Government ownership has come about, the evil political consequences have been fully recognized and fruitless endeavors have been made, both to preserve the railroads from the blighting effect of politics, and to preserve the political life of the country from the corrupting influence of having the vast body of railroad employees made amenable to political control. As you are aware, the United States Railroad Administration has issued a number of General Orders to keep railroad men out of politics, and it is hardly flattering to our national intelligence to be told, on high authority, that the railroads must be kept by the Government five years longer to keep them out of politics. The hard fact remains that neither general orders nor good intentions suffice to prevent political influences from finding their way into any and every branch of the Government service. It is no exaggeration to say that the experience we have had of Government operation of the railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, coupled with the uniform experience of countries outside of Germany, where the railroads are owned and operated by the State, justify the fear that Government ownership of railroads in America would seriously endanger the foundations of our Constitutional Government, which, I am sure, every Scotch-Irishman will do his utmost to preserve.

THE CHAIRMAN:

In the past many of us have felt humiliated when politics in Pennsylvania were mentioned, and we had good reason to feel so. The Scotch-Irish Society in the State of Pennsylvania is to be congratulated on having elected a real governor. (Applause.)

HONORABLE WILLIAM C. SPROUL:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—My principal business here tonight is to acknowledge the great debt of the State of Pennsylvania to the Scotch-Irish race (laughter), and I have

been rather encouraged to find that, despite all of the warfare which we have had in the past five years, and in which as usual the Scotch and the Scotch-Irish have been a dominating and victorious factor, that the spirit of controversy still runs strong, even among those who have not been within the draft age. (Laughter.) I did not know what our distinguished President was going to say tonight, but I would have been willing to wager my head against a last year's pumpkin that I did know what was in his mind. (Laughter.) A good many years ago here in Pennsylvania (and this illustrates one of the characteristics of the race), one of the old Presbyteries was divided. The Scotch-Irish with their general disposition to see what was beyond the mountain, had pushed forward over ridge after ridge until they had gotten too far away from the Mother Church to be kept well in discipline, and it was felt that it was necessary to organize another Presbytery further west. When Presbyteries were divided there were certain properties of the Presbytery and certain debts (laughter) which had to be apportioned between the new organization and the old, and again, true to Scotch-Irish form, it was not an easy matter to adjust those. The result was that each of these Presbyteries for many years maintained a "Committee on Controversy." These committees met at least once a year, one time in the domain of the old Presbytery and another time in the territory of the new one, but never were able to reach a conclusion and always finished the matter up by having a good dinner and a reasonable entertainment, but after the passage of years some new men who had not inherited perhaps the true spirit of conflict which the elder ones possessed, came into the Presbyteries, and finally a new Committee on Controversy in each branch was appointed which met and actually reached terms of agreement. They reported back to their respective bodies, and in the older Presbytery here in a neighboring county, the report was made and was considered, and it looked as though there was a fair chance to have the whole matter settled, a report adopted and everything in the line of controversy wiped out, but finally an old minister, one of the older fellows who had been on the Committee and had been the recipient of entertainment sev-

eral times, got up and said "Good gracious men, do you understand what this means? If you adopt the report of this committee it means that the controversy is ended." (Laughter.)

I hope that the spirit of controversy in the Scotch-Irish race is never ended (applause) because it has ever been of sentimental and practical value to the thoroughly civilized communities on earth where the Scotch-Irish live (applause), and there has never been a time when the Scotch-Irish and Scotch and people allied to them could have the pride and satisfaction, that pride that fosters devotion, that they may have today as the result of the things which have happened since the last time that this Society gathered here, for, after all, you remember the figures. Scotland contributed one out of every six of its people to this war. That proportion has never been equalled, I am told by folks who have looked the thing up, in any nation on the face of the earth, and the Scotch-Irish in Ulster and the Scotch-Irish in Canada and the Scotch-Irish in South Africa and Australia and thousands of the Scotch-Irish in America have also gone forth in proud proportions. (Applause.)

I firmly believe that no factor greater than Scotch-Irish influence has been felt in this struggle of the ages nor in its, up to the present time, satisfactory results. But in the things that are to come after the war that same spirit of controversy, of course, of tenacity for the things which they know are the right things by experience and by the teachings of their religion, and by their faith in their government and their devotion to the land in which they live, are going to be just as essential in settling the questions which we have in the world and in this Country and in Pennsylvania. (Applause.) We need the eternal vigilance, the eternal attitude towards right living and right thinking, and the eternal faith in the institutions which have proven good, which is a characteristic of the Scotch-Irish people, to keep us steady and to keep this Country steady, and to make up for the dilution of the early blood of this Republic by the various other factors which we have now to take into account. (Applause.) Those old qualities of our people, which in times of peace have been made some-

times the butt of good-humored jest, and in times of war have proven essential, will be just as valuable now in holding the heart of things right along the lines which we know have proven good in this Country in the trying times which we now have to face.

I am not one of those who think for a moment that we are in danger in this Republic. I do not believe that any principle whose essential programme provides for the disenfranchisement of God's religion and the destruction of the principles of equity and justice which have made this Country and all English speaking countries so great, will ever get very far in America. (Applause.) Here in Pennsylvania where, on account of our industrial conditions, we may meet as much of it as anywhere else, we have three or four patriotic societies which alone and single-handed could meet all possible destructionists, agitators and promoters of disorder who are in this State at any time. (Applause.) We want to be eternally vigilant, of course, but you may depend upon it that the State itself is going to be vigilant. (Applause.) People who want "direct action" or rough house in Pennsylvania are going to get it just as quickly as they want it (applause), and we have the equipment here in organized force, backed by a public sentiment which is not excelled in any place on the face of the earth. (Applause.) We are not going to encourage disorderly conditions here because we are going to try to give our people the best government on earth. We have much of the organization here to do that, and where we are lacking we are going to reinforce it and try to improve it, and, do not be disturbed, Pennsylvania will take care of any situation which may arise here. (Applause.) When we may not have local public sentiment or feeling—I am not speaking of any particular locality, but anywhere in the State where there may not locally be proper public sentiment or proper facilities for taking care of matters of the kind, the State has the power under the law and under its Constitution to step in and take care of things, and the State will do it. (Applause.)

I am happy to be here tonight to welcome my old partner and friend here from West Virginia. He is as typical a

Scotch-Irishman as ever was born. I know he is a Scotch-Irishman because I have associated with him a good many times, and I had the great joy and pleasure of taking him to Ireland and Scotland the first time he was ever there. I remember we went up to Belfast and the Governor decided he would like to go over to Derry whence his people had come. I had been to Derry and it looked dour to me, and it was not a rainy day either, so I thought I would go over to Glasgow and let the Governor go to Derry by himself and meet me afterward in Glasgow. He went to Derry. When I got to Glasgow I received a telegram. It said "I have been to Derry and I know now why my people left." (Laughter.) I sat about waiting for him and wondering what had happened, and I sort of concluded that this Scotch-Irishman, whose people had come here into Pennsylvania and followed down through the Cumberland Valley and on down through the Valley of Virginia, and had got under sunnier skies and mid warmer scenes where the flowers bloomed and birds sang a bit more joyously perhaps than they did in Derry—I thought probably that had influenced him. Then I began to think of other factors, and I came to the conclusion that this most adept and accomplished mint julep mixer in all the South had come to the conclusion that he did not like a country where they drank their liquor unsweetened. (Laughter.) I am glad to be here tonight with a splendid son of Pennsylvania, this real Scotch-Irishman too from the Cumberland Valley where they have kept them Simon pure, the ambassador to Mexico. (Applause.) I cannot think of any American who has rendered greater public services. (Applause.) I am glad to be here too, as I have said, to acknowledge the debt of Pennsylvania to the Scotch-Irish, and to assure the Scotch-Irish that the spirit which has actuated the race and which has made it so great in all things which it has done, is not dead in Pennsylvania. (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN:

GENTLEMEN:—You see again why he got 250,000 majority. I heard a discussion the other day between two gentlemen as to nationality. One said he was a Scotchman. The other

fellow said: "Well, there is some Scotch in me." He said, "How did you get it, by birth or absorption?" With apologies to the Reverend, I will now introduce a Scotchman born, Rev. Robert MacGowan.

REVEREND ROBERT MACGOWAN:

Three outstanding elements have combined to produce the Scottish character. They form a strange combination, and defy all chemical or psychological analysis, but they are not any more irrational in their weird fellowship than the whole conglomerate of Scottish personality. A Scot is just a "gey an' queer chiel" at the best, and the workings of his celtic self, who can know it. The trinity of forces under consideration are Calvin, Mist and Porridge. This at a glance you can see is a daring yet wholly satisfactory mixture of natural, physical and spiritual.

Now, some of you did not expect to be treated to religion tonight, but gentlemen, wherever Scots foregather this subject is inevitable. But mercy on us, says somebody, not this type of religion—Calvin! That name stands for bigotry, etc., etc. Well, we have heard all that before, but remember the Scot has been misunderstood—wilfully and criminally so in this respect. He is "dour," but he is only dour when he is right, and "stubborn;" well, only stubborn when he is wrong. There is quite a margin of difference. And if you call any man bigoted when he is just dour, plain, simple, gentlemanly dour, you must just take the consequences.

Now, Calvinism begins like this. There is somebody more important than man in the universe. The main objection that some take to this is that that person is hard to find. Well, this is the very objection that God takes to a great many men. They are never to be found when He wants them. We have had a concrete example of what happens when men forget this fundamental responsibility of life. The Kaiser erred in making the wrong emphasis. He imagined that God was doing everything that he, the viceroy of God, commanded. He mistook himself for God. But it did not work. God is yet Commander-in-Chief of all the universe.

If some think that modern thought balks at such an interpretation of the universe, it may be said in answer that it solves more problems than it ever creates, and in life that is about the best you can ask for any time. No man need ever again attempt to corner the earth and the market of humanity for himself. Heaven's senate decrees otherwise. If it is true that the Kaiser is kept alive by his religion, well we must grant that religion has much to explain, but if he fears that the change of circumstances in the next life will be as complete as he has suffered in this—no wonder he lives.

But Calvin goes farther. He made this the basis of character. He set out with the idea that men should be decent enough to consider the wishes of their Host and to order their days according to His plans. Stern and gentlemanly beyond words, but virile and dependable. Stevenson puts it in a nutshell when he describes the Scottish Sabbath in St. Ives, that it had "dignity at the expense of cheerfulness." I had experience of this in an old Scottish elder's home. We sat around the fire at evening worship. Two of the participants were exchanging smiles—or a little more—across the semi-circle, and the old man abruptly stopped his reading, glanced over his spectacles and said sternly: "Cease that hilarity." Yes, it was cold, almost to provocation, and sometimes it tended to lapse into pharasaism. The good wife rebuked her man for nailing a box on Sunday. It was wrong, "Anyhow," she said, "you should have used screws and the neebors wouldna hae heard ye." She was anxious to keep the Sabbath, but more anxious to keep the good opinion of her neighbors. Some say that there was a revolt against such conduct. Nevertheless, it bred strong men, and Scotland owes much to her religion. Clean blood, clear brains, and bold consciences have a better beginning than just frothy sentiment. Atheism is not just the climax of man's thinking. It is only the beginning of his life. From it will inevitably come, even if it takes generations to accomplish it, a life of brutality, murder, lust and deceit. Our Scottish fathers began well in those days. I could ask no better beginning for all boys. It is stern, but it is strong.

Calvinism also believed that somehow or other God held the reins of life. Oh, how His enemies have rebelled against His scheme of predestination. They slander Him. The sum and substance of it was that there is a predisposition on the part of the Almighty to help all decent folk. Surely there is nothing wrong with that. Aye, and in these days when the world seems "a' raveled up," in the words of the barn-yard philosopher, it is fine to have the strengthening influence of a faith that there is a mind that plans and a heart that feels.

"Be this ma faith in God and man,
Life isna a' a cruel joke.
There's guid in the Almighty's plan
That ne'er gangs up in smoke."

Now, gentlemen, there is the mist. There seems to be little connection between this part and the preceding, but it is false witness. Mist is the very word to sum up some men's religion. Mist is temporary obscurity. Whiles you are troubled with it, even in this delectable climate of Philadelphia. This reminds me of the story of the two Scotchmen who vied with each other in telling the biggest falsehood. One said, "I have seen such a strong wind blowing across the Common that it took the crows three hours and a half to fly frae Muckle's farm tae the manse—only a quarter of a mile." "Oh," said Sandy No. 2, "I hae seen the wind sae strong that the crows had tae walk home." This is quite apropos to your car service occasionally. Well, Scotchmen are quite at home in the mist. Even as scientists and philosophers they have been known to surround themselves with this ghostly element. An eminent critic objected to Scottish philosophy on the ground that it was out of touch with practical affairs. Well, he knew neither the one nor the other. Did he know Reid and Stewart, or Adam Smith of my old university, who was practical enough to call Johnson of dictionary fame "a —— ass?" There is a shade of truth in this criticism, however. Dr. Thomson, better known to the world at Lord Kelvin, was often inclined to wander alone among the misty peaks of natural philosophy, leaving his students to struggle at the foot of the hill or to pant for

breath, dazed with the climb somewhere beneath the rim of mist, into which their sober wishes never learned to stray. His assistant, whose name was Day, was more normal and his ministrations were consequently appreciated by his fellow mortals. Dr. Thomson was called to London to receive his knighthood, and Day took his place. When the great teacher returned he found upon the blackboard this notice: "Work while it is day, the knight cometh when no man can work." Now, the mist shuts a man in with himself. This is why the Scot is so silent and meditative. Only Scotland could have produced Carlyle, to whom any kind of city where men find it hard to be alone, is "a wen on the face of the world." Not many men like their own company as well as that. There is another remarkable thing about the influence of the mist. Watch the Scotchman when times are dark, and people are afraid. He revels in it. He just tramps on with a steady tread, not running, just walking. He knows that you cannot rub out the dark any more than you can blow away the mist. They must go away of themselves, and he is content to wait, at the same time making the best of circumstances. For this reason, modern visionary programmes do not altogether appeal to him. He has his eye, not on the sun that seems to ache all over with the desire to see in—he takes that for granted—but on the pavement with its lamp-posts, policemen and banana skins. It is his business to get through the crowd, just as quickly and as safely as he possibly can. It is good policy. Aviators tell us that you can see the sun above the mists. Well, that is all right for aviators, but the vast majority of the people in the world have to live right in the thick of it, and there you are. You cannot get away from facts, and you cannot get away from "mist," social, spiritual and everything else forbye, yet awhile. The mad revolutionist lives in the fog and pretends to be in the sun. Some reformers would make us all aviators and conduct business in the air. Brethren of the misty tribe, it cannot be done. They are building an inverted pyramid—the base above and the peak on the earth. Oh, yes, it can stand so long as it whirls round with sufficient speed, but let it lose its momentum, and it tumbles disgrace-

fully. It is an insubstantial pageant, faded and leaving not a wrack behind. Fog or no fog, amid poverty, deceit, selfishness and all the rest, you must build from the earth up. No chimerical schemes will endure. But mist or no mist, let us go on building. The Scotchman has been doing that since time immemorial, and it works out all right. It is the hard way, but it is the right way.

Now the fog is damp and uncomfortable. Sometimes it is dirty, too. I come from Pittsburgh. There the scientists call it by learned names that make it more presentable and aristocratic. It is creosote oil from the ovens mixed with alien substances, such as phosphorus and sulphur, forming a kind of gluey paste, which is sometimes quite disagreeable, but is nevertheless useful when used as a cash barometer. If any of you have spent a winter in Glasgow, you know what I mean. For the time being a great city is wiped off the map. The inhabitants seem to descend into mines and caves in the earth, and it seems, too, as if the ordinary process of night and day had ceased forever. I have heard it said that the one advantage of such a time is that the people eat less. Possibly there may be some nourishment in this soupy creation. It pleases a Scotchman's sense of thrift to think so. Of course, it is different in Edinburgh, necessarily so. At early morn Arthur's peak looks like his bride robed in the trailing sea mists from the Firth. This exception may cool some fevered brow.

Well, the mists sometimes retard the harvests in Scotland, and the folk have often to woo an unwilling crop from the cold soil. This is the big reason for the thrift, and such thrift! You must know that in Scotland they do not roast great hunks of beef. They boil a pot of kail instead, the reason being that it goes farther and lasts longer—in the land of big families quite an acceptable recommendation. The same can be said of the use of tea instead of coffee, for good tea stands two "maskings," and a little more water never does any harm if the first cup has been strong enough. Surely you have all seen the plate of honor on the Scottish table with these mystical words: "Be canny with the butter." The kindly housewife chooses a representative of thrift that can-

not speak back. Ah, but the people are proud, in spite of their poverty, if poor they be. A workman who had reared a large family on a very scanty wage—the weekly amount would scarcely buy a ticket for this banquet—boasted to his friends that he had fruit to every meal. Never before had that village known such luxury! It was the scandal of the neighborhood. He told me the secret. He had bread and jelly—a cheap commodity in Scotland—as dessert at every meal. Pathetic, isn't it, and yet ministers and professors come out of that family. It is typical of the pride of the true-born Scot. Nobody needed to teach him conservation. He was born that way. The Scot is thrifty, not covetous. The former makes a man work hard for his own, and when he gets it he has the good sense to keep it or to use it in order to make more. The latter makes a man want what every other body has, tries to get it by any and every means, foul and false, and when he gets it he does not know what to do with it. He is a miser. Oh, the mist has entered into the character of the Scot seemingly cold, but somewhere is the sun trying to shine through.

What shall we say of the porridge? What is the connection? Gentlemen, they suit the climate, the people, and, best of all, the purse. But who say "they?" Well, let me point you again to Stevenson. You remember when one of his heroes visited the inn on a wintry night, a bed was found for him, and in the morning the old hospitable landlord carried the porridge to his guest with this final word of exhortation: "Eat them while they're hot." This is not just a form of expression. It sums up a people's reverence for the national dish. Oatmeal is a sacred symbol—a great three in one—and for these reasons: First because of the host of things that can be made out of it, cakes, scones, hoggis, hasty pudding, etc., etc. There is nothing so adapted in Scotland except perhaps it be barley, which is not to be despised as an article of diet. Plenty of oatmeal and a Scotch housewife will not worry. It reminds me of the Scotchman who invited a host of fellow tipplers to stay overnight with him. His wife protested. "John," she said, "I have no beds for them. They must go away home." "Oh woman,"

said John, "dinna fash yoursel'. ' Give them plenty o whuskey and they'll a' find beds for themsels.' That is to say, there is a kind of companionableness in porridge that makes it more than good. Again, oatmeal is so handy. It can be cooked quickly and it needs no expert. In fact the more you study the making of it, the more unruly it becomes. All hail the man who discovered it. Salads bear the names of their designers, but blessed be that forgotten genius who first boiled a pot of plain ordinary porridge. He was unconsciously brewing the spirit of the Scotchman. I understand that Wallace made his porridge in the heel of his boot. Let us hope that it was not the only regimental kitchen. But it is another proof of how delectable is this dish.

In the land of its birth porridge is not eaten as in the land of its adoption. Here they need sugar and butter and cream. What an expensive luxury! Buttermilk is the pinnacle of perfection in Scotland, and as a choice delicacy a liberal helping of good fresh molasses. No, not the golden kind that gurgles with such rich delight from fancy tins, but democratic treacle from the grocer's barrel. Oh, it is a healthy sign to see a treacle-faced brood round the porridge bowl before school hours. They have little need of doctors in such homes.

Then you know porridge is so satisfying. A plentiful supply of porridge does for a whole day. The little fellow said to the doctor when out fishing, "I have had nothing but my porridge today." The answer was, "I dinna mind ye, laddie, if ye had plenty o' them." This is the naked truth. When a Scotch school boy finishes his porridge, there is no room left for anything else. Nobody need be surprised then at the plain fare of a Scotchman's table. He lives simply and can live anywhere. It is food for body, mind and soul. And it is the day's diet, as I have said. The lawyer was cross-examining. "Sandy, this is very serious. You say you were going home to your meal. This is the crux of the question. What meal was this?" "Weel, sir," said Sandy, "it was just plain oatmeal."

Just think of the dish, so sane and sensible looking! It is a pleasure to have it greet you at the breakfast table. It

looks so homely, so kindly, so hospitable, so ready to please. Humble it is, too, for it never advertises itself like Irish bacon. This is a realistic picture of the contrast between a Scot and a certain type of Irishman. The former has a warm heart, unobtrusive and serviceable. Healthy looking, too! Dyspepsia dies in its presence. And it has a character all its own, especially when the spoon can stand alone in the heart. That is the true test for a Scot. And its big cheery face sends you out with a smile for all the world. If Shakespeare had known porridge, he would have found sermons there, too. Oh, yes, porridge has added something to Scottish character—simple and yet substantial, as we know it to be.

Can you wonder then that the Scotch are so clannish? This is just a word to describe people who know a good thing when they see it. With such a training no wonder they have such "a guid conceit o' themselves." This was the philosophy of one of our oldest workmen at home. He sat down on the handle of his barrow one day and said to my father in an innocent kind of way: "Robert, all the good men are passing away, and I'll soon be away myself." You are the sons of Scotland. Remember the stock from whence you come. Despise them not. They were strong men and frugal women, and they knew and lived, amid conditions that make us in this rich land weep for pity, the truth that makes men free.

"Auld Scotland's narrow bounds hae passed
Ayont the seas that haud her,
And far and wide new empires vast
Wi' richt guid will applaud her.
O' sic a land wha widna boast,
Wha widna 'fend her honour?
And, when the guidman gies the toast,
There's blessing showered upon her."

The Bolsheviki are credited with the inspired statement that the Americans at the peace table believe in the greatest of all absurdities—God. Now we know where they get their Jack-the-Ripper policy. Is this why some of them say that the world will only be free when no man can read or write? Do you know that that is one of their statements? That

is a great policy to build on, is it not? We do not believe in that, and we have men of a different quality and different standard. These Pennsylvania boys—listen:—

I.

From Alleghany's throbbing hills,
And Conestoga's plains
They march beneath the flag that thrills,
And none for naught disdains.
By Scranton's steaming vales the call
The vaulted chambers stirred,
And, where the northern foothills fall,
The sons of Freedom heard.

CHORUS:

All hail! all hail! they fought and died
Democracy to save.
We greet our heroes far and wide,
The Pennsylvania Brave.

2.

From Susquehanna's dusky tide
To Erie's silver shore
The people point to you with pride,
Whom Pennsylvania bore.
Oh worthy sons of valiant sires,
From air and sea and land,
The record of thy deeds inspires
Thy well loved native land.

3.

Oh welcome home, ye gallant sons,
That fought in Argonne wood;
And boldly braved the belching guns
That swept the red Marne flood.
From St. Mihiel to fair Sedan
The sons of France are free.
The bells of Bruges they proudly rang
For Belgium's liberty.

4.

Sleep on, ye dead beyond the sea,
Soft be thy pillow now!
Silent we place on bended knee
A garland on thy brow.
An holy place will by thy tomb,
And to your sacred shrine
Thy kindred honoring will come,
A sacrifice divine.

I do not think I remember the Scotch one but I wrote one for the Scotchman and it runs a little bit like this:—

Gallant lads by Leven River,
 Brave, brave lads in Tartan gay!
 Braver lads went marching never
 To the battlefield away.
 From Lomond's hillside leaping,
 From the crowded mills below,
 Went the lads in honour's keeping,
 Tyranny to overthrow.

Not alone they left the valley,
 When the drumbeat sounded high,
 And the bugle called the rally,
 Where the mountains kiss the sky,
 For the spirits of their fathers
 Sprang to arms beside them there,
 When the pride of Scotland gathers,
 Let the haughty foe beware.

Foreign fields have seen their daring,
 Foreign soil is many a grave,
 Foreign hearts that were despairing
 Learned to bless the kilted brave.
 Sad, oh sad is Leven River,
 Mournful is her melody.
 Never will these brave lads, never,
 Wander by her winding way.

Distant lands have heard their glory,
 And their kindred far and wide
 Weep with joy to hear the story
 Of the lads from Lomond side.
 Braver lads went marching never,
 For, when Freedom's flag's unfurled,
 This thy message, Leven River,
 Caledonia leads the world.

THE CHAIRMAN:

GENTLEMEN:—The Cumberland Valley, and particularly Franklin County, is always well represented at Scotch-Irish dinners. We always have Colonel Kennedy and his friends, as well as others from the Cumberland Valley. We are fortunate tonight, however, in having another Cumberland Valley

man, a Franklin County man. I have the honor to introduce to you Honorable Henry P. Fletcher, Ambassador to Mexico.

HONORABLE HENRY P. FLETCHER:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I take it that when your Committee honored me with an invitation to speak here this evening they expected a word or two about Mexico.

Usually the speech making activities of an American Ambassador are devoted to explaining and interpreting the United States to the people of the country in which he resides. This is always easy, agreeable and perfectly safe. It is not so easy and safe to attempt to interpret to his own people the country to which he is accredited. It is very much like a man discussing with his neighbors the intimate affairs of the family of the girl he is engaged to. On an occasion of this kind he has two alternatives—one, to bore his home audience to tears—the other, to lose his foreign audience altogether. He may have in mind matters and facts and figures of real interest and importance to his own people, but national susceptibilities and diplomatic proprieties are delicate things, and as I like the climate of Mexico and am interested in the work there, this will be my excuse for the uninteresting character of what I may have to say to you.

I do not think the problem of our relations with Mexico insoluble. The solution, however, will come sooner and will be more lasting if the smoked glasses of race hatred and historical animosities are thrown away by both Americans and Mexicans, and an honest effort made on both sides of the Rio Grande to see the "other" point of view.

While I take every opportunity to make clear to the Mexican Government and people the fact that we wish only to live on terms of self-respecting neighborly intercourse with them, and that the United States Government asks for its citizens in Mexico not privilege but simple justice, there still persists in many quarters a feeling of fear, uneasiness and suspicion of the United States. Naturally during the war every effort was made by our Hun enemies to foster and encourage these sentiments. Immense sums of money were

contributed by the German residents of Mexico to the propaganda service which the German Minister organized. A chain of newspapers, all printed in Spanish of course, headed by the *Democrata* of Mexico City, was established throughout the Republic, and a torrent of lies about and abuse of the United States was loosed upon the public mind of Mexico daily. The United States was held up as the traditional and eternal enemy of Mexico. The charges were rung upon the Mexican War, the rape of Texas, Arizona, California and New Mexico, the landing at Vera Cruz and the Pershing expedition. Mexican laborers were said to be lynched, mobbed and jailed daily in the United States, and Mexicans were being driven into our army to be slaughtered in France. Fanciful stories of negro rebellion and the secession of various states of the Union because of unwillingness to fight against Germany were spread broadcast with all the scream and flare of extra editions. That this had its effect upon the ignorant is shown by the fact that when the American Ambassador and his staff attended the first meeting of Congress, about a week after we entered the war, they were hissed and jeered by the crowd in front of the Hall of Congress, on arriving and leaving, amid cries of "Death to Wilson" and "Long live Emperor William," while the German Minister was enthusiastically acclaimed and applauded, even, according to the German press, by the members of the Mexican Congress itself.

As the war progressed and the effects of the participation of the United States began to be felt, the campaign of propaganda against us increased in violence; lecturers were sent out over the Republic to preach anti-Americanism; reading rooms were opened; propaganda picture theatres subsidized; great placards posted; every effort short of actual violence was made to embroil Mexico and the United States in war. But we were not idle. Counter propaganda began. The two most respectable and influential Mexican dailies, were pro-ally and moderately pro-American. We also had our reading rooms, lecturers and news distributing agencies, etc., very efficiently organized and directed.

The truth began to appear. The Mexican Government maintained its neutrality. With the signing of the armistice

the death knell of the German propaganda in Mexico was sounded. It has now practically ceased, but the evil that men do lives after them, and the fuel which it added to the ever smoldering fire of distrust of the United States in Mexico had made a difficult task no easier.

We on our side of the line are also apt to be misled as to what is going on in Mexico. The enemies of a Mexican Government usually take refuge in the cities along the border, and from these centers many inaccurate and highly prejudiced news stories emanate, designed to arouse American public opinion against any government which happens to occupy the National Palace in Mexico City. The principal hope of all opponents of the Mexican Government is in the intervention of the United States, and as a rule their main efforts are directed toward bringing this about.

Besides, many American citizens reside or have substantial interests in Mexico and acts which are or may be considered by them as inimical or threatening are given wide publicity, and sometimes, I fear, a certain tinge or color.

Then too, in order to protect itself from misrepresentation in the United States, a strict telegraph and mail censorship has been maintained by the Government of Mr. Carranza. So that in spite of the fact that we are close neighbors, strong influences have been at work to prevent a thorough mutual understanding, and there is much ignorance on both sides of the line as to what is passing on the other.

Of course for the past few years public opinion in this country has been entirely occupied by the Great War, and is now by the Great Peace. Mexico has been pushed off the front page, if indeed it is mentioned at all.

With the idea of refreshing your memory and sketching the background of our present relations with Mexico, I would like briefly to refer to a few of the outstanding facts of recent Mexican history, and to call attention to some of the leading and radical changes made in the fundamental laws of the Republic.

To the average American the Mexico of Porfirio Diaz was the model Latin American Government. Peace and order prevailed throughout the Republic. American capital, Ameri-

can workmen and American methods were welcomed. Foreign interests were secure and prospered. Our relations were friendly. We were surprised at the easy triumph of the Madero revolution, but for years beneath the surface political, economic and religious unrest and discontent were fermenting. The revolution of Madero was moderate in its inception—more political than social. It compromised with the old regime, but had accomplished little before treacherously betrayed by Huerta. Carranza, then Governor of Coahuila, arose to indicate and extend the liberal principles of Madero. The scope of the revolution widened to include social reforms. The Constitution must not only be restored, but reformed also. After a vain attempt to revive the Diaz regime, Huerta was compelled to relinquish power and fled in a German ship. Then came strife and discord between the various revolutionary factions, each of which occupied the Capital at one time or another. Finally Carranza triumphed. Villa, reduced to a few followers, became a bandit, which he still is, and incidentally a continuing menace to the good relations between the two countries. While the Pershing expedition was chasing Villa in the mountains of Chihuahua, and the American-Mexican Commission was deliberating in New London and Atlantic City, the triumphant Carranzists were holding a Constitutional Convention in Queretaro.

The new Constitution was signed on the last day of January, 1917, promulgated on the fifth of February and became operative on May first of the same year. While in many respects it is a program requiring legislation to make its mandates effective, and many of its provisions remain inoperative on account of special circumstances, it is nevertheless the crown of the revolution, and crystalizes the aspirations of the Mexican people to cast off the influences which became powerful under the Diaz autocracy; to destroy the power of the Catholic Church and clergy; to break up the great land holdings; to curb both foreign and domestic capital; to give land to the landless, and to promote the interests of those who work with their hands, but above and through all runs the spirit of "Mexico for the Mexicans."

By the new Magna Carta the great holdings of the Catholic Church in Mexico have been confiscated and become the property of the nation. Each state is authorized to fix the number of churches to be open for worship and the number of priests—usually one to ten thousand of inhabitants—who may officiate. Only Mexicans may exercise the priestly office. This provision, however, has not been universally enforced and may be amended. The principal archbishops and bishops have been driven from the country or into hiding, and every effort has been made to shear the Church of its former vast political, social and economic influence.

The Constitution also directs the Congress and the State Legislatures to enact laws for the purpose of carrying out the division of large landed states, and fixing the maximum areas of land which any one individual or corporation may own. The excess area is to be sold and the owner is bound to accept special bonds in payment for the property expropriated. Congress is directed to pass laws authorizing the several states of the Republic to issue agrarian bonds for this purpose. As yet these preliminary steps have not been taken, but nevertheless in a number of places the local authorities have undertaken to dispossess land owners and to divide their lands, and the Mexican Government itself has taken preliminary steps looking toward the cancellation of concessions and contracts of foreign owned land and development companies.

