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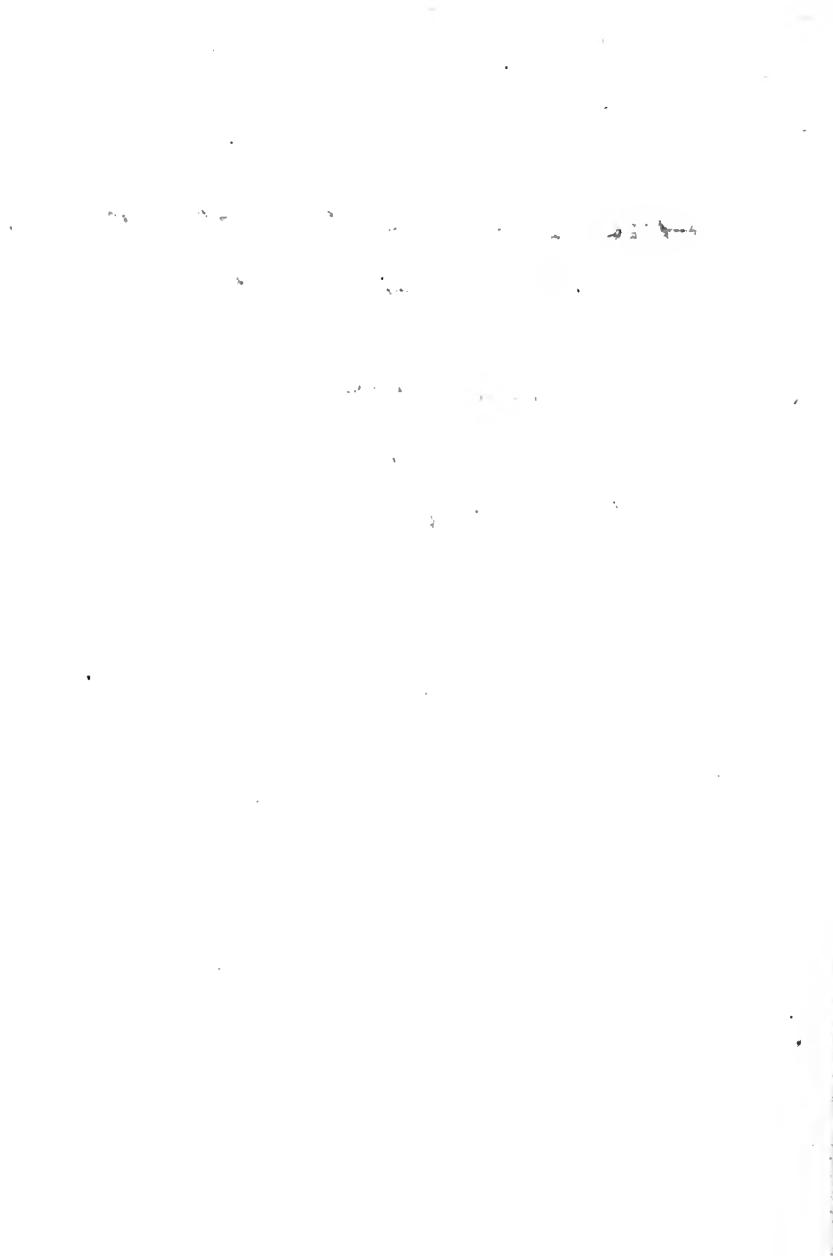
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Hon. Charles A. Lincoln.

From the author -

L. A. Morrison.

Carobie Lake, W. H. June 11-1891.



Foreign travel reveals the glories of other lands than our own,—the achievements and merits of other peoples.

History casts its shadow far into the land of song.

— [LONGFELLOW.]





Leonard A. Morrison

AMONG THE SCOTCH-IRISH:

AND

A TOUR IN SEVEN COUNTRIES,

IN IRELAND, WALES, ENGLAND, SCOTLAND,
FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND ITALY;

WITH HISTORY OF DINSMOOR FAMILY.

A Companion Volume to "Rambles in Europe," etc.

BY

LEONARD ALLISON MORRISON, A. M.,

OF WINDHAM, N. H.,

Author of "History of the Morison or Morrison Family," "History of
Windham in New Hampshire," and "Rambles in Europe; with
Historical Facts Relating to Scotch-American Families,
Gathered in Scotland and in the North of Ireland."

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To

A Gallant Captain,

Whose Pen is Sharper than a Lance,

Whose Achievements in Peace

Have been More Glorious than any Conquests in War,

This Volume

Is Affectionately Dedicated.

INTRODUCTION.

IN quick succession year follows year. Some travel, others write, while still others read of long journeyings. This work is largely a narrative of personal experience. It is written because I love to write; to preserve historical matter which would otherwise have been lost. It was to speak of that people of Scotch blood, the Scotch-Irish, whom I so much admire, who

Dwelt among the world's advancing host,
Who herald forth a wider, freer day;

it was written to recount my observations while among them,—to give valuable facts in relation to them and their history.

It was also my desire to speak of travel in the romantic land of Scotland, to the wind-swept shores of Pentland Firth; of scenes in England, in fair Normandy, among the mountains and glaciers of Switzerland, and beneath the sunny skies, over rare lakes, and in famous cities of the classic land of Italy.

The historical and closing chapter has been a development, a growth,—evolved, from a few historical facts which I alone possessed, into its present dimensions, whereby all rules laid down by eminent authorities have been, without compunction, ruthlessly violated, in order that *history* might be preserved, placed in permanent form, and made accessible to many readers. The widely scattered copies of this work, many in private ownership, others to be found among noted collections of books, in State Historical Libraries, and other public libraries and

institutions, will, it is believed, render secure against loss by fire or otherwise the information it contains. It was remembered, and acted upon, what it would have been well for the world if, in the past, possessors of valuable manuscripts had not forgotten that no information is secure until it is printed and its numerous copies dispersed as the winds scatter the autumnal forest leaves; for then, though some may be destroyed, others are available to the interested investigator.

It has been a delight to review the scenes of foreign wanderings, where was experienced so much of kindness, pleasure, and delight. More fully conscious than any of the limitations of this work, it is given to the public with the hope that others may from its perusal derive some profit and satisfaction.

WINDHAM, N. H., May 1, 1891.
(P. O., CANOBIE LAKE, N. H.)

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A TRIBUTE FROM THE NEW TO THE OLD.

From Canobie Lake, New Hampshire, to Cannobie
in Scotland.

CANOBIE LAKE.

BY LEONARD ALLISON MORRISON.

It is a beautiful sheet of water, situated partly in Windham, partly in Salem, and wholly within the limits of the original Scotch settlement of Londonderry, N. H., which was founded in 1719. The name Canobie is taken from Cannobie in Scotland, near the English border, and once the home of famous border clans. Through that place of historic interest and rare beauty flow the murmuring waters of the River Esk.

From the old Fatherland has come down thy fair name,
So sweet in its sound and so rich in its fame;
The Wizard of Scotia, in song from afar,
Preserved it forever in "Young Lochinvar."

When sweet peace rests on thee, O Canobie Lake,
The blue of the skies thy clear waters take;
While winds soft as zephyr, or faint summer air,
Blow over thy bosom in ecstasy rare.

Thy billows, breeze-swept when they turn to the sky,
Are glistening with brightness of Art's rarest dye;
The beauties of cloudlet, of sky, and of tree,
Fair gem set in hillsides, are mirrored in thee.

Oh, gorgeous and beautiful Canobie Lake!
In splendor of sunshine, thy waves softly break;
In storm they may foam, and in rage toss on high,
To thy bosom they fall, and there peacefully lie.

CANOBIE LAKE.

How green are thy borders, sweet Canobie Lake,
Whose sleepy waves rise, sway sparkling, and break.
In shimmering sunshine they lash the rough shore,
In shimmering sun, dying, they rave no more.

In splendor of sunset at close of the day,
In glory of storm 'neath the wild tempest's sway,
In brightness or darkness, thy restless waves form
A glory in sunshine, a glory in storm.

CHAPTER I.

THE DEPARTURE.

LEADEN skies; a still, stifled, murky atmosphere, undisturbed by any breeze — such was the afternoon of a day in the latter part of June, 1889, when, with nearly five hundred and fifty saloon passengers, I stood on the deck of the gallant, proud steamer *City of New York* at the Inman Pier in New York Harbor, bound for Liverpool.

The hurried greetings and partings were over and the vast throngs promenaded the decks, each, as he passed, looking at the groups of his fellow-passengers to see if perchance a familiar face was there; or, with that curiosity with which one almost involuntarily scrutinizes the faces of his fellows, seeking by the sharp intuitive look to read the character and life-history as shown in the seamed forehead, the glancing eye, the intelligent words, or otherwise, of those about him.

Some were of the world of letters, not unknown to fame, whose written words have brought cheer and spiritual healing to the troubled hearts of many thousands of readers

in all parts of the English-speaking world,—some whose faces were a benediction, and which one looked upon only with elevation of soul and purifying of the spirit. Not all were of this exalted and elevating type, but many belonged to “the great unwashed” multitude.

Acquaintances were quickly made. Days of unclouded brightness succeeded the depressing one of departure; the ocean was as quiet as an inland sea, and how beautiful was the Sabbath! Services in the cabin, largely attended, were conducted by Rev. Mr. Green, of Buffalo, N. Y. In the evening, an open-air service was held on the deck in the stern of the ship. We were in mid-ocean; a canvas covering was over us, shutting from our sight the twinkling lights in God’s great heaven of blue. There were the never-ceasing sounds of the splashing waters, the foamy billows created and stirred by the ship as it plowed along, and the frothy, fleecy, glittering sea, with its phosphorescent glow in the wake of the vessel, looking as though some mighty hand had strewn the waters with purest diamonds. These were the attendant surroundings; the voices of prayer, of song, and of praise mingled with the sighing winds and the moans of the seething sea. It was grand, romantic, beautiful!

Seven days of rest, quiet, and recreation, which passed quickly, brought us into the familiar Harbor of Queenstown, where many of the passengers alighted, for a hurried look at the city, at Blarney Castle, the Lakes of Killarney, and a hasty tour of the Emerald Isle, and I was among them. We landed on the 4th of July; and as the tugboat bore us away, the fifteen hundred people on the ship, lining its every deck and great numbers of them waving American flags, bade us adieu.

It was my purpose to pass hurriedly over this familiar ground, so as to reach the Scotch settlements in the North of Ireland. About Queenstown, everything gave evidence of abundant crops and increased prosperity. The crop of hay was enormous, and vast and numerous stacks ornamented the fields and gave evidence of a land of plenty. A jaunting-car was procured, and with three pleasant companions, fellow travellers and passengers, we were quickly whirled through the outlying district, visiting places of note and some of the habitations of the common people. A native Irishman, witty, and partially intoxicated, was the driver, who said it was well to "have as good a time as we can, and die when we must!"

The River Lee will rival in its surroundings the beauties of the Hudson or the Rhine. Neither are more beautiful than was this that summer day, toward evening, as we went up to Cork over its silvery surface. The greenness and density of the foliage of the trees in all the surrounding country and on the river's sides, the palatial and attractive homes on the sloping hills among shadowing and surrounding trees, were a perpetual delight. Only a night and day were spent in Cork and its surroundings.

At Dublin I tarried at one of the finest hotels, — kept by an Englishman, the bills of fare were printed in French, and the waiters were Germans. Thus oftentimes has the native Celtic-Irishman become a nonentity in his native land, and those of foreign birth and blood push to the foreground.

On leaving Dublin, my journey took me to Drogheda, and thence by jaunting-car I reached the battle-field of the Boyne Water. A high granite monument on a huge ledge of rock marks the place where the celebrated battle was fought, July 1, 1690, between the forces of William, Prince of Orange, and those of James II. The obelisk marks the spot where King William commenced the attack and where

Schomberg fell. It is 150 feet in height, and bears this inscription :—

Sacred to the glorious memory of
 King William the Third,
 who, on the 1st of July, 1690, passed the
 river near this place to attack
 James the Second at the head of a Popish army,
 advantageously posted on the south of it,
 and did on that day, by a single battle,
 secure to us and to our posterity,
 our liberty, laws, and religion.
 In consequence of this action James
 the Second left this kingdom
 and fled to France.

This meml of our deliverance was erected
 in the 9th year of the reign of King George
 the Second, the first stone being laid by
 Lionel Sackville, Duke of Dorset, Lord
 Lieutenant of the Kingdom of Ireland.

1736.

With the sweet enchantment of the past,
 The breast of age is fervid to the last.

— GOETHE.

This was a place of intense interest to me, and intimately connected historically with the “Siege of Derry,” which my ancestors endured just previous to this battle, and also with other famous scenes and exploits in which many of the first Scotch residents of Londonderry, N. H., or their relatives, had participated. Bathing

my hands in the "sacred tide" of the Boyne Water, I returned to Drogheda, an uninteresting town of about fifteen thousand people. My journey was continued through a locality of much beauty, abounding with historic associations of great interest to Scotch-Americans, whose ancestors for a generation or so found a halting-place and a home in the Emerald Isle.

The Sabbath was spent in Londonderry, and services were attended in its noted Cathedral. The city was familiar to me, and has once before been described.* The day was simply perfect. An hour or two were spent upon the walls of the city, and it was a singular and thrilling coincidence for me to remember, as I gazed upon the streets, the Cathedral, the walls, the River Foyle, and the hills beyond, that at that very July day and hour, just two hundred years before, my ancestors and relatives, with their friends and kindred, were within the city in the direst extremity, enduring the horrors of starvation; that they walked those streets, looked forth with famished eyes upon the same Cathedral, the same walls, the same river and surrounding hills, and were waiting with unspeakable longing for succor to come, which came at last!

* See "Rambles in Europe," etc., pp. 53-73.

Many relics of "the Siege" were seen the following day in an "Old Curiosity Shop," which for variety and the heterogeneous character of its contents would rival any ever described by the great English novelist. After inspecting various libraries and interviewing local antiquarians, as my purpose was to obtain historical data, I left Londonderry, to visit places in the counties of Londonderry and Antrim, which had been the homes of early settlers of New Hampshire of Scotch blood. Among them was Coleraine, which was the place of departure, and is said to have been the home of Nathaniel Holmes and family, ancestors of many of the Holmeses of New Hampshire. Among his descendants is Hon. Nathaniel Holmes, of Cambridge, Mass., a distinguished jurist, once a Judge of the Supreme Court of Missouri, and later he filled the Royal Professorship of Law in Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

It was the favorable report of a young man named Holmes, son of a Presbyterian minister of this locality, which had a strong influence with Rev. James McGregor, and a portion of his congregation, at Aghadowey; Rev. Mr. Boyd, and a portion of his congregation, at Macasky, three miles from Coleraine; and Rev.

Mr. Cornwell, and a part of his people, in determining on a removal to America.* Numerous families emigrated from Coleraine and vicinity to the new settlement in New Hampshire.

Leaving that place, a short ride by rail brought me to Ballymoney, County of Antrim, a thriving market town of some three thousand inhabitants. Its streets are narrow and not agreeable, and its general appearance is not particularly attractive. Yet from this little town have gone forth men and women, of Scotch blood and descent, whose influence in the new settlements of the United States has been of the most beneficial character, and whose descendants have filled the highest positions of honor and trust in their several States, and have served in the House of Representatives and Senate of the United States at Washington.

Among those emigrants was John McKeen, son of Justice James McKeen. He was born in Ballymoney, County of Antrim, Ireland, April 13, 1714; emigrated with his father to Londonderry, N. H., in 1719; was an elder in the church and a member of the Legislature.

* "History of Londonderry, N. H.," pp. 35, 36. In connection with this, see pp. 52, 63, 72, 73, 75-80, of "Rambles in Europe, with Historical Facts Relating to Scotch-American Families," by Leonard Allison Morrison. Published in 1887, by Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston, Mass.

He married his cousin, Mary McKeen, and was the father of Judge Levi McKeen, of Fishkill Landing, Dutchess County, N. Y., and of Rev. Joseph McKeen, D. D., the first President of Bowdoin College, Maine. The collateral branches of this family are widely scattered, some living in Pennsylvania, where persons of the name have been very prominent in the history of the State and in the Congress of the United States.

In this parish was probably born John Bell, the ancestor of the family of that name in New Hampshire, which has produced eminent men. He married Elizabeth, sister of Col. Andrew Todd, and they were children of James and Rachel (Nelson) Todd, of Scotland, but who had settled in or near Ballymoney, Ireland, with others of their Scotch countrymen and countrywomen. In this family of Bells, three have been Governors of New Hampshire, three have been members of the United States Senate, one a member of the national House of Representatives, and two have been members of the highest judicial tribunal of the State.

The Dinsmoors of New Hampshire are descended from John Dinsmoor, the son of a Scotchman who lived in Ballymoney. (See concluding Historical Chapter.)

As I wandered through the narrow streets of the little moorland town of Ballymoney, I saw the familiar Scotch names of John Cochrane, Andrew Todd, and Thomas Wallace,—the same surnames and Christian names as those in the early settlement of Londonderry, N. H. There were Gregory Morrison, W. J. McGaw, Pinkerton, Patterson, and Jamieson. The Scotch family of Macdonald in former days held large tracts of land there, and do so at the present time. These Scotch names are very familiar ones in many Scotch settlements in America.

Leaving this town, by mail-car, I was conveyed to Aghadowey. The fine road was lined by walls or scraggly hawthorn hedges. The country is gently swelling or undulating, productive and well cultivated. Many of the fields are surrounded by trees, which make the landscape very attractive. The cottages of the people in the country districts were of stone, and unpretentious. I met Rev. J. B. Huston, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, but he was not particularly familiar with local history. He was an agreeable gentleman, and a few months later, in February, 1890, he passed away from earth and the people whom he had served so faithfully.

CHAPTER II.

AGHADOWEY AND SCOTCH SETTLEMENTS.