The new nationalism finds expression in Article 27, and as it is in attempting to enforce this article that the Mexican Government and other governments have found that the new Constitution contains provisions which seriously affect the rights of foreigners in Mexico, I may be permitted to refer briefly to the much discussed oil question. This article states that the direct ownership of all minerals and subsoil deposits, including petroleum, is vested in the nation. Under the old Spanish code, minerals and subsoil deposits belonged to the crown, and the subject could exploit them only under license and upon payment of a royalty. When Mexico achieved its independence these rights were claimed and exercised by the Mexican Government. In 1884, however, a new mineral code was adopted which expressly excepted coal and petroleum from

the list of so-called crown minerals. Relying upon this law Americans first, and later other foreigners, prospected, located and developed the present great petroleum field of Mexico, one of the largest in the world. As far as Americans are concerned, the surface and subsoil rights were purchased or leased from private owners for value. There was no Government concession.

When the Mexican Government, by its decree of February 19th of last year, and by subsequent edicts, endeavored to nationalize the oil industry by giving retroactive effect to this provision of the Constitution, in levying a royalty tax upon products of these foreign leased or owned lands, and in other ways, the various foreign companies affected protested and appealed simultaneously to the Mexican courts, and to their respective governments. Diplomatic representations were made by the American and English Governments concerned. Representatives of the oil companies were sent to Mexico to negotiate with the Mexican Government. The decrees have not been enforced, but neither have they been revoked. The matter is still pending and under negotiation. The Mexican Congress at its next session will probably be called upon to frame a law to carry into effect the program of nationalization covered by Article 27, and there is now reason to hope that this law, while recognizing the sovereign rights of Mexico in regard to taxation and regulation of industry, will, at the same time, recognize the rights acquired honestly and in good faith by foreigners under existing Mexican laws. But if it should not do so diplomacy will not have exhausted all its efforts in this regard, and further negotiations will ensue.

Some other national features of the new Constitution are that "Only Mexicans by birth or naturalization, and Mexican companies have the right to acquire ownership in lands, waters and their appurtenances, or to obtain concessions to develop mines, waters or mineral fuels in the Republic of Mexico. The Nation may grant the same right to foreigners, provided they agree before the Department of Foreign Affairs to be considered Mexicans in respect to such property, and accordingly not to invoke the protection of their Governments in respect to same, under penalty, in case of breach, of for-

feiture to the Nation of property so acquired. Within a zone of 100 kilometers from the frontiers, and of 50 kilometers from the sea coast no foreigner shall under any conditions acquire ownership of lands and waters." Article 33.

The judicial system has also been reformed. The Supreme Court, which the new Constitution endeavored to make absolutely free of executive influence, is elected by Congress.

The social reforms are embodied in Article 123 of the new Constitution. Briefly some of those are: Eight hours is the maximum limit of a day's work, seven of night work. Night work in factories, and unhealthy and dangerous occupations are prohibited to women and children under sixteen. Children are not to be worked more than six hours. A living wage is obligatory. Profit-sharing by workmen is provided for. The same compensation shall be paid for the same work without regard to race or nationality. Labor welfare and employers' responsibility for accidents and occupational diseases, sanitation, prevention of accident, etc., are also covered. Strikes are only considered unlawful if the majority of the strikers resort to acts of violence. Lockouts are unlawful unless an excess of production renders operation unprofitable in the opinion of a special board.

These briefly are some of the most important reforms brought about by the Revolution, and it is natural that in the civil strife which accompanied these changes the interests of foreigners as well as natives have been deeply affected. But I believe a safe middle way will be found by the ordinary processes of diplomacy to solve such difficulties as may arise from the conflict of national and international interests, and for the adjustment of the various claims which have grown out of the disturbed situation of Mexico since the Revolution began. Whether or not, as a result of the Paris Conferences, some machinery may be provided for the adjustment of international differences, we should bear in mind that Mexico has been torn by seven or eight years of civil strife; that while the present Government is devoting all of its energies and most of its revenues to the pacification of the Republic, the task is not yet done, and that life and property in many districts is still unsafe on account of the various bandits and

revolutionists operating throughout the country; that the revolution has a most far-reaching effect upon the habits of the people and upon social ideals and conditions; that the present Government, which emanated from the Revolution, is representative of the effective majority of the Mexican people, and is in practical if not unchallenged control of the country. We should remember that it has been recognized as the legally responsible Government of Mexico, to which we must look for the protection of the lives and property of our citizens in that Republic, and finally I wish to add that if by any chance the present Government of Mexico should fail from internal or external causes, or a conflict or combination of both, I personally see little hope of the Mexican people working out unaided their experiment of self-government.

THE CHAIRMAN:

GENTLEMEN:—Our next and last speaker is a true Scotch-Irishman, ex-Governor MacCorkle, of West Virginia.

HONORABLE WILLIAM A. MACCORKLE:

MR. TOASTMASTER, YOUR EXCELLENCY, GOVERNOR SPROUL AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA:—It is very sweet of you to rise to your feet when a plain man from old Virginia comes here to speak. Still, I feel that I have a right to be here and that the honor you do me is done to Virginia, for you know old Virginia and Pennsylvania, with the exception of one great crisis in our affairs, have always been arm in arm and shoulder to shoulder in the great affairs of our Government.

Would you pardon just one word about myself so I can explain why I feel here at home? My father was William MacCorkle and my mother was Mary Morrison, and my great-great-grandfather on one side and my great-great-grandfather on the other side helped to open the gates at Londonderry; their great-grandfathers on both sides stood in the mist at Freyfriars and put their hands to the Covenant, and their children have at all times in the moors and the lowlands and the highlands, in the fields of Northern

Ireland and in Pennsylvania and Virginia, felt that their hands were still to the Covenant. I do not say this in any spirit of self-gratulation, but I am here among people who are bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, and that which touches my people touches you just as deeply.

I wish I could speak like Dr. MacGowan. I cannot. My long-time friend, the Governor of the State, has spoken to you and has talked about politics. Dr. MacGowan and Governor Sproul have talked about things which are very near and dear to the American people and things which are essential to the life of our people, and especially the things touching the character of the Scotch-Irish. One has talked of politics and the other of religion. Would you mind if I would talk to you about the one other chief thing to a Scotch-Irishman—Liberty?

When I heard the splendid and eloquent speech of Dr. MacGowan, so full of wit and wonderful humor, I said: "It will not do for you to discuss a plain and old-fashioned thing like Liberty." It seemed so far in the country and I thought they would not listen to me. But after all, it is the end of our lives, it is the chief thing in this great democracy and it seems to me that here tonight it would be in good form for me in this splendid meeting of men in touch with all the affairs of our country to talk to you about Liberty. It is a serious question, and I regret that I can bring with it none of the brightness that should characterize an after-dinner meeting. But these are serious times and I am from Virginia, which has touched hands with Pennsylvania in all of these great and serious matters, and I want to talk a little about what the Scotch-Irish have done for Liberty in this country.

Pennsylvania has been from the beginning in such close touch with Virginia. The men who really made Virginia, the Scotch-Irish, largely came through Pennsylvania. God bless Pennsylvania! Wherever Liberty has wanted a champion, wherever Christianity has wanted a lance there has been old Pennsylvania. As a matter of fact, you know the Scotch-Irish have not had a square deal in history. They have not been mentioned as they should have been as part

and parcel of the fundamental life and action of our country. That is easily understood if you will consider a moment. The Scotch-Irish did not come to this country as the Huguenots did, or as the Quakers, the Puritans, the Cavaliers. These last people came as a distinct entity, with distinct places in view, holding together as the Puritans did in New England, as the Quakers in Pennsylvania, as the Huguenots in the South. The Scotch-Irish came by the thousands, it is true, but they came here and there, at this port and that port, at this time and at that time, scattering over the land to the inland, and thus they never achieved that spirit of entity which gave historical character to the other great classes of immigrants I have mentioned.

As a matter of fact I hope to show they have been the foundation stone of Liberty in this country. They have been at the crisis in every great event in American history, but they have not been mentioned as the Puritans have for the reason I have given. They were not there as an army of Scotch-Irish, but they were in the majority of the armies of the republic.

This has been a very peculiar situation. Take Virginia, for example: They made Virginia. The people of the eastern shore of the tidewater counties, of the James River, York and Rappahannock have written the histories, but the Scotch-Irish who destroyed the law of primogeniture, who separated Church and State, who backed Patrick Henry in the passage of his resolutions for freedom, who furnished the majority of soldiers in the States in the Revolution, are not mentioned. Only lately have they been taken hold of as an entity, understood as part and parcel of the underlying and active life of this Republic.

To understand their great influence for Liberty let us discuss the four peoples who were here at that time; let us take the surroundings of each of these people, and from them understand how deadly interested the Scotch-Irish were in the great question of freedom; how full they were of the question of Liberty, and how earnest they were to avenge the wrongs that had been heaped upon them in the highlands of Scotland, in Ireland, and in this country.

The Puritans were Englishmen. Sometimes it is said that the Scotch-Irish were the Puritans of the South. Nothing is further from the truth. I have heard some Scotch-Irish people make that observation. It showed that they did not understand the great differences between these people. The Puritans practically organized a theocracy. The State was built around the Church, and while they believed in freedom it was their freedom and their religion in which they believed. They believed in class; they did not believe in toleration. As a matter of fact they were the most intolerant people who had come to this country. They came here to worship God in their own way, and their way was the only way they intended anybody else to worship God. I do not say this unkindly, but they did not intend that the worship of God in their community should be otherwise than they willed it. They were the chosen people, and Church and State and the people were to go along together.

For the first years they were here, until the occurrence of the immediate troubles which surrounded the Revolutionary period, they were well treated by the English government, and until these troubles came between them there were no great controversies between them and the English.

Now take the Cavaliers; the Cavaliers were English, directly in touch with the English government. They did not complain of the English government particularly. As a matter of fact they were in direct and absolute touch with every English influence. They sent their children to England to school; they received their books from England. The English gentlemen came here and lived on his broad acres in Virginia and the country immediately surrounding to the South. Letters were passing continually between England and the Cavaliers of Virginia. They built their social existence upon that of England. Their plantations held all the elements of the English country manor; the master of the plantation was lord paramount. He was the justice in his district; he ruled his slaves with a patriarchal despotism. He belonged to the established Church. As a matter of fact, he had at first no idea of separation from the mother country and the dissenter was abhorrent to him. The Cavalier

ruled with a merciless hand against dissent in any form, and the first beginnings of freedom in Virginia came from the question of tithes which they had placed upon the dissenters. They were as narrow as the Puritans in their relations and ideas, and believed in the connection of Church and State, and this belief, and the carrying out of this belief, gave Patrick Henry his first great opportunity to sound the trumpet of freedom in this country.

As a matter of fact, Washington, in the beginning of the Revolution, did not believe in separation. The Cavaliers were for petition and remonstrance, but not for separation. They believed essentially in class. Religion was part of the State and the law of primogeniture was an essential of their life. Practically it was a little world of England in which the Cavaliers lived, with English ideas, customs, thought and manners, and English ideas of class and kingly government. Before the Revolution these were the fundamentals underlying the Cavaliers.

The Quakers, with their peace-loving ideas, are too well known for discussion here. The Huguenots were filled with fire for Liberty, but they were too small in numbers to be of any great force.

Now, Mr. Chairman, take our own people, and let us for a moment discuss their thought and the fundamentals which welded this Scotch-Irish people into one idea, one outlook and one principle. Nothing could be farther from them than the essential thought of the Puritans. The Scotch-Irish were people filled with wrong. They were not English people; the English government had persecuted them for their religious ideas, they had been hung, drawn and quartered by Claverhouse on moor and mountain, lowland and highland. Their children had been stolen, their women had been violated, their men had been butchered, their homes had been burned, and every violence had been done to their religious and political opinions by the English government. They had been the victims of religious and class persecution; this they had suffered for religion and Liberty's sake. The government had violated every agreement made with them in regard to religious Liberty. Many of them had

come through to this country from the scene of their troubles. The great majority of them had gone to northern Ireland and there had turned that country from a wilderness into a garden. Here they were again persecuted with all the evils and horrors that had destroyed them in Scotland. Every principle had been violated, every agreement had been abrogated. English bishops were placed over them, the English establishment had controlled them; their civil rights were taken from them; they were forbidden to worship God in their own way. Persecution clasped them in its vicious hands as it did in Scotland. They were compelled to give up their beautiful homes, their well-tilled lands and their pleasant churches and come to a land where they hoped for freedom.

So when they were here they were a people filled with hatred, and their one chief idea was of worshiping God in their own way. Now here is one distinguishing characteristic between the Puritans and our people; our people wanted no governmental church or religious establishment, they believed in no theocracy, and from the beginning, by reason of being the best educated people in Europe, they believed in representative government because it was part and parcel of the church doctrine preached to them by John Knox. In other words, these people were filled with the idea of democracy, of the right to worship God as they wished, and with equality, because this was all taught them in their church meetings, synods and presbyteries. So when the trouble came with England our people were ready for it.

The Cavaliers wanted petition and remonstrance, the Quaker wanted peace at any price, the Puritan was filled with bitterness at the recent actions of the British government, but their hatred and dislike of the British institutions was not deep-seated and deadly, as was that of the Scotch-Irish. This is well exemplified by the situation of the House of Burgesses when Patrick Henry, a Scotch-Irishman, with the thunderous eloquence which began this great Revolution of thought and ideas, exclaimed: "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third"—"Treason, treason," cried the Speaker—and then added Pat-

rick Henry—"may profit by their example." The Speaker of the House was a Cavalier. The majority were Cavaliers, and when Henry's resolutions against the British monarchy and taxation without representation were put through the house it was by the vote of the members from the up-counties, the Scotch-Irish.

I say nothing in derogation of Cavalier, Puritan or Quaker. They were all wonderful in their way and wrought mightily for this government's beginning, but our people were the people who were ready for the work and everywhere their readiness is so remarkable.

The first town which passed resolutions for freedom in this country was the town of Menden, in Wooster County, Massachusetts. It is remarkable that in this town there lived fifty Scotch-Irish families. John Adams estimates that one-third of the New England people were Tories; that proportion obtained midst the Cavaliers, but there was never known to be a Tory among the Scotch-Irish. They were ready for the fray and all were ready.

Let us take some concrete illustrations of their readiness. When it was understood in the city of Philadelphia that Congress was for separation, the Assembly of Pennsylvania, under the control of the proprietary government, instructed its delegates to oppose all action in that direction. The Quakers controlled the proprietary government. After this action the people met in the State House yard and proposed a provisional government and said that the present government was no longer fit to control the province. Accordingly steps were taken to inaugurate a new government, and here, on the 18th of June, delegates from every county in the province assembled and passed vigorous and earnest resolutions in favor of freedom. Now, the Scotch-Irish, next to the Quakers, were the majority of the population of the State of Pennsylvania. Everywhere the voice of our people was for Freedom. Please pardon the reiteration of this; I do it for the reason that our people have not been understood. Their part and lot in history have not been properly acknowledged, and they have been left out of the pages of history. The world is beginning to see from the researches

which have been undertaken by many of our people that the chief burden of the Revolution was borne by the Scotch-Irish people, of whom you are descendants.

Now, in Virginia, by the Scotch-Irish, the fiery cross was sent over the mountains, telling the country that our people must be for freedom. The Hanover Presbytery, composed entirely of Scotch-Irish, passed vigorous resolutions declaring for Freedom. The Covenanters of Fincastle County, Virginia, before Mecklenburg, presented their resolutions and voiced their declaration for Freedom; Augusta County, before the Declaration of Independence, declared for it; Pittsburgh, where Virginia and Pennsylvania were contending for that rich region, dropped their troubles and united for freedom. They were all Scotch-Irish. West of the Blue Ridge the Scotch-Irish were for Freedom; through North and South Carolina and northern Alabama, Georgia and Virginia ran the thread of this race, every one for freedom and separation in its most absolute form. In all of the Scotch-Irish assemblies nowhere was there a half-way petition. The action was for freedom absolute and beyond recall.

Mr. Bancroft says that in this country the first cries for freedom came from the Scotch-Irish. Their great part has never been appreciated. They were scattered all over the country; not massed as the Puritans and the Cavaliers were; but the influence of this people, scattered as they were, was the most potent influence in building up everywhere that feeling of resistance.

They were educated people and held their power in intelligent hands, and when Patrick Henry contended for Freedom, clean and absolute, it was our people who sustained him and the Cavaliers who held back.

Now after the war began, let us see our real influence on the battlefields. Until lately the numerical power of the Scotch-Irish has not been known. I am indebted to Judge Temple, of our own blood and bone, who has done more than any other person to obtain facts as to the numerical power of the Scotch-Irish in the Revolution. The facts are incontrovertible and show that our people had a majority of the soldiers of the Revolution. The action of the histories in minimizing the Scotch-Irish has not been particularly inten-

tional. It arose largely from the peculiar situation; the Scotch-Irish did not stay on the seashore—the shores were largely occupied; they were not particularly well treated by the Quakers when they came to Pennsylvania and the consequence was that they went to the interior where they felled the forests, plowed the land, built churches, school houses and colleges. But as a matter of fact they did not build great cities, they did not sail ships on the high seas. They were engaged in the great formative processes in the interior which did not dramatically appeal to the historian as did the building of cities on the seashore and sailing ships over the broad waters. They were in name in control of no State; yet they were the large majority and absolutely controlled many states—not in name but in fact and reality.

Let us consider their numerical importance in the war of the Revolution. I use Judge Temple's figures. Virginia, at the beginning of the Revolution, had 550,000 people. The whole colonies had 2,750,000 people; 1,375,000 of these were in the south. This is well shown by the census of 1790, the population of all of the states at that time being a little less than four million. New England at that time had 1,002,660 inhabitants. Virginia contained in 1790 747,000 inhabitants, in round numbers. The increase from the Revolution was about 30 per cent. Supposing the rate of increase to be the same in New England States as it was in the whole country it would only give them at the time of the Revolution about 750,000 inhabitants.

These people of New England were not all of Puritan blood. There were many Scotch-Irish. Counting the Scotch-Irish, the Quakers and the Baptists out, there would leave in New England, including the slaves and servants, 650,000 people of Puritan blood.

The Scotch-Irish numbered at that time in all the Colonies 900,000, making them the most numerous people in this country. Their numbers have not been appreciated. Between 1728 and 1775 there arrived 12,000 annually in this city alone. If they had doubled in number in that time they would have amounted to one-half million people.

They did not land only in Philadelphia. They landed everywhere and the immigration continued from 1700 until the

Revolution. From these facts it is obvious that prior to 1775 there were 500,000 of the Scotch-Irish and Scotch settled in the Colonies. Say they had been here an average of 30 years; it can be assumed they had increased at least 80 per cent., making them not less than 900,000 people in 1775.

In 1775 the Puritans could not have exceeded 600,000 for in 1790 the whole population of New England was only 1,000,000. The Cavaliers in Virginia only amounted to 400,000, making them practically less than one-half the number of the Scotch-Irish. In other words of the three great subdivisions of this country, the Puritans, the Scotch-Irish and the Cavaliers, the Scotch-Irish were more numerous than any other subdivision. They were one-third of all the population of this country. They constituted nearly one-half of the entire population of the Southern States.

They practically controlled Virginia; Delaware and New Jersey had a great Scotch-Irish population. They were one-third of Pennsylvania; in North and South Carolina they were in control; they controlled Tennessee, Kentucky and Georgia. They contributed a majority of the soldiers from the State of Pennsylvania and this was the truth of the States south of Pennsylvania.

In Virginia especially members of the established Church did not bear arms, and there were a great many Tories who did not fight for separation. A large population, therefore, did not fight in the cause of freedom, but the Scotch-Irish to a man went to the war and were for absolute separation from the mother country.

When the Tories and Quakers are left out from the southern colonies, which had only 1,350,000 people, there were about 850,000 people from which the soldiers came. If the estimations are correct 600,000 of them were Scotch-Irish. The Catholics, the Baptists, the Methodists, the Huguenots, the Germans, very many of them Cavaliers, fought for freedom; but all of these could not furnish as many soldiers as the Scotch-Irish.

I wish there were time this evening to state all the reasons to show you that a majority of the troops in the army of the Revolution throughout the whole country south of Pennsylvania were Scotch-Irish. This seems beyond any question

to be the fact. Throughout the war they bore a wonderful part. From the beginning to the end their rifles flashed in the thickest of the fire. I repeat, it is remarkable how they have been left out of history.

As an illustration I will take the battle of Kings Mountain. This important and crucial battle was fought almost entirely by the Scotch-Irish from western Virginia, eastern Tennessee, North and South Carolina, and some few men from Georgia. It was the crucial time of the war. The south was practically under the control of the British. It seemed as if Liberty was lost. The British were stalking with mighty steps from one end of the country to the other. On October 7th, 1780, this little army of men defeated Colonel Ferguson and destroyed the British army of more than one thousand men. Every soldier of this victorious army, I venture to say, with possibly the exception of not more than one hundred men, were Scotch-Irish. This fact has been lost to history.

This vital battle which reanimated the drooping spirits of the American people, interfered with Cornwallis on his march through Virginia, has just been embalmed in a separate history, and yet scarcely an illustration is made to the fact that 90 per cent. of the men in battle were Scotch-Irish. I apologize for its reiteration, but the tremendous part of our people in the history of this country has been minimized and almost forgotten.

In addition to their heroism and constancy on the battle-fields of the greater battles of the Revolutionary War, there is added to them as a bright laurel their action on a lesser plane but which had great and momentous consequences. During the Revolutionary War their efforts were directed to pushing the Indians away from their settlements and taking possession of the great territory of the Mississippi and the Ohio valley. As a matter of fact the battle of Point Pleasant, West Virginia, which was the initial gun of the Revolution, is scarcely known in history. This battle was fought in 1774 by the Scotch-Irish almost absolutely and entirely. Its consequences have scarcely been appreciated, but it gave the United States the great territory embracing Ohio, West Virginia, Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky.

Lord Dunmore was already plotting against the colonists and in favor of Great Britain and was then arranging with the Indians of the Ohio valley for a practical destruction of the colonists of that section. With his own troops he went from Pittsburgh into Ohio, but sent the colonists of Virginia through the Alleghany mountains and the Kanawha Valley to Point Pleasant, at the mouth of the Kanawha River. He did not connect his troops with the Virginia troops, 95 per cent. of which were Scotch-Irish. The list of the troops in that battle sounds like the calling of the muster roll at Londonderry.

Here was fought the greatest battle between the Indians and whites in history. The Indians were signally defeated and their power destroyed throughout that region, and the country was definitely placed in the hands of the colonists. This was the situation all through the southwestern section. A great illustration of the momentous consequences of their acts was seen in the expedition of George Rogers Clark, which virtually sealed the northwest to the United States. His was a Scotch-Irish expedition. The battle of Point Pleasant was on October 10th, 1774, and the importance of the action of the Scotch-Irish as to the Ohio valley is seen in its effect on the Quebec Act of 1774. Pardon this for a moment. The English government did all they could to discourage settlements east of the mountains, but seeing that they could no longer prevent settlements they gave consent that the region between mountain and the river might be settled, but no further. This act ignored the right of Virginia to the country west of the Ohio, which was given to Canada.

The Quebec Act, however, could not be carried out by reason of the fact that the Scotch-Irish had conquered the country, and in the battle of Point Pleasant controlled and occupied that territory. By the Act, the States of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin, if to be settled at all, were to be settled in the same way as Canada. When the time of settlement came, however, this country had been occupied, for Virginia had successfully waged the Dunmore War and this country belonged to Virginia. This great event was brought about by the heroism, the energy, and the foresight

of the Scotch-Irish, and when history rightly gives credit to those to whom credit is due it will be found that the occupation of the great territory extending from Tennessee practically to the Lakes was brought about by the people of whom we are bone of bone and blood of blood.

After the war of the Revolution, the great reforms in Virginia doing away with the law of the primogeniture and the union of Church and State were brought about by Thomas Jefferson, backed by the solid vote of the Scotch-Irish of the valley of Virginia and the Piedmont region, thus emphasizing their desire for freedom and equality and equality of right of religious freedom.

Their work has never ceased along the lines of development. They are essentially a pioneer people. For the reason I have given they are not seafaring people, but they made the farm, and cut down the forests, they have built and governed great cities and have raised 28 great institutions of learning, and 155 smaller institutions, which attest the fact of their broadness of spirit and energy of mind as well as their education and refinement. Everywhere they have been a church-going people. Throughout the great community of the Scotch-Irish—northern Georgia, Alabama, Arkansas, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, southern Indiana, Illinois and Ohio—wherever the Scotch-Irish have a home, the church and the school are in every community and at their very best.

I have been struck in this great war with the influence of the Scotch-Irish. I do not wish to indulge in self-gratulation. I am reminded, however, by hearing Dr. Woo Ting Fang lecture on one beautiful June evening. He looked out at the open window and felt the perfume from the blossoms of the trees and the green grass, and he said, "June is a very beautiful month," and then went on to tell how exquisite the month of June is and mentioned the fact that most of the great men of the world were born in that month. He gave their names in much detail. This was not a part of his lecture. When he finished there was silence for a moment, and then some one in the audience said, "Dr. Woo, when were you born?" With a smile and a blush on his face, he

said, "I was born in June, but that does not make any difference as to how I feel about June." So when I am speaking of my alma mater I am speaking of it for the whole Scotch-Irish race and not because I am a graduate of that university, but Washington and Lee University is illustrative of what the Scotch-Irish have done in this country and the influence of our people upon the affairs of the United States. In this great war the First Assistant Attorney General, the Solicitor General of the United States, the Ambassador to England, the Secretary of War, the Chairman of the Military Committee in the Senate, the Chairman of the Banking Committee in the Senate, the Chairman of the Military Committee in the House, the Chairman of the Banking Committee in the House, the Chairman of Foreign Affairs in the House are all alumni of Washington and Lee, and all Scotch-Irish. What I have said is illustrated signally here this evening. Around me stand the most successful men of this great Commonwealth, successful in every phase of life; at the bar, in the bank, on the field, in politics, in the manufacturing life of the country. It is particularly exemplified by the action of this imperial Commonwealth which has made a true and tried Scotch-Irishman Governor and has honored Governor Sproul with the highest gift within its power, and his name today is before all men in our great country for the greatest office in the gift of the American people. And I see before me the Attorney General of this State, my friend Schaffer, one of the four or five greatest trial lawyers in the United States. These men are an exemplification whereof I speak.

After the Revolution the two sections of the country nationalized around different ideals. The northern portion of our country, having new peoples and being trained in the direction of commerce and having commercial connections, nationalized—if I may use the word—around the general government. The southern portion of the country, in which were the greater part of the Scotch-Irish, nationalized around the idea of the State.

The northern portion of the country, not having slavery, took this question as a moral issue. The southern portion,

owing to their State's Rights idea, hung to the ideal of the State, that being the chief entity in the view of the southern people. When they thought that their local and social rights were interfered with they took up arms and the Civil War was the result. In that war the bulk of the southern army were composed of the Scotch-Irish. The Stonewall Brigade was largely of the Scotch-Irish, and the great foot cavalry of that commander were Scotch-Irish.

While we offer no apologies for what was done in 1860 with the lights and conditions surrounding them, they did what they thought was right, but under the blessing of God this country was preserved as one indissoluble republic, and the Scotch-Irish of the South are its most loyal defenders, as they have been in every war against foreign foes.

In this day of changed ideas and moralizing tendencies, the country needs the faith and the religion of the Scotch-Irish. No Scotch-Irishman ever marched under a red flag, and no Scotch-Irishman believes in the destructive social tendencies of the day. They cling with ardor unabated to the holiness of the Sabbath day; they cling to the Bible and want it as it was given to them by the fathers—unexpurgated and in its nakedness and truth. They ask for no continental Sabbath day; they ask for no emasculated Ten Commandments, and the men and women who are taught the Shorter Catechism have been men whose honesty was unquestioned and women whose purity was above suspicion.

In the great fluxing day of the Republic, the earnest, vigorous, staunch characteristics of this people will have a tremendous influence on the country as it rocks on the seas of unrest. Wherever they have builded it has been with the feeling that the foundation of their government is the Book of their fathers, with freedom and equality and justice before the law. They have been an earnest people in gathering together the gear of this world, but they only wanted the gear which they have honestly gathered with their own hands and in the sight of all men.

If you ask what they have done, look around you. States have been created, churches have been built, lands have been filled, and schoolhouse, college, church and sacred home have been typical of these people who in modesty and

silence have wrought the wonders of this great Republic. They have builded in faith and their faith has been justified; and when the storm comes, as it comes to all free people, there will be found our people, staunch and true and holding to the faith of their fathers, yet able to intelligently grasp the conditions which are thrust upon them in the great world change which will continually and surely be for the best of all peoples which are on earth.

MR. WILLIAM A. LAW:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—Just for a moment we want to come down from something universal and international to something that is distinctly personal. It is the custom of our Society to present our retiring President with a spoon. The spoon has two symbolic meanings. First, it is a badge of authority. You can go back into Scotland and think of the little home where the mother is the provider of food, and can think of that great pot in which the porridge is prepared, or the Irish stew or the soup, and the way the head of the family uses this great wooden spoon to divide the nourishment of life, and you can imagine how this spoon becomes a symbol of authority to check disturbances, or check the inroad of an animal like a dog, or even at times to give the father a rap if he crosses the border line of propriety. But with us tonight this spoon has a different symbolic meaning. Besides being a badge of authority, just like the whip is the badge of the ringmaster's authority, the baton the badge of the conductor's authority, the billy the badge of the policeman's authority or the sword the badge of the military man's authority, this is also an emblem that means the affection, good fellowship and love that every man in this Society feels for you, Mr. Dice. I therefore take great pleasure in presenting you with this wooden spoon.

MR. DICE:

MR. LAW AND GENTLEMEN:—I fully appreciate this very useful gift and the sentiment that has been expressed by Mr. Law in presenting it. Every time I use it I shall think of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society.

(NOTE:—The following letter from Sir Edward Carson and letter and paper from Rev. William Park were received too late to be read at the dinner.)

5 EATON PLACE, S. W. I.

5th FEBRUARY, 1919.

DEAR SIR:—I hear that you are to have an Annual Dinner of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society on the 21st instant and I am prompted to write you a line of greetings and good fellowship on this auspicious occasion, when the War is being brought to a successful conclusion. The joint efforts of America and the British Empire in fighting the battle of freedom for an ideal which we all equally love opens a new chapter in the World's history and my earnest prayer is that we may all go on in the future in a great united effort to free the world from the horrors of war and to promote the progress of peace and mutual confidence, which can alone bring happiness to the Peoples of all civilized communities.

With very kind wishes,

I remain, Yours sincerely,

EDWARD CARSON.

GARTHOWEN, SANS SOUCI PARK, BELFAST.

5th FEBRUARY, 1919.

DEAR SIR:—As you are holding your Annual Dinner on the 21st of this month, may I be permitted, as one of your honorary members, to send you a word of greeting?

The United States and Great Britain have never been brought so close together in friendly co-operation as during the past year or two. The presence of your President in our country, and now in France at the Peace Congress, is an outstanding event, and his wise words as to a League of Nations for preventing war will not soon be forgotten.

Ulster, as I am sure you know, has done her part nobly in the great conflict now happily ended. As a personal matter, and one case out of many, may I mention that my own Congregation, and the large Men's School in connection with it,

sent 553 men to the war, 87 of whom, alas! laid down their lives for their country.

It may interest you also to know that we are hoping to have the principal Chaplain of the British Expeditionary Force—Major General The Reverend Dr. Simms C. B.—who is greatly respected throughout our Church, and indeed wherever his work is known—in the chair of our General Assembly next June. It will be a pleasant change for him from the fields of battle to the comparatively quiet atmosphere of a Church Court.