THIS Presbyterian Church has an interesting history. It is one of the largest in the Presbytery of which it is a member, and has the largest country congregation in the whole Assembly, with a seating accommodation for one thousand worshippers. Connected with it are two fine schoolhouses, and a handsome and commodious manse. The church is attended by a large and influential congregation. Its organization is ancient, being founded the *third* in the Presbytery after the settlement of that part of Ireland by the Scotch. The first minister was Rev. Thomas Boyd, who was deposed in 1661 for Non-conformity, and was ordered to be tried by the House of Lords in 1662. He, however, served his people longer; was in Aghadowey in 1671-72, and during the "Siege of Derry," in 1688-89, stated from the pulpit that the people ought to go to Derry. He went himself; was through the siege, returned after its close, and died while in charge of this church in 1699. Rev. James McGregor was ordained June 25, 1701, was the faithful

pastor until 1718, when he resigned, and he and many of his people emigrated to America. In April, 1719, they settled in Londonderry, N. H., where he lived until his death.

His successor, Rev. John Elder, was ordained May 7, 1723, and died Sept. 24, 1779, in the fifty-sixth year of his ministry and the eighty-seventh year of his age. Rev. Samuel Hamilton, the fourth minister, was ordained in 1773, and died July 18, 1788. His successor was Samuel Fullerton, ordained December, 1790, and died Jan. 1, 1813. His son, Dr. George Fullerton, went to Brisbane, Australia; rose to the highest eminence, and was a member of the upper House of Parliament there. The sixth minister was Rev. Dr. John Brown, ordained in 1813, and in 1839 received the degree of D. D. from the University of Edinburgh,—a man of marked and distinguished powers, was a minister for sixty years, retired in 1872, and died March 27, 1873. Rev. Alexander Wallace was his successor, ordained May 6, 1873, and was “cut down before the fight had well begun, like a flower nipped by early frosts.” He died July 14, 1874. He was succeeded by my amiable acquaintance, Rev. J. B. Huston, who was installed Dec. 22, 1874, and died, as before stated, in February, 1890. Eight ministers had

served that church for 231 years, an average of a fraction over twenty-nine years each, which speaks volumes for the fixedness of purpose and steadfastness of those sturdy parishioners of Scotch blood and Presbyterian faith.

The ninth minister installed over that church was Rev. Gilbert Alexander Kennedy, and the exercises took place on Nov. 18, 1890. He was from Carland; and his ancestor five generations removed, Rev. Thomas Kennedy, was ejected from the church at Carland on the Restoration of the Stuarts, being a minister for sixty-eight years. To show the distinctively *Scotch* character of the community after a residence in the Emerald Isle for some two and a half centuries, note the names of clergymen who officiated at the installation exercises and others who were present: Rev. Jonathan Simpson, Rev. R. Wallace, Rev. D. Aiken, Rev. James Smyth, Rev. W. M. McCay, Rev. R. Montgomery, Rev. W. D. Wallace. Among others present: Dr. Morrison, Dr. Cochran, Dr. Taylor, William Ranken, R. Ranken, M. Macaulay, D. Anderson, James Cameron, Robert Anderson, Hugh Stewart, Robert McAllister, W. M. McIntyre, W. Morrison, William McNeill, Alexander Perry, John Kerr, Robert Wilson and other of distinctively Scotch names.

As showing the very high state of morality in the Presbyterian denomination, Rev. W. D. Wallace, of Ramelton, said "that the members of the Presbyterian Church did not lend themselves to vices, expensive or otherwise. Statistics of public institutions over the country would bear out that statement. Take, for instance, Letterkenny Asylum. There are in it 325 Roman Catholics, 36 Episcopalians, and 30 Presbyterians. It was high testimony to their church that so few of their members found their way into jails, poor-houses, and other institutions."

This place is intimately associated, and its history eternally linked, with that of its daughter, the famous Scotch settlement of Londonderry, N. H. Thither went numbers of its people, bearing the same family names as those mentioned. It is the *old* home of many of the sixteen first settlers of Londonderry, N. H., and of their families. It is the place from which emigrated Rev. James McGregor, and members of his parish, to Londonderry, N. H., in 1719.

No family records exist, either in Aghadowey or Dublin, relating to the place earlier than 1805, but there are documents which tell something of the history of this town or parish.

The Episcopal Church stands on or near a gentle swell of land, called "Trench Hill," and about it, following the ancient custom, is the cemetery, with many familiar names on the memorial tablets. In 1641 a battle was fought at Trench Hill between the Irish troops and the forces at Aghadowey House. Colonel Blair, who commanded the latter forces, caused trenches to be made (hence the name), in which were concealed some musketeers, who remained quiet until the near approach of the Irish, when a volley from them drove back their antagonists. It is said that no battles were fought there in the war of William, Prince of Orange (1688-89); but we do know that the inhabitants of that place and the surrounding country were gathered together by the inhuman order of Gen. Conrad de Rosen, were forced beneath the walls of Londonderry, exposed to the missiles of both armies, and finally were admitted into the city, among them being some of the early settlers of Londonderry, N. H.

A recent writer says: "It is probable that the greater part of the Protestant population of Aghadowey took refuge in Derry, among whom was the Rev. Thomas Boyd, first minister of the Presbyterian congregation of

Aghadowey, and who returned to his duties after that memorable siege had been raised.”

In relation to the emigration, a generation later, to the New World, he says : —

“On a certain September morning, in the year 1718, a cavalcade, in which were women and children, whose dress and bearing bespoke the farming class, might have been seen leaving Aghadowey by the Derry road. In the cavalcade were a number of the old-fashioned wheelcars, with their low, solid wheels and broad bottoms, upon which were piled provisions, wearing apparel, and household effects. Accompanying the procession, and acting as guide, philosopher, and friend, was a clergyman in the prime of life, and dressed in the simple garb of the Presbyterian ministers of that period. The clergyman was accompanied by his son, a boy of eight summers, whose name is now accorded an honored place in the national biography of the Great Republic of the West. As the cavalcade wends its way along the road, the people are ever and anon casting regretful looks at the waving fields of golden corn, the green valleys, and the wooded hills, now assuming an autumnal brown, of their native parish.

“The cavalcade is a band of emigrants, of about one hundred families, on their way to

Derry, there to embark for the Western World. The clergyman is Rev. James McGregor, second minister of the Presbyterian congregation of Aghadowey, to which all the families belonged, and who accompanied them to America. The reasons which induced these people to leave their native land and undertake a voyage across the Atlantic, which in those days was tedious and full of hardships, and to face the uncertain prospects of new settlers, were partly religious and partly agrarian. Being Presbyterians, they were subjected to the unjust and insulting provisions of the Test Act, under which it was penal for a person of their persuasion to teach a school or to hold the humblest office in the State. Then again, at the time of the Revolution, when a considerable part of the country lay waste, and when the whole framework of society was shattered, land had been let on lease at very low rents to Presbyterian tenants. About 1717-1718 these leases began to fall in, and the rents were usually doubled and frequently tripled. Hence farmers became discouraged, and a number of them belonging to Aghadowey formed the design of emigrating to America, where they would be able to reap the fruits of their

own industry. They landed at Boston on the 14th of October, 1718.

There were men with hoary hair
Amid that pilgrim band ;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

On landing at Boston, they proceeded to the State of New Hampshire, where they founded a town, which they called Londonderry, in patriotic recollection of the county they had left. Here, too, they organized the first Presbyterian Church in New England, of which Mr. McGregor assumed the pastoral charge, without ordination. Mr. McGregor died in 1729, and, it may be interesting to add, was succeeded by the Rev. Matthew Clark, minister of Kilrea Presbyterian congregation from 1697 to 1729, when, though about seventy years of age, he emigrated to America."

In relation to the business interests there is the following, making mention of some family names familiar in the Scotch-American settlements: "About the beginning of the eighteenth century the Irish linen trade began to

attract attention, not, however, as is popularly supposed, on account of the fostering care it had received from the English Parliament. 'King William' had indeed, when proposing, in 1699, the destruction of the woollen manufacture of Ireland, promised to encourage the linen industry as compensation. But the promise was not kept, and no encouragement was given to the Irish linen trade till 1705, when, at the urgent petition of the Irish Parliament, the Irish were allowed to export their white and brown linens, but those only, to the British Colonies. In 1743, when the country had sunk to a position of appalling wretchedness, the English Parliament granted bounties for the encouragement of the linen manufacture. An impetus was thus given to the linen trade, and bleach-greens sprang up all over Ulster, Aghadowey leading the way in this part of the province. The parish is intersected by three streams, whose waters are unsurpassed for purity, softness, and abundance, and these appear to have attracted the attention of some enterprising men engaged in the linen trade.

“Of these, the first to settle here with a view to the introduction of that trade was Mr. John Orr, who, in 1744, established a bleach-green

in the townland of Ballybrittan for the bleaching of 7-8 and 4-4 linens. This was the first bleach-green known anywhere in this part of the country. Mr. Orr's example was followed by Mr. John Blair, who, in the same year, established another bleach-green in the townland of Ballydevitt. To these two gentlemen, therefore, belong the honor of the introduction of the linen trade into Aghadowey, an industry which has largely contributed in the past to the prosperity of the parish, and by which it has obtained its celebrity. Messrs. Blair and Orr having succeeded in establishing a lucrative trade, bleach-greens sprang up all over the parish, until, at one period, it contained no less than thirteen, ten of which were in full operation. These were situated in the townlands of Mullaghmore, Gortin, Ruskey, Keeley, Collins, Moneycarrie, Rushbrook, and White Hill, and the two already mentioned in Ballybrittan and Ballydevitt. Of all this 'long array' one only is in operation at present, that established in Ballydevitt in 1744. This venerable bleach-green, still a scene of industrial activity, is the sole representative of an industry which extended over the whole parish, and with the introduction of which the halcyon days for Aghadowey commenced.

“Previously to 1828 no wheat was grown in the parish, but its introduction by the late Mr. James Hemphill was followed by complete success.”

In this place are still the Allisons, Andersons, Morrisons, Cochrans, Steeles, and many others, being familiar family names, some of whose relatives upon this side of the heaving ocean have attained high positions of trust, honor, and emolument.

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CHAPTER III.

THE SCOTCH-IRISH—WHO WERE THEY?

MANY centuries had passed in the building of the Scottish as in the building of the English nation; in each, different peoples helped to make the completed nation, and in blood they were substantially the same. The blending of these races in Scotland, and the sharp stamping of religious and political ideas, had developed and made the Scotch race a distinctive and sharply defined people; in their intellectual, mental, and moral characteristics different from all others a century before and as we find them at the time of their settlement in the Emerald Isle. Thus they have still remained since their settlement in Ireland. They were Scotch in all their characteristics, though dwelling upon Irish soil. This fact has given rise to the supposition by some and the assertion by others—to whom the wish was father to the statement—that in the veins of the Scotch-Irish flowed commingled the blood of the stalwart Scotch and the blood of the Celtic-Irish. Never was mistake greater.

Hon. Charles H. Bell, Ex-Governor of New Hampshire, in his eloquent address at the celebration of the 150th anniversary of the settlement of the Londonderry (N. H.) Colony, in 1869, said of the term "Scotch-Irish": "It is not inappropriate, as descriptive of their origin and prior abode, though it has given rise to not a little misapprehension. It has been supposed by some writers that the name denotes a mixed nationality of Scotch and Irish descent; and in order to adapt the facts to their theory, they have fancied that they could detect in the Londonderry settlers the traits derived from each ancestry. But history fails to bear out the ingenious hypothesis; for it is certain that there was no mixture of blood in the little band who cast their fortunes here; they were of Scottish lineage, pure and simple."

The Scotch-Irish were people of Scottish lineage who dwelt upon Irish soil.

The locality about Coleraine, Aghadowey, and Crockendolge is inhabited by people almost wholly of Scotch origin. They are the "Scotch-Irish," i. e. Scotch people living upon or born upon Irish soil, but not mixed with the native people. Their ancestors, some of them, came to Ireland nearly two hundred and fifty years ago. They came in a body, they kept in a body,

and they remain in a body, or class by themselves, largely to-day. The Scotch are called clannish, and *were* clannish; and the Scotch who settled in Ireland, and their descendants, were clannish. They stuck together, and kept aloof from the native Celtic-Irish. They were sundered by the sharp dividing lines of religious faith and by keen differences of race.

Macaulay says: "They sprang from different stocks. They spoke different languages. They had different national characters, as strongly opposed as any two national characters in Europe. They were in widely different stages of civilization. Between two such populations there could be little sympathy, and centuries of calamities and wrongs had generated a strong antipathy. The relation in which the minority stood to the majority resembled the relation in which the followers of William the Conqueror stood to the Saxon churls, or the relation in which the followers of Cortez stood to the Indians of Mexico. The appellation of Irish was then given exclusively to the Celts, and to those families which, though not of Celtic origin, had in the course of ages degenerated into Celtic manners. These people, probably about a million in number, had, with few exceptions, adhered to

the Church of Rome. Among them resided about two hundred thousand colonists, proud of their Saxon blood and of their Protestant faith." *

And again, in speaking of the early Scotch and English settlers, he says: "One half of the settlers belonged to the Established Church and the other half were Dissenters. But in Ireland Scot and Southron were strongly bound together by their common Saxon origin; Churchman and Presbyterian were strongly bound together by their common Protestantism. All the colonists had a common language and a common pecuniary interest. They were surrounded by common enemies, and could be safe only by means of common precautions and exertions." *

In speaking of the differences between the races, he says: "Much, however, must still have been left to the healing influence of time. The native race would still have had to learn from the colonists industry and forethought, the arts of civilized life, and the language of England. There could not be equality between men who lived in houses and men who lived in sties; between men who were fed on bread and men who were fed on potatoes; between

* Macaulay's History of England.

men who spoke the noble tongue of great philosophers and poets, and men who, with perverted pride, boasted that they could not writhe their mouths into chattering such a jargon as that in which the 'Advancement of Learning' and the 'Paradise Lost' were written." *

And again, speaking of Scotland, from which the Scotch of Ireland came, he says: "The population of Scotland, with the exception of the Celtic tribes, which were thinly scattered over the Hebrides and over the mountainous shires, was of the same blood with the population of England, and spoke a tongue which did not differ from the purest English more than the dialects of Somersetshire and Lancashire differ from each other." *

Such being the relative condition of the two classes as eloquently described by the great English historian, it is the height of absurdity to claim that the blood of the distinct races was commingled except in isolated cases. They did not commingle. The Scotch, planted upon Irish soil, were Scotch still, and the Irish were Irish still. The Scotch took their language with them, and the dialect of the Lowlands fell upon the startled air and disturbed the mists arising

* Macaulay's History of England.

from the peat-fields of the Emerald Isle. Their dialect *lived* in Ireland, was transplanted to American shores, and in all the New Hampshire settlements was understood and spoken for more than a hundred years after their settlement upon American soil. Letters were written in it; and many poems by Robert Dinsmoor, "The Rustic Bard," in a printed volume, are written in the Lowland-Scotch dialect.

Though it has now almost entirely disappeared, being supplanted by the purer English tongue, yet I have heard the rich brogue in the Scotch settlement in New Hampshire, and in the older Scotch settlement in Ireland, and know numerous families in New Hampshire, of Scotch blood, who since their coming to these shores one hundred and seventy-three years ago have not intermarried save with people of the same race, and they are of as pure Scotch blood and descent as can be found in the Fatherland. The sterling traits of character of the Scotch in Ireland, their frugality, tenacity of purpose, indomitable will, must ever be an honor to their character. Their glorious achievements upon American soil will ever add lustre to their name, and the mighty men produced of this race in all parts of the American Union will give enduring fame to that Scotch race, pure and unmixed,

which, through great tribulation, passed in mighty phalanxes from Scotland to Ireland, there recruited its strength, and then swept across the stormy Atlantic into the American wilderness, subdued forests, founded mighty states, and has been foremost in the onward march of civilization. They are proud to stand alone. Scotch in blood, living or born upon Ireland's soil, the honor is theirs, and theirs alone, and none can deprive them of their glorious fame!

Rev. John S. MacIntosh, D. D., in an eloquent historical address at the Scotch-Irish Congress, at Columbia, Tenn.,* in 1889, says of the Scotch and the Scotch-Irish:—

“Peculiar and royal race; yes, that indeed is our race! I shrink not from magnifying my house and blood with a deep thanksgiving to that Almighty God who himself made us to differ, and sent His great messenger to fit us for our earth-task,—task as peculiar and royal as is the race itself. I shame me not because of the Lowland thistle and the Ulster gorse, of the Covenanter's banner or the Ulsterman's pike.

* Lovers of the Scotch race, whether living in Scotland, Ireland, or America, will find much of interest on “The Scotch-Irish in America,” in the published Proceedings of the Scotch-Irish Congress at Columbia, Tenn., published in 1889, by Robert Clark & Co., Cincinnati, O.; and also in the published Histories of the towns of Londonderry, Windham, Antrim, Bedford, Peterborough, Gilmanton, and Aeworth, N. H.

If we be not *the* very peculiar people, we Scotch-Irish are *a* most peculiar people, who have ever left our own broad, distinct mark wherever we have come, and have it in us still to do the same, even our critics being judges. To-day we stand out sharply distinguished in a score of points from English, Dutch, German, and Swede. We have our distinctive marks, and, like ourselves, they are strong and stubborn. Years change them not, seas wash them not out, varying hopes alter them not, clash and contact with new forms of life and fresh forces of society blur them not. Every one knows the almost laughably dogged persistency of the family likeness in us Scotch-Irish all the world over. Go where you may, know it once, then you know it—aye, feel it—forever. The typical face, the typical modes of thought, the typical habits of work, tough faiths, unyielding grit, granitic hardness, close-mouthed self-repression, clear, firm speech when the truth is to be told, God-fearing honesty, loyalty to friendship, defiant of death, conscience and knee-bending only to God—these are our marks. And they meet and greet you on the hills of Tennessee and Georgia; you may trace them down the valleys of Virginia and Pennsylvania; cross the prairies of the West and the savannahs of the South,

you may plow the seas to refind them in the western bays of Sligo, and beneath the beetling rocks of Donegal; thence you may follow them to the maiden walls of Derry, and among the winding banks of the silvery Bann; onward you may trace them to the rolling hills of Down, and the busy shores of Antrim; and sailing over the narrow lough, you will face them in our forefathers' collier homes and gray keeps of Galloway and Dumfries, of the Ayrshire hills and the Grampian slopes.