We have many anxieties still in Ireland, and many problems to solve, but we know we have always your sympathy and kindly thought and prayers with us, and we prize them greatly.

Wishing you a very happy reunion I remain, dear sir,
Very truly yours,

WILLIAM PARK.

Written by Rev. William Park, Belfast, Ireland, February 5th, 1919:

When the European war broke out Ulster was in the position of a community which was threatened with the forcible deprivation of what it considered its most precious rights. The armed forces of the British Empire were being mobilized in order to compel the Ulster people to acquiesce in what Protestant Ulster thought (and still thinks) would be separation from Great Britain. In defence of its rights and to protect the Union which the British Parliament (but not the British people) seemed bent on dissolving Ulster had been forced, reluctantly, but as the result of intense conviction, to take steps to maintain its rights. It was an anomalous and paradoxical situation—perhaps the most paradoxical in history. Our people were being forced into revolt in order to prevent the British Empire from taking steps for its own dissolution. It is necessary to go back on these matters not in order to revive unhappy memories, but in order to make clear to the outside world the extraordinary state of affairs that existed in 1914. Nobody could have

been surprised if under the circumstances when the war broke out Ulster had stood aloof or sulked. But there was no such feeling in the loyal province. The moment the German danger was made manifest the entire population of Unionist Ulster rallied to the cause of the Empire and of liberty with an overwhelming enthusiasm.

Our trusted leader, Sir Edward Carson, issued his call to arms, and in a few weeks the splendid Ulster Division was enlisted. Those who lived in this province in that time can never forget the scenes they witnessed—men throwing all aside and besieging the recruiting offices with offers of service in such numbers that the officials in charge were unable even to register all their names. Whole companies and battalions of the Ulster Volunteer force, raised to defend Ulster's liberties, transferred themselves voluntarily to the defence of the world's liberties.

The Ulster Division was raised, equipped and officered entirely by Ulster men. The British Government was asked only to supply rifles and munitions.

No division in any army in the field has a more glorious record than the 36th, which was the divisional number assigned to our gallant men.

They received their baptism of fire on July 1st, 1916, the opening day of the gigantic battle of the Somme. They went over the top before Thiepval with the old cry on their lips that was heard two centuries ago on the walls of Derry, the cry of "No Surrender." They were given an impossible task that day. All that men could do they did. Five German lines were penetrated by them in succession, but unsupported and reduced to a mere skeleton of their initial strength, they had ultimately to yield most of the ground won. At the close of the day the flower of Ulster's manhood had been cut off by the dread Reaper's scythe, but nothing in the whole war was more glorious or more honoring to the British race than the splendid, if unavailing, heroism of that attack.

The Division again came into prominence on June 8th, 1917, when they formed the spearhead of the perfectly-arranged movement by which the Germans were swept in a

couple of hours off the formidable and strongly-held Messines ridge.

Later, in November of the same year, they took part in the first battle of Cambrai, being on the left flank of Sir Julian Byng's Army, and being set the task of fighting their way along the elaborately fortified Canal du Nord in the neighborhood of Moeuvres.

In the spring of the following year, it was their lot to bear the brunt of the great German offensive of 1918—Hindenburg's last great gamble for victory. On March 21st the storm burst on them at St. Quentin. Outnumbered by five to one, and with both their flanks turned in the early morning mist, they were compelled to retreat in order to regain touch with the neighboring divisions and with the other British and French armies. That retreat was carried out over 35 miles, every foot of which was fought with desperate valor. The losses suffered in this retreat were very heavy, yet notwithstanding them, in October of the same year, the Ulster Division was taking part in the great sweep into Belgium in which General Plumer co-operated with the armies of King Albert, and earning the congratulations of Marshal Foch for the gallantry and efficiency of its advance under what the corps commander described as the heaviest machine gun fire ever experienced in the war.

The contribution of Ulster to the British Army was not, however, limited to the Ulster Division. Hundreds of our young men enlisted in Highland regiments in the opening days of the war; Ulster's enlistments in the Flying Corps at every period of the war were unusually large, and the engineering departments of the great Belfast shipyards sent hundreds of artificers and engineers into the navy.

When the British Government sent a fleet of armored motor cars into Russia to co-operate with the Russian armies the personnel was raised almost exclusively in Belfast by Commander Locker-Lampson. The adventures of this intrepid force were among the most romantic of the war. Commander Locker-Lampson's little band remained with the Russians until the final break-up of discipline under the Bolshevik usurpers.

I may mention that according to the latest published official statistics, Ulster, though containing only one-third of the population of Ireland, supplied more recruits to the army than all the other three provinces of Ireland combined.

The Belfast shipbuilding yards worked at high pressure throughout the war, and during its whole course there was no stoppage of work in these yards. The Belfast engineers have come out on strike since the war ended, but whatever one may think of the right or wrong of the demand for a shorter working week since the conclusion of the armistice, nothing can be allowed to obscure the fact that as long as the war lasted they put their claims and grievances on one side and kept at work when the labor world elsewhere was in a state of frequent unrest. Not only did the Belfast shipyard men remain at work themselves, but they used all their influence to steady labor in the other parts of the United Kingdom. They were indeed through all that critical time of the greatest service to the governments who had to deal with those various outbreaks of industrial trouble which caused at times most serious anxiety and misgiving. No war government had a moment's anxiety from the Belfast engineers.

The Belfast yards were in the forefront of the anti-submarine war. They built many of the "Q" boats, which proved so successful in combating the under-water pirates. They turned out the first of the "standard" ships planned by the Admiralty, and while one of the two Belfast yards holds the record for the speediest building of a vessel from the laying down to the launch, the other holds the record for the speediest completion.

Not the least of Belfast's building achievements was connected with the Air Force. The Handley-Page aeroplanes which proved the decisive weapon in the air warfare were manufactured by Messrs. Harland & Wolff at works established in association with their shipbuilding yards at the Queen's Island. It is a great feather in Ulster's cap that what were admittedly far and away the most effective military aeroplanes used by the British Army were built in a city and in a yard that had no experience whatever of aeroplane manufacture until the third year of the war. Could there

be a better testimony to the contriving brains and the adaptable hands of the Ulsterman?

While the Air Force is under consideration, mention should be made of the part played by the Linen Mills of Ulster in making possible the aerial supremacy of the Allies. All the linen used in the making of aeroplane wings for the British Army was manufactured in Ulster. The war had not long progressed when the Ulster Mills were the exclusive source of linen supply for the French and Italian armies also.

It is not too much to say that it was the linen industry of Ulster which proved the decisive factor in the Allied victory in the air. Without the North of Ireland linen, our fighters and our aeroplane manufacturers would have been helpless. There would have been no aeroplanes for the Allied armies or too few to be of service. And without sufficient aeroplanes the Allied victory would have been impossible.

I might go on to write of the spirit shown by the ordinary civilian population of Ulster during the war—of the hearty response made to the British Government's appeals for money, Belfast alone contributing 80 per cent. of the Irish total to the Victory Loan, besides a steady stream of buying of national war bonds without the excitements of tank visits and such other means of stimulating enthusiasm as were employed in England and Scotland. But perhaps enough has been said. I will only add that Ulster gave to the British Government for the treatment of wounded soldiers the splendid gift of the Ulster Volunteer Force Hospital equipped and maintained at a cost of over £100,000; that the citizens of Belfast bought and furnished for the entertainment of members of the fighting force the Sailors' and Soldiers' Service Club, one of the finest of such institutions in the United Kingdom, while one of her sons, Sir James Craig, handed over a beautiful mansion to be turned into the first Home for Military Neurasthenic cases which was established anywhere; and that the sum of £100,000 was subscribed to supply food and comforts to prisoners of war, and a similar sum raised to supplement the government's pensions to invalided sailors and soldiers.

Ulster has no reason to be ashamed of the part she has played in the war. Her sons in the field have shown in the words of King George's tribute how Ulstermen can fight and die, and her sons and daughters at home have done essential and necessary work for victory. In no part of the British Empire was there so united a front maintained, so strong a spirit of perseverance nourished in the darkest days, and so resolute a determination for victory at all times.

APPENDIX A.

REPORT OF CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, TREASURER, PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, FOR YEAR ENDING
DECEMBER 3d, 1918.

DR.		
Balance from preceding year.....		\$1000.75
Membership dues for 1918.....	\$544.00	
Subscriptions to 29th Annual Dinner.....	1,035.00	
Interest on deposits.....	20.12	
		1,599.12
		\$2,599.87
CR.		
Postage, telegrams, gratuities.....	\$56.40	
Clerical expenses.....	50.00	
Speakers' traveling expenses.....	48.00	
Honorarium—Alfred Noyes.....	50.00	
Stenographer reporting dinner.....	30.00	
John Maene, carving spoon.....	40.00	
Hoover & Smith, box and silver plate.....	11.00	
Hoskins Company, engraving invitations.....	36.50	
Dreka Company, engraving menus.....	49.25	
Singer and accompanist.....	25.00	
Subscriptions returned.....	15.00	
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, 223 covers, cigars, decorations and music.....	924.15	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing and mailing 28th annual report.....	166.08	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing and mailing 29th annual report.....	224.90	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing notices, table plans and envelopes.....	68.50	
		\$1,794.78
Balance January 1st, 1919.....	805.09	
		\$2,599.87

The above report has been audited and found correct, showing a balance of \$805.09 to the credit of the Society in bank, January 1st, 1919.

T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,
SAMUEL GALT BIRNIE,
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.

V. 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-

terminated 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.

PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY.

ORGANIZED FEBRUARY 13, 1890.

PRESIDENTS.

- 1890 REV. J. S. MACINTOSH, D.D.
1891 COL. JOHN A. WRIGHT.
1892 REV. S. D. MCCONNELL, D.D.
1893 C. STUART PATTERSON, ESQ.
1894 W. W. PORTER, ESQ.
1895 REV. HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D.
1896 JAMES A. LOGAN, ESQ.
1897 WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER, ESQ.
1898 HON. HENRY W. WILLIAMS.
1899 MR. JAMES POLLOCK.
1900 HON. JOHN STEWART.
1901 BAYARD HENRY, ESQ.
1902 REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D.
1903 MR. JOHN P. GREEN.
1904 ROBERT SNODGRASS, ESQ.
1905 HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON.
1906 HON. NATHANIEL EWING.
1907 REV. M. A. BROWNSON, D.D.
1908 HON. HARMAN YERKES.
1909 HON. EDWIN S. STUART.
1910 HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER.
1911 MR. JOHN McILHENNY.
1912 MR. M. C. KENNEDY.
1913 REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.
1914 MR. SAMUEL REA.
1915 DR. JOHN B. DEEVER.
1916 REV. WILLIAM BEATTY JENNINGS, D.D.
1917 HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON.
1918 MR. AGNEW T. DICE.
1919 MR. WILLIAM H. SCOTT.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

- 1890-1895 C. WATSON MCKEEHAN, ESQ.
1896- CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, ESQ.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

- E. G. ALEXANDER, M.D.....1627 Oxford St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM ALEXANDER.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 LT. COL. JAMES H. M. ANDREWS.Raritan Arsenal, Metuchen, N. J.
 WILLIAM H. ARROTT.....431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 LOUIS H. AYRES.....4th and Cumberland Sts., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM G. AYRES.....4th and Cumberland Sts., Philadelphia.
 RICHARD L. AUSTIN.....Rex and Seminole Aves., Chestnut Hill.
- D. G. BAIRD.....228 South Third St., Philadelphia.
 THOMAS E. BAIRD, JR.....Villa Nova, Pa.
 JOHN BAIRD.....Haverford, Pa.
 HON. THOMAS J. BALDRIDGE...Hollidaysburg, Pa.
 JAMES M. BARNETT.....New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
 J. E. BARR.....1107 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 DR. JOHN C. C. BEALE.....41 South Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
 ROBERT BEATTY.....Coral and Adams Sts., Philadelphia.
 ROBERT O. BEATTY.....144 Long Ave., Hamburg, N. Y.
 JOHN CROMWELL BELL.....1333 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
 JAMES S. BENN.....5001 Hazel Ave., Philadelphia.
 EDWARD M. BIDDLE.....607 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
 HON. EDWARD W. BIDDLE....Carlisle, Pa.
 SAMUEL GALT BIRNIE.....133 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
 BENJAMIN R. BOGGS.....Philadelphia & Reading Ry., Phila.
 SAMUEL R. BOGGS.....1109 Melrose Avenue, Oak Lane.
 R. A. BOLE.....Pittsburgh.
 REV. J. GRAY BOLTON, D.D...1906 Pine St., Philadelphia.
 DAVID C. BRADLEY.....11 Dock St., Philadelphia.
 SAMUEL R. BROADBENT.....3431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 FRANCIS SHUNK BROWN.....1005 Morris Building, Philadelphia.
 J. CROSBY BROWN.....Fourth and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.
 J. WOODS BROWN.....1510 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM LAIRD BROWN.....Lansdowne, Pa.
 REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.400 South Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
 JAMES I. BROWNSON.....Washington, Pa.
 ROBERT J. BRUNKER.....1000 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE
 (Honorary).....3 Buckingham Gate, London, S. W.,
 England.
 JOHN W. BUCHANAN.....Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
 HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
 WILLIAM H. BURNETT.....400 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 CHARLES ELMER BUSHNELL....Atlantic Refining Co., The Bourse, Phila.

- A. A. CAIRNS, M.D.....1539 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.
 REV. JOHN CALHOUN, D.D.....Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.
 HON. J. D. CAMPBELL.....P. & R. Terminal, Philadelphia.
 RT. HON. SIR EDWARD CARSON
 (Honorary).....5 Eaton Place, London S. W., England.
 HERBERT M. CARSON.....937 W. Fourth St., Williamsport, Pa.
 ROBERT CARSON.....Huntingdon St. and Trenton Ave., Phila.
 WILLIAM G. CARSON.....205 S. Forty-second St., Philadelphia.
 REV. JAMES CARTER.....Lincoln University, Pa.
 HENRY CARVER.....Doylestown, Pa.
 JAMES P. CASSIDY.....6 Colonial Place, Pittsburgh.
 A. J. COUNTY.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 DR. CLARK R. CRAIG.....331 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
 D. F. CRAWFORD.....5243 Ellsworth Ave., Pittsburgh.
 GEORGE W. CREIGHTON, JR.....3903 Clover Hill Road, Baltimore, Md.
 SAMUEL CUNNINGHAM (Honorary)....."Fernhill," Belfast, Ireland.
- HON. JOHN DALZELL.....House of Representatives, Washington
 D. C.
- CHARLES GIBBONS DAVIS.....8204 Seminole Ave., Chestnut Hill.
 WATSON R. DAVISON.....Waynesboro, Pa.
 CAPT. W. G. DAVISON.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 C. M. DAVISON.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 N. H. DAVISON.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 H. C. DEAVER, M.D.....1415 North Broad St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN B. DEAVER, M.D.....1634 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 JAMES AYLWARD DEVELIN.....400 Chestnut St., Phila., Wood Building.
 AGNEW T. DICE.....Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.
 S. RALSTON DICKEY.....Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
 JAMES L. DIVEN, M.D.....New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
 FRANKLIN D'OLIER.....Merchant and Mariner Building, Phila.
 J. S. DONALDSON.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 HENRY R. DOUGLAS, M.D.....1806 Market St., Harrisburg.
 PETER S. DUNCAN.....Hollidaysburg, Pa.
 EDWARD J. DURHAM.....412 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
 THOMAS P. DYER.....Apt. B, 504 Midvale Ave., Phila.
- DANIEL M. EASTER, M.D.....Greensburg, Pa.
 IRWIN CAMERON ELDER.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 DR. WILLIAM T. ELLIS.....Swarthmore, Pa.
 REV. ALFRED L. ELWYN.....113 E. Thirty-seventh St., New York.
 VAN HORN ELY.....1321 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 CHARLES H. EWING.....Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.
- EDGAR DUDLEY FARIES.....617 Franklin Building, Philadelphia.
 RANDOLPH FARIES, M.D.....2007 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

- HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON...West Mermaid Lane, Chestnut Hill,
Philadelphia.
- WILLIAM N. FERGUSON, M.D....125 W. Susquehanna Ave., Phila.
- WILLIAM M. FIELD.....1823 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
- CHARLES A. FIFE, M.D.....2033 Locust St., Philadelphia.
- DR. JOSEPH D. FINDLEY.....Altoona, Pa.
- HON. THOMAS D. FINLETTER...Hamilton Court, Philadelphia.
- WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER.....1012 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
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- SAMUEL W. FLEMING.....32 North Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.
- EDWARD J. FOX.....Easton, Pa.
- REV. JOHN W. FRANCIS.....1802 North Eighteenth St., Phila.
- HON. ROBERT S. FRAZER.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
- HUGH R. FULTON.....Lancaster, Pa.
-
- RT. REV. THOMAS J. GARLAND...Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia.
- ROBERT GARLAND.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
- GEORGE D. GIDEON.....1412 Arch St., Philadelphia.
- HARRY B. GILL.....328 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
- HON. W. RUSH GILLAN.....Chambersburg, Pa.
- WILLIAM B. GIVEN.....224 Locust St., Columbia, Pa.
- WILLIAM A. GLASGOW.....Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
- A. CLARENCE GORDON.....Waynesboro, Pa.
- HON. JAS. GAY GORDON.....1829 Pine St., Philadelphia.
- JAMES GAY GORDON, JR.....710 North American Building, Phila.
- DR. JOHN K. GORDON.....Chambersburg, Pa.
- R. C. GORDON.....Waynesboro, Pa.
- FRANCIS I. GOWEN.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
- GEORGE S. GRAHAM.....West End Trust Building, Phila.
- WILLIAM H. GRAHAM.....413 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- CAPT. JOHN P. GREEN.....Pennsylvania Railroad Office, Broad and
Market Sts., Philadelphia.
- DAVID C. GREEN.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
- KANE S. GREEN.....Broad Street Station, Phila.
- ROBERT B. GREER, M.D.....Butler, Pa.
- J. M. GUFFEY.....341 Sixth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
- HON. J. MILTON GUTHRIE.....Indiana, Pa.
- GEORGE T. GWILLIAM.....Union League, Philadelphia.
- GEORGE T. GWILLIAM, JR.....Chadwick, Mo.
- JAMES R. GWILLIAM.....3226 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia.
- JOHN GWILLIAM.....5114 North Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
- CAPT. MARK R. M. GWILLIAM...21st Infantry, U. S. A., Camp
Taliaferro, San Diego, Cal.

REV. ANDREW NEELY HAGERTY,

D.D.....Carlisle, Pa.

FRANCIS J. HALL.....Harrisburg, Pa.

- DR. SAMUEL McCLINTOCK HAMILL. 1822 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN L. HAMILL.....1510 Pennsylvania Building, Phila.
 JOHN CHAMBERS HAMMERSLEY...3336 North Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
 ROBERT S. HAMMERSLEY.....Front St. and Montgomery Ave., Phila.
 THOMAS L. HAMMERSLEY.....410 West Cheltenham Ave., Germantown.
 WILLIAM HAMMERSLEY.....8 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM LATTA HAMMERSLEY...5818 Morris St., Germantown.
 J. C. HAWTHORNE.....Carlisle, Pa.
 CHARLES HAY.....West Clapier St., Germantown.
 EDWIN R. HAYS.....Newville, Pa.
 GEORGE M. HAYS.....Carlisle, Pa.
 THOMAS MCKINNEY HAYS.....1235 Third Ave., Huntington, W. Va.
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 S.T.D.....430 South Fourth St., Colwyn, Pa.
 JOHN J. HENDERSON.....1705 Tioga St., Philadelphia.
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 Philadelphia.
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 SAMUEL F. HOUSTON.....509 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
 W. WILLIS HOUSTON.....Seaboard Bank Building, Norfolk, Va.
 EDWARD M. HULL.....1016 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM P. HUMES.....Bellefonte, Pa.
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 JOSEPH M. HUSTON.....Wissahickon Ave. and Lehman St.,
 Germantown.
 THOMAS HUSTON.....Trenton Ave. and Dauphin St., Phila.

 JOHN H. IRWIN.....Front and Berks Sts., Philadelphia.
 SAMUEL F. IRWIN.....4103 Locust St., Phila.

 HOWARD I. JAMES.....Bristol, Pa.
 DR. G. L. S. JAMESON.....1429 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN FLEMING JONES.....234 N. Twenty-second St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN W. JORDAN.....1300 Locust St., Philadelphia.
 REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS, D.D..6012 Green St., Germantown, Phila.
 JOSEPH DE F. JUNKIN.....Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.

 JOHN KENDIG.....1220 Market St., Philadelphia.
 DR. DAVID S. KENNEDY.....315 Trainer Ave., Ridley Park, Pa.

- GUY M. KENNEDY.....5417 Locust St., Philadelphia.
 J. W. KENNEDY, M.D.....1409 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 M. C. KENNEDY.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 THOMAS B. KENNEDY.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 SAMUEL T. KERR.....1905 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 ROBERT KILLOUGH.....6330 Greene St., Germantown.
 J. B. KINLEY.....411 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
 W. S. KIRKPATRICK.....Easton, Pa.
 EDWARD J. KITZMILLER.....Shippensburg, Pa.
 SAMUEL M. KITZMILLER.....Shippensburg, Pa.
 SAMUEL McILHENNY KNOX.....310 West Upsal St., Germantown.
 HON. P. C. KNOX.....Washington, D. C.
- REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.....4315 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia.
 J. A. LANGFITT.....110 Diamond St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 JOHN S. LATTA.....1318 Arch St., Philadelphia.
 THOMAS LOVE LATTA.....3819 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 ROBERT L. LATIMER.....24 North Front St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM A. LAW.....315 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 REV. SAMUEL H. LEEPER.....Media, Pa.
 CRAIG N. LIGGET.....4036 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 REV. JOHN DAVID LINDSAY.....Shippensburg, Pa.
 JOHN LLOYD.....Altoona, Pa.
 GEORGE E. LLOYD.....Mechanicsburg, Pa.
 J. BARTON LONGACRE.....358 Bullitt Building, Philadelphia.
- JOSEPH P. MACLAY, M.D.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 JAMES S. MAGEE.....New Bloomfield, Pa.
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AND

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AT

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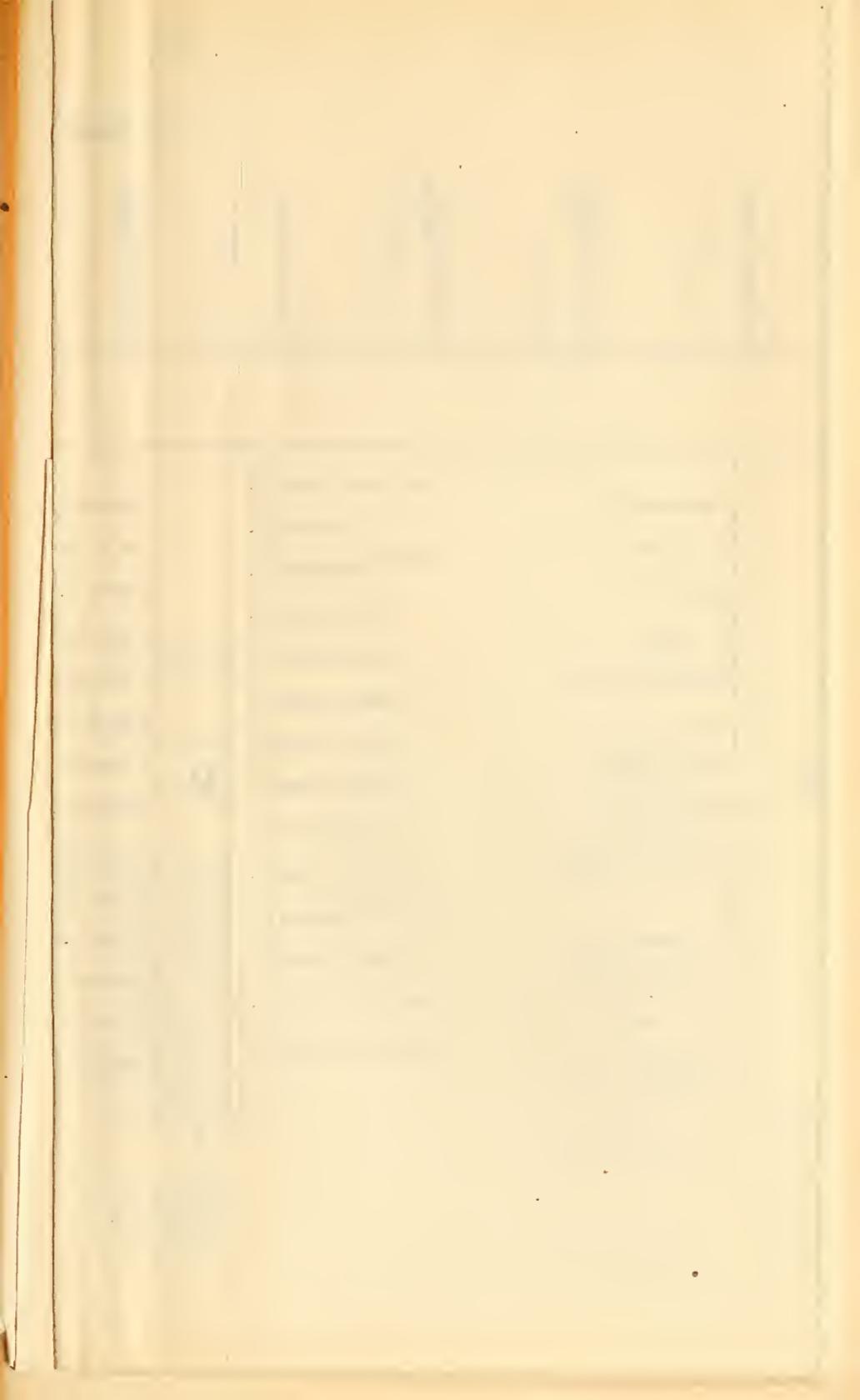


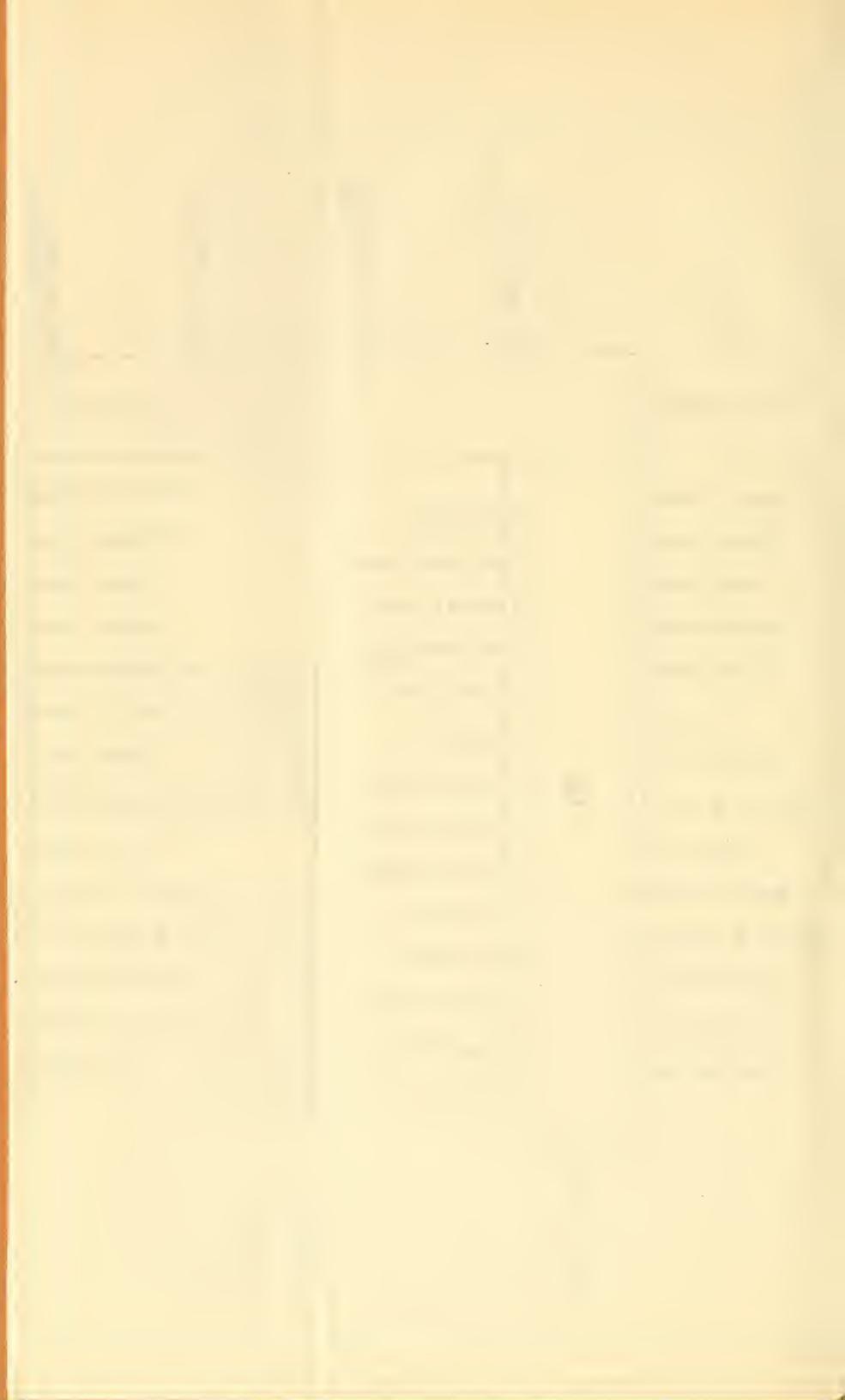
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AT

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MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,	REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.,
MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,	HON. HARMAN YERKES,
MR. JOHN D. MCILHENNY,	HON. EDWIN S. STUART,
REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY,
MR. SAMUEL REA.	DR. JOHN B. DEAVER,
REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS, D.D.,	HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON,
	MR. AGNEW T. DICE.

COMMITTEES.

ON NEW MEMBERS:

REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS, D.D., <i>Chairman</i> ,	MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,
MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	MR. WM. RIGHTER FISHER,
	MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

ENTERTAINMENT:

RT. REV. THOMAS J. GARLAND, <i>Chairman</i> ,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.,	MR. EDWIN S. STUART.

HISTORY AND ARCHIVES:

T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON, <i>Chairman</i> ,	MR. JOHN P. GREEN,
HON. JOHN STEWART,	HON. HARMAN YERKES,
	MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING.

The Thirty-first Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, on Friday, February 20th, 1920, at 7 P. M., the President, Mr. William H. Scott, in the chair.

The report of the Treasurer for the year ending December 31st, 1919, was presented and approved (see Appendix "A," page 34).

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

President, MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON.

First Vice-President, WILLIAM I. SCHAFFER.

Second Vice-President, RT. REV. THOMAS J. GARLAND.

Secretary and Treasurer, MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

Directors and Members of Council:

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,	MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
MR. JOHN P. GREEN,	HON. W. W. PORTER,
MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,	REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON,
MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,	D.D.,
MR. JOHN D. MCILHENNY,	HON. HARMAN YERKES,
REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.,	HON. EDWIN S. STUART,
MR. SAMUEL REA,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY,
REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS,	DR. JOHN B. DEAVER,
D.D.	HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON,
	MR. AGNEW T. DICE.

On motion, the meeting then adjourned to the banquet room.

The Rev. Harold McAfee Robinson, D.D., invoked the Divine blessing.

At the close of the dinner, Mr. William H. Scott, the President of the Society, spoke as follows:—

MEMBERS AND GUESTS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—

Last year when I was elected President of the Society, I was unable to be present at the meeting on account of illness. This is the first opportunity I have had to thank the Society for the honor conferred upon me, and to express my appreciation of being placed at the head of such an organization. I feel that I am a thoroughbred Scotch-Irishman. My father and mother were both born in Ulster, married in this city, and here I was born. My mother used to tell us of one of our ancestors, who was at the siege of Derry, and who came so near dying from starvation, that after the siege, and during the remainder of his life, he never pared his potatoes, but like the good people of Donegal, he ate potatoes, skins and all.

During the year, I have looked over the Addresses made by the Presidents who preceded me, and they have not failed to set forth the Scotch-Irish, and their wonderful accomplishments. Many of the Scotch-Irish were signers of the Declaration of Independence; Generals and Commodores; private soldiers and sailors in the Revolutionary War, and Presidents of the United States. It was an Ulster Presbyterian hand that penned the Constitution of the United States, which has been called the Magna Charta of American Liberties.

It will be my purpose in this Introductory Address to avoid the repetition of the virtues of our race, but to call attention to what has been done by the Ulster Scot in the past few years. We have been in the World's War, and the Scotch-Irish played an important part in it. After the dinner last year, letters were received from Sir Edward Carson, and the Rev. William Park of Belfast, which are published in the Proceedings of 1919. Let me quote a few sentences from Mr. Park's letter:

“Ulster, as I am sure you know, has done her part nobly in the great conflict now happily ended. As a personal matter, and one case out of many, may I mention that my own Congregation, and the large Men's School in connection with it, sent 553 men to the war, 87 of whom, alas! laid down their lives for their country.

* * * * *

“The moment the German danger was made manifest the entire population of Unionist Ulster rallied to the cause of the Empire and of liberty with an overwhelming enthusiasm.

* * * * *

“Our trusted leader, Sir Edward Carson, issued his call to arms, and in a few weeks the splendid Ulster Division was enlisted.

* * * * *

“The Ulster Division was raised, equipped and officered entirely by Ulster men. The British Government was asked only to supply rifles and munitions.

* * * * *

“I may mention that according to the latest published official statistics, Ulster, though containing only one-third of the population of Ireland, supplied more recruits to the army than all the other three provinces of Ireland combined.

* * * * *

“Ulster has no reason to be ashamed of the part she has played in the war. Her sons in the field have shown in the words of King George's tribute how Ulstermen can fight and die, and her sons and daughters at home have done essential and necessary work for victory. In no part of the British Empire was there so united a front maintained, so strong a spirit of perseverance nourished in the darkest days, and so resolute a determination for victory at all times.”

I am not able to state the part Scotch-Irish Americans took in the struggle, but doubtless in the armies and navies of Canada, and of this country, and in the Y. M. C. A., many men were of our race, besides many men and women in the Red Cross Society. These statistics will doubtless be published sometime in the future, and will show the active part the Scotch-Irish took in overthrowing German autocracy and in fighting for the democracy of the world.

As this is the first dinner of our Society held since the National Prohibition Amendment went into effect, it seems appropriate to make some reference to the Whisky Insurrec-

tion of the Scotch-Irish in the Western part of Pennsylvania shortly after the close of the Revolutionary War. In the *Journal of the Presbyterian Historical Society*, the Rev. Wm. Wilson McKinney refers to the Whisky Rebellion, and I cannot do better than quote from his article as follows:

“During the latter half of the eighteenth century the use of whisky was very general in Western Pennsylvania. Instead of opposing this general custom, most people felt that total abstinence was not wise. It was the custom to use whisky both as a medicine and as a beverage. Whenever a friend called, the courteous thing was to serve liquor. It formed a necessary part of a wedding, funeral or social gathering. Even our early ministers shared in the use of liquor and did not oppose its use. Franklin in his autobiography states that Rev. Mr. Beatty, the chaplain at Fort Pitt, willingly accepted his proposal that the daily allowance of rum be given out to the soldiers by Rev. Mr. Beatty after prayers. In thanking Franklin for his suggestion, the chaplain said that never were prayers better attended. The clergymen also drank liquor freely and openly. One day Rev. Dr. McMillan and Rev. Mr. Patterson, on their way to Presbytery, stopped at a tavern to get a drink. Mr. Patterson, before they began to drink, asked a protracted blessing, during which Dr. McMillan drained both glasses, and in reply to the rather blank look of Mr. Patterson said, ‘You must watch as well as pray.’ However, in spite of the wide use of alcohol, intemperance was not very common. This was due to several causes; among them being the ruggedness of the people, the necessity of being always on the alert against the Indians, and possibly also the freedom of the whisky from adulteration.

“Whisky was not only a drink, but a form of money as well. Currency was very scarce and whisky became almost a measure of value. It was commonly used in the purchase of household goods, groceries, and other necessities. Grain was the chief product of Western Pennsylvania, but it was difficult to take it to a market because of the poor condition of the roads. A keg of whisky was much easier to transport than the grain used to make the whisky. A good pack-horse could carry about five bushels of rye, but in the form of whisky he could carry the product of from fifteen to

twenty bushels. Besides, they were sure of a market for the distilled spirits, but not so sure of one for the grain. It is little wonder that we find much whisky distilled in Western Pennsylvania. As early as 1784 a few stills were set up in the district around Pittsburgh. The business rapidly developed, and in 1792 these stills were very numerous, there being one, in some places, in every fourth or fifth house.

“Since the use of whisky was so extensive in the economic life of the people, there is little wonder that the government’s tax on the product was opposed and that the enforcement of the law caused the Whisky Insurrection. This government tax added about twenty-five per cent. to the cost of living. This was considered detrimental to their interests and they determined to resist all efforts of the government to enforce the law. It is needless here to attempt to describe the methods used to oppose the collection of the tax, the people who engaged in it, and the measures employed by the government to quell the insurrection. It is sufficient to state that the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, although opposing the tax and being very fond of tarring and feathering their opponents, did not take a single human life. A few of their own number were killed in the attacks on the revenue-inspector’s house, but no attempt was made to retaliate.

“The ministers of that period, while not opposing the use of whisky, still were the friends of the government and used their influence in restraining violence and in urging the people to obey the laws of the land.

“Both the Presbyteries of Redstone and Ohio in 1795 passed the following resolutions regarding the insurrection: ‘Resolved, That if any of those persons who, during the late disturbances, had an active hand in burning property, robbing the mail and destroying official papers of the officers of the government, shall apply for distinguishing privileges in our church, they shall not be admitted until they give satisfactory evidence of their repentance. The Presbytery also did and do hereby declare their hearty disapprobation of all riotous, illegal and unconstitutional combinations against the government, the laws or officers of the government.’ The Ohio Presbytery added these words: ‘and do, in the most earnest and impor-

tunate manner, recommend and enjoin it upon the people under their care to be subject to all magistrates in lawful authority.'

"Dr. McMillan on one occasion delayed communion service until he found out who would refuse to sign a declaration of fidelity, meaning to bar from the sacrament those who opposed. So great was the respect of the people for these ministers that no minister was ever threatened or insulted. They soon became the only ones who dared to speak against the fury of the times. It was during that period that Dr. McMillan showed his ability as a politician. As the insurrection was dying out, a member of Congress from the Counties of Washington and Allegheny was to be elected. Thinking that no one of the four candidates fulfilled his idea of the man for the position, he called together a few men at Canonsburg and nominated Albert Gallatin, who was subsequently elected."

I have made and read this long quotation because of its interest, and because the Scotch-Irish have always been closely associated with the historical Whisky Insurrection. It is to be hoped that under the new Prohibition Amendment, liquor drinking and drunkenness will decline, and that our country may be a model for the world of sobriety, intellect, and religion.

I must refer to another Amendment to the Constitution, the Nineteenth, which only needs four more States to adopt it, and it will then be part of the law of the land. I have not been able to discover that the Scotch-Irish in any associated way took any part in the fight for Woman Suffrage. Doubtless here and there were women of our race who were its advocates, and have won a great victory. The world will watch with interest the development of this new feature in political life, and probably the time will come when the women, as well as the men, will attend the annual dinners of this Society.

In closing this brief address, I feel called upon to make reference to our efficient Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Charles L. McKeehan. His father, Mr. Charles W. McKeehan, was the first Secretary and Treasurer, and served the Society faithfully from 1890 until his death in 1895. In 1896 the son was elected to take the father's place, and at the close of this year

will have completed twenty-five years of service. If the opinion of our former Presidents were asked, I am sure that they would testify that the work was largely, and in fact almost completely, done by the Secretary and Treasurer. His zeal, wisdom, and prudence, are manifested to such an extent, that the President has little to do, but to preside at the Annual Dinners. The Secretary's work has been a work of faith and labor of love, and while I feel personally greatly indebted to him, I know the Society will join with me in saying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." (Applause.)

[The report of Mr. Scott's remarks introducing the several speakers of the evening was sent to him shortly before his death and, unfortunately, cannot be found.]

REV. SAMUEL CHARLES BLACK, D. D.:

MR. PRESIDENT and GENTLEMEN OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—I count it a signal honor to be a guest of a society whose members bear such illustrious names, and who in themselves, or in their ancestors, have been such factors in the solution of the social, economic, religious and governmental problems of the age. I confess that I came to you tonight with a measure of curiosity. Having spent some little time in Edinburgh and in Glasgow, I wondered how three hundred Scotch-Irishmen would go through a banquet with nothing but water to drink, and now I have a further mystery before me: when Lucy Page Gaston becomes President of the United States and bans cigarettes and cigars, what state will you be reduced to then? I have a feeling that you may feel a little as Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, felt a few years ago when in the senate saloon he endeavored to treat Shaw, of Iowa, and Kern, of Indiana. Shaw said he would have a glass of lemonade and Kern said he would have a glass of buttermilk. The gentlemanly bartender turned to the Senator from Kentucky and said: "And what's yours, Senator?" "Under the circumstances, sir," said the Senator, "I think I will have a piece of squash pie." (Laughter.)

I do not feel that I can claim kinship with you to the full tonight, although there is surely a great deal of Scotch blood in my veins, and sometimes when I observe my mental processes, I think there must be a good deal of Irish blood also. I noticed the other day a remark of an Irish guard on a passenger train that was several hours late. An irate passenger came to the guard and said, "Will you explain to me why this miserable train is always late?" The affable guard said, "Yes, ma'am, I will just tell you all about it. You see it's this way. The train before is behind and this train was behind before beside."

I have the honor to be the son of a fighting man, and I was privileged to lend a little service myself in the late war. I have a son who is a soldier, so there is a little fighting blood in our veins that links me with the Scotchmen. Some little time ago a new minister went to call on Donald and Janet. As he approached their cabin he heard a curious noise within, the breaking of glassware and the occasional overthrow of a piece of furniture, but he went boldly to the door, notwithstanding, and knocked. After a moment's hesitation and silence the door was opened by Donald. With the usual Scotch respect for the Cloth, he opened his eyes in amazement and confusion and stepped back that the minister might enter. Conscious of what was taking place the minister stepped in with dignity and took his seat. No one spoke a word until the minister, turning to his parishioners, said, "Who is the head in this house?" Donald said, "Minister, that is just what we were trying to settle. If ye'll just step outside a minute more I'll tell ye." During the late war a couple of American seamen who had perhaps partaken too freely of the tonic to which reference has been made here tonight, were vociferously proclaiming the greatness of their own country, and in unison declared, "We come from the greatest country on the face of the earth." A Scotchman who stood by looking the boys over said, "Maybe so, but ye didna speak the language wi' a pure Scotch accent."

It is a pleasure always, gentlemen, to address such a favored class as I see before me. I cannot but think of the remark Oliver Wendell Holmes made concerning the citizens of Boston,

“the favored of the favored of the favored,” for I am realizing as never before that upon such groups of men as are gathered here tonight a new measure of responsibility is resting. If ever in the history of the world, nobility of birth now imposes obligation. Many problems which cannot be solved by legislation can be solved by the vital activity and unanimous action of such individuals and groups as this. We have come to a time when such men cannot sidestep their responsibility. Perhaps they do not wish to. If any do we must come to a realization that the thought which is more or less common in America today, that only the legislator or the public servant can act in such a way as to affect for good the social and governmental life of the Republic, must be set aside and men of vision, men of position and understanding must step out into the open and do their share in the solution of the new problems that confront us.

Any great national or international crisis is sure to impose new burdens upon such groups of men as this. We have the feeling that the problems confronting America and the world today are the greatest that ever confronted the children of men, but one of the leading journals in America, looking back a hundred years, said that the problems in Europe in 1820 were as great as those confronting Europe today. My parents used to tell me how they felt about the tremendous problems that confronted America at the close of the Civil War. Prices outstripped income then as they do today, and problems of government were as keen and insistent as they are today. I have heard my mother say, while a look of terror came into her eyes, that when the news of the assassination of President Lincoln gradually permeated to the hamlets and towns of America, they were all siezed with uncontrolable fright and were sure that in some way or another they would all be murdered before the awful catastrophe had reached its end. I feel therefore that, proportionately speaking, it is entirely possible that the social, economic and religious problems confronting America today are nor greater than those confronting Europe a hundred years ago, nor greater than those that confronted America at the close of the Civil War, and I bring you this word of cheer: the essential sanity of such groups of

men as this, the fundamental worth of men and women saturated with the spirit of the Nazarene, solved the problems of 1820, solved the problems following the Civil War, and those fundamental virtues will solve the problems confronting America and the world in 1920. (Applause.)

The proletariat does not think beyond his wants in the present day. He is not greatly moved by the past. He refuses to consider the future. He is concerned in his personal wants at the present moment. He refuses to consider the effect of his imperative demands upon the industry that feeds him and that permits him to provide for his family. Momentary want guides his brain and moves his hand. This fact imposes a heavy responsibility upon groups of men like yourselves who are meeting all over America from day to day considering the problems of the hour and what their part in the solution of those problems must be. I am happy to remind you that the experience of the past proclaims that the power of the individual and the power of the group of sanely trained men is always greater than the power of the thoughtless mob, and that that sanity, vision, and far-reaching concern, will be effectual in solving the problems that are now confronting us.

Some of us were called upon during the late war to use our influence to bring raw recruits, who knew nothing of American institutions, to a position of love for those institutions and a readiness to fight for their maintenance. It was my particular task to labor with the raw recruits from Alabama and Tennessee, from the prairies of Ohio, Illinois and Michigan, from the industrial plants of Pennsylvania and Ohio, in the great southern camp on the edge of Atlanta. Men came to us, foreign-born or of foreign parentage, who did not even know that there were two continents on the earth, to say nothing of variations in Governments. To give you a single striking illustration that will impress the point, I was standing in the window of my quarters one evening when a group of foreigners went by. They were trying to discover where each member of the party had come from. I could hardly understand their jargon, but at last made out the nature of their questions. I will not attempt to reproduce their language but the spirit of it was this: Where were you born? Where was your home?

One man answered, "Athens" and he looked the part. A young foreigner at his side was silent a moment. Then he said, "Gee, that's the country that Turkey's in, ain't it?" A short time after that I was in the office of the commanding officer of the camp. I told him of the circumstances "General," said I, "that is the kind of men you are asking us to make American soldiers of." The General looked at me with a twinkle in his eye, shifted the ever-present cigar from the left to the right side of his mouth, and said, "Go to it, Major, and God have mercy on your soul."

What we did with those men who did not even know that there were two continents, who expected to find the Germans somewhere out on the hills of Georgia, who had no thought that they would have to enter a boat to reach the battlefield, who knew nothing of the Pilgrim Fathers or the Revolutionary War, who had never heard of the Constitution of the United States, was to take them for days or weeks at a time and teach them the nature and spirit of the Constitution of the United States, teach them the great history that lies back of the fighting men and women of this country of ours, teach them respect for law, teach them that prosperity can come only with production and with obedience to the laws and good government. It would have been a joy to your heart to see the fire kindle in the eyes of those boys of foreign parentage when they once caught the spirit of true democracy and realized the greatness of America for which they were going forth to fight. You would have been over-joyed if you could have seen the readiness with which they grasped their equipment and started for the port of embarkation to take their place among the finest fighting men that ever walked the face of the earth. (Applause).

It was not that we contributed more men, it was not that we contributed more money or more munitions. The thing that contributed most to America's part in winning the war was the spirit, the indomitable courage of the men who fought on land and sea, a courage that nothing could daunt, a courage that sent wave after wave over No Man's Land when the German thought he had won the day. One captured German officer is reported to have said, "These Americans, they do

not even know when they are dead." It was the fundamental knowledge of the Constitution of the United States, the principles of pure democracy, justice and human freedom taught by the moral branch of the American army; it was the will to win, directed by a disciplined mind, supported by unflagging determination, and based upon a conviction of the justice of the cause for which the soldiers fought, that sent our men to the cutting edge of the battlefield, to the place needed upon the high seas, and prompted them to contribute their heroic part in the winning of the great war.

So I say that it is not legislation alone, it is not the action of public men alone, but it is oftentimes the action of the individual or of the group made up of men of privilege, of education, of vision, of foresight, of position, who, assembling together and frankly confronting the situation, set themselves to the dissemination of carefully compiled information, the correction of erroneous reports and false rumors, the allaying of passions, the spreading abroad of truth, that do more than legislators and diplomatists to bring about the peace and prosperity we so greatly crave.

I do not desire to consume the time of the distinguished men who shall come after me, so I somewhat hastily close. As I do so, may I point out one or two of the great fundamental principles which it seems to me must be established in the minds of the people in order that the prosperity and peace we crave may come. First of all, there must be universal obedience to law. This is necessary if our government is to be maintained. The stability of government is of slow growth, but the late war and the present disturbed condition in Russia have taught us it is absolutely essential to the peace, prosperity and happiness of the people at large.

In the second place, there must be abundant production if we are to enjoy the desired prosperity. Labor must set itself to its task with a new heart and must help and not hinder the industry that calls for labor. When I was a student in college some twenty-five years ago, we were taught that all wealth was produced by land, labor and capital. Many a man before me had the same teaching, I am sure. We have discovered that a fourth element is quite as necessary as any one of the

three, that to land, labor and capital we must add well-directed industry, and that when you take the creative intelligence of the promotor, when you take the calm, far-seeing vision of the man of affairs out of the combination, only poverty, distress and want can come, no matter how much of the first three you may have. Labor and industry must go hand in hand.

In the last place, I would like to point out to you a thing which is especially evident to those of us who are in educational or religious work, and that is that America, this country of ours, must get back her ancient faith in God, must get back her ancient sense of conscience, and individual responsibility. Many a man in America who does not know what he is following is really following the teachings of the German Socialist who many years ago said that until we eliminated this hated superstition of the existence of God, until we stopped all worship, until we gave up the idea of conscience and individual responsibility, there could be no permanent progress for the human race. In the flux and change following the World War, when for a moment the face of God seemed to withdraw itself while He let us work out our own salvation, these doctrines of the German Socialist have gone by leaps and bounds over the country that we love. The law of the jungle, "let him take who has the power, and let him hold who can," elaborated by German philosophers, yielded Prussianism with all its iniquity. Is it not clear to all here tonight that instead of eliminating faith in God and the consciousness of individual responsibility, we must eliminate and refute the doctrines of Marx and his followers and bring in again the doctrine of the Nazarene, the faith of our fathers, the men who labored in the spirit of the man of Galilee? (Applause.)

As Lincoln said in his day, respect for and obedience to law must be taught by the mother, by the teacher, by the clergyman, by the professor in seminary and college. So I say to you, gentlemen, that the principles of sane democracy, of sane economics and of sane religion must be taught by the men and the women who know them and who come in contact with the masses of the people. When this be done, the day toward which we look with high hope and anticipation will dawn and it will partake of the glory of the Millenium. (Applause.)

REAR ADMIRAL WILLIAM S. SIMS:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I am sorry to say that I am not able to claim kinship with either the Scotch or the Irish, being, as you probably know, the leading British admiral in the American Navy. (Laughter). I would like, however, to assure you that I have nothing against either the Irish or the Scotch. They are both splendid fighters in war. It is difficult to say which is the best. They are somewhat troublesome in a military organization, however, during times of peace. (Laughter). I remember upon one occasion having presented irrefutable arguments to prove a certain matter to a Scotch shipmate, and he said "I am open to conviction, but, by God, I would like to see the man who can do it." (Laughter). In inviting me to speak here tonight it was not intimated to me what it was desired that I should speak upon. They left it entirely to me. I need hardly say that perhaps you know that that is a more or less dangerous privilege. (Laughter). I do not mean it is dangerous to you, but to me (laughter) because I have seldom succeeded in speaking upon such occasions without saying something that had better not have been said. I will not detain you very long this evening, but I would like to say a few words in explanation of my peculiar ideas upon the subject of Americanism. I suppose you are all perfectly convinced that you know all about it, but I would like to point out one peculiarity which perhaps has not been brought to your attention. Of course, it is a compound of our various ideals and aspirations. It embodies our love of country, love of liberty, insistence upon national independence, and so forth (you know all the rest of it), but it has a peculiarity in which it differs from the "ism" of any other country. Of course, Americanism implies the pride of superiority. Americanism does not make any secret of the fact that we know America is a fine country and we are the best people in the world. They will tell it to you even if you are not particularly interested in it. Other countries have the same pride in their particular isms, perhaps in a more exaggerated degree. A Britisher will not attempt to explain to you the superiority of his institutions and ideals.

He does not think it is at all necessary. He takes it for granted you know it already. A Frenchman is politely sorry for everybody in the world because they are not French, and the Italians are about the same. I have my doubt as to whether the value of Americanism is appreciated, and if we know how much we have to be thankful for. I am afraid we do not, at least not to the extent of some other countries. In order to appreciate the blessings you have, you have got to lose some of them, and we have not lost any yet. You cannot persuade a young man twenty years of age of the value of sound teeth. He has got to have the toothache first. He has got to know the inconvenience of store teeth. America is still in the early twenties. All her teeth are sound, all twenty-eight of them. They have not cut their wisdom teeth yet. (Laughter). They have been on edge a number of times but they have always been able to do what we wanted them to do. We have never been defeated in war or suffered the humiliation of paying a heavy indemnity. How is it with European countries? How is it with France or any one of the Continental powers? It is vastly different, some of them to a greater extent than others, but they all know what it means, and they have this in their particularism which we do not have, an extreme solicitude for the public security. They have suffered and they know what it means not to be prepared. They feel that they must be efficient. They have got to know the truth about their military organization. The consequence is that there is a very marked difference between the public and governmental attitude in those countries and ours.

As they have to be efficient they want to know about it. They like criticism. They want to know the mistakes that have been made. They want the organization to be under criticism, to see if it can be improved. The consequence is that they not only permit criticism but they invite it. If one of their officers can successfully criticise their organization, or the mistakes of a campaign, he is rewarded for it. (Laughter). Since the signing of the Armistice, in Great Britain books have been published by Jellicoe, Lord Fisher, Admiral Scott, Admiral Bacon and Field Marshal French.

I have read all those books except the last one, and I can assure you that the severity of the criticism in those books makes any criticism you may have noticed here recently in the American press look like thirty cents. (Laughter). Those criticisms will be thrashed out by public discussion. Any officer that does not agree with those criticisms will probably come out in the press and say so. The civilian critics of the great metropolitan journals will also have their say, and the truth will come out of it to the benefit of the services criticised. In your particular form of Americanism you not only do not permit your officers to publicly criticise anything, but you actually forbid them. It is forbidden for any officer to publish any criticism without first submitting it to the man who is criticised and he will delete or waste-basket it. He can do either he pleases. In other words Americanism does not include a proper solicitude for our own safety. You must not think you are very virtuous about this thing and that it is only the Government that is at fault in this matter. It is not. It is the people. Recent criticisms have been made and to take the clippings of the press you get a very distinct impression that the people themselves do not understand it, and they think that these have been acts of insubordination, and that the officer who criticises anything in his own organization is properly subjected to punishment. That is not the Government, that is the people. That is what is the matter with Americanism. In this great Republic, which you are all proud of as the greatest Democracy in the world, you suppress the criticism of things that are absolutely vital to your safety in case of war. It is not right. Many years ago in reading an article in one of the magazines I noticed that the writer attempted to explain something of this question, and he said, "The spirit of Americanism is this, 'We are all right. If we are not we don't want to hear about it.'" We are restive under any criticism of anything that is American. Of course we have got the right regulations permitting criticisms of an official nature to be submitted through official channels. The public does not understand that. When an officer occupies a position which gives him an insight into the whole of the operation of a great war, so far as his particular service

is concerned, and he sees and knows that mistakes were made in the handling of that force, and he does not put it down on paper and send it in to the proper authorities, as I remarked once before, he is not worth powder to blow him to hell. It is a duty that he has to perform. The press seems to think that it is an act of insubordination.

Of course, our regulations provide that an officer can make criticisms and send them in through official channels, but the public does not differentiate. If the criticisms come out and are in the newspapers afterward, they say that is an act of insubordination. It is not. The regulations provide, first stating that you must not either in conversation or in official or private letters, even to your own wife, criticise any action of the administration or the navy department or your own particular department, after reciting all those which are copied out of the Spanish Inquisition, it goes on to say that not only are officers not forbidden to criticise officially but they are enjoined to do so, and submit them through the regular official channels and let them take their chance. It even winds up by saying that if they prove to be beneficial that a good mark will be put on his record. Of course, all sorts of things have been assumed in reference to these criticisms I refer to, that they were published by me, I saw it printed in the paper. Gentlemen of the press seem to think that an officer in my position would deliberately violate the regulations and make himself amenable to punishment by publishing criticisms of that kind. Of course, that was not done. They were sent in through official channels and I have not any idea at all how they got published. The first letter I sent in was published by the department. The second letter was asked for by a Senate Committee and it has been out in the press. That is something we have got to look into. If we want our military organization to be efficient you have got to open the thing up, and no harm is done by criticism after the event. Of course, nobody criticises during war, nor when he is on particular duty, but under certain circumstances we all ought to be allowed. Moreover, if it is allowed it informs the public. There is no public in the world today that has military affairs of any consideration, that knows as little about the ordinary elements of warfare

and about the actual condition of those forces as this country, and that is because public criticism is not allowed.

I have been writing for sometime a story about this war. Unfortunately the anti-submarine war was of such a nature that we could tell you nothing about it to speak of during the war, because we did not want the enemy to know how we were conducting it. It seemed desirable that should be written up afterward, not a history but just a story, in order to explain how the thing was done. There is no criticism in that. No criticism could be permitted. That informs you to a certain extent as to what the navy was doing, not the essential information that the people ought to have, no matter how disagreeable it may be, of the mistakes that were made in the conduct of the war, because if you get into another war and similar mistakes were repeated when you were up against an enemy that did not have his hands tied, as the enemy had this time, it might be very disastrous and your boys might go down to the bottom of the sea and not be saved as they were this time.

There has also been criticism that this is a revolt of the military men against civilian authority. Nothing could be more absurd. Nobody understands better than the military men the absolute necessity of civilian control. Nobody understands how comparatively helpless a military man would be as secretary of the war or secretary of the navy, in co-ordinating the work of his department with all the other departments and with the political machinery on both sides. There is nothing of that kind at all, absolutely nothing. Nor is there anything personal. It is not criticism of any person or persons. It is criticism of the organization. Is that organization the organization that it ought to be? Did it function properly, and if not, why? This little contest that is going on now, I can assure you, is a contest of principles, in order that when we have another war we may carry it on properly. There is no personality in it whatever. (Applause).

REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.:

MR. PRESIDENT:—Loath as I am at this time to introduce anything that may not seem in accord with the programme as in your hands, I am sure you will bear with me for a moment

as I perform a task which has been laid upon me, and I assure you is it a very pleasant task, of presenting to you this spoon, which we trust you will gladly receive as a token of this Organization's personal esteem for you, and at the same time an expression of its appreciation of the satisfactory manner in which you have discharged the onerous duties of presiding officer of this Society. I regret very much that in receiving this you do not have the additional joy that comes with a surprise on such occasions. We know that you have been present at too many of these annual gatherings and you have been entirely too observant of what the custom is every year, not to expect some such spoon as this at this time, but yet we trust that you will receive it as being an expression of our appreciation. The Society does not presume to say what you shall do with this spoon. There have been times when we presented it to those whose very profession would seem to indicate that it was a fitting piece of useful furniture. For instance, we once presented it to an eminent physician, and you can easily see how such a spoon could be used in compounding those specifics which are intended to restore health, but let me just suggest that in these days of trying, perplexing business troubles, when your mind needs to rest and your soul needs to be cheered and turned away from that which is perplexing, to look for a little while upon this Shamrock which is so beautifully carved on the bowl of the spoon—you know the Shamrock is suggestive of sentiment and of dreams, and let me warn you not to be carried too far away by those. Remember that on the other side of the spoon we have the Thistle. The Shamrock suggests sentiment and dreams. The Thistle suggests steadiness and strength. Indeed they say the Shamrock is to be the National Floral Emblem of the Irish Republic, and let me warn you not to be too ready to support this or to be too generous in purchasing of the bonds of that Republic. If you have any disposition to give counsel to those good men across there that have already elected their president and sent him on a mission to America, it may be well for you just to remind them of that epitaph which a Scotchman wrote for himself and had carved on his tombstone, and in saying this let me say it is not a reflection at all upon the physicians who

are here present, he said "I was pretty well, I tried to be better, and here I am."

THE PRESIDENT:—

I want to thank you and also the Society for this beautiful spoon which you have given me. I believe I have been a member of this Society from the very first year. In looking over it I find my name among the members on the first report. I was also looking to see how the presidents stood. I find there have been thirty presidents, seven of them clergymen and fourteen lawyers, which shows the necessity of the law—eight business men—I am one of them—and one doctor, Doctor Deaver, which shows what a healthy organization you have. I thank you very much for this emblem.

LIEUTENANT ALFRED W. KLIEFOTH, U. S. A.:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I arrived in Russia in October of 1916, about half a year before the outbreak of the Russian Revolution. A gigantic struggle, other than the war, was in progress within Russia, the struggle of the national patriotic Russians, opposed to the large group of pro-German Russians called the "Dark Forces,". These loyal patriotic Russians organized and finally created a large and powerful group determined to continue the war against Germany,—and they had to begin to fight their own people. They assassinated Rasputin. They weakened the influence of the pro-German Czarina and pro-German court but were unable to strengthen Russia in the war. They looked to the Duma for help and combined with the liberal element in it, but again failed and finally had to take the help of every liberal, every Democrat and every social revolutionist in order to overcome the "Dark Forces" which we call pro-German. Therefore, when the revolution in Russia burst it was not a revolution created by the Socialists but a revolution created by the national patriotic people of Russia, determined to fight the Germans and remain loyal to the Allies. Shortly after this revolution our embassy had sent me to a little place in Finland by the name of Tornea. It was here that I saw all the returning exiles. They were

invited and asked to come back to Russia by the Provisional Government. In the beginning they came in groups of hundreds and then of thousands. From all nations of the world they came, but they were loyal, patriotic Russians, willing to support the Democratic government of that country, and determined to fight Germany. In fact 90 per cent. of those men who returned to Russia enlisted in the Russian armies on the frontier on the day of their arrival.