“These racial marks are birth-marks, and birth-marks are indelible. And well for us and the world is it that they are indelible. They are great soul-features, these marks. They are principles. The principles are the same everywhere; and these principles are of four classes, religious, moral, intellectual, and political.”

The Rev. John S. MacIntosh says again, in his eloquent, and almost classical, address on “The Making of the Ulsterman,” at the Second Congress of “The Scotch-Irish in America,” held in Pittsburg, Penn., in May and June, 1890:—

“In this study I have drawn very largely upon the labors of two friends of former years,—Dr. William D. Killen of the Assembly's College, one of the most learned and accurate of historians, and the Rev. George

Hill, once Librarian of Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland, than whom never was there more ardent student of old annals and reliable antiquarians; but more largely still have I drawn on my own personal watch and study of this Ulster-folk in their homes, their markets, and their churches. From Derry to Down I have lived with them. Every town, village, and hamlet from the Causeway to Carlingford is familiar to me. Knowing the Lowlander and the Scotch-Irish of this land, I have studied the Ulsterman, and his story of rights and wrongs, and that eagerly, for years. I speak that which I have seen, and testify what I have heard from their own lips, read from old family books, church records, and many a tombstone in Kirkyards."

The Scotch settlers in Ulster were a picked class, as he proves from official and state papers. In a letter of Sir Arthur Chichester, Deputy for Ireland, he says: "The Scottishmen came with better *port* (i. e. manifest character), they are better accompanied and attended, than even the English settlers. Just as to these western shores came the stronger souls, the more daring and select, so to Ulster from the best parts of Lower Scotland came the picked men to be Britain's favored colonists."

Speaking of the race conflicts between the Scotch and native Irish, he says: "But these proud and haughty strangers, with their high heads and new ways, were held as aliens and harried from the beginning by 'the wild Irish.' The scorn of the Scot was met by the curse of the Celt."

And again: "It has been said that the Ulster settlers mingled and married with the Irish Celt. The Ulsterman did *not* mingle with the Celt." Great care was taken by the government that the Ulster Colonists should be so settled that they "may not mix nor intermarry" with the native Celts.

Dr. MacIntosh says again: "The Ulster settlers mingled freely with the English Puritans and with the refugee Huguenots; but so far as my search of state papers, old manuscripts, examination of old parish registers, and years of personal talk with, and study of, Ulster-folk, the Scots did not mingle to any appreciable extent with the natives. . . . With all its dark sides, as well as light, the fact remains that Ulsterman and Celt were aliens and foes. . . . It is useless for Prendergast, Gilbert, and others to deny the massacres of 1641. Reid, and Hickson, and Froude, the evidence sworn to before the Long Parliament, and the

memories of the people, prove the dark facts. . . . In both Lowlander and Ulsterman is the same strong racial pride, the same hauteur and self-assertion, the same self-reliance, the same close mouth, and the same firm will,—‘The stiff heart for the steek brae.’ They are both of the very Scotch, Scotch. To this very hour, in the remoter and more unchanged parts of Antrim and Down, the country-folk will tell you: ‘We’re no Eerish, but Scoatch.’ All their folk-lore, all their tales, their traditions, their songs, their poetry, their heroes and heroines, and their home-speech, is of the oldest Lowland types and times.”

In continuation of this subject, I will say, that in the Scotch settlements of New Hampshire, after a residence of one hundred and seventy-three years, there are families of as pure Scotch lineage as can be found in the Scotch settlements of Ireland or in the interior of the Scottish Lowlands. In no instance since their coming to America have they intermarried with any save those of Scottish blood.

They retain in a marked degree the mental characteristics of the race; there are the same lofty adherence to principle, the same pride of race, the same tenacity of purpose, the same manifestations of unbending and inflexible

will-power and devotion to duty, as were shown by their forefathers at the "Siege of Derry", or by their Covenanting ancestors who, among the moors, the glens, and the cold mountains of Scotland, amid sufferings numberless, upheld loftily the banner of the Cross, while some sealed their deathless devotion to the faith of their souls by sacrificing the bright red blood of their hearts.

In my veins flows, equally commingled, the blood of the Scot and the Puritan; but I speak what I do know, and declare, with all the force and emphasis which language is capable of expressing, that after many years of careful historical and genealogical research, relating to Scotch-American families; after tracing them from America to the Emerald Isle, thence across the narrow belt of sea to the Fatherland, Scotland; that only in exceptional cases has there been an intermixture by marriage of the Scot with the Irish Celt.

I am somewhat familiar with the Scotch settlements in Ulster, have met and talked and am acquainted with many of her people of Scotch descent, and *they* declare with particular emphasis that the mixture of Scot and Irish Celt has been of the slightest kind.

The love of Scotchmen, and the descendants of Scotchmen, in Ulster and elsewhere for the Fatherland and its history is phenomenal, and in America has existed for generations. It is as sweet, as strong, and enduring as that of Burns for the object of his affections as expressed in the following lines, and which all of our race can apply to Scotland:—

An' I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.

CHAPTER IV.

MEETING DESCENDANTS OF THE SCOTCH SETTLERS.

LEAVING Aghadowey, a locality whose history and all that pertains to it has such an interest and charm to the descendants of people who from those familiar grounds, nearly two centuries since, passed to the New World, I went to Crockendolge, and at night was a guest at the hospitable home of a clansman in Money-Dig, Garvagh. During one of those days of examination and journeying I rode twenty-five miles by jaunting-car.

The following morning mine host carried me to Ballymoney, where by rail my journey was continued to Ballemena. Among the descendants of Scotch emigrants to Ireland whom it was my pleasure to meet was Abraham Sinclair, an intelligent and successful merchant of that city, and, later on, Thomas Sinclair, J. P., a wealthy and prominent citizen of Belfast. One of the first members of that family who emigrated to America, two centuries and a half ago, bore the same Christian name. One of the early settlers of Exeter and Hampton, N. H., in 1660 or there about, was John Sinclair, the

ancestor of many of that name in the State. Thus the ancient family names of the Old World are continually duplicated in the New.

From Larne, by narrow-gauge railway, the next place visited was Glenwherry, and the family of Mr. James Andrews, stopping at Ballynashee station. He is of Scotch descent, his family having been in Ireland for more than two centuries,—a large land-owner, living very comfortably in his nice stone house, embowered with large and overshadowing trees, while back of it rose a high, long, sweeping stretch of protecting hills. It was a novelty and a delight in that foreign land to meet these hospitable people in their attractive homes. As one looked forth on hill, valley, water, and the various attractions in view, it seemed as though Nature had been sufficiently lavish in her gifts to Ireland.

It was my fortune to be in Belfast on the Twelfth of July, the 199th anniversary of the "Battle of the Boyne," ever a great day in the North of Ireland, where celebrations always take place. On this particular day the Orangemen were out in force. Many different societies, with their flags, and its members dressed in their regalia, were seen among the marching thousands.

There was an immense procession, which paraded the streets of Belfast with waving plumes and flaunting banners. Many were the mottoes on their gorgeous flags, such as "No Surrender," "Remember the Boyne Water," and others eulogistic of William, Prince of Orange. The Scotch bagpipes were playing, which, united with the bugle's blast and the fearfully *beaten* drums, made discordant music. The greatest force, vindictiveness and spite, were manifested in many things which I observed. They marched out of the city to Chrome, seven miles away, and in the afternoon marched back again,—men, women, boys, and girls, old and young. Fully 150,000 people were estimated to have been at that place. Both classes of people, Protestants and Catholics, the descendants of the Scotch and English as well as the native Irishmen, are unreasonable, and manifest but little of that charity toward each other "which suffereth long." As I looked over the vast throng, and thought of the other class equally vindictive, one could not but say, "What fools these mortals be!" It is safe to assert that not one in ten in those marching thousands were Home Rulers, and had any of the Celtic Irish used insulting language to these men, who were celebrating the victory of the

“Boyne Water,” there would have been as lively a scrimmage as is now going on in Southern Ireland between Parnell and Davitt and their followers of the split-in-twain Home Rule party, and as many broken heads. Many of the homes and estates in Belfast are vast, elegant, and elaborate. Among them was one which I visited. Most charming grounds and shrubbery surrounded the beautiful residence, with its rich, varied, and costly furnishings.

During a delightful stay in Belfast, I was for a time a guest at the home of Rev. Robert Andrew Phenix, M. A., at Kilwaughter Rectory, near Larne. The Rectory stands in a park off the highway, surrounded by a wall, and filled with beautiful shrubbery. But nothing was more beautiful than the kindness of the greeting of the rector and his attractive wife, and the warmth of their generous hospitality. All are pleasant remembrances. I also visited Bangor, a few miles away, and an old historic church, and its castle's grounds. W. E. Armstrong and his son, solicitors, gave me much attention, and thus aided me in my special work. Thus were spent happy days in Belfast.

Going to Dublin, I called on Lieutenant Heally of the Royal Navy, Marine Department, and at the office of the Assistant Chief of the

Emigration Department, and sent to various other places for special historical information, which apparently does not exist. Early emigration lists are difficult to find, and the most of them are utterly lost. At the Four Courts I called upon Judge Porter, the Right Honorable Master of Rolls, and was enabled to consult, without trouble, many old records, parish and otherwise, which are there deposited.