There was, however, another group of exiled Russians then living in Switzerland. They also wanted to return to Russia, but France and England, over whose territory they had to pass, refused to issue them the necessary passports because they knew who these people were. They had been living in Switzerland for many years. At the head of the group was Lenine. The press of the world then announced that Germany had placed two trains at the disposal of Lenine and several hundred followers to pass over German territory and in that manner reach Russia. We who were in Russia did not believe this report. Germany and Russia were at war, and therefore we concluded it was just a false newspaper story, but in course of time Lenine and his followers arrived on the frontier and applied for entry into Russia. My colleagues, the British, French, Italian and Japanese officers, sent telegram after telegram to the provisional government at Petrograd and to their Embassies, begging them not to permit Lenine to enter. Kerensky himself replied saying that the new provisional government of Russia was based upon freedom and the principles of Democracy, and he was convinced that even if Lenine returned to Russia he would become a loyal patriot, support the government and fight the Germans, and Lenine arrived in Petrograd. After his arrival I was again in Petrograd and there each day we could hear Lenine give speeches from the balcony of one of the old imperial palaces, but his programme was not a new one. Those of you who have studied socialism and particularly Karl Marxian Socialism, know exactly what he said, but in addition to the usual socialistic programme he outlined a particular programme fit for Russia. The Russian newspapers at the time called him The Great Foreign Promiser. Just at this time there was a meeting in Petrograd

of a group of people such as you are. I was present at the meeting. The purpose was to discuss the problem of bolshevism and the revolutionary system which Lenine had imported, and those people, business men like you, said "There is no danger in these foreign agitators. They are only a few. There are only 400 of them, and 80 per cent. of the Russian population is composed of farmers who will have nothing to do with bolshevism." Three months after this meeting, on the seventh day of November, Lenine and Trotsky swept into power, and all who had attended the meeting practically disappeared within one week's time, killed or murdered or fled into the interior of Russia. On the day that Lenine and Trotsky established their power in Petrograd we who had been in Russia under the Czar could see that there was nothing new in the whole situation except the Marxian socialistic programme. All the old processes and institutions that the Czars used to maintain their power of autocracy were again restored the complete suppression of the press, of the right of assembly, and of the right of free speech. All of the Czar's tools, the famous Black Police, came back again as commissioners. Lenine and Trotsky knew that they were building up not what Americans call a new experiment in Democracy, but a new experiment in autocracy that of the militant proletariat. Lenine put into force the doctrines that we have read of for so many years in text books of Karl Marx, the bible of the socialist. It was not necessary for Lenine to issue decrees covering all of his operations. He is too clever a man. The Bolshevik government, the Bolshevik machine, is the most clever and efficient propagandist organization in the world. Therefore, they did not stop to issue official decrees but, nevertheless, put into operation the vital fundamentals of Marxian socialism.

Let me illustrate just a few of these. Before Lenine was in power, while he was advocating these policies, he told the Russians that Bolshevism would not succeed in Russia, nor in the world, until that last wicked, rotten, and immoral tool of capitalism, the family, was crushed and then wiped off the face of the earth. When he came into power he used his force and energy to destroy this corrupt and immoral institution,

the family. For instance, you are a citizen of Petrograd and you hear that your mother who is living in Moscow is dying. You go to the commissioner and ask for a permit to leave the city. The commissioner will answer, "Comrade, why do you want to go to Moscow?" You say, "I want to go to the bedside of my mother. She is dying. Please let me go." The commissioner, if he is a true Communist, will answer, "Comrade, that is no reason. Your mother is merely your fellow-citizen of this Soviet republic, and the government cannot waste your time and its time nor its fuel to let you travel on the railroad and go to Moscow to visit merely a fellow-citizeness of yours." In this manner and in thousands of other manners, if I had time, I could tell you of them, they are doing just what they have always said they would do, crush the family. Another doctrine which they have put into operation, and which is another principle which you must accept if you accept communism or sovietism—call it what you may—is the expropriation of property. They have done exactly what they have promised they would do—abolish it completely. As one of the previous speakers has said, if you were living in Petrograd and had a permit to leave for Moscow, to make a permanent change of residence, the only possessions or property you could take with you is one change of clothing. All your other possessions, your gold watch, your knick-knacks, your furniture, must remain in the house where you last lived. That house belongs to the government, to the Soviet republic, and is communal property. You have no control over it. They have actually done what they have said they would do, and from the day that they established their power they were out for business in Russia, and they have succeeded in establishing their business, such as they see it. Another point which you must accept, and of which there is no compromise, is the question of religion. They make no "bones" about it whatsoever. It is tolerated, but only as a temporary necessary evil. A clergyman, a church, any religious institution, has no social value. It has no economic value for a Soviet republican, for a communistic form of government. When they say that it has no social value and no economic value they mean just what they say. If an old horse, for instance, has no more

economic value, he is shot, but as there are too many people in Russia who lack social value, they cannot all be shot, but they can be deprived of the sustenance of life and be reduced to such a state that finally they must embrace communism or die. Another point which you must accept if you favor Bolshevism, even slightly, is the question of communistic education. Lunacharsky, the commissioner of education, has built up two large departments. One department controls all of the old schools that were always in existence in Russia, and which are still operating but under Bolshevik guidance. The more interesting department, the new department, is that of the prolectult, the culture of the proletariat of Russia. At the top of this system are the proletarian universities of Petrograd and Moscow. In these two institutions any man or woman, illiterate or literate, is admitted and receives a diploma at the end of thirty or sixty days. The courses of study are of their new system of prolectult, that is, self-education. In place of the old courses of study, as we know them, are the new doctrine. But *physics*, as taught now, is "the science of resistance encountered by the collective labor of human beings. *Physiology* is the science of the strength of labor. *Logic* is the theory of the social co-ordination of ideas as organizing instruments of labor. *Astronomy* is the teaching of the orientation in space and time of the efforts of labor." At the bottom of this new system are the communal schools, where the young children are educated. Let us see how these schools are conducted. You have all read in the newspapers that the children of Petrograd are obliged to eat their food in the school rooms. The Bolshevik government there can publish statistics showing that the school-rooms are crowded. Moreover, they have the children right where they want them. When a new educational commissioner is ready to open up a new communal school he asks for one hundred, five hundred or a thousand of these children. They are evacuated from the city of Petrograd under the plea that there is more food in the country. The day after these children leave you will find the parents trying to obtain permits to follow the train in order that they may live in the vicinity of the communists' school camps, waiting for the day when Bolshevism is changed or overthrown,

so that they can again claim their children. In a communist school the only text books are those of Karl Marx and Bebel. All other education, so-called cultural education, is unnecessary for a proletarian existence. Prolecut means self-education, only that education which a human being acquires by actual contact with labor, and therefore the efforts of the educational commissioners in the communal schools are directed to root out of the minds of children the ideas such as we know them, and, as Lenine calls them, the rotten, immoral ideas of capitalism. The ideas of property, religion, mother love, all are rooted out of their minds. For instance, in one of the schools the girls were required to exchange their dresses with each other at regular and stated intervals. Otherwise, if they continued to wear dresses until they are worn out, the instinct of property will be revived, and by requiring them to exchange with each other it lessens that tendency. They have found it necessary to go to extremes to establish the fundamental ideas of Marxian socialism. Take the question of religion. To give you an illustration, an educational commissioner had brought into a school room the skeleton of a Russian saint and at the same time the skeleton of an ordinary human being. He asked the young children to compare the two skeletons and to see whether they could distinguish any spiritual difference between the two. Of course, the children were unable to answer the question, and the commissioner said, "This is your proof that religion is a mere emotion, a Santa Claus idea of grown-up people. The sooner it is out of your minds the better it is for humanity." The Bolsheviks have not closed the doors of churches of Russia nor forbidden the clergy to preach, but they have deprived them of their so-called social and economic value, and have instilled in the minds of the workingmen and children the idea that the Church is the stronghold of capitalism. As I have said, they make no "bones" about this whatsoever. A Russian workman who today dares to get up and say that he believes in God and in Christianity is jeered by all the other workmen. If he is not jeered, he, as well as his fellow-workmen, are classed as counter revolutionists, and you know what it means to be a counter revolutionist in Russia. Your life is not worth the snap of a

finger. These are some of the fundamental principles of Marxian socialism which the Bolsheviks have successfully and officially established all over Russia.

But the great life of the Bolsheviks, the end to which the main energy and activity of nine out of every ten commissioners is directed, is their hope of creating the world's social revolution. In every city, village and hamlet of Russia today the commissioners are obliged to give a number of public speeches, and the words "World Social Revolution" are used more than any other words in their vocabulary. The Russian people actually believe that within a year or two or three the world's social revolution will come, that Bolshevism will spread all over the world, and that there will be Soviets in London, in Paris and in Washington. Lenine said from the beginning, even before he was in power, "We will make peace with the Allies at our terms or their terms (this is indifferent), but when this peace comes it will be a breathing spell for the proletariat of Russia, a breathing spell to recuperate our strength and then to continue the program of the world's social revolution." That idea is never for a minute out of the minds of Lenine and Trotsky. When they are negotiating for peace with the border states of Russia, and now when they are beginning to negotiate for peace with the Allied countries, that is the idea always in their minds, to open the frontiers, to send out their propaganda agents, their literature and their gold. There is not a hamlet in Russia where there is not already an international propaganda bureau, where you do not find their proclamations printed in every language of the world, and not only every language but every dialect. In one bureau a secretary of the Chinese legation found proclamations printed in sixty different Chinese dialects, at another place were found forty different Hindu dialects. Lenine has not overlooked a single Chinese workman of Russia, he has trained them as commissioners and gradually sent them over the mountains into Mongolia and Thibet. He prepared an exit for himself. But after he was in power for more than a year he saw he would not need to go to China. He then began the importation of thousands of Hindus. Two years ago it was a rare sight to see a Hindu in Moscow. To-

day there are thousands. They are drilled and trained as commissioners. I, for one, understand the anxiety of the English Government with reference to India. England has seen what the Bolsheviks have been able to do with propaganda.

But Lenine has also cast his eyes in our direction. Long ago he advised the workmen of the United States not to be fooled by the Democratic institutions of America. Lenine is the last man in the world who believes in Democracy. At one time he said "You cannot give Democracy to a group of people of human beings any more than you can give Democracy to a herd of cattle. It is the duty of the state to direct all people and control their life, their thoughts, their ideas, just as the farmer directs and controls his herd of cattle." He advises American workingmen not to fiddle with the ballot box or other Democratic institutions, but to use the bullet, as the bullet is the only safe argument. In the so-called Rogues' Gallery of the Bolsheviks in Moscow you will find the American Constitution, the one institution that they hate more than any other institution or idea in the world. Lenine knows that in our Constitution are the fundamentals of real Democracy. Before Lenine was in power he defined the peoples of the world as consisting of three classes, first, the militant capitalists, those that will use their time, money, brains and lives to fight Bolshevism. "Those are the people that must be exterminated," he said. The next group is the large, indifferent bourgeoisie of the world, to which belongs 75 per cent. of humanity. He said, "I need not worry about them. They are indifferent. They are too anxious to live peacefully and quietly." I am sure he had in mind the American bourgeoisie, our large democratic class, because today we are as indifferent to this autocracy of Marxian bolshevism, as in the beginning of the war we were indifferent to German imperialism. "The third class," Lenine says, "consists of the militant proletariat, the unskilled of the unskilled workmen, the illiterate of Russia's illiterate workmen." He prefers the unskilled workmen because they can be controlled. "This, the militant proletariat," he says, "is the class upon which I shall build Marxian socialism. These are the ones that I

can lead." Lenine often boasted, "Give me 5 per cent. of the armed militant proletariat of Russia and I will swing the Bolshevki revolution." Last year at one of the Conventions of the All Soviets at Moscow a comrade asked him, "Have you now a 5 per cent. support of the militant proletariat of Russia?" Lenine begged the question, but answered that Bolshevism is established. In one of the Bolshevik circulars I picked up in Russia, printed in English, and addressed to the American and English workingmen, he advises them to do the same thing that they have done in Russia. He says, "Soldiers, keep your rifles when you go home. Keep your machine guns when you go home, and then"—I shall quote him—"make a clean sweep of the whole accursed lot in England and in America. Do as we have done in Russia. Form your soviets of workers and soldiers delegates and seize the mines, railways, mills, factories, banks, all the means of production, exchange and distribution, and run them in your own interest and not in the interest of your exploiters." When I was on the frontier of Russia I had a group of fifty Russian soldiers under my command. These men were not only intelligent Russian workmen, but reliable, honest, moral and decent men. I could trust them with our money. I could trust them with our ciphers. I could trust them with our goods. But when the Bolshevik commissioner arrived at Tornea he advised these Russian soldier workmen to do as they did in Petrograd and Kronstadt, namely to kill their officers and to "run things." After three months' time these fifty workmen had decreased in number to 14. They had eliminated the more honest men leaving 14 immoral, corrupt and rotten men, men such as I have never seen in my life or even read of. Three months previously they had been honest, decent and moral. In that short course of time Bolshevik propaganda had broken down the morality of those men, just as it has broken down the morality of all Russia, and just as it tries to break down morality in this country and in every country of the world. Bolshevism will not succeed until Christian civilization is completely overthrown and a condition of immorality exists. Then only will Bolshevism have success in this country. You see now why every Bol-

shevist is an enemy of American Democratic institutions, of the American Constitution. Lenine warns all workmen not to be misled by experiments in America. "Avoid them," he says. "Build all your soviets upon the militant proletariat as we have done in Russia. By the way, if the capitalists of the United States want to build up a machine, to crush the workingmen and press the last drop of blood out of them, there is no more efficient, powerful militaristic organization in the world than that of the Soviet. The system of the Soviet can take a small minority of any country and dominate the majority. American apologists for Russian Bolshevism tell me and will tell you that Bolshevism is a new experiment in Democracy. Sovietism, Bolshevism, Communism, call it what you may, is a more cruel autocracy than Russia has ever had, and this is what the world must fight now. A few years ago we were in a struggle to prevent groups of people from imposing upon us German militarism, German imperialism. Now we must wake up to the fact that another group of people, not only in this country, but the world over, are attempting to impose upon us the ideas of another autocratic system, that of Bolshevism. (Applause.)

REVEREND ROBERT NORWOOD, D. D.:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I want to express my appreciation of the courtesy of an invitation to be a guest this evening of the Scotch-Irish Society. I wish to assure you that in view of the lateness of the hour I have already performed a surgical operation on my speech. I am tempted to begin as I began a year ago on an occasion of this kind, with a little story which I told, hoping that at the same time it will not represent any personal theological point of view or on the other hand be an attempt to strike at any equally sincere theological point of view; but because I am mainly Irish with just enough Scotch in me to enable me to keep my watch from my fellow citizens, I feel that I may tell this without in any sense trying to make a joke at the expense of a body of men for whom I have the most profound regard. I began by saying that once on a time there was a brilliant Irish priest,

and by the way, I did receive this from the priest in person who told me the story, who announced his sermon to his congregation on this wise: "Beloved, I am going to divide my discourse today into three parts; first, what I know, and what you do not know; secondly, what you know and I do not know; and third, what neither of us knows. First, what is it that I know and you do not know? It is that in coming across the field this morning to the chapel I was chased by Finnegan's bull (bad luck to the same for keeping such an unruly beast) and in my haste to escape the crook of his unconsecrated horn I tore the tail out of my cassock on the fence and destroyed it utterly. That is what I know and what you do not know. 'Secondly, what is it that you know and I do not know? It is that already you are making up your minds to stand on the chapel steps with a long subscription list and you will be taking up enough money to buy me a new cassock, and see that you make it silk. The last was stuff and turned green. That is what you know and what I do not know. Third, what is it neither of us know? It is how much that old gossoon of a Protestant tailor across the road is going to charge for making it."

The skeleton of the speech I had prepared for this evening, has, however, four bones in it instead of three and the story by which I shake the skeleton in your presence is as follows: There is an old Persian legend which tells how four angels watched the Almighty spin this planet in space. The first said "Give it to me." The second said: "How did you do it?" The third said: "Why did you do it?" The fourth made no remark but knelt to adore and afterward went away and made a world for himself. In history these three men are known. First, the man of affairs to whom God has given the world. Second, the scientist to whom the Almighty has given inspiration and power to explain the processes of life. Third, the philosopher whose mind turns upon the formulas of experience, seeks to build up a reason for existence, seeks to codify all the forces of humanity and bring them up in an organic effort to higher existence. Fourth, the artist, the dreamer, the creator, the man who makes his dreams incarnate in character and in deed. I want to speak just for

a few moments about this first bone. I did want to say something about my faith in the power, in the direction and in the destiny of the American man of affairs. All that we have heard tonight, though in a measure it has been discouraging and ominous, has in no sense of the word affected my profound faith in the sanity of the American man of affairs. This Nation, though it is but a baby nation, and though it is still in possession of its milk teeth, according to Admiral Sims, that splendid boy hero who only masquerades in gray hairs, (applause) this nation, I say, is unique in human history by reason of the greatest of the men it has produced in such a little space of time. The men who were produced before the days of the Declaration of Independence were men of a kind to whom God only can give the world, and their sons were men of character, men of power, men of vision, men who made their wealth not because they were skinflints or dishonest, but because there is an element of dream, of imagination, of adventure in the great warfare of commerce. The ability to make money may be as creative as the power of science or as the power of philosophy or as the power of art. I am not one who believes that prophecy is confined solely to the wearing of the conventional prophetic mantle. I believe that the gift of prophecy is a universal gift, shared with the entire human race, and that the man of affairs has given evidence again and again of the exercise of that prophetic power, and though we have the menace of the shadow of the soviet across the waters, rising now larger than a man's hand, I have no fear but that this indwelling consciousness of responsibility which always has been, is and ever will be characteristic of American men of affairs, will clear the sky and make the world worthy of the Giver who has placed in their hands the administration of commerce and of government.

Secondly, and I think I will bring these two bones together and tie them up in order that I may speed my speech, I link science and philosophy together under the term education. I do not think that a time will ever come when we will underestimate the constructive value of education. I think that the evidences in these United States are just in the opposite direction, that men are realizing that religion without educa-

tion is always superstition, and that superstition is the worst form of vice that has ever assailed the human soul. You cannot have a vital religion that has not a scientific and philosophical basis. You cannot have great powers for civilization which are not intelligently administered.

Finally I come to the artist. I am sorry that I have had to get my hair cut this week, otherwise I might have been able to pose as a small representative of a portion of the art of the United States, but I do believe in American art, I do believe in American literature. I do believe in the genius of American music, and I certainly do believe in American poetry because I write some of it—though none of you fellows will buy it—and I look forward, as we all do together tonight, into the future, certain that the administration of affairs and the management of our young men and women in our universities will not be divorced from the emphasis on ideals of beauty, expressing in our architecture, in our music and in our literature the soul of the American race. He who remembers as I speak (though I do not see any reason why you should remember it because I do speak) any fragment of the Gettysburg Speech, will realize how fundamental the artistic quality is to the American type. There is a power of imagination, a breadth of vision, a vitality of personality in that type which argues so for the future of the race in its artistic mastery, that I am glad this evening, through the mediumship of this Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society, to make my little prophecy, that the story which is told by the Persians of the four angels who watched God spin the planet in space, one saying, "Give it to me," another asking "Why did you do it?" another saying "How did you do it?" and the other in silence kneeling to make a new world for himself, is true of the men of the United States. (Applause.)

At this point, Mr. Scott called the newly elected President of the Society, Mr. Patterson, to the chair.

T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON, ESQ.:

MR. PRESIDENT:—I thank you very kindly for your kind words. Gentlemen of the Scotch-Irish Society, of which like Mr. Scott I have been a member a number of years, I feel you

understand that any one who comes to this place and looks over this audience cannot but feel and should not but feel that it is an honor to be called to the position of its President, especially when the Organization can bring to its annual meeting, as we have been doing year after year during our existence, the able and distinguished gentlemen who have addressed us on various important subjects. I shall not take up your time, but you will permit me, and I trust it will not be considered anything out of the way for me, at least with the few gray hairs that I have, to say that this evening calls to my mind over forty years ago when one of the distinguished speakers to whom we have listened with so much interest, and who has served the world and our country so nobly, was a student with me in a Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Academy on the banks of the Juniata. I refer to old "Airyview" Academy where Will Sims, as one of the youngest boys in the Academy at the time, was one of my associates in that school. (Applause). It affords me indeed great pleasure to be here this evening and to have listened to him again, as I had the pleasure of listening to him nearly a year ago. But in addition to the address he gave us and the other addresses to which we have listened this evening, all of them good, whether I belong to the legal profession or whether I do not, as an American citizen and as one with some strains that entitle me to speak at least of the founders of this State and of our Republic, I want to express my own personal high regard for what every true Scotch-Irishman listened to this evening, with that degree of respect and that degree of interest which is inborn in our nature, when the gentleman who made the closing speech pointed out to us the way that helps, and has helped to lead this nation and will continue to lead it in the way in which our fathers started it. It is a high privilege, men of the Scotch-Irish Society, for us to be reminded from time to time of the hole in the pit from which we were dug, and for us to have our attention called back to those things which above all others have helped to make this country what it will continue to be so long as we are true to those traditions. I thank you gentlemen for the privilege of coming to this position. (Applause.)

APPENDIX A.

REPORT OF CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, TREASURER, PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, FOR YEAR ENDING
DECEMBER 31st, 1919.

DR.		
Balance from preceding year.....		\$805.09
Membership dues for 1919.....	\$562.00	
Subscriptions to 30th Annual Dinner.....	1,260.00	
Interest on deposits.....	20.38	
		1,842.38
		\$2,647.47
CR.		
Postage, telegrams, gratuities.....	\$55.00	
Clerical expenses.....	50.00	
Speakers' traveling expenses.....	75.00	
Honorarium—Rev. Robert MacGowan....	50.00	
Stenographer reporting dinner.....	23.00	
John Maene, carving spoon.....	50.00	
Hoover & Smith, box and silver plate....	11.00	
Hoskins Company, engraving invitations.	38.25	
Dreka Company, engraving menus, place cards.....	58.50	
Singer and accompanist.....	35.00	
Subscriptions returned.....	20.00	
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, 262 covers, cigars, decorations and music.....	1,091.35	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing notices, table plans and envelopes.....	78.50	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing and mailing 30th annual report.....	262.63	
		\$1,898.23
Balance January 1st, 1920.....	749.24	
		\$2,647.47

The above report has been audited and found correct, showing a balance of \$749.24 to the credit of the Society in bank, January 1st, 1920.

WILLIAM J. WILSON,
W. LOGAN MACCOY,

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.

V. 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-

terminated 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.

PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY.

ORGANIZED FEBRUARY 13, 1890.

PRESIDENTS.

- 1890 REV. J. S. MACINTOSH, D.D.
1891 COL. JOHN A. WRIGHT.
1892 REV. S. D. MCCONNELL, D.D.
1893 C. STUART PATTERSON, ESQ.
1894 W. W. PORTER, ESQ.
1895 REV. HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D.
1896 JAMES A. LOGAN, ESQ.
1897 WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER, ESQ.
1898 HON. HENRY W. WILLIAMS.
1899 MR. JAMES POLLOCK.
1900 HON. JOHN STEWART.
1901 BAYARD HENRY, ESQ.
1902 REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D.
1903 MR. JOHN P. GREEN.
1904 ROBERT SNODGRASS, ESQ.
1905 HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON.
1906 HON. NATHANIEL EWING.
1907 REV. M. A. BROWNSON, D.D.
1908 HON. HARMAN YERKES.
1909 HON. EDWIN S. STUART.
1910 HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER.
1911 MR. JOHN MCILHENNY.
1912 MR. M. C. KENNEDY.
1913 REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.
1914 MR. SAMUEL REA.
1915 DR. JOHN B. DEAVER.
1916 REV. WILLIAM BEATTY JENNINGS, D.D.
1917 HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON.
1918 MR. AGNEW T. DICE.
1919 MR. WILLIAM H. SCOTT.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

- 1890-1895 C. WATSON MCKEEHAN, ESQ.
1896- CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, ESQ.

WILLIAM H. BURNETT.....400 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 CHARLES ELMER BUSHNELL....Atlantic Refining Co., The Bourse, Phila.

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 HON. J. D. CAMPBELL.....P. & R. Terminal, Philadelphia.
 RT. HON. SIR EDWARD CARSON
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 ROBERT CARSON.....Huntingdon St. and Trenton Ave., Phila.
 WILLIAM G. CARSON.....205 S. Forty-second St., Philadelphia.
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 JOHN G. CARRUTH.....Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia.
 HENRY CARVER.....Doylestown, Pa.
 JAMES P. CASSIDY.....6 Colonial Place, Pittsburgh.
 SAMUEL M. CLEMENT, JR.....West End Trust Building, Philadelphia.
 ROBERT M. COYLE.....423 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 A. J. COUNTY.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 DR. CLARK R. CRAIG.....331 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
 D. F. CRAWFORD.....5243 Ellsworth Ave., Pittsburgh.
 GEORGE W. CREIGHTON, JR.....3903 Clover Hill Road, Baltimore, Md.
 SAMUEL CUNNINGHAM (Honorary).“Fernhill,” Belfast, Ireland.

HON. JOHN DALZELL.....House of Representatives, Washington,
 D. C.
 CHARLES GIBBONS DAVIS.....8204 Seminole Ave., Chestnut Hill.
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 WATSON R. DAVISON.....Waynesboro, Pa.
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 C. M. DAVISON.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 N. H. DAVISON.....Chambersburg, Pa.
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 JOHN B. DEAVER, M.D.....1634 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 JAMES AYLWARD DEVELIN.....400 Chestnut St., Phila., Wood Building.
 AGNEW T. DICE.....Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.
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 J. S. DONALDSON.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 HENRY R. DOUGLAS, M.D.....1806 Market St., Harrisburg.
 PETER S. DUNCAN.....Hollidaysburg, Pa.
 EDWARD J. DURHAM.....412 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
 THOMAS P. DYER.....Apt. B, 504 Midvale Ave., Phila.

DANIEL M. EASTER, M.D.....Greensburg, Pa.
 DR. WILLIAM T. ELLIS.....Swarthmore, Pa.

- REV. ALFRED L. ELWYN.....113 E. Thirty-seventh St., New York.
 VAN HORN ELY.....1321 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 CHARLES H. EWING.....Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.
- EDGAR DUDLEY FARIES.....617 Franklin Building, Philadelphia.
 RANDOLPH FARIES, M.D.....2007 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON...West Mermaid Lane, Chestnut Hill
 Philadelphia.
- WILLIAM N. FERGUSON, M.D....125 W. Susquehanna Ave., Phila.
 WILLIAM M. FIELD.....1823 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 CHARLES A. FIFE, M.D.....2033 Locust St., Philadelphia.
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 HON. THOMAS D. FINLETTER...Hamilton Court, Philadelphia.
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 WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER.....1012 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
 D. FLEMING.....325 North Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.
 SAMUEL W. FLEMING.....32 North Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.
 HON. HENRY P. FLETCHER.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 EDWARD J. FOX.....Easton, Pa.
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 HON. ROBERT S. FRAZER.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
 HUGH R. FULTON.....Lancaster, Pa.
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 ROBERT GARLAND.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
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 HARRY B. GILL.....328 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
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 R. C. GORDON.....Waynesboro, Pa.
 FRANCIS I. GOWEN.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 GEORGE S. GRAHAM.....West End Trust Building, Phila.
 WILLIAM H. GRAHAM.....413 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 CAPT. JOHN P. GREEN.....Pennsylvania Railroad Office, Broad and
 Market Sts., Philadelphia.
- DAVID C. GREEN.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 KANE S. GREEN.....Broad Street Station, Phila.
 ROBERT B. GREER, M.D.....Butler, Pa.
 J. M. GUFFEY.....341 Sixth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 HON. J. MILTON GUTHRIE.....Indiana, Pa.
 GEORGE T. GWILLIAM.....Union League, Philadelphia.
 GEORGE T. GWILLIAM, JR.....905 Madison St., Syracuse, N. Y.

- JAMES R. G.WILLIAM.....3226 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia.
 JOHN G.WILLIAM.....253 W. Fifty-eighth St., New York.
 CAPT. MARK R. M. G.WILLIAM...253 W. Fifty-eighth St., New York.
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 JOHN L. HAMILL.....1510 Pennsylvania Building, Phila.
 JOHN CHAMBERS HAMMERSLEY...3336 North Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
 ROBERT S. HAMMERSLEY.....Front St. and Montgomery Ave., Phila.
 THOMAS L. HAMMERSLEY.....410 West Chelten Ave., Germantown.
 WILLIAM HAMMERSLEY.....8 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM LATTA HAMMERSLEY...5818 Morris St., Germantown.
 J. C. HAWTHORNE.....Carlisle, Pa.
 CHARLES HAY.....West Clapier St., Germantown.
 EDWIN R. HAYS.....Newville, Pa.
 GEORGE M. HAYS.....Carlisle, Pa.
 THOMAS MCKINNEY HAYS.....1235 Third Ave., Huntington, W. Va.
 REV. CHAS.W.HEATHCOTE,S.T.D.,430 South Fourth St., Colwyn, Pa.
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 JOHN J. HENDERSON.....1705 Tioga St., Philadelphia.
 HON. BAYARD HENRY.....2238 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
 MAJOR T. CHARLTON HENRY....Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia.
 JOHN ARMSTRONG HERMAN.....Harrisburg, Pa.
 DANIEL C. HERR.....Harrisburg, Pa., P. O. Box 774.
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 DR. JOSEPH W. HOUSTON.....238 East King St., Lancaster, Pa.
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 W. WILLIS HOUSTON.....Seaboard Bank Building, Norfolk, Va.
 R. M. HUBER.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 EDWARD M. HULL.....1016 Chestnut St. Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM P. HUMES.....Bellefonte, Pa.
 A. L. HUMPHREY.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
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 JOSEPH M. HUSTON.....Wissahickon Ave. and Lehman St.,
 Germantown.
 THOMAS HUSTON.....Trenton Ave. and Dauphin St., Phila.
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 SAMUEL F. IRWIN.....4103 Locust St., Phila.
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 JOSEPH DE F. JUNKIN.....Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.

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 J. O. MACINTOSH.....1618 Real Estate Building, Phila.
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 THOMAS M. MCCACHRAN.....1006 Twenty-third Ave., Altoona, Pa.
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 JOHN M. MCCURDY.....Franklin Building; 133 S. 12th St., Phila.
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 JOHN C. McDOWELL.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 ANDREW C. MCGOWIN.....4500 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN D. MCLHENNY.....1339 Cherry St., Philadelphia.
 FRANCIS S. MCLHENNY.....1035 Commercial Trust Bldg., Phila.
 DR. E. M. S. MCKEE.....Juniata, Pa.
 CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.....Morris Building, Philadelphia.
 JOSEPH PARKER MCKEEHAN...Carlisle, Pa.
 GEORGE MCKEOWN.....406 Sansom St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN C. MCKINNEY.....1211 Clover St., Philadelphia.
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 J. KING MCLANAHAN, JR.....Holidaysburg, Pa.
 M. HAWLEY MCLANAHAN.....Bellevue Court Building, Philadelphia.
 W. J. McLAUGHLIN.....E. Washington Lane, Germantown, Pa.
 GEORGE STEWART MCLEAN....Shippensburg, Pa.
 FREDERICK MCOWEN.....1100 Arcade Building, Philadelphia.
 HON. DONALD P. MCPHERSON...Gettysburg, Pa.
 DANIEL N. MCQUILLEN, M.D...17th and Walnut Sts., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM F. McSPARRAN.....Furniss, Pa.
 LEWIS NEILSON.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM D. NEILSON.....428 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.

REV. JOHN GRANT NEWMAN, D.D. 4642 Hazel Ave., Philadelphia.
 H. S. PRENTISS NICHOLS. Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM R. NICHOLSON, M.D. . . . 1731 Pine St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM H. NORRIS. The Blenheim, 17th and Chestnut Sts.,
 H. M. NORTH, JR. Columbia, Pa. [Philadelphia.]

ARCHIBALD MACLEAN O'BRIEN. . . . 215 Vassar Ave., Swarthmore, Pa.
 R. L. O'DONNELL. P'ttsburgh, Pa.
 DAVID B. OLIVER. 233 Oliver Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 ROBERT A. ORBISON. Huntingdon, Pa.
 HON. GEORGE B. ORLADY. Huntingdon, Pa.
 D. A. ORR. 710 North American Building, Phila.
 JOHN G. ORR. Chambersburg, Pa.
 J. WILLIAM ORR. Pittsburgh, Pa.
 H. WILSON ORR. 1323 Spruce St., Philadelphia.