After considerable labor in this line, my work in Ireland was completed, and one afternoon I took passage on a vessel which steamed out of Dublin Harbor just as the evening shadows were deepening, and the afterglow from the sun which had set lighted with an almost divine halo the summits of distant high elevations. The harbor is attractive to the eye, and the view of the mountains in the Counties of Dublin and Wicklow was fine indeed. When we landed at Hollyhead the clear lights of steamers and sailing vessels flitted and danced brightly in the black night over the restless waters of the bay.

CHAPTER V.

IN WALES.

HOLLYHEAD is of considerable importance, on account of its convenience as a place from which vessels can easily reach the Irish coast, and the town is filled with an active and thriving population. Vast sums have been spent upon public works, and a fine harbor has been constructed. A lighthouse with brilliant lights, two hundred and twelve feet above the water, is situated three miles away, on an isolated rock, called the South Stack. The promontory of the Head is a precipitous rock, into which channels have been worn by the beating waters, and where innumerable fowls congregate and nest. This place is connected with Chester and Liverpool by rail, by which rapid transit is made with those places.

Leaving Hollyhead, I passed through a country of picturesque scenery, where many fine watering-places nestled on the shores of the ocean, with shadowing hills in the background. After passing railroad-girdled hills and old ruins, in plain view at Hawarden was situated, among stately trees which his destroying axe

had not felled, the home of the great English and world-renowned statesman, William Ewart Gladstone.

I soon reached Chester, and then Liverpool, where I stayed only long enough to receive my mail, and despatch letters to the United States. I pressed on to Buxton, a fashionable inland watering-place, in the northwest part of the County of Derby, in the hilly moorland called the High Peak. The district is renowned for its picturesque and beautiful scenery, its health-giving atmosphere, its mineral waters and baths, and is a favorite resort of invalids and tourists. Here at Diamond Hill are found the famous quartz crystals, widely known as the Buxton diamonds. Near the Diamond Hill is a long natural cavern, extending into the hill almost half a mile, and known as Poole's Hole. The entrance is narrow, but soon enlarges, and the ceiling becomes more lofty. A narrow stream flows through high chambers, with imposing arches, and with stalactites suspended from the top, and crystalline masses have accumulated on the floor, caused by the dropping of the water filled with calcareous matter. A guide accompanied me through the entire length, which was lighted by gas. The place is remarkable for its strangeness and beauty.

The Buxton Gardens and Pavilion are said to be unsurpassed in Great Britain, for the beauty of waterfalls, lawns, and walks, and the many kinds of entertainment and amusement provided for their patrons.

After concluding my stay at Buxton, I went, *via* Liverpool, almost direct to the southwestern part of Wales. I saw the huge excavations for the great canal which is to connect Manchester with Liverpool, and which will make a sea port of this populous inland city. My route took me through nearly the whole length of Wales, passing into the centre in a south-westerly direction. The rain fell heavily, but it was a journey of great enjoyment, as the route lay through romantic and charming scenery, where the mountains in their beauty and greenness were all about us. Only a short stay was made at the quaint old city of Shrewsbury, on the River Severn, with its crooked, narrow streets and tile-roofed houses.

Passing through the important and finely situated town of Carmarthen, I reached, late one afternoon, the small struggling place called St. Clear's, and registered at the Railway Hotel. It is a place of a good deal of history, some ancient, some modern. A celebrated family of counterfeiters of paper money lived there about

1815-16, and while mingling in the best society carried on their nefarious business. At last came exposure, arrest, trial, conviction, and one of the family, Mr. Baines, was executed. The cottage in which the family lived, called "The Victoria," is still standing and attracts attention. The chamber where he carried on the business, with the aperture in the walls where his implements and counterfeit money were secreted, are still to be seen. Wishing to see the village and this place, I took an evening stroll, and made inquiries of several parties for the house where the "counterfeiters" lived; but the ignorant denizens of the village knew nothing of the history of their own neighborhood, and looked at me distrustfully. Returning to my hotel without finding the object of my search, I was going to my room, when in rushed a large portly man, red in the face, out of breath, and evidently quite excited. He looked at me sharply as I saluted him and passed to my apartment. He was the "inspector" (chief of police), and in the morning I was told by the hotel manager, with some mirth, that my inquiries had aroused the suspicions of the villagers, who notified the "inspector" that there was "a suspicious looking character" about, and he had come to the hotel to see me, and to warn the manager to look out for me!

The following day was the Sabbath. I attended the Methodist Episcopal Church. The minister preached in the Welsh tongue, in which all the services were conducted. The stewards (deacons) sat in front of the pulpit, on seats higher than those of the congregation. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. The minister first partook of the sacred emblems, then the stewards, then he passed them to the congregation. All this time he was rapidly speaking, and then the congregation broke forth into jubilant song; and what clear, sweet, strong voices they had, and how well they sang!

For the singers' voices were tender,
And sweet as with love untold.

The mourning caps of the women were exceedingly peculiar, and in riding they wore the Welsh tall hat,—about a foot in height,—peaked at the top, which gave rise to these lines:—

Let other maids their heads enfold
In tresses dark or coils of gold;
Cambrian maids, believe me that
Your crowning beauty is your hat.

The people talk among themselves mostly in their native tongue, but the larger part of them can speak English as well. The day was

vastly enjoyed. The strange country, the stranger methods of dress, ways of living, looks of the people, and the incidents of the day, united to make it one long to be remembered.

St. Clear's is an ancient town, dating back to about the time of William the Conqueror. A famous castle was once there, and a great circular mound, just off of the main street in one of its villages, marks the site of it. The old church was built before A. D. 1200, but was "restored" in recent years.

Taking a "trap" on Monday, I was carried to the town of Laugharne, which was a point occupied by the Romans when they possessed Great Britain. Our way lay over a country of gently rising hills, between which and in plain view the River Taff flowed sluggishly along through undulating meadows. On the hills and in the fields were large herds of a very popular breed of Welsh cattle, hardy, tough, black in color, with large horns, and known as the "Castle Martin" stock. At a half-way point between St. Clear's and Laugharne, from an elevation was a commanding view of the country for miles about us. In the distance were gently rising hills, cut up by hedges into numerous fields, interspersed with trees, while far away Carmarthen saluted our vision. The village of

Laugharne was reached by a steep descent, and lies among hills on the calm waters of a northward projecting arm of Carmarthen Bay. A castle, magnificent in its ruins, on the shore of the bay, is the chief object of attraction. It belongs to a wealthy family, and visitors are admitted certain days in the week. Being admitted, I found the courtyard filled with gardens of flowers, and green sward lined the sides of gravelled walks. There are trees of various kinds. Over the high battlements and ruined arches of windows there are clinging the green tendrils of the ivy. Thus the beauty of exuberant life covers up the blackness of desolation, ruin, and death.

Leaving this pleasing locality, I journeyed to Carmarthen Junction, and then went in a southeasterly direction, on the bank of the sparkling River Towey, to Ferry Side. On the opposite shore, standing in bold relief on a high headland, overlooking river and country around, are the extensive ruins of Llanstephen Castle,

Where round the mouldering towers green ivy creeps,
And low-browed rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.

The castle is supposed to have been built in 1138, was a very strong fortress, and often endured the vicissitudes of war. The Welsh

word "llan" meant originally a narrowing, a dike, a recess; and, later, a circle, or sacred enclosure, used for a place of worship.

The country in South Wales abounds with ruined castles, the mementos of a turbulent, warlike past. At Kidwelli is a famous old castle, with its gateway fronting the sea, erected by William de Londres in 1094. Two of its towers are in a state of perfect preservation. That and the village are situated among great shadowing trees, and are very pleasing to the traveller.

Passing along the shores of river and bay, the bustling, thriving city of Swansea was reached. The air was black with the smoke of its great smelting furnaces, arising from a multitude of chimneys, for this is the seat of the copper trade of Great Britain. Besides having great business interests with all parts, its harbor is excellent, and it has become a popular sea resort.

After a short stay in Swansea, and again at Neath, I reached Cardiff, and registered at the Royal Hotel. It is one of the most important cities in South Wales, containing more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, and abounds in interesting things of the past and present. Its castle speaks of a distant past. It was

erected in the eleventh century, and there was confined for thirty years Robert Curtrose, the eldest son of William the Conqueror. It has been restored in late years, and the magnificence and beauty of its grounds are hardly surpassed. It is occasionally occupied by the Marquis of Bute. Its ship canal and the docks of Cardiff are of vast extent, and tell us of an enterprising and active present, where the activities of men are more turned to the conquests of peace than to the horrors of war.

Leaving Cardiff, I went to Newport by way of Llandaff. On the way to Bristol, I passed through one of the most renowned tunnels of the world, the Severn, under the River Severn. It was opened in December, 1886; is four and one-third miles in length, from forty to one hundred feet beneath the river's bed, twenty-six feet high, twenty-six feet wide, and two railway tracks go through it. Passing through Bristol, a large city with many roofs of tile, and a population of more than two hundred thousand, I reached the beautiful city of Bath England.

CHAPTER VI.

IN ENGLAND.