HARRY E. PAISLEY. Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.
 REV. WILLIAM PARK, D.D., LL.D. [Ireland.
 (Honorary). Rosemary Street Congregation, Belfast,
 CHARLES L. PATTERSON. Wilmington, Del.
 C. STUART PATTERSON. 1000 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 GEORGE STUART PATTERSON. . . . 121 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
 HON. JOHN M. PATTERSON. 1326 South Broad St., Philadelphia.
 T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON. 314 Franklin Building, Philadelphia.
 T. H. HOGE PATTERSON. 4231 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 THEODORE C. PATTERSON. 715 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 THOMAS PATTERSON. Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 R. H. PATTON. 328 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 RICHARD PATTON. Wayne, Pa.
 REV. W. A. PATTON, D.D. Wayne, Pa.
 WILLIAM A. PATTON. Radnor, Pa.
 HAROLD PEIRCE. 222 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
 W. W. PINKERTON. 537 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
 NORMAN B. PITCAIRN. Perryville, Md.
 WILLIAM MCLELLAN POMEROY. . . 718 King Street, Pottstown, Pa.
 A. NEVIN POMEROY. Chambersburg, Pa.
 J. NEVIN POMEROY. 219 Pelham Road, Mt. Airy, Phila.
 RALPH S. POMEROY. Chambersburg, Pa.
 HON. WILLIAM D. PORTER. Hotel Schenley, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 HON. WM. W. PORTER. 2025 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 C. E. POSTLETHWAITE. 24 Broad Street, New York City.

MCCLUNEY RADCLIFFE, M.D. 1906 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 J. EVERTON RAMSEY. Morris Building, Philadelphia.
 G. J. P. RAUB. Quarryville, Pa.
 SAMUEL REA. Broad St. Station, P. R. R., Phila.
 GEORGE W. REILY. Harrisburg, Pa.

- ABNER RUTHERFORD RENNINGER. N. W. cor. 13th and Spruce Sts., Phila.
 ROBERT A. RICHARDS. Carlisle, Pa.
 DAVID H. RIDDLE. Chambersburg, Pa.
 H. A. RIDDLE. Chambersburg, Pa.
 W. L. RITCHEY. Chambersburg, Pa.
 C. A. RITCHEY. Hagerstown, Md.
 MAURICE RITCHIE. Chambersburg, Pa.
 RICHARD B. RITCHEY. Mercersburg, Pa.
 J. E. ROBERTS, M.D. Lansdowne, Pa.
 THOMAS ROBINS. 1719 Locust St., Philadelphia.
 REV. HAROLD McAFEE ROBINSON,
 D.D. 325 Hamilton St., Easton, Pa.
 HON. JOHN B. ROBINSON. Media, Pa.
 REV. W. COURTLAND ROBINSON,
 D.D. 3504 Baring St., Philadelphia.
 W. D. ROBINSON, M.D. 2022 Mt. Vernon St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN GILMORE RODGERS. Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 JAMES SLOCUM ROGERS. 701 Commercial Building, Phila.
 ADAM A. ROSS. Morris Building, Philadelphia.
 GEORGE ROSS. Doylestown, Pa.
 THOMAS ROSS. Doylestown, Pa.
 T. EDWARD ROSS. 1209 Morris Bldg., Philadelphia.
 DONALD T. RUTHERFORD, M.D. . Harrisburg, Pa.
 HOWARD A. RUTHERFORD. 3602 Brisbin St., Paxtang, Pa.
 ROBERT MURDOCH RUTHERFORD. . Steelton, Pa.
 WILLIAM SUMNER RUTHERFORD. . 200 W. Broad St., Bethlehem, Pa.

 HON. SYLVESTER B. SADLER. Carlisle, Pa.
 LEWIS H. SADLER. Carlisle, Pa.
 WILLIAM I. SCHAFFER. Chester, Pa.
 CHARLES SCOTT, JR. Overbrook Farms, Philadelphia.
 GARFIELD SCOTT. N. W. Cor. Broad and Arch Sts., Phila.
 GEORGE E. SCOTT. 629 Commercial Trust, Philadelphia.
 JOHN SCOTT, JR. 2218 Locust St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM P. SCOTT. 1211 Clover St., Philadelphia.
 A. C. SHAND. Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 JAMES W. SHARPE. Newville, Pa.
 WALTER KING SHARPE. Chambersburg, Pa.
 C. M. SHEAFFER. Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 REV. DAVID M. SKILLING. Webster Groves, St. Louis, Mo.
 HOWARD SMITH. 73 North Franklin St., Pottstown, Pa.
 R. STUART SMITH. 934 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
 GEORGE F. SPROULE. Golf Road and City Ave., Philadelphia.
 HON. WILLIAM C. SPROUL. Chester, Pa.
 E. J. STACKPOLE. Harrisburg, Pa.
 REV. DAVID M. STEELE, D.D. . . . 330 South Thirteenth St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN L. STEELE. 1600 Arch St., Philadelphia.

DECEASED MEMBERS.

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W. J. ADAMS.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
J. SIMPSON AFRICA.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
DANIEL AGNEW.....	Beaver, Pa.
JOSEPH ALLISON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. J. ARMSTRONG.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
REV. C. M. ARMSTRONG.....	Wayne, Pa.
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THOMAS E. BAIRD.....	Haverford, Pa.
HON. THOMAS R. BARD.....	Hueneme, Cal.
ROBERT S. BEATTY.....	Buffalo, N. Y.
R. T. BLACK.....	Scranton, Pa.
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COL. JOHN CASSELS.....	Washington, D. C.
JOHN H. W. CHESTNUT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
A. H. CHRISTY.....	Scranton, Pa.
JAMES CLARK.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
THOMAS COCHRAN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
ROWAN CLARK.....	Tyrone, Pa.
DAVID CONWAY.....	Mount Joy, Pa.
WILLIAM CROSSLEY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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GEORGE W. CREIGHTON.....	Altoona, Pa.

ALEXANDER CROW.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
ANDREW G. CURTIN.....	Bellefonte, Pa.
ROLAND G. CURTIN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
E. B. DAWSON.....	Uniontown, Pa.
JAMES P. DICKSON.....	Scranton, Pa.
A. W. DICKSON.....	Scranton, Pa.
J. M. C. DICKEY.....	Oxford, Pa.
J. P. DONALDSON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
ROBERT DORNAN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
WILLIAM FINDLEY DRENNEN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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THOMAS EWING.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
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JOHN FIELD.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
HON. THOMAS K. FINLETTER.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
HON. MORRISON FOSTER.....	Shields, Pa.
HARRY C. FRANCIS.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. H. FRANCIS.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
REV. ROBERT H. FULTON, D.D.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
REV. S. A. GAYLEY.....	Wayne, Pa.
COL. JAMES R. GILMORE.....	Chambersburg, Pa.
SAMUEL F. GIVEN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
ROBERT GRACEY.....	Newville, Pa.
ALBERT GRAFF.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
DUNCAN M. GRAHAM.....	Carlisle, Pa.
JOHN GRAHAM.....	Newville, Pa.
JOHN H. GRAHAM.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
THEODORE A. GRAHAM.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
HON. JOHN M. GREER.....	Butler, Pa.
HON. HARRY ALVAN HALL.....	Ridgway, Pa.
HUGH H. HAMILL.....	Trenton, N. J.
JOHN HAMILTON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JAMES HAY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
MARCUS A. HANNA (Honorary).....	Ohio.
HON. WILLIAM B. HANNA.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
CAPT. JOHN C. HARVEY.....	Harrisburg, Pa.

DANIEL H. HASTINGS.....	Bellefonte, Pa.
GEORGE HAY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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WILLIAM HENDERSON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
CHARLES W. HENRY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
W. A. HERRON.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
HOWARD H. HENRY.....	Ft. Washington, Pa.
HON. CHRISTOPHER HEYDRICK.....	Franklin, Pa.
DR. HOWARD KENNEDY HILL.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
HENRY HOLMES.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
WILLIAM HOLMES.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
H. H. HOUSTON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
R. J. HOUSTON.....	Lancaster, Pa.
W. H. HUNTER.....	Chillicothe, Ohio.
E. RANKIN HUSTON.....	Mechanicsburg, Pa.
GEORGE JUNKIN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
COL. THOMAS B. KENNEDY.....	Chambersburg, Pa.
GEORGE C. KENNEDY.....	Lancaster, Pa.
H. P. LAIRD.....	Greensburg, Pa.
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ROBERT ALEXANDER LAMBERTON, LL.D.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
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JOHN A. LINN.....	Radnor, Pa.
WILLIAM PENN LLOYD.....	Mechanicsburg, Pa.
HARRY V. LOGAN.....	Scranton, Pa.
JAMES A. LOGAN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN P. LOGAN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JAMES LONG.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
SIMON CAMERON LONG.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
REV. SAMUEL C. LOGAN.....	Scranton, Pa.
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HON. HAROLD M. McClURE.....	Lewisburg, Pa.
J. BREWSTER McCOLLOM.....	Montrose, Pa.
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JOHN D. McCORD.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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HENRY C. McCORMICK.....	Williamsport, Pa.
W. M. McCORMICK.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
E. J. McCUNE.....	Shippensburg, Pa.
GEORGE D. McCREARY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
REV. I. P. McCURDY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
REV. O. B. McCURDY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JAMES McCREA.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
J. A. McDOWELL.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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WILLIAM H. McFADDEN, M.D.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN McILHENNY.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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R. S. REED.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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TALBOT MERCER ROGERS.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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W. F. RUTHERFORD.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
J. E. RUTHERFORD.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
CHARLES T. SCHOEN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
CHARLES SCOTT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN SCOTT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN B. SCOTT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
T. B. SEARIGHT.....	Uniontown, Pa.
J. A. SEARIGHT.....	Uniontown, Pa.
HON. W. N. SEIBERT.....	NewBloomfield, Pa.
MAJOR THOMAS SHARP, U. S. A.....	Chambersburg, Pa.
A. BRADY SHARPE.....	Carlisle, Pa.
W. C. SHAW, M.D.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
E. A. SHULENBERGER.....	Carlisle, Pa.
JOHN W. SIMONTON.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
W. FRANK SKINNER, M.D.....	Chambersburg, Pa.
CHAS. H. SMILEY.....	NewBloomfield, Pa.
REV. S. E. SNIVELEY, M.D.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
HON. ROBERT SNODGRASS.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
HON. A. LOUDEN SNOWDEN.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN B. STAUFFER.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
REV. WILLIAM S. STEANS, D.D.....	Westfield, N. J.

JAMES P. STERRETT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
ALEXANDER STEWART.....	Scotland, Pa.
WILLIAM SHAW STEWART, M.D.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
COL. W. W. STEWART.....	Chambersburg, Pa.
SAMUEL C. STUART.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
FRANK THOMSON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN A. THOMSON.....	Wrightsville, Pa.
WILLIAM THOMPSON, M.D.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
SAMUEL HEMPHILL WALLACE.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
THOMAS L. WALLACE.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
WILLIAM A. WALLACE.....	Clearfield, Pa.
WILLIAM W. WALLACE.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
HENRY WARREN WILLIAMS.....	Wellsboro, Pa.
HENRY WHITELEY.....	Wilmington, Del.
DAVID WILLS.....	Gettysburg, Pa.
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ALEXANDER WILSON, M.D.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
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RICHARD W. WOODS.....	Carlisle, Pa.
WILLIAM H. WOOLVERTON.....	New York, N. Y.
HON. RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
COL. THOMAS T. WRIGHT.....	Nashville, Tenn.
D. WALKER WOODS.....	Lewiston, Pa.
JOHN W. WOODSIDE.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
NEVIN WOODSIDE.....	Pittsburgh, Pa.
JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.....	Philadelphia, Pa.

THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING

AND

DINNER

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA
SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY

AT

THE BELLEVUE-STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA

FEBRUARY 18th, 1921

PHILADELPHIA

PRESS OF ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT

Nos. 1211-1213 Clover Street

1921

Charles L. McP	X	Hon. Donald P. McPherson.	X	Scott McLanahan.	X	Dr. Joseph D. Findley.	X	M. Hawley McLanahan.	X	William M.
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Charles
 E. F
 Archibal
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 Dr. A
 C
 Willian
 Dr.
 Re

PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SO

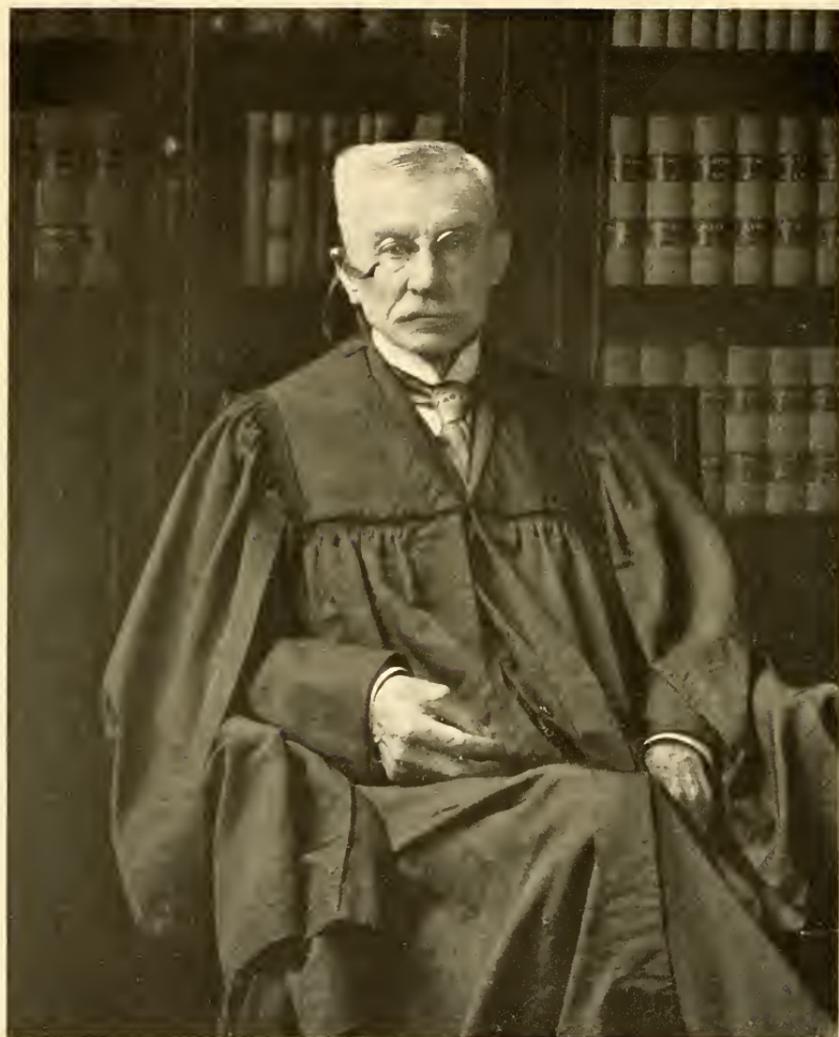
Diagram of the Dinner Table, Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Feb. 18th, 1921.

Main dinner table diagram showing names of guests seated at various tables, including names like Charles L. McKeehan, John W. Benson, Dr. Wm. N. Johnson, etc.

Vertical text labels for each column of the table, such as 'Wm. Hubert Fisher', 'Cap. Jan. P. Green', 'Eugene Henry', 'Cm. M. Kennedy', 'Sam. S. Stuart', 'Dr. John B. Deaver', 'George T. Callahan'.

Alphabetical list of names and initials, organized by column (A through S), corresponding to the seating chart above.





JOHN STEWART
1839-1920

THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING

AND

DINNER

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA
SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY

AT

THE BELLEVUE-STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA

FEBRUARY 18th, 1921

PHILADELPHIA

PRESS OF ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT

Nos. 1211-1213 Clover Street

1921

F160
.S4 F5

Gift
Scottish Gaelic Society
Perth
Oct 8/22

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT,

HON. WILLIAM I. SCHAFER

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT,

RT. REV. THOMAS J. GARLAND

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT

MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER,

MR. W. LOGAN MACCOY.

DIRECTORS AND MEMBERS OF COUNCIL:

MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,

HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,

MR. JOHN P. GREEN,

MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,

MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,

MR. JOHN D. MCILHENNY,

REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.,

MR. SAMUEL REA.

REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS, D.D.,

MR. AGNEW T. DICE.

MR. BAYARD HENRY,

MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,

HON. W. W. PORTER,

REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.,

HON. HARMAN YERKES,

HON. EDWIN S. STUART,

MR. M. C. KENNEDY,

DR. JOHN B. DEEVER,

HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON,

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON.

COMMITTEES.

ON NEW MEMBERS:

REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS, D.D., *Chairman*, MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON, MR. WM. RIGHTER FISHER,

MR. W. LOGAN MACCOY.

ENTERTAINMENT:

MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN. *Chairman*,

REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.,

MR. M. C. KENNEDY.

MR. BAYARD HENRY,

MR. EDWIN S. STUART,

HISTORY AND ARCHIVES:

T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON, *Chairman*,

HON. JOHN STEWART,

MR. W. LOGAN MACCOY.

MR. JOHN P. GREEN,

HON. HARMAN YERKES,

THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL MEETING.

The Thirty-second Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, on Friday, February 18th, 1921, at 7 P. M., the President, Mr. T. Elliott Patterson, in the chair.

The report of the Treasurer for the year ending December 31st, 1920, was presented and approved (see Appendix "A," page 44).

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

President, HON. WILLIAM I. SCHAFFER.
First Vice-President, RT. REV. THOMAS J. GARLAND.
Second Vice-President, MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.
Secretary and Treasurer, MR. W. LOGAN MACCOY.

Directors and Members of Council:

MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,	MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
MR. JOHN P. GREEN,	HON. W. W. PORTER,
MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,	REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON,
MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,	D.D.,
MR. JOHN D. McILHENNY,	HON. HARMAN YERKES,
REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.,	HON. EDWIN S. STUART,
MR. SAMUEL REA,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY,
REV. W. BEATTY JENNINGS,	DR. JOHN B. DEAVER,
D.D.,	HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON,
MR. AGNEW T. DICE,	MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON.

On motion, the meeting then adjourned to the banquet room.

The Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Garland, invoked the Divine blessing.

Toward the close of the dinner, Hon. Edwin S. Stuart addressed the Society as follows:—

Mr. President, I beg to present the following minute in

appreciation of the faithful services of Charles L. McKeehan who tonight has presented his resignation as Secretary and Treasurer of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society:—

“The first Scotch-Irish Congress was held in Nashville, Tennessee, in the Summer of 1889. Many of the representatives present at that Congress were residents of Pennsylvania. They decided to form a Society in this State to be known as the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society. One of the Pennsylvania delegates to the Congress at Nashville was Mr. C. Watson McKeehan of Philadelphia, and he became the moving spirit in the organization of the Pennsylvania Society. Its first meeting was held on Thursday evening, February 13, 1890, in Philadelphia at the old Hotel Bellevue. Mr. McKeehan was elected its first Secretary and Treasurer and served in those offices until his death which occurred on September 14, 1895.

In the Seventh Annual Report of the Society will be found a minute adopted by the members as an expression of their deep regret at Mr. McKeehan's death and of their appreciation of his devoted service to the Association.

In 1896 his son was elected as the successor of his honored father. Tonight is the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election. The Society has had from its inception in 1890—a period of thirty-one years—but two Secretaries and Treasurers, C. Watson McKeehan and Charles L. McKeehan, father and son.

After a quarter of a century of duty performed in those offices, Mr. Charles L. McKeehan has resigned tonight. During every minute of his incumbency of those trusts he has had the interests and welfare of the Society at heart, and has contributed very largely by his ability, energy and knowledge of Scotch-Irish History to the Society's achievement of a successful, influential and prosperous career.”

The minute was unanimously adopted.

Addressing Mr. McKeehan, Mr. Stuart continued—

I have been requested on behalf of the members of the Society to present to you, sir, as an evidence of the regard,

respect and esteem in which you have always been held, this silver platter. Upon it is stamped the word "sterling," which is truly descriptive of your genuine integrity of character and pure Americanism—(presents to Mr. McKeehan a silver platter)—Hoping you may live many, many years to remember the Scotch-Irish Society; and we who know you, as long as we live, will always remember the services you have rendered to the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania. (Applause, and call for Mr. McKeehan.)

MR. MCKEEHAN: Mr. President; Gentlemen of the Society: I cannot possibly tell you how deeply I appreciate the resolution the Society has adopted, this beautiful memento you have given me, and the words that Governor Stuart has spoken. It is a matter of gratification and pride for me to recall this evening, that my father and his son have served as Secretary and Treasurer of this Society from its organization down to the present time.

Through the twenty-five years, gentlemen, during which I have acted as your Secretary, no one could have had a more delightful association.

You have really surprised me, sir. I shall not attempt to make any speech. Had I known that this was to happen, I think I would have collected some thoughts and taken occasion to say a few words about the history of this Society and the useful service it has performed in this City and Commonwealth. However, since you have honored me by electing me Second Vice-President, which means (if you adhere to the custom of thirty-two years) that my second lien on the office of President will become a first lien next year, and ripen into possession the year after, I will postpone those observations until that time. (Laughter.)

But I do want you to know that I appreciate profoundly and deeply what you have done this evening, as I bid farewell to an office that it has been my honor and pleasure to fill for twenty-five years. I thank you! (Applause.)

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON, PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY:

MEMBERS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—
It is my pleasure this evening to welcome you to this Thirty-

second Anniversary of our Association. It is a pleasure and it is a privilege, and to anyone sitting here and looking over this audience there can be no other feeling than that of great patriotic pride in the descendants of those whose traditions this Society has honored through its history. No month could be selected, gentlemen, better than this month for a meeting of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society. As you know, it is the great natal month in the history of two great patriots of our country, and marks two noted periods in its history.

We are retracing things a little, and I will take the privilege of referring first to the Father of our Country, whose anniversary we will be celebrating as a people within a few days. In referring to Washington you will remember that he went out at the close of one century, finished his work, did it well, and his memory is one of the great memories as well as one of the strong memories in the history of our people. Our forebears who were with him in defeat on the field of Brandywine, were with him in the winter of that year on the snowclad hills just a little distance from this city, so well known as Valley Forge. His day ended, and with the closing of that century there was a marked departure,—it was the end, almost, of the oldtime plantation aristocracy of our country, and Washington was careful, to some very minute points in observance, of that old plantation etiquette; but he was strong, he was courageous, and he was most true to his people.

It seems strange, however, that only a few years later, another great one was brought into existence, not in the eastern part of this country but in the middle-west. When Mr. Lincoln was called to the great work that he had to do, he came to his work qualified as a true and as a great American. When we think of what he was in comparison with the Father of his Country we don't place them together exactly but we place them in the time in which they lived. Lincoln was free, open, frank, patriotic to the extreme, but a man of wonderful heart, and that heart-beat lingers with us to this day. What did he do? He brought a change. It was more to introduce, indeed, true American democracy—the common rights of the common man. As an American understanding its history and

full of the spirit of true Americanism, in the short time he was in public service, he was able to accomplish the great purpose of his life the results of which have been handed down to us, and we are permitted to hand on to the generations following us. It was for him to mark a distinct epoch in our history. When we speak of him we think of the tiny lad on the prairies of Illinois, and his rugged early manhood, passing by the hated slave market in the streets of New Orleans, and again at the age of fifty-six, when in the full maturity of his powers and manhood, he at one stroke gave to the people of this country a new life in that it declared that so far as America was concerned—as with our mother country—human slavery should end—and it did. But that wasn't all. He thought of the importance of his work, and he leaned upon Divine help for the work that was committed to him. He passed on, and you will not forget, but many of you will recall the great speech he made at Gettysburg, when he dedicated that wonderful cemetery. On its July scorched fields was poured out the blood in solemn sacrifice for the saving of the country that Washington was instrumental in the making. But that wasn't all. We go farther. Our fathers were with Lincoln as our forbears were with Washington, and the same spirit has been carried down the line, and a few years ago around this table the songs—some of them we sang tonight—stirred every patriotic heart for the welfare of Christian civilization the world over,—when at one call ten millions of our young men answered, without police, without military intervention, came up, signed their names, and as they were called from time to time how splendidly they answered in the full spirit of their fathers and their grandfathers and their great grandfathers.

When we think of our people being able to cross the water, with millions of men, three thousand miles! For what? To stand by what our fathers believed in and what we surely believe in, standing by the principles that were for the welfare of the human race. The Allies,—and we have with us tonight a representative of one of the three particularly in whom we always have had deep interest—when we think of what was done by America then, we have no reason to have any fears

when the call comes for duty the world round, and we know and feel it will be answered as it always has been.

I consider it a privilege this evening to pay a compliment to a portion of our membership that has always stood not only by this Society but has stood for that which is best in the community and in the country. You are aware, gentlemen, that the first regiment, the Nineteenth Engineers, was the first full regiment, eleven hundred strong, that went out from Philadelphia, went out largely under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Railroad, whose presidents, and vice presidents, several of them, have occupied the position of President of this Society: and one of its Vice-Presidents who is with us tonight, was one of those who was across and gave his services on the other side. When we thought of those eleven hundred men going over and accomplishing what they did it was the hope of some of us tonight that we might be able to call to his feet, even though we be not favored with an address from him—General Atterbury—who was recognized on the other side, as well as on this side for his splended war service. (Applause.)

I must not take up your time further, gentlemen, but I feel so much interested in this matter that I took it upon myself to write to the Colonel of that regiment, whom I often met when he was training his men here for two months and quietly slipping them through between night and morning, when you people of Philadelphia hardly knew they were going. One of the officers of the postal department told me that as he was going to his work early one morning he was surprised at their tramp, tramp—no music, no orders, and looking around he found these fine young fellows on their onward march, to take what was coming to them, either on going across or when they reached the other side.

Now, gentlemen, it is my pleasure, as it will be the pleasure of all of you, to listen to one who has kindly come to us tonight to favor us with his views on whatever subject he has seen fit to select. It is interesting to us to have with us the Consul-General of Great Britain stationed at Philadelphia, Honorable Gerald Campbell, and we will now be glad to hear him. (Applause.)

HONORABLE GERALD CAMPBELL :

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN :—I should indeed be very thick-skinned if I did not appreciate very deeply your kind reception and your kind hospitality to me. It is said that in a certain part of the Emerald Isle the inhabitants are apt to live somewhat in the past, but a recent visit to Belfast, where I spent the morning in covering what seemed to me to be every inch of a square mile of Harland & Wolff's Shipyard, followed by a visit to the York Street Linen Mills, followed by a visit to Gallagher's tobacco factory, followed by an absolute refusal to go to any other plants, as I was tired out—I say, a recent visit to Belfast, and a subsequent short study of the history of Pennsylvania in particular and of the United States in general, convinced me that there are certain inhabitants of the Emerald Isle, coming from the north, who live in the present rather than the past; and I am sure you live in the present and not the past, otherwise I do not think that one who is half a Quaker should be talking to the Scotch-Irish. I think if you will forgive me for being a Quaker I will try to forgive you for not staging another Whiskey Insurrection. (Laughter.)

When I was about sixteen years of age I had some relations living in Philadelphia, and I used to write them occasionally, and as I addressed the envelope I dwelt with especial affection on the two letters at the end, Pa, and often I wondered what sort of an old gentleman he was. (Laughter.) I little knew that I should one day come here, and be here, and receive the answer when the census came out showing he had eight million seven hundred and twenty thousand children. that is *some* Pa., gentlemen. (Laughter.) I am not surprised that no mention is made of Ma. (Laughter.)

Well, I am very glad indeed to be stationed in Philadelphia, and with such enjoyable evenings as this I am perfectly certain that when the long march of the innumerable hours, coupled with an impatient government, causes me to move on or retire altogether, I shall have a very memorable cud to chew.

As far as I have gone at present it strikes me the two chief topics of conversation here are "help" and "humidity."

(Laughter.) Humidity, like the poor, is always with us. Help does not seem to be with us longer than it can help, and it doesn't help very much when it is there. (Laughter.) It is a great change to me to come from a country like Abyssinia to a country like America, talking about help, because there, when I was in charge of our Legation, I had, all together eighty servants. The number was chiefly due to the fact that they worked on the "one-man one-job" principle, but it was quite a business to tackle them all, and every Sunday morning had to be devoted to hearing their quarrels amongst each other. Still, one got on pretty well. It was very pleasant to go into the garden, because in spite of, or perhaps because of, the gardener's refusal to do any work, the flowers blossomed there more than in any other country of the world, I should think—lilies, roses, carnations, you simply dug them up and hacked them to pieces and planted them elsewhere and they grew in profusion. It was also pleasant, but rather more dangerous, to go into the kitchen, and one day the cook was found washing his feet in our pet saucepan. (Laughter.) Another day my wife went in and discovered him back of the range, and he was sucking the coffee out of our own coffee-pot. (Laughter.)

And yet it had its advantages, because we found that in a country which is traditionally Christian, and in which the mass of the population is really Moslem we could work a very good plan. You see, the Moslem will not eat what a Christian has killed, and the Christian will not touch what a Moslem has killed or cooked. So we worked it out. We had a Moslem cook and a Christian cookmate. The Christian killed the chicken, or the sheep, and so the Moslem would not eat it; and the Moslem cooked it so the cook would not eat it. (Laughter.)

The extraordinary result was—and I am sure that anybody in this country who has a colored cook will appreciate it—that the father and the mother of the house actually ate the food they paid for. (Laughter.)

Talking about cooks in Africa, I had one rather curious experience, at least it stumped me for the moment. I was

treking once across German East Africa and I had a cook with me that I had got in Nairobi, and an interpreter I got from a Protestant mission in Entebbe; and one evening I was going out to try a bit of shooting and I said to the cook, "Kill that sheep, and then if I don't bag anything we will have it for dinner." I didn't bag anything, and when I came back I told him to cook some of the sheep. He said, "You can't eat it." I asked, "Why?" "Because I gave it to that porter to kill, and he strangled it." "That is all right." "But you can't eat it." "Why?" "Aren't you a Christian?" he asked. "Yes," I replied. "Doesn't the Bible say you can't eat strangled meat?" "That refers to a country in the north, called Palestine," I answered, but he insisted, "No, it refers to all Christians." So, what could I do, but say "kill another chicken," and I walked back to my tent; but it rather stumped me for the moment.

Gentlemen, I have taken you too far across the earth and feel I ought to come back to the more absorbing topics of the day. I remember an acquaintance of mine who somehow got an Indian decoration. They wanted to give him a decoration, and thought an Indian decoration would do as well as any other. He had never been to India except to change steamers at Bombay, and had never carried any more of the "white man's burden" than to kick his furnace man downstairs somewhere in an apartment in New York; but he was called "a retired member of the diplomatic corps," and whenever he went to a banquet he wore this Indian decoration, and would get up and full of emotion or ice cream or red pepper or whatever it may have been, and would say, "Gentlemen, you are surely awaiting a pronouncement from me on the affairs of India, and I can say 'All is well with that great Empire.'" (Laughter.) Well, gentlemen, I feel that I know at the present time about as much of the world in general as that man knew about India, but unfortunately I can only say, "All is not well with the world in general." The only satisfaction about all this noise we hear is that there *is* noise, because I feel that if the Germans had won there would have been silence, the silence of despair.

The world does seem all upside down. It is on a large

scale, perhaps, what happened in a nursery not long ago, when a mother came in from paying a visit and heard squeals upstairs and went up and found her family of young children stark naked and all crying except one who was munching an apple, and he had a white sheet about him. She said, "What is the matter?" One of them said, "We are playing the Garden of Eden." And she said, "Well, what are you crying about?" And the little fellow said, "Why, Charles is Adam and I am Eve." And the mother said, "Well, what is that to cry about?" And he said, "Well, God is eating the apple." (Laughter.)