I REGISTERED at the Great Pump Room Hotel, immediately over, or at the side, of the great Roman Baths of seventeen hundred years ago, which are of large extent. The baths of the city are wonderful. The latter lies in the vale of the Avon River, is built substantially of light gray sandstone, and rises from the vale beneath up the sloping hillsides to a height of some six hundred feet. There is a great deal to admire in its beauty and situation. It has been frequented by the most renowned of statesmen, poets, and authors; by many have its praises been sung. Christopher Anstey makes one of his characters say:—

Of all the gay places the world can afford,
By gentle and simple for pastime adored;
Fine balls and fine concerts, fine buildings and springs,
Fine walks and fine views, and a thousand fine things;
Not to mention the sweet situation and air, —
What place, my dear mother, with Bath can compare.

There I had the pleasure of meeting Hon. Arthur Livermore and wife, friends whose acquaintance I made when he was United States

Consul at Londonderry, Ireland. My journey led me to Swindon, to Reading, with its activity; to Maidenhead, Slough, and to Windsor, with its glorious castle, the home of royalty. A description of its massiveness, the beauty of its various chapels, and all which goes to make up Windsor, would fill volumes. It was my privilege to see much, and to feel a great delight in comprehending its greatness and splendor. The interior of the Albert Memorial Chapel is one of the most beautiful chapels, or works of art, which it has ever been my privilege to see in Great Britain.

I found myself on familiar ground upon arriving in London, and immediately secured hotel accommodations in my old quarters, in the vicinity of Exeter Hall. At Somerset House I met Henry F. Waters, whose gleanings in England on historical matters are so valuable. He represents the New England Historic and Genealogical Society. Some time was spent at Somerset House in historical search, and at the Records Office in Fetter Lane. The following statement may be of service to other searchers for historical knowledge which they hope to find on the other side of the sea.

Till Cromwell's time, shipping masters were by law required to procure a license to sail be-

yond seas ; after that period they procured no license, and few, if any, shipping lists of emigrants are preserved after that date. To that regulation we are indebted for the preservation of the lists of the emigrants of the *Mayflower* and numerous other ships, preserved by Hotten and others in their valuable works. To find early records of emigrants from Great Britain to the United States and America, I called upon the Assistant Secretary of the Marine Department, Board of Trade, at White Hall, and at the Register-General's Office of Seamen and Shipping, near the Tower of London, and none could be found save those already in print. It is altogether probable that most of the lists of emigrants to America are forever lost. I have made very careful inquiries and search at the main shipping ports and public offices in the three kingdoms, and have found no additional records of emigrants. The names of emigrating ancestors of many Americans, the time they left their native land, and the towns from which they came, will remain forever hidden. Some, however, may yet be revealed in the years to come through the painstaking care and thorough research of local historians.

Previous to the marriage of the daughter of

the Prince of Wales to the Highland nobleman, the Queen had requested of Parliament an additional appropriation for the support of the Prince of Wales and his family. It raised a storm of opposition. Many besides the Radicals thought that royalty was a senseless and expensive luxury, and that the ones who reaped the benefit from it were members of the royal family themselves. They thought that, considering the magnificent amounts now received by the Prince from the nation, he and his family should use common sense in their expenditures the same as other people, and were tired of having royalty forever crying "More! more!" The Royal Grants Bill came up in Parliament, the debates lasted long and were of great interest, and one evening I went to the House of Commons to listen to the speeches.

Through the courtesy of Hon. Herbert Gladstone, I secured a ticket and a seat in the Strangers' Gallery. Gladstone made a powerful speech in favor of the bill before my entrance, but it was my privilege to listen to Hon. W. H. Smith, also Mr. Morely, who is an eloquent and fluent speaker, and several others, staying there, as I did, until midnight. Some plain truths were uttered by members in rela-

tion to royalty, which, had they been spoken two centuries ago, would have cost the persons who said them their heads! "The world *does* move."

Two days after this memorable debate—sunshine, shadow, rain—multitudes thronged the streets of London. Through the Strand, to Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square, through Pall Mall and Piccadilly, the surging crowds went to Buckingham Palace to see what could be seen of the royal marriage, and I went with them. Thousands of people were in the vicinity and filled every available foot of ground. After the ceremony, "Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen," surrounded by the royal family, appeared upon the balcony of the Palace, and was given a splendid ovation, which she acknowledged with great courtesy by repeatedly bowing to the vast assembly. She is a short, fat old lady, with a homely, heavy countenance; still she impresses one quite favorably. Were it not for her high position, she would probably receive no more attention, nor be entitled to any more, than a million other good women in Great Britain. No one claims for her superior intellectual gifts. But if there must be a Queen, England is fortunate in having her as a ruler,

for her reign has been a pure and upright one, and she has frowned down many things which cast a well merited reproach upon the characters and reigns of her predecessors. The Prince of Wales is a good looking "man of the world," and the others—well, they were merely men and women.

The Princess and her husband were driven out of the Palace grounds in one of the royal coaches, past the spot where I stood, and a good view was obtained of them. They made a nice couple, and she looked as beautiful as a fine hot-house flower. Long life and happiness to them! One sunny Sabbath I went and heard Canon Farrar, one of the broadest and finest preachers in England. As would be expected, the sermon was excellent, the service beautiful. In the afternoon I listened to Canon Duckworth in Westminster Abbey, and in the evening to Rev. Newman Hall. It was a rare privilege to listen to these noted men, and it was greatly enjoyed. A stroll in the bright sunshine in the afternoon on the bank of the Thames, and through the lovely gardens of the Victoria Embankment, filled as they were with brightly blooming flowers, of many varieties and colors, was one of marked pleasure.

I saw Madame Tussaud & Sons' renowned

Historical Gallery, which well repays a visit. They have, among the multitude of wax figures, busts of a few noted Americans, among them Washington, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Garfield, and others, and there is not a respectable representation of any one that has been named. They are mere caricatures; and an American, looking at them, would *smile* or be indignant as the mood took him. Having a reader's ticket, some days were spent in the British Museum in historical research. At my hotel a pleasure was afforded by meeting one of my fellow-passengers on the City of New York, and our wanderings in town were enjoyable. My name happened to appear in the London edition of the New York Herald, and as London merchants are desirous of *looking* at American money, circulars from them, soliciting my patronage, flowed in upon me as waters flow to the sea.

The time came for me to leave the great, home-like city of London, which I love so well. Taking the train at Charing Cross station, I went to Chiselhurst. It is most charmingly situated, and woods everywhere abound. But a short distance from the station is the former home of Napoleon III and the Empress Eugenie after the disastrous war with Germany. There

he died in 1873, and there his remains, with those of his son, killed in "Zulu Land" in 1879, remained in a chapel for several years, and afterward were removed to Farnborough Hill, the present home of Eugenie, who erected for them a costly mausoleum. Chiselhurst is full of charming homes, and is itself one of the sweetest, fairest places in the County of Kent, which is one of the fairest counties in Merrie England.

In the afternoon of a summer's day I reached Seven Oaks, a prettily situated town of about seven thousand people. Taking a "fly," I was driven to Ightham (formerly Eigtham), five miles distant, through a country of hill, dale, and attractive homes, which were pleasing to the eye and full of interest. It lies in the hundred of Wrotham, and derives its name from eight hams, or boroughs, which lie within it or on its border. Two old British encampments exist in this place. One of them can hardly be surpassed in Great Britain. From a geological and archæological point of view, Ightham and vicinity is one of the most interesting localities in Great Britain, for there have been found some of the rarest specimens of ancient stone implements and in the most extraordinary situations.

Benjamin Harrison of Ightham, a self-taught

man, has contributed the newest and most remarkable chapter in the history of flint instruments. He has himself found more than four hundred in seven years, and some of them in gravel beds at a height of six hundred feet; proving, as some geologists claim, that in a remote period the rivers ran from two hundred and fifty to six hundred feet higher than at the present. The vast antiquity of man has been demonstrated by these discoveries and similar ones. It was my privilege to make the acquaintance of Mr. Harrison, to spend an evening with him in his comfortable home; and it is a source of satisfaction to him to know that his valuable work has been recognized by the leading scientists of Great Britain.

Within three miles of Ightham is a great curiosity, a circle of Druidical stones; and less than two miles away, Mr. Horace Wilkinson has in his possession the skull of Oliver Cromwell, which he delights to show to interested visitors. The village of Ightham is one of the rarest, quaintest places in all England, and lies beneath an overhanging hill. The inn, erected in 1515, is after the ancient English fashion, — very old, very odd, very comfortable. My stay at “The George and Dragon,” where the sloping sides of my bedchamber rose nearly

to the ridge-pole, was greatly enjoyed. Every moment was one of delight.

At Yaldham it was my privilege to go through and inspect one of the old homes of one of England's famous families. The ancient hall, which for centuries had known the presence of illustrious hosts and noted guests, was ornamented upon its walls by stag's horns, guns, and pictures, beside many rare and curious things. A fine neighboring estate, very ancient, abounding with noted events, was connected with lives of illustrious persons. It was occupied by Sir Mark W. Collet, whom it was my good fortune to meet. For miles around the over-sweeping gaze takes in the beauty of hamlet, vale, and hill, while the archiepiscopal palace at Otford, a favorite residence of Henry the Eighth, is in sight, and also Knockholt, Ightham, and Seal. The grounds were elegant and elaborately laid out, and a forest of heavy-foliaged beeches raised their lofty heads high in the air and shut out the sun, while the undulating green fields are nowhere greener or brighter.