Well, gentlemen, I think that what perhaps is wrong with the world is, to quote a book, that "everybody is lonely." There are no two countries, really, wandering about arm in arm now. Some have their arms a little bit opened toward others, and others may have their arms a little bit opened toward theirs, but they don't actually take those arms; and that affords a wonderful soil for German propaganda. I do hate that word "propaganda;" it is a war word, like "Hun" and "Boche" and everything else like them, but the Germans are pouring out just volumes of poison gas, as they did during the war, and that poison gas is even now penetrating almost everywhere, and the wind seems favorable to it almost every day.

Well, who is to stop that? I think it is the moderate men of the world. And how can they stop it? By making a noise themselves. Some of them seem to be swallowing the poison gas—but they soon cough it up; and the only trouble, to my mind, is that they do not cough it out loud enough.

Cannot, then, the moderate men of the old and the new world start a campaign against all these agitators, these hot-air fiends? At the beginning of the war the German propaganda almost held its own. We hadn't tumbled to it. As the war went on we beat them at their own game; but now that we are all tired of silly nonsense of that sort they seem to be regaining the supremacy.

When the war broke out I happened to be in Italy, and there I saw evidences of the way the German propaganda worked. Italy had nobly declared that she would not go in

on the side of Germany and Austria. I know that the German Ambassador, walking up and down outside the Consulate at Rome, was absolutely livid with rage, when the Italian Foreign Secretary came and dared state they would not join with Germany. However, what was written in the press was almost more favorable to the Germans than to the Allies, although the press joined in advocating that the Government should not go in with the Germans. To take two instances; there was one steamer that had on it a great amount of cargo that had been taken off of Austrian ships which had fled into Spanish ports when the war broke out. That steamer was watched because it was known that that cargo was destined for Austrian ports. And the French could not get hold of that steamer until she was actually within Italian territorial waters. They got hold of her, but the outcry raised in the press was something enormous. You would have almost thought Italy would go in with the Germans after all. A few days later someone, who happened to be looking after shipments to Austria in the Northern Adriatic and across the Italian-Austrian frontier, heard that two trainloads of German freight wagons had come into Venice. Now, this was an extraordinary thing, because the Germans were not allowing their trucks to leave Germany. They were getting Italian trucks into Germany, and sticking to them as much as they could; but here were two train loads of trucks, labeled "Berlin," coming through to Venice. So he got a man, who was working for him, on to this and he went down to the dock when these trucks were being unloaded. They were full of barrels of beer bound for Tripoli. As you remember, the Italians had just fought the Turks, shortly before the great war broke out, and had taken over Tripoli but had a great deal of trouble with the Arabs, who were attacking them, and had practically forced them to the coast. The man looked at these barrels of beer, and at the longshoremen wheeling them along, and said, "Why don't you tap one and take a drink?" And he tapped it, and only dirty water came, and he spat it out. The man got hold of one of the custom inspectors and said, "open this barrel." He opened it and found, outside, some dirty water, and inside a cylinder, and in this cylinder

he found six rifles and one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition. So, there were two train loads of barrels, each containing six rifles and one hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition, being sent to the Arabs in Tripoli, to arm them against Italy, even before Italy had gone into the war against Germany. And hardly a word of that got into the papers, and there was very little criticism made publicly of this stab in the back from official friends.

I only give you those instances to show you how German propaganda works—and in spite of that Italy stood strong and helped France and the other Allies to win the war; and I feel now if the world would stand strong in the same way, that we could work together and win through.

Gentlemen, don't let us forget that, that everybody is lonely. Let us be sympathetic one to another, not suspicious. Let us join arms and walk together toward the better times which must come if the world is to be safe for our children and for civilization. Thank you, gentlemen. (Prolonged Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:—Gentlemen, it has been our custom to have with us a representative of the pulpit, on every anniversary occasion. This evening we have with us the son of one of the ablest ministers of Philadelphia, who some thirty years or more ago was recognized as one of the strongest pulpit men in the city and throughout the country. There are some of us here who remember him, heard some of his sermons; and it is a great pleasure this evening for us to have with us the son of that man, who, himself, has made good and stands among the members of his profession and before our city and the country strong even as his father. All this talk about the sons of preachers, gentlemen—it will be dissipated when you hear our good friend, Doctor Wadsworth.

REVEREND CHARLES WADSWORTH, JR. D.D.:

MR. PRESIDENT, AND MEMBERS OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—Mark Twain once told a company of Britons that he had discovered a passage in the Bible that referred unmistakably to the English: "Blessed are the meek for they shall in-

herit the earth." (Laughter.) Encouraged by his success I thought I would see if I could find a passage in the Bible that referred to the Scotch-Irish; and I thought I had found it in Macpelah "the cave of MacPelah," which Abraham bought as a sepulchre for his wife. The name MacPelah had the right burr, although perhaps it would hardly seem appropriate that a passage mentioning a sepulchre should refer to so live a race; on the other hand it might be argued that a sepulchre would not be far off from where the Scotch-Irish had been at work. (Laughter.) I threw that passage aside and looked for another—until I came to the verse in the Psalms "Blessed be the Lord, my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight." And I felt, as the children say, that I was "getting warm." I do not mean to suggest that the Scotch-Irish are pugnacious. Not at all. Pugnacity is the quality exhibited by the Irishman and his wife who were arrested while fighting, and were hailed into court, not once but many times. The judge said one day, "Pat, this is the tenth time you and your wife have been brought in here; and look at you, the eyes of both of you are blackened. What is the matter with you? Can't you live together happily, without fighting?" "No, your Honor," said Pat, "not happily." (Laughter.) That is pugnacity. I don't regard that as a Scotch-Irish quality. Rather my idea is that the Scotch-Irish have a positive character and an intense temperament. They intensify, they add intensity to what they do.

A teacher was explaining to his class how a preposition adds intensity to the meaning of the verb to which it is attached, and by way of illustration, he said, "John, you recite. We will take a verb, the Latin verb *cavo*, which means 'to hollow out,' and if we put the preposition *ex* before it, what will that do?" John said, "Intensify its meaning." The teacher said, "Now, we have *cavo*, meaning to hollow out, and we add the preposition to intensify its meaning; what does *ex cavo* mean?" He said, "It means to hollow out louder." (Laughter.)

That is my idea about the Scotch-Irish, not that they are pugnacious, but they "hollow out louder." (Laughter.)

I don't suppose any of us are pugnacious today. All of us,

in a certain sense, are pacifists. I say "in a certain sense"—that is, we are pacifists of a certain sort, all pacifists to the extent of hating war, and desiring, that war should be abolished, and that everything short of surrendering the independence of this republic and betraying its Constitution should be done to secure that result. (Applause.) That is the sort of pacifists I hope we all are. There are other sorts of pacifists, which I believe the Scotch-Irish are not. Some pacifists remind me of the freshman in college, in the history class. The professor said, "When did the Civil War end?" This particular freshman, in his ignorance, said, "It ended in 1862." The professor said, "You are very kindhearted. By making it end in 1862 you saved the country two years of bloodshed and horror." (Laughter.) Some pacifists in their ignorance of history and human nature make war end years before it is possible. I hope none of the Scotch-Irish will ever be pacifists of the ignorant, of the imbecile sort; that they will never be pacifists of the sort that is too proud to fight, when the Boches cast American women and children into the ocean! (Applause.)

I think I have said enough to convince you that I intended to be complimentary to the Scotch-Irish, when I picked out as referring to them the verse "Blessed be the Lord my strength which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight." There are times, tragical times, when nothing but fighting will save civilization and the kingdom of humanity; and when such tragical times arise I should expect the Scotch-Irish to be true to their intense temperament and their positive character, maintain their traditions, and give a good account of themselves. I should never expect them to conduct themselves as that dilettante conducted himself, though he described it as a work of heroism. He said, "Yes, I saved a woman's life to-day." Someone said, "Let us have the story." He said, "It was out on the wharf, and a woman fell in the water who could not swim; and as she was sinking for the third and last time I came on the scene." He paused for dramatic effect. A listener said, "What did you do?" He replied proudly, "I shrieked for help, and it came." (Laughter.)

It took more than theoretic idealists, shrieking for help, to

achieve what your ancestors and my ancestors accomplished on this continent. This jungle was not overcome, the wilderness was not made to blossom like a rose by the slothful, the idle and the imbecile. The foundations of this country were not laid broad and deep by men and women who did as little as possible, keeping their eyes on the clock, and whose main idea was stopping work.

I heard the other day of a horse dealer who wanted to sell a horse; and the customer said to him, "I don't care anything for speed; what I want is something perfectly safe, that my wife can drive." The horse dealer said, "Well, this is just the horse for you. He is not afraid of anything." The customer didn't seem to be satisfied, and he kept repeating the question, "Are you positively sure he is not afraid of anything?" After he had repeated that question six times, the horse dealer grew a little reminiscent, and he said, "Well, to be perfectly frank with you, he *is* afraid of something. I do recall that he seemed to be scared to death lest somebody should say 'Whoa' and he would not hear it." (Laughter.) Some labor seems to be scared to death lest the closing whistle should blow and they not hear it. Such a degenerate spirit never overcame the wilderness, never built up an empire in the jungle. To accomplish that it took courage and energy and industry and perseverance and promptness. It took the positive character and the intense temperament which I am eulogizing. All the great works which have benefitted humanity were done and could only have been done by brave men, strong men, who rejoiced to run a race, girded up their loins and when stern necessity required, took their swords also, exclaiming, "Blessed be the Lord, my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight." (Applause.)

This spirit, which has been in the Scotch-Irish, and in every virile race, is just as essential today as in the past, for at such a time as this, nothing but perseverance, courage, promptness, energy, determination, will save the treasures of civilization. It is a critical time, in which those treasures are threatened. Insidious attacks are being made; violent assaults are being planned; treachery is at work. Difficulties are multiplied and dangers are near at hand. Like our ancestors, we today face

a jungle, that must be reclaimed; and there are savages in the jungle confronting us just as there were savages in the jungle confronting them. Savages who would destroy civilization and society, and who must be exterminated if any ordered life—any kingdom of humanity is to endure. There are, so to speak, different tribes of these savages. For example, there is the tribe of *Revolutionists*. They are ambushed, sometimes as socialists, sometimes in professors' chairs, sometimes in teachers' positions, or in editors' sanctums, sometimes as politicians, agitators, demagogues, sometimes as dilettante radicals in the drawing rooms and even in pulpits. They shoot their poisoned arrows. They prowl through hidden trails in the complexities of modern life, biding their time; and, whenever they get the chance, they smite civilization down in the chaos of some Bolshevist horror. This is one of the tribes of savages in the jungle of life today.

Another is the tribe of *savage capitalists*. I believe in capital. I believe in capitalists—I am not talking about civilized capitalists, I am talking about the savages of capital. Do I need to describe them?—utterly selfish, cruel, crafty, materialistic brutes, without regard for justice, the gorillas of the business world, who, without compunction, grind human life into the mire in order to increase their booty. They are the Iroquois in the jungle of life today.

Another tribe are the *savages of labor*. I believe in labor, and I am on the side of labor for justice. I am not talking about civilized labor. I am talking about the savages of labor. Do I need to describe them?—brawling, inefficient, with bombs and bludgeons in their hands, rioting, destroying buildings, destroying homes, mobbing, assaulting, murdering men and women who desire to work, criminals organized for raiding—they are the Apaches in the jungle of life today, whose hideous war whoops of infernal violence is familiar in every community whenever there is a strike.

If these savages would only fall upon each other in the jungle and exterminate each other, what a happy solution of economic problems it would be! If the Iroquois of capital and the Apaches of labor would only take each other by the throat and beat each other into "innocuous desuetude," society would

be immeasurably benefitted. But they do not do that. They have their battle with each other, but like all savages they postpone those quarrels whenever there is an opportunity to combine their forces and make a combined assault on the unorganized community. They pool their issues to raid the public. That is another piece of work imperatively needing to be done today—to *protect the public*. The public is not organized, so it is fair game. It reminds me of the story they tell about a minister who went to a new parish, whose trustees thought they had better explain to him some delicate features of the situation. They said, "You know, we like to have sin denounced in this church, and attacked here; but you must be careful in regard to a few particulars—don't say anything about the liquor business—one of our most liberal supporters is in that business. And don't say anything about young ladies smoking cigarettes; it might create a little strained feeling in some of the homes." And they went on with the usual line of talk, until he became bewildered and asked, "What can I preach against in this pulpit?" The trustees said, "Preach against the Jews, they have no friends in this parish." (Laughter.) The public is not organized and has no friends in the parish. It is a juicy orange to be squeezed, and these savages in the jungle all make their forays upon it, taking from it their plunder. When I think of the way the public is exploited I am reminded of that flamboyant Irishman who said, "They will cut the wool from the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry." (Laughter.)

There are priceless treasures that need to be defended today. Liberty is menaced, being on the one hand undermined by socialistic activities of government, encroaching on the freedom of the individual; and on the other hand assassinated by the mob spirit. A hooligan went down a crowded street swinging his arms in vulgar exhilaration. In one of his wild flings, he hit a passerby in the face, who called him to account, "What is the matter with you?" cried the hoodlum, "Aint I I got a right to swing my arms? Aint this a free country? I have some liberty." "I will have you understand" retorted the victim, "that your liberty ends right where my nose begins." (Laughter.)

Two inestimable national treasures need to be defended today—the Independence of America and the Constitution of the United States. They hung in the balance for months, and the wonder is they are not in the scrap heaps at the present moment. A new danger seems to menace them now. There are some who are trying to use the United States as a cats-paw. There are citizens of this Republic who are moving heaven and earth to embroil it with Great Britain. Ignoring their obligations, as citizens of this Country, while sheltering themselves under its flag and on its soil, they are actively campaigning against a friendly nation with whom we are at peace, doing everything they can, directly and indirectly, to cajole or entrap this republic to extend support to their ruction. In our great cities they have rioted, smashed buildings, because the flag of Great Britain, our great Ally, was displayed with the flag of our other great Ally, France; and they have broken up meetings that were held to celebrate the Tricentenary of the landing of the pilgrims because noted English guests were among the speakers.

Individuals who do such things show themselves utterly unfit for citizenship in this republic. America has absolutely no business to interfere with the internal affairs of Great Britain. (Applause.) It would be the culmination of impudence and hypocrisy for America to say to Great Britain, "Let me pluck the mote out of thine eye." America does not say that. A few academic Pharisees may say it, a mob of unruly trouble-makers may say it, some politicians playing for votes may say it, but the rank and file of American citizenship does not say it, and it is time the truth were officially proclaimed that any citizens of this country, who, while sheltering themselves under its flag, wage rebellion against a friendly power with whom we are at peace, are as much enemies of the United States as they are of that other nation. (Applause.)

The independence of the United States needs to be asserted and protected against the effrontery of those who seek to appropriate this Republic as their private donkey, harness it to their private apple cart, and make it pull their private wares to market. A great program confronts us, one calling for the best brains, the bravest hearts, the strongest wills. Things

must be done, done promptly, done thoroughly, and done right, and in such a time as this, I thank God for all virile individuals and virile races having positive character and intense temperament, who if the necessity arises will spring into the breach, saying "Blessed be the Lord, my strength, which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight."

I have not a drop of Scotch-Irish blood in my veins, being purely New England for eight generations and pure Old England for centuries before that; so no one can suspect me of flattery when I say, that at such a time as this, when multiplied difficulties must be grappled with, when the savages must be withstood, and the treasures of civilization defended against the violent and the treacherous, I thank God for the Scotch-Irish. We shall be safer in the crisis because their virile type will be at hand as emergencies arise. May they be true to their positive character and their intense temperament, and may they show themselves worthy of their great history and maintain their fine traditions. May they play the part in this strenuous generation, that their ancestors played in the past, reclaiming jungles, repulsing savages, defending the treasures of humanity, and handing down to those who follow us the birthright of American liberty and American independence which the forefathers handed down to us. (Prolonged applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:—Gentlemen, since we gathered a year ago, one of the strong men of our Association, one of its organizers, one always interested in everything relating to our stock, has been called to his rest, and we are to have the privilege of hearing a minute upon this distinguished citizen from the Ex-Chief Justice of our State, one of his life-long friends, who has kindly come to us this evening to read the minute on this distinguished member of our Society—Mr. Chief Justice Brown. (Applause.)

MR. CHIEF JUSTICE BROWN:—At the request of your Council, Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania, I have prepared a minute on the late Justice Stewart of the Supreme Court of the State, and, having been

asked to read it, may I with your permission do so as if for the moment I was one of your number.

John Stewart, who joined this Society at the time of its organization, in 1890, died November 25, 1920, and, as it is fitting that we give expression to our high esteem of him, I move that the following minute be adopted:

“John Stewart was born at Shippensburg, this State, November 4, 1839, and all through his long, useful and distinguished career his great and abiding pride up to the time of his death was in the sturdy Scotch-Irish blood of his forebears. He grew to manhood in the Scotch-Irish environment of the Cumberland Valley, and his ideals in religion, education and civil government were the men of Ulster. No one knew better than he what they had done for the Commonwealth in becoming settlers within it. After graduating from Princeton College, in 1857, he pursued a course of legal studies and entered upon a successful professional career. Though singularly devoted to the law, he took an active interest in affairs of state up to the time he assumed judicial office. His first service to the public was as a soldier in the Army of the Union, well nigh sixty years ago. In 1873 he was a member of the convention which framed the present constitution of the State, and, though one of the youngest in it, he ranked in ability with the oldest. Later he was elected a State Senator from his district, and, as a wise and faithful legislator, he commanded universal confidence and respect. Though born for forensic contests, he abandoned them forever in 1888, when he began a judicial career as president judge of his county, and, at the time of his death, nearly thirty-three years later, he was still a priest in a Temple of Justice. For more than fifteen years his learning, uprightness and courage adorned the highest Court in the Commonwealth, and his surviving colleagues on that tribunal, in giving utterance to their bereavement in his death, but voiced the general feeling when they said of him, “A Prince in Israel has fallen.”

Judge Stewart was greatly interested in this Society, and regularly attended its annual dinners. He was second vice president in 1898, first vice president in 1899, and president in

1900. Through all his lengthened days and in all that he did he exemplified the most exalted manhood. He was faithful to every trust. His scholarship was ripe, his learning profound, and his character of the highest type. He was a Christian gentleman, with humble and childlike faith in the God of his fathers. We shall cherish his memory as one whom we loved to meet, and that those who follow us may know what manner of man he was, this minute is placed upon our records."

The minute was adopted by a rising vote.

THE PRESIDENT:

We are greatly indebted to the Chief Justice for preparing and presenting this noble minute to Justice Stewart. It will take its place on the records of our Society with our tributes to others of our distinguished men who have passed before, members of this Association standing for the principles that our fathers stood for through all these generations.

Gentlemen:—We have with us from the western part of the State a gentleman whom we should most highly appreciate this evening. We are so glad that he is with us, and that we are with him—on the outside, and we hope that there will be none of us that will be with him on the inside; however, he may be able to, and doubtless will, give us some rather interesting incidents, and also impress upon us the importance of the great trust that is committed to him as the Warden of the Western Penitentiary of the State. I have the honor of introducing Honorable John Francies.

MR. JOHN FRANCES:

I came here this evening to make your acquaintance, and deem it a very great privilege and honor to be permitted to meet and mingle with you, but I feel at home. (Laughter.)

It is a great thing to be a warden. Two years ago, after a sickness, I went to Florida and was gone for some time, and I suppose it was five or six weeks before I got back to visit the Center County institution. (I divide my time between Pittsburgh and Bellefont, and the rest of the time I work.) I had

gone up into the mountains and looked over some of the stock, looked over some of the six thousand acres of land that we have, and came down and said to the boy who was running the automobile, "Now, you run up the road and go back to the hospital, and I will go over in this little nursery and then walk up and get an appetite for supper." In due course of time I started up, and I came to a new guard, a brand new man—he stood about six feet, almost as tall as the deputy who had employed him—I had never met him, and he said, "Where is your pass." I said, "I have none." "Well," he said, "you know you can't go on these grounds after four o'clock without a pass." "I said, "I haven't got a pass and I want to go on the back road, and it is a long distance around." "Well," he said, "I didn't make the roads in this part of the country, and am not responsible for them." "Yes," I said, "I know but I work here." He said, "where is your badge?" I said, "I haven't got that with me." "Then," he said, "I have been fairly patient with you. Now, the best thing for you to do is to roll your hoop." (Laughter.) And, you know, he moved over to me just like he meant it. (Laughter.) I said, "But wait! What would you say if I would tell you I was the warden?" He said, "The what?" I said, "The warden." "What would I say?" I said, "Yes." He said, "I would say that you were the damnedest liar I ever met.." (Laughter.) And then turning square around and looking me in the eye, with his mind still intent upon the deputy warden, who stands 'way over six feet, with gold braid and all, he looked at me and said, "You would make one hell of a looking warden." (Laughter.)

Gentlemen I was just testing you out, that is all. You are all right. You know I don't know much about you Scotch-Irish people. (of course the country I came from has no Irish in it) look at my face and you will know it. But I was just testing you out, and it put me in mind of a story that the Attorney-General stole from me the other day and took down to Pittsburgh and made work, it was of a man who was shipwrecked and thrown up on a South Sea Island. He knew there were cannibals there; he knew it well. He was vomited up on the shore and for two days and two nights he lay there

wondering whether he would eat or be eaten. (Laughter.) At last hunger drove him and he crawled along on his hands and knees, and in the distance there was a thin wisp of smoke, and he waited until it was dark and he kept on crawling. Then he distinguished that there were lights in the house—it was a habitation of some kind, and he kept on creeping toward it. At last he stopped because he was almost at the house, and he listened, wondering what would be the end, when suddenly he heard a voice saying, “Why in the hell did you trump that ace?” He got down on his knees again and said, “Thank God, they are Christians.” (Laughter.)

In the year 1909, I was elected Warden of the Western Penitentiary. I had had a little experience with criminals, commencing in 1891—I was the tenth warden in almost a hundred years. I found that the prisons of the day were conducted along the same lines as were the canal boat and ox cart. I found that Pennsylvania was sustaining a system absolutely and positively criminal. The tortures of the Aztecs were mild in comparison with the system that you maintained in Pennsylvania. You have a system in this Commonwealth whereby men are ruined mentally, morally and physically while they are being detained, in the interest of the public and restrained from practicing their arts on society. You have a perfect right to imprison a man who violates the law, but you have no right to ruin him mentally, morally and physically. And it is my unpleasant duty to sign from day to day petitions to the different courts in the Commonwealth asking them to appoint commissions to examine into the sanity of men who have been sent to prison and have gone insane because of the fact that they are not permitted to even work. If a man fails to earn a living on the outside he is jugged, and if the warden makes him work on the inside he has to serve time too.

I made up my mind there was only one thing to do, and that was to do something; but it took a long time for the theory to eventually evolve. You know, there are some of us Irish who do not think as quickly as others. But at last I got the idea into my head that it might be possible to establish a prison farm, and I went to see one of the ablest Irish gentle-

men in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania; and after I had unfolded my scheme to him he kindly arose and asked me to leave his house and come back some time when I "came to." And looking back on what occurred, I am surprised that they did not appoint a commission. Wherever I went it seemed it was impossible to find any sympathy with my idea, but at last I went to a man with the kindest smile, the gentlest voice, and the sweetest disposition—and that was the Governor of Pennsylvania, Hon. Edward S. Stuart. (Applause.) And I laid my proposition before him and he said, "I will let you write a little piece of my farewell speech to the Senate and House." Isn't that right, Governor? (Laughter.) And I did, and that is the only part of his message he didn't want to think about. It was startling. When I went down to the Pennsylvania Legislature and told the truth. You know, I used to be a member of that body, and you know it was so surprising when I told the real truth that they passed my bill by a unanimous vote, along with the other one providing for their salaries. (Laughter.) It went through. And, when it comes to carrying dynamite and doing something that is unpleasant you are always willing to "let George do it," and the Governor and the Board of Inspectors gave me three hundred thousand dollars—that is, on paper, you know. That is, they said "You can spend it," but they kept it. (Laughter.)

I went out and bought six thousand acres of land; and if you want to see a farm that is operated just exactly like a farm ought not to be operated, come up and see ours. (Laughter.) Why, we have got today one hundred and thirty one horses, and colts, and over a hundred head of cattle, on the Fourth of July in 1912, I had the pleasure of opening up for business—another criminal and myself did the opening. (Laughter.) I can remember that man when we went up there. We started up, and at Tyrone I said, "William" was all right. He choose between politics and something else, (laughter) and the last reception he held was in Wylie Avenue; he had snuffed cocaine three or four times, so he took a crowbar out and opened up a store, and was just loading the cash register on a wheelbarrow when some unsuspecting cop happened to be awake. (Laughter.) Therefore William and

myself opened the place. No person had any confidence in it, and I don't know that I had so very much myself as I drew near the proposition. I said to him, after we had worked the first day, "If you go back and turn to the left (instead of right into that house we are getting ready to occupy), and go down, you will find a creek and you can fish, but don't waken me when you come back." So William left. And the sweetest music I ever hear in my life was the footsteps of William when he returned. I knew that in the Providence of God it was a success. I asked him what he got, the next morning, and he said "Nothing but a wetting." He had fallen in—which is about as much as most fisherman get. (Laughter.) But Pennsylvania today has a tremendous institution at Rockview. A hundred and ten thousand dollars worth of production was taken off it the year before last. We had discharged twenty-five hundred men from it and the percentage that has come back is so small that it is not worth while considering, while we discharge them from the Pittsburgh institution and and they are in and out the same as a shuttle in a weaver's loom. That is the difference between the two places. (Applause.)

Now, I have just another word to say to you, and then I am through. The highest type of man or woman in this whole world is a Christian. The lowest type is a hypocrite. There is no lie so mean as one that contains just a little truth. It is so dangerous! There are men and women, and institutions, in Pennsylvania who are giving their lives, their money, their time, to uplift work, to the betterment of civilization and humanity in general; and to them my hat is off. But I am here to protest, violently protest against the "faking uplifters" who, like barnacles, are feeding on society. I consider them so low in the scale of humanity that it would "require a special dispensation of Almighty God to raise them to the level of total degradation." (Laughter.)

You know, sometimes when I look around I feel that if I had my life to live over again I would scarcely work for a living (laughter); I would be a "faking lifter." With a nice necktie and a clean shirt, and a sob in my voice and a tear in eye I would open a jackpot with prayer. Let me cite

an instance: There was a theory out in Colorado that there were men who left prisons—and if they just had a little assistance, if you would just put your hand up to their back and just steady them a little that they would likely succeed in life; and so a lot of good men and good women handed over their earnings. They spent forty two hundred dollars uplifting ex-convicts, and it cost them over ten thousand dollars to spend the forty two hundred. Any uplifter who expects, or receives, money for his services is, to my mind, on the high road to suspicion. A lot of men fail to understand that it requires more brains to properly distribute their money than it does to earn it. Every time that you give a dollar to an undeserving human being you are doing that human being and society an injury.

I know of no more fertile field than the uplift business. Oh, what a chance there is today. Why, the opportunities are limitless. They come at you from every quarter. They hand it to you, and they plead with you to take it—sort of a conscience-fund, you know. Yes. Understand I am not speaking against the honest uplifters—God bless them—but I do believe that on the statute books of Pennsylvania there should be an act providing that every institution, and every individual who solicits money for uplift purposes, should be compelled to keep a set of books, and they should state from whom they collected money and how they expended it; and their books should be open to the banking department the same as a building and loan association and a banking institution books are. (Applause.)

Yes, the money comes in, lots of it. Some good and some not so good. Let us take, for instance, a rich man who acquired his money dishonestly, and is on his death bed. Here is where the gentleman with the nice necktie and the smile and the glad hand comes in. His doctor tells him—(oh, an eminent physician)—to put his affairs in order, as later on he will not have the opportunity. He says, “You are not going to get better; you are not going to live.” The rich man says, “Am I going to die?” And the doctor says, “Yes, you had better send for your preacher.” “Oh, no, first my lawyer.” It is not time for the preacher yet. And the lawyer comes—(a great constitutional lawyer) (laughter)—the nearer he

approaches the house the more he realizes that this is a sad occasion, for he is only going to get one more crack at his victim. He enters and stands at the bedside of the man who is moving out to Eternity—but he doesn't need the preacher yet, that will be later on—a lot of people think they need the preacher only to baptise and bury, and act as though they wanted to starve him to death, as though they think the preacher ought to eat nothing and chew it well, and in warm weather wear nothing, and pay his debts. (Laughter.) And this eminent lawyer looks at his client and he realizes that his client is soon to move on, and he says, "Well, how is it?" And the rich man says, "Do you know, Mr. Lawyer, I am afraid I am in a hell of a fix. You helped me to lie and cheat and steal, and acquire all this vast amount of money I have inside the law." (Laughter.) "I have placed implicit confidence in you, and never once did you go wrong; but you have got to get me out of this hole." And that great lawyer looks at him and says, "Yes, I have stood by you and always will, as long as you can put up a good, fat fee. Yes sir, and I have helped you stay inside the law and yet acquire what didn't belong to you, but you are going before a court, and I never practiced at that bar; (laughter) and they do tell me there is no pull there, and there is no influence, and it is a Supreme Court; and they don't disagree—there is only One on the bench, only One! Now, I will tell you, I have helped you to do a lot of mean things, but we will try the meanest trick of all—we will attempt to bribe God. Just insert in your will, 'I hereby will and bequeath the sum of fifty thousand dollars to be given to the Sob Society to be used for the protection of the finer sensibilities and feelings of packed sardines.'" And they take that fifty thousand dollars and they throw it in the face of Almighty God the same as you throw a bone in the mouth of a barking dog, to shut it up. Why he had better save his fifty thousand dollars and buy asbestos suits. (Laughter and applause.)

MR. BAYARD HENRY:

Mr. Patterson, I have been instructed by our retiring Secretary to present to you a wooden spoon. We all know you are an eminent lawyer, and we all know that at times lawyers have

to put up with a wooden spoon. This is a wooden spoon, a Scotch-Irish spoon, with the red hand of Ulster; and we are sure you will never dishonor it. (Applause.)

MR. PATTERSON :

MR. HENRY, MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY:—I know of no member of this Society from whom I would rather have this handed me on the part of the Society than from Mr. Henry. He is known to this Society as a past-master in handing out the spoon. But it is not that alone, gentlemen—I will let you into a little state secret: For several weeks I have been under the almost daily grill and control of Mr. Henry and a few of his associates preparing for this great event, and now it has come to me, and his name even suggests to me—his name, Henry, suggests to me something that possibly some of the older members of this Society may recall of hearing in the days of their youth. While reference was made by Doctor Wadsworth to the duties of Americans, my mind went back to something I caught the other day with regard to Mr. Clay when Kossuth was visiting this country, and when he paid the old Senator a visit in the last days of his life. Mr. Clay simply remarked, to that distinguished patriot of Hungary, “You had better let us alone. It will be for the good of Hungary if we let you alone.” And of that distinguished patriot—I remember in my childhood of hearing lines from one of the campaign songs, that was sung in his honor, “Oh, Henry Clay is a man of the west, hurrah for Henry Clay. We will give him a touch of the same old tune, we will give him a sight of the same old coon, we will meet him again by the light of the moon, hurrah for Henry Clay.” (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT :

Gentlemen, it is my privilege to introduce to you, from a sister state, one who will give us some ideas of Jersey justice; and I think he may be able to tell us something about “Jersey lightning.” We shall be most delighted to hear from Judge Wells, a member of the Judiciary of New Jersey. (Applause.)

HONORABLE HAROLD B. WELLS:

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—What the warden has just said about lawyers, reminded me of that Scotch-Irish lawyer who lived in Burlington County, New Jersey, a number of years ago and of whom it was said that the first case he had was defending a man for stealing a horse. After listening to the story of the horse thief, the lawyer said: "If you tell that story on the witness stand I am satisfied that you will be convicted. Yours is the first case that has come to my office, after watchfully waiting for many months and I should certainly like to win my first case. It would be a great feather in my cap. I can see only one way out of the difficulty. You have got to be crazy. Now whenever a question is asked you, whether by the judge, the prosecuting attorney or myself, I want you to say in reply, 'hoo-hoo.'" The case came on for trial, the jury was in the box the judge was on the bench, the state presented a strong case against the defendant. The defendant took the witness stand in his own behalf and the judge questioned him as follows: "What is your name?" "Hoo-hoo." "Where do you live?" "Hoo-hoo." "Did you steal this horse?" "Hoo-hoo." "Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "this man is clearly insane and I direct that you shall acquit him on the ground of insanity." The horse thief and his lawyer walked out of the court room, arm in arm, over to the lawyer's office and the lawyer said to him, "You were in a bad fix, you were up against a long term in state's prison, but through my skill and cleverness in the conception and conduct of your defence, you were acquitted and you can just give me a fee of \$50." and the horse thief said, "Hoo-hoo."

After partaking of this splendid banquet, the like of which we do not often have in New Jersey, and after listening to these learned addresses, the like of which you do not hear anywhere, I was tempted in the language of the horse thief to say to you "Hoo-hoo" and strike for home and the country town of Bordentown, and I suggested to my friend, Mr. Owen Roberts, sitting at my right, that I would do this very thing and he replied, "It can't be done;" and that reminded me of that man

who before the days of prohibition had partaken of certain liquid refreshment of a potentiality greater than one half of one per cent, and as he was wending his way home, he found it convenient to fondly embrace a lamp post. As he was hanging to it, he looked across the street and saw a moving picture house, and across the front of it in large electric letters were these words, "Home Sweet Home in five reels," and he said, "Hell, it can't be done." I, therefore, evidently am compelled to stagger through this speech.

Things have been coming my way lately and by that I do not mean fees, receiverships, offices or honors, but compliments, and, after all, as we go down life's pike, what is more inspiring and exhilarating than a slap on the back, a hearty shake of the hand with a God speed as we go on our way, carrying the burden in the heat of the day. My first compliment happened as follows: Judge Gnitchtel was the president of the State Bar Association of New Jersey and attended the annual banquet of the Burlington County Bar Association, at which I was making a very learned speech on a subject of great importance to the welfare of the nation. I do not remember what it was, but I was probing into the very depths of the subject. Judge Gnitchtel met me in Trenton a couple of weeks later and said; "You are just the man I am looking for. On June 15th the State Bar Association holds its annual dinner at the Hotel Chelsea in Atlantic City. We expect to have as speakers on that occasion a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania, the governor of the State of New Jersey, Prof. Wigmore, who has written 'Wigmore on Evidence,' and Mahlon Pitney, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. These men are all brainy men and brainy men are apt to be heavy. We want you to speak. We want something light." (Laughter.) Wasn't that a fine compliment? That if you cannot be a heavyweight, you can at least be a lightweight. I remember learning a poem when I was a young man which illustrates this idea:

"If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet
Rocking on the highest billows
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can stand among the sailors

Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boat away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
As the multitudes go by.
You can chant in happy measure
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true;
If where fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do,
When the battle field is silent
You can go with silent tread,
You can bear away the wounded
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do,
Fortune is a lazy goddess
She will never come to you.
Go and work in any vineyard
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor
You can find it anywhere.

My second compliment occurred in the little town of Rock-away in Morris County, on a Decoration Day. I had been invited to make a speech there and I was met at the depot by the mayor of the town and driven in the carriage of state to the scene of festivities, where I was delivered of my oration, much to my relief and to the relief of the audience. After the speech I was permitted to ride away in the self-same carriage, with the self-same mayor and he paid me this compliment. He said, "Well, that was a good speech you made and I want to tell you something, when I first saw you, I did not expect much." You must remember at that time I was a member of the Legislature of the State of New Jersey, and to think that you could obtain more from a member of the Legislature than was expected was really a great compliment. (Laughter.)

It is fine to say nice things about people while they are alive. One ounce of taffy is worth more than a ton of epitaphy and a five-cent bunch of dandelions, by whatever name called,

placed in a live hand is a far better gift than a fifty-dollar wreath of forget-me-nots strewn over a dead body.

I had planned to prepare and deliver a great speech here this evening, I was going to trace the pedigree of the Scotch-Irish from Adam down to the present day and to cluster all the great names and events in history around the Scotch-Irish Race.

During the world's war there was a negro fighting in one of the front line trenches and he became panic stricken and began to run. He ran as far as he could from the front until someone yelled "Halt," and he halted, and this individual said, "Where were you going and what are you doing?" and he said, "Boss, I'se been fightin' in the front line trenches and the bullets got a whizzin' so fast and the shrapnel fallin' so thick that I done got scared and I was runnin' for my life." "Do you know what this means, and do you know who I am?" and the colored soldier said, "I never seen you befo' in my life." "Well," he said, "I am the Colonel of this regiment" and the colored soldier said, "My Gawd, am I back that far?" (Laughter.)

I was going to begin my speech by outlining the struggles of the Scotch-Irish in Ireland and was going to show you how they were God ordained and predestined, according to the good old Presbyterian doctrine, as a preparation for the trials and tribulations awaiting them in America. I was going to trace their emigrations from and immigrations to America until such a time as the Scotch-Irish comprised one-third of the entire population of the colonies. I was going to remind you that the Scot and the Ulster Scot had led in the early days in the fight for the freedom of speech and the freedom of the press; that they were the leaders against taxation without representation, and that they were never for compromise with the Mother Country but for resistance to the bitter end; that they had been fortified for this resistance by their bitter experience at the hands of the Mother Country in Ireland and they knew what compromise meant and kept up an everlasting cry for freedom and liberty. It would not have required much effort for me to have directed your attention to Patrick Henry as he cried out:

“Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell and George the Third”—“Treason, treason,” cried some of the members of the assembly—“may profit by their example.”

continued Patrick Henry. And I had planned to remind you of this same noble Scot as he stood in the month of May, in 1775, in the St. John's Church, at Richmond, and gave utterance to the famous words :

“It is too late to retire from the contest ; there is no retreat but in submission and slavery. The war is inevitable and let it come. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death.”

I should have then swung from Virginia to the greatest State of them all, New Jersey, and pointed with pride to that giant of Scottish blood, John Witherspoon. At the momentary and natural hesitation to put their necks into a halter, the fifty-six members who composed the Congress that adopted the Declaration of Independence, it was John Witherspoon who came to the front and carried the day.

“He that will not respond to its accents and strain every nerve to carry into effect its provisions,” he said, “is unworthy of the name of Freeman. For myself, although these gray hairs must soon descend into the sepulchre, I would infinitely rather that they should descend thither by the hand of the public executioner than desert at this crisis the sacred cause of my country.”

On that appeal of a Scotchman born, the Declaration was signed.

If this had not sufficed to arouse your enthusiasm, I should have then whirled you from land across the sea and pointed out to you the doughty, nifty little Scotsman, walking the decks of the Bon-Homme Richard, a boat so dilapidated and so unseaworthy, the average sea captain would have spurned to navigate. As he was sailing off Flamborough Heights, the

British fleet convoyed by the frigate *Serapis* hove in sight and though the *Richard* was inferior in the weight of guns and general efficiency, it had Paul Jones as the commander; and I could have described, if I had time, this battle, lasting as it did, into the night and have shown you the *Richard* riddled by the guns of the *Serapis*, filling with water, its upper decks on fire. During a lull in the battle Capt. Pearson of the *Serapis*, yelled to Capt. Jones, "Have you struck your colors?" and back through the night came those never to be forgotten words uttered by Capt. Jones, "Sir, I have not yet begun to fight," and ordering the *Richard* forward, lashing his yard arms to those of the enemy, fighting hand to hand and man to man, Paul Jones won the first and greatest sea battle in the history of the American people. He transferred his men and colors to the prize and left the *Richard* to the waves, into which it soon sank. The spirit displayed by this noble man of Scotch blood is what we need today. (Applause.)

It is not difficult to find "beginners" in almost any project but it is rare to find "completers," those who will finish a job that has been begun.

King Robert Bruce of Scotland longed to see his people free from England. He had fought six fierce battles, and six times he had been defeated, and his soldiers were so scattered that each soldier was forced to flee for safety into the thick woods. King Bruce himself was hiding in a shed. He was tired and sick at heart, feeling that it was useless to try to do anything more. Just as he was thinking he would give up, he looked up and saw a spider weaving its web from one beam to another. Six times the spider climbed up almost to the top and each time it fell down again. As the King watched it fall the sixth time he said, "It will give up;" but no, up it climbed the seventh time, slowly, slowly, but surely and succeeded. Bruce arose full of courage, saying, "I will try again." He tried again and won.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." This same spirit was exemplified by General U. S. Grant, whose mother was an Ulster Scot, and of whom it was said by a Confederate General that he was licked five times and had not sense enough to know it.

Ethel went to bed and at two o'clock in the morning she woke up and said; "Ma, I want a drink." "Hush, darling, turn over and go to sleep." "I want a drink." "No, you are restless, turn over, dear, and go to sleep." (After five minutes) "Ma won't you please give me a drink?" "If you say another word I'll get up and spank you. Now go to sleep. You are a naughty girl." (After two minutes) "Ma, when you get up to spank me will you give me a drink?" Ethel got her drink.

If you strike a thorn or rose, keep agoin'.
If it rains or if it snows, keep agoin'.
'Taint no use to sit and whine
'Cause the fish haint on your line,
Bait your hook and keep on tryin', keep agoin'.

Incidentally I had intended to call your attention to the fact that the orators, scholars, judges, statesmen, warriors, governors, cabinet members, inventors, presidents, of this Republic had been largely taken from the Scotch and Scotch Irish, and that to this race we owed the telegraph, telephone, phonograph, electric lights, reapers and binders, railroads and canals, and I could stretch this list into almost every conceivable convenience and could have tickled your vanity by showing you that the Scotch and the Scotch Irish blood coursed to a greater or lesser extent through all the great men in American history, and the calling of a few names would have been all that would have been necessary for me to have proved my case. Such men as Alexander Hamilton, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, Horace Greeley, Stonewall Jackson, Morse, Bell, Edison, &c., &c. When they wanted a president for the Confederacy they had to get a man of your blood in Jefferson Davis; and to make a good pirate, it was necessary for the Scotch blood to be in the system, for it requires pluck and courage, and Capt. Kid had all these qualities. The greater part of the famous men of war have been men of Scottish blood.

What we need in America today is not more preachers, but more "practicers."

America needs a revival of good old fashioned Scotch religion. What made America great and free? Let the distinguished French statesman DeTocqueville reply. When he

was making his report to the French Senate, after his investigation of American institutions, DeTocqueville said:

“Sirs, I went at your bidding. I ascended their mountains, I went down their valleys, I passed along their thoroughfares of trade, I entered their commercial markets, their legislative halls and their judicial courts. I searched everywhere in vain until I entered the Church. It was there, sirs, as I listened to the soul-elevating and soul-equalizing principles of the Gospel of Christ as they fell from Sabbath to Sabbath upon the ears of the waiting multitudes, that I learned why America is great and free, and why France is a slave.”

Where are the multitudes waiting on the modern Sabbath Day? They are waiting for the automobile to stop at the front door to drive them as far away from the church as gasoline and oil will carry them; they are waiting on the baseball bleachers for the umpire to cry “play ball”; they are waiting at the theatre for the curtain to go up and at the moving picture show for the curtain to come down.

There are twenty-seven millions of Protestant youth under the age of twenty-five in the United States today who are receiving no religious instruction whatever, and are not found inside of a Sunday school, and there are fifty-eight millions of people in the United States of America today who have no church affiliation whatever, either Protestant, Catholic or Jewish. This is a serious matter, for America had its origin in religious impulses. It has been founded in religion, and is established on the open Bible and closed Sabbath. Search our history and you will find that our leaders have always been God-fearing men. What made George Washington the leading man of his day, the father of his country? You say he was a great military genius; but there were others far more able than he. You say he was a great statesman. Yes, but there were far better statesmen than he. It was not the greatness of his training, it was the greatness of his faith. All through his letters runs one high note, a supreme conviction that he and his country were instruments in the service and

keeping of Almighty God. Behold that gaunt, homely man who guided the ship of state through the dark days of the Civil War. Up to the battle of Gettysburg every battle had gone against the Union forces, and before and during this battle Abraham Lincoln was wrestling in prayer, calling upon the King of Kings, the Lord of battles, to save and preserve the Union. We hear him exclaim, "I am not so much concerned that God be on our side as I am that we be on God's side."

Behold that noble Christian gentleman of Ulster Scot descent, William McKinley, who was the captain of the ship of state during the trying days of the Spanish-American War. I heard a newspaper reporter say that he stood at the corner of Ferry St. and Atlantic Ave. in the City of Buffalo when the President lay dying, having been stricken down by the hand of the assassin. Secretary Cortelyou came to the anxious group of newspaper men and said; "Boys, the President is dying. He has called for his wife and they are chatting together; the sands are slipping." After a few moments he returned and said; "The President has just quoted a verse from that hymn;

"Nearer my God to thee,
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me."

Again Secretary Cortelyou came out to the newspaper men and said "The surgeons have informed the President that he cannot live and his reply was, "Thy will, Oh Lord, and not my will be done." And after a short time, Secretary Cortelyou said, "Boys it is over. The President is dead." "God-fearing" was William McKinley and "God-fearing" is what has made America great; and what America needs today is not more brains or more money, but more real service and sacrifice.

Lord Shaftesbury, the great philanthropist, who was known as the "apostle to the poor," used to leave Parliament early in the evening and visit among the slums of London, and one day he was missing from his train, assisting an elderly lady with her baggage, and his wife fearful that he would not get on the

train in time, sent a messenger to see that he got on the train before it started, and the messenger said to Lady Shaftesbury, "Madam, how will I know your husband when I see him?" and she said, "You will find a tall, fine looking gentleman who will be helping somebody." That is the finest eulogy that a wife can pronounce upon a husband.

"Not what we gain, but what we give
Measures the worth of the lives we live."

The world needs today tear wipers and joybringers. There is so much sorrow in the world, and yet there are heaps and piles of joy if we would but reach out, gather it in and scatter it about.

Nothing is more contagious than a grouch? I was educated in a law office in Jersey City and the second member of the firm had an even disposition, he was always mad. He would invariably come down in the morning and call in the head clerk and "lay him out" for some imaginary shortcoming, and the head clerk would "lay out" the second clerk and the second clerk would "lay out" the third clerk, and the third clerk would "go after" the first student; the first student after the second and the second after the third, and the third student would "take it out" on the oldest office boy, and he would "take it out" on the youngest, and the youngest office boy would take a heavy copy of Blackstone and hurl it across the room at the office cat. Let the old man come down to breakfast in the morning and complain about the coffee being unfit to drink and the children will catch the spirit, take it to school and give it to the teacher and all the other scholars, who will in turn take it into their respective homes and scatter the grouch throughout the entire town. Go to the zoological garden, poke one of the animals, the monkey chatters, the elephant trumpets, the lion roars, the zebra "zeebes" and all the zoo is in an uproar.

I said nothing is more contagious than a grouch. I was mistaken—happiness is more contagious. Certain people come into my office and they are so cheerful that it is just like a breeze from off the ocean on a hot and sultry day; they are like a light in a dark and damp room. The cheerful man can sell us refrigerators to use in Greenland's Icy Mountains and

a fur overcoat for the Fiji Islands. No matter how much we may esteem our friends and relatives for their noble characters, none of us want them about if they are perpetually weeping on our breast. We have troubles of our own. I have a certain client who comes into my office and usually prefaces his remarks with, "Mr. Wells, you will never know what troubles I have," and I inwardly resolve as he makes the remark, that I never will know if I can get out of the office before he tells it.

Wasn't it John Kendrick Bangs who said:

He was a stranger unto me,
"Good day," said I, "It ain't," said he,
"It's dark and damp as it can be,
But you have made it bright and clear
And full of sunshine and of cheer
By just that word of courtesy."
And that is why I always say
To strangers as I go my way,
"Good day, my friend, good day."

Haven't you met people on the street and said to them, "Good morning," and have them answer back, "Good morning," (grouchy like) and hasn't the manner in which they said "Good morning," made you feel like taking them by the nap of the neck and the seat of the pants and casting them into outer darkness where there shall be weeping, wailing and "washing" of teeth. Wasn't it James Whitcomb Riley, or was it someone else, who said:

"When you meet a man in woe,
Walk right up and say 'hello.'
Slap the fellow on the back
Bring your hand down with a whack;
Walk right up and don't go slow
Grin and shake and say 'hello.'"

We used to have in the town where I was bred and buttered an old lady by the name of Aunt Phoebe (and I hope you haven't any such in your town, if you have, bury her), and we used to say to her, "How are you feeling today, Aunt Phoebe?" and she would invariably reply, "I am feeling pretty well today, I thank you, but I never feel good when I feel well, cause I know I am going to be worse." I much prefer the spirit shown by the old lady who was faithful in her attend-

ance at class meeting, and when she was asked to give her experience and to tell what she had to be thankful for, she arose from her seat and in a high quavering voice said, "Well, I have only got two teeth, but praise the Lord they hit." Oh, let us be optimists. Sure your friends and your foes are going to pass you lemons. What do with them, do you ask? Make lemonade out of them. That boy was an optimist who fell down the stairs and exclaimed as he was picked up, "I was coming down anyhow." That man was an optimist who falling out of a twelfth floor of a skyscraper exclaimed as he passed the third floor, "I am all right so far."

"Sure this world is full of trouble,
I ain't said it ain't;
Gee, I've had enough an' double
Reason for complaint.
Rain an' storm have come to fret me,
Skies were often gray;
Thorns an' brambles have beset me
On the road—but, say,
Ain't it fine today?"

"What's the use of always weepin',
Makin' trouble last?
What's the use of always keepin'
Thinkin' of the past?
Each must have his tribulation,
Water with his wine,
Life it ain't no celebration,
Trouble? I've had mine—
But today is fine.

"It's today that I am livin',
Not a month ago,
Havin', losin', takin', givin',
As time wills it so.
Yesterday a cloud of sorrow
Fell across the way;
It may rain again tomorrow,
It may rain—but, say,
Ain't it fine today?"

I said awhile ago, keep agoin' and I ask you now, Keep agoin' for what? To have more fun? To make more money, to attain more fame? Keep agoin' for whom? Self or others? If for others, you are worth while, and after you are gone the folks will miss you.

When that great philanthropist, Lord Shaftesbury, of whom I spoke awhile ago, died, uncounted thousands of common

people followed his casket through the streets of London to Westminster Abbey where his remains lay, and the newsboys on the streets, the tears running down their begrimed faces exclaimed, "Our Earl is dead, what will we do now?"

If you are going to live for self, nobody will miss you when you are gone and you might as well jump overboard now. They will put a little slab over your grave, "A good thing gone to rest"; and however small your insurance policy, your loss will be fully covered thereby, and you will have an epitaph such as the one that Samantha Proctor, a selfish old grouch of Burlington County, had placed over her grave by a loving husband:

"Here lies my wife, Samantha Proctor;
She ketch'd a cold; she wouldn't doctor;
She couldn't stay, she had to go.
Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Mr. Scotch-Irish, by virtue of your education, your blood, your attainments, you are the leaders in America today. You must "hold fast" our best traditions; you must preserve for us our institutions, our Sabbath, our Bible, our ideals and the God of our Fathers. America calls you. You must not fail her. There are seventeen millions of foreign born in the United States today and ten millions of them cannot read, write or speak the English language; there are fifteen thousand anti-American agitators in America today, spreading Bolshevik propaganda. We must Americanize this foreign population or they will foreignize us. It is your job as well as my job. I like those words of Edward Everett Hale, who said,

"I am only one, but I am one.

I cannot do everything, but I can do something and what I can do, I ought to do, and what I ought to do, by the grace of God, I will do."

Don't say that you are too busy. It's God's own work and whatever you do, don't place yourself in the position of the man, Paul Lawrence Dunbar wrote about, when he said:

"The Lord had a job for me,
But I had so much to do;
I said, you get somebody else,
Or wait 'till I get through.

I don't know how the Lord made out,
 But I think he got along,
 But I felt a kind of sneakin' like,
 I knowed I had done God wrong.

One day I needed the Lord,
 And I needed Him right away,
 But He never answered me at all,
 And I could hear Him say
 Down in my accusin' heart:
 Nigger, I'se got too much to do,
 You get somebody else,
 Or wait 'till I get through.

Now, when the Lord He have a job for me,
 I never tries to shirk;
 I drop what I have on hand
 And do the good Lord's work;
 And my affairs can run along,
 Or wait till I get through;
 Nobody else can do the job
 That God's marked out for you."

(Loud applause.)

MR. PATTERSON:—Gentlemen, before we adjourn I would ask our newly elected Secretary to please rise, that you may see him—Mr. MacCoy. (Applause.)

Mr. President-Elect, it is my pleasure, sir, to hand over to you the gavel of this Association. I have known you, Mr. Justice Schaffer, for some years, known you in a different capacity from the one in which I know you now, but, if you will permit me, I think you are Billy Schaffer yet. I am glad to hand this gavel over to Mr. Justice Schaffer, and ask him to adjourn the meeting. (Applause.)

PRESIDENT-ELECT, MR. JUSTICE SCHAFFER:

GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—I have had some real surprises in my life but I really am more surprised just now than I think I ever have been. I came to the dinner tonight a little late. I happened to walk around the edge of the gathering, and, I thought in a joke, Otto Heiligman said I was to be chosen President of the Scotch-Irish Society. I didn't believe it then; I can scarcely believe it now.

There is no distinction which could come to me that I prize more highly than to be, for the time that I am to be, the head

of this great Pennsylvania organization. There is something peculiarly Pennsylvanian about the Scotch-Irish Society, and there is something peculiarly Scotch-Irish about Pennsylvania. It has always seemed to me that we were individuated, we Pennsylvanians, as a State and as a people, because of what the men and women who were our forebears did in and for Pennsylvania. It is with great, a very great, pride that I feel I am called to the head of this Society. I am Scotch-Irish-Presbyterian enough to believe that the plain men and women, whose wraiths haunt the Cumberland and the Susquehanna and the Juniata Valleys, whose blood I carry, and of whose race I am, look down here and take some pride in the fact that I still cherish the ancient faiths and still venerate the great race of which we who gather here are part.

It is for us Scotch-Irishmen who have played so much of a part in the State, to continue to play a great part in the State. In the great Court of which I happen at this time to be a member there are great Scotch-Irish traditions. I succeeded, in the Court, one of its greatest judges, one of Pennsylvania's greatest Scotch-Irish sons.

I pledge to you, and I know that you pledge to me, that in the coming days, when Pennsylvania—indeed when all the republics shall be on trial, when men's jaws may have to set firm and men's faces may have to set hard, you pledge to me and I pledge to you that we will hold high aloft the great traditions of the great race to which we belong.

Gentlemen, I am many times your debtor for the great distinction that you have conferred. (Applause.)

APPENDIX A.

REPORT OF CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, TREASURER, PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, FOR YEAR ENDING
DECEMBER 31st, 1920.

DR.		
Balance from preceding year.....		\$749.24
Membership dues for 1920.....	\$578.00	
Subscriptions to 31st Annual Dinner.....	1,115.00	
Interest on deposits.....	17.01	
	1,710.01	
		\$2,459.25
CR.		
Postage, telegrams, gratuities.....	\$63.77	
Clerical expenses.....	101.55	
Speakers' traveling expenses.....	84.29	
Stenographer reporting dinner.....	25.00	
John Maene, carving spoon.....	83.00	
Hoover & Smith Co., box and silver plate.	12.50	
Hoskins & Company, engraving invitations.....	43.50	
Dreka Company, engraving menus, and cards.....	73.50	
Singer and accompanist.....	35.00	
Subscriptions returned.....	30.00	
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, 231 covers, cigars, decorations and music.....	1,065.50	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing notices, table plans and envelopes.....	99.50	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing and mailing 31st annual report.....	259.02	
	\$1,976.13	
Balance January 1st, 1920.....	483.12	
	\$2,459.25	
Balance in Historical Fund, January 1, 1921.....		\$359.06

The above report has been audited and found correct, showing a balance of \$483.12 to the credit of the Society in its general account and a balance of \$359.06 in the Historical Fund, January 1st, 1921.

HENRY W. MOORE,
CHARLES A. MCCLURE,
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.

V. 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-

terminated 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.

PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY.

ORGANIZED FEBRUARY 13, 1890.

PRESIDENTS.

- 1890 REV. J. S. MACINTOSH, D.D.
- 1891 COL. JOHN A. WRIGHT.
- 1892 REV. S. D. MCCONNELL, D.D.
- 1893 C. STUART PATTERSON, ESQ.
- 1894 W. W. PORTER, ESQ.
- 1895 REV. HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D.
- 1896 JAMES A. LOGAN, ESQ.
- 1897 WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER, ESQ.
- 1898 HON. HENRY W. WILLIAMS.
- 1899 MR. JAMES POLLOCK.
- 1900 HON. JOHN STEWART.
- 1901 BAYARD HENRY, ESQ.
- 1902 REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D.
- 1903 MR. JOHN P. GREEN.
- 1904 ROBERT SNODGRASS, ESQ.
- 1905 HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON.
- 1906 HON. NATHANIEL EWING.
- 1907 REV. M. A. BROWNSON, D.D.
- 1908 HON. HARMAN YERKES.
- 1909 HON. EDWIN S. STUART.
- 1910 HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER.
- 1911 MR. JOHN MCILHENNY.
- 1912 MR. M. C. KENNEDY.
- 1913 REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D.D.
- 1914 MR. SAMUEL REA.
- 1915 DR. JOHN B. DEAVER.
- 1916 REV. WILLIAM BEATTY JENNINGS, D.D.
- 1917 HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON.
- 1918 MR. AGNEW T. DICE.
- 1919 MR. WILLIAM H. SCOTT.
- 1920 MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

- 1890-1895 C. WATSON MCKEEHAN, ESQ.
- 1896-1921 CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, ESQ.
- 1921- W. LOGAN MACCOY, ESQ.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

- T. RAWLINS ADAMS.....Manayunk, Philadelphia.
 J. CHALMERS AGNEW.....Wayne, Pa.
 E. G. ALEXANDER, M.D.....1701 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 KING ALEXANDER.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 WILLIAM ALEXANDER.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 JAMES H. M. ANDREWS.....1317 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM H. ARROTT.....431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 LOUIS H. AYRES.....4th and Cumberland Sts., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM G. AYRES.....4th and Cumberland Sts., Philadelphia.
 RICHARD L. AUSTIN.....Rex and Seminole Aves., Chestnut Hill.
- D. G. BAIRD.....228 South Third St., Philadelphia.
 THOMAS E. BAIRD, JR.....Villa Nova, Pa.
 JOHN BAIRD.....Haverford, Pa.
 HON. THOMAS J. BALDRIDGE...Holidaysburg, Pa.
 JAMES M. BARNETT.....New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
 J. E. BARR.....1107 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 DR. JOHN C. C. BEALE.....41 South Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
 ROBERT BEATTY.....Coral and Adams Sts., Philadelphia.
 ROBERT O. BEATTY.....144 Long Ave., Hamburg, N. Y.
 JOHN CROMWELL BELL.....1333 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
 JAMES S. BENN.....5001 Hazel Ave., Philadelphia.
 EDWARD M. BIDDLE.....607 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
 HON. EDWARD W. BIDDLE.....Carlisle, Pa.
 SAMUEL GALT BIRNIE.....133 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
 BENJAMIN R. BOGGS.....Philadelphia & Reading Ry., Phila.
 SAMUEL R. BOGGS.....1109 Melrose Avenue, Oak Lane.
 R. A. BOLE.....Pittsburgh.
 REV. J. GRAY BOLTON, D.D....1906 Pine St., Philadelphia.
 J. FULTON BOYD.....317 W. Springfield Ave., Chestnut Hill.
 REV. WILLIAM BOYD.....Lansdowne, Pa.
 FRANCIS SHUNK BROWN.....1005 Morris Building, Philadelphia.
 J. CROSBY BROWN.....Fourth and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.
 J. WOODS BROWN.....1510 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM LAIRD BROWN.....Lansdowne, Pa.
 REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.400 South Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
 HON. JAMES I. BROWNSON.....Washington, Pa.
 ROBERT J. BRUNKER.....1000 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 RIGHT HON. JAMES BRYCE
 (Honorary).....3 Buckingham Gate, London, S. W.,
 England.
 JOHN W. BUCHANAN.....Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.

- HON. JOSEPH BUFFINGTON.....Pittsburgh, Pa.
 JOSEPH C. BUCHANAN.....Conestoga Road, Wayne, Pa.
 WILLIAM H. BURNETT.....400 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
- A. A. CAIRNS, M.D.....1539 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.
 REV. JOHN CALHOUN, D.D.....Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.
 HON. J. D. CAMPBELL.....P. & R. Terminal, Philadelphia.
 RT. HON. SIR EDWARD CARSON
 (Honorary).....5 Eaton Place, London S. W., England.
 HERBERT M. CARSON.....937 W. Fourth St., Williamsport, Pa.
 ROBERT CARSON.....Huntingdon St. and Trenton Ave., Phila.
 WILLIAM G. CARSON.....205 S. Forty-second St., Philadelphia.
 REV. JAMES CARTER.....Lincoln University, Pa.
 JOHN G. CARRUTH.....Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia.
 HENRY CARVER.....Doylestown, Pa.
 JAMES P. CASSIDY.....6 Colonial Place, Pittsburgh.
 SAMUEL M. CLEMENT, JR.....West End Trust Building, Philadelphia.
 ROBERT M. COYLE.....423 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 A. J. COUNTY.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 SIR JAMES CRAIG (Honorary)....Craigavon, Ireland.
 DR. CLARK R. CRAIG.....331 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
 D. F. CRAWFORD.....5243 Ellsworth Ave., Pittsburgh.
 GEORGE W. CREIGHTON, JR.....3903 Clover Hill Road, Baltimore, Md.
 SAMUEL CUNNINGHAM (Honorary).“Fernhill,” Belfast, Ireland.
- HON. JOHN DALZELL.....House of Representatives, Washington,
 D. C.
 CHARLES GIBBONS DAVIS.....8204 Seminole Ave., Chestnut Hill.
 WILLIAM R. DAVISON.....Greencastle, Pa.
 WATSON R. DAVISON.....Waynesboro, Pa.
 CAPT. W. G. DAVISON.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 C. M. DAVISON.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 N. H. DAVISON.....Chambersburg, Pa.
 H. C. DEAVER, M.D.....1701 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN B. DEAVER, M.D.....1634 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 JAMES AYLWARD DEVELIN.....400 Chestnut St., Phila., Wood Building.
 AGNEW T. DICE.....Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.
 S. RALSTON DICKEY.....Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
 JAMES L. DIVEN, M.D.....New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
 FRANKLIN D'OLIER.....Merchant and Mariner Building, Phila.
 J. S. DONALDSON.....Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 HENRY R. DOUGLAS, M.D.....1806 Market St., Harrisburg.
 PETER S. DUNCAN.....Hollidaysburg, Pa.
 EDWARD I. DURHAM.....412 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
 THOMAS P. DYER.....Apt. B, 504 Midvale Ave., Phila.
- DANIEL M. EASTER, M.D.....Greensburg, Pa.
 DR. WILLIAM T. ELLIS.....Swarthmore, Pa.

- REV. ALFRED L. ELWYN.....113 E. Thirty-seventh St., New York.
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