Returning to Ightham, I was taken to "Ightham Moat," some three miles distant. In all England there can hardly be exhibited a better moated manor-house. Its domestic chapel is of

Henry the Eighth's time, and is justly considered very fine. The manor-house is of stone, very ancient, and surrounded by a moat some twenty or more feet in width, with water eight or nine feet in depth, which is brought by several streams from a higher elevation. All portions of the place were inspected. It was occupied by General Palmer, an American, and an officer in our Civil War. On the day of my visit it was sold to a son of Sir James Ferguson for about three-fourths of a million of dollars.

A pleasant ride of a few miles brought me to Penshurst, a castle of magnificence, occupied by a grandson of King William the Fourth. The ancient hall, which was of large extent, remained largely as in days long gone. Its height is from the ground to the roof. Its walls were hung with the antlers of deer. There were, besides guns of various styles, swords and spears, and other implements and trophies of ancient warfare. In the centre of this old banqueting hall was the place for the open fire, from which in centuries past the smoke ascended to find its way through the roof without the aid of chimneys. The apartments of the castle were of large extent, and abounded with multitudes of relics of a past, rich with mighty history, and many memorials of Queen

Elizabeth. The pictures upon the walls, made by noted masters in art, of the great and illustrious personages, formed one of the chief attractions of the place. At this spot were born Sir Philip Sidney and Algernon Sidney.

Leaving this enchanting locality, I took the train, going immediately to Battle, in the County of Sussex. A 'bus took me up the street into the town for half a mile, past the "Battle Abbey," so famous, to the George Hotel, where I registered. It was late at night. I was on one of the most historic spots in English history, one which I had longed to behold for many years. Wandering into the street, I went down by the Abbey, and in the chilly night its massive stone walls and towers frowned gloomily upon me. It seemed cold and cheerless there, as if the angry souls of those who had gone up to the judgment seat of God from midst of battle fray, more than eight hundred years before, had reappeared and were haunting those gloomy corridors. Impatient for the day, I sought my room; and in that condition which counterfeits death, but from which one emerges like a new being, refreshed and jubilant, the hours of night quietly passed away.

With the dawning of the morning came a drizzling rain. My first thoughts were of the Battle Abbey. The Duke of Cleveland is the proprietor, who is represented as an elegant gentleman. The public are admitted only on certain days in the week, and this was one of the prohibited days. It was told me that no one would be admitted, but I "got there just the same," not in a company, but having a guide all to myself, who explained each spot. From the level ground of the elevated terrace, with its carpet of the greenest and closely cropped grass, we looked forth to the Telham Hills, and the extending country on either side, where marched the Norman forces, and where they first saw the troops of King Harold. The latter were posted on the elevation upon which we stood, known as the Heights of Senlac. How beautiful is the country there! Back of the Telham Hills, beyond the spot where the Norman invaders first appeared to view, on a clear day can be seen the swelling sea, whose heaving waters bore the restless, invading, and conquering William from the peaceful slopes of Normandy to the shores of Britain, whose kingdom and crown he sought and won.

The battle was fought and King Harold was slain ; his brothers lay dead beside him and his fallen comrades. His standard, with its figure of a warrior and sparkling with gold and precious stones, had been taken, and in its place, in the autumn twilight of that battle day of Oct. 14, 1066, fluttered the consecrated Papal banner of William the Norman. The spot is still pointed out, and I stood upon it. There among the dead on the night of the battle, on a table of stone, was spread the celebrating feast of the Conqueror, and there he slept. There the High Altar stood, while above it arose the Battle Abbey, by command of William, which should keep green the memory of the Normans who triumphed ; and where, too, was kept the famous list—not wholly authentic, perhaps—of the Knights of Normandy who accompanied William to Britain, known as the “Battle Abbey Roll.” I went over all the grounds, past the old cloisters and the ruins of the dormitory, through the vaulted, arching ways or chambers. A garden, beautifully kept, occupies a portion of the historic ground, while the “Cedars of Lebanon” sway in the breezes near where the High Altar stood.

This has been called one of the “fifteen decisive battles of the world.” The Conqueror

died, and was entombed in the grand church of St. Stephen's, in Caen, in his native Normandy. Twice has it been rifled and destroyed. A few weeks later I stood in that church and upon the slab under which lies all that remains of the great warrior, a thigh-bone, while the vanquished, knightly Harold rests in an unknown grave under the turf at Waltham, England. One could not but reflect upon the mutations of time and of human greatness and splendor, which vanish so quickly.

Hastings (and St. Leonard's, practically one town of fifty thousand people) is eight miles distant, finely situated on a hillside fronting the water and is a famous summer resort. Its attractiveness can hardly be surpassed. Its sea front is three miles in length, which is utilized for a beautiful walk by its many visitors. Its old ruined castle is on a high hill, and is one of the attractions of the city.

Continuing my journey from Hastings, I reached Rye, a decayed shipping port, situated on a hill overlooking a sea which has retired greatly, nearly ruining the harbor. Its name is taken from Rye, Normandy, and is itself perpetuated in a town of the same name in New Hampshire, and not unlike it in bordering on the sea. It is a queer old place, which well

repays a visit. In the ancient church, as in most churches, were numerous tablets in memory of the beloved dead, with tributes of affection carved upon them. Among them was this, which I copied on account of its beauty of sentiment and expression: "Her immortal soul is gone to that bright land of everlasting light and never-ending love, where the weary rest in Christ."

On a Saturday afternoon I registered at the "Fleur de Lis," in Canterbury, County of Kent, the ecclesiastical metropolis of England, which has been the seat of an archbishop since the sixth century. It is a city of some twenty-two thousand people, and is not to be compared in many respects with great numbers of English towns. The stately and famous Cathedral, which it would take pages to describe, is the centre of attraction to all visitors. It is massive, stately, elegant in design and embellishment. There I twice attended services, which, I am compelled to say, were of a most prosy, uninteresting character.

The narrow streets of Canterbury are not pleasant, although there are points of interest in the city. But to me the place was a disappointment, and I was not unwilling to leave it and go to the cheerier Rochester, on the

banks of the clear waters of the Medway River. The route lay through one of the greatest hop-growing sections of England. There were acres upon acres on each side of our way, and they looked very beautiful that sunny afternoon. In the evening I reached that cheerful city on the Medway.

CHAPTER VII.

GOING TO THE FAR NORTHLAND.

ROCHESTER is a very ancient place, and has been successively inhabited by the Britons, Romans, Saxons, and the Normans. It was made a bishop's see in the seventh century. Its castle stands upon a high eminence, and is the finest that I saw in Great Britain, save Edinburgh. It was built in 1126–1139, by William Corbeil, Archbishop of Canterbury. The keep rises one hundred and four feet from the ground, is reached by stairs, and is of Norman architecture. It was toward evening when I visited it. From a flagstaff at that height in a stiff breeze gayly floated the lordly flag of Great Britain. Thick green ivy ornamented the ruinous walls, obscuring much of their brokenness. The entrance to the castle is through a perfect arch in a ruinous wall of massive thickness, and tall trees, with their dense and glorious foliage, combined to make the ruin and its surroundings one of the grandest in the four kingdoms. In its front, on the banks of the river and beneath overhanging trees, was a lovely walk, which was frequented

by many admirers. I ascended to the top of the castle and feasted my eyes on the beauties of the glorious landscape. The Medway River was before and beneath me, flowing broad and full through undulating lands which rise gently to the surrounding elevations. Over its bosom all kinds of craft were plying, while from the shore a pier penetrated to the deep waters. For miles about the country was spread like a map beneath me,—fields, river, trees, towns, and cities,—while at the castle's base were walks and gardens laid out with artistic precision, radiant in brilliancy and sweet with the aroma of flowers.

Chatham, combined with Rochester, makes really one city. It has some seven thousand people, is a very important naval arsenal and military station, and is situated on the Medway River. My comfortable quarters were in an historic hostelry,—The Mitre,—in Chatham. It is a roomy, old-fashioned, quaint, and cosy English inn, such as we read about as existing scores of years ago. The roof is flat, the rooms are low studded, with solid oaken beams in view. There are wide corridors and staircases, bedrooms with ancient fireplaces, cupboards and panelling. It was the headquarters of Lord Nelson for weeks in 1793, and

later of the Duke of Clarence, afterward King William IV, and of Dickens and Wilkie Collins and many other noted personages. In the prime of his powers, Dickens thus writes: "The silent High Street of Rochester is full of gables, with old beams and timbers carved with strange faces. It is oddly garnished with a queer old clock that projects over the pavement out of a grave red-brick building, as if Time carried on business, there and hung out his sign. Sooth to say, he did an active stroke of work in Rochester in the days of the Romans and the Saxons and the Normans, and down to the times of King John, when the ragged castle, I will not undertake to say how many hundred years old then, was abandoned to the centuries of weather which had so defaced the dark apertures in its walls that the ruin looks as if the rooks and the daws had picked its eyes out." In speaking of "The Mitre" in 1858, he said: "There was an inn in the Cathedral (?) town where I went to school that had pleasanter recollections about it than any of these. . . . It had an ecclesiastical sign. . . . The Mitre . . . and a bar, that seemed to be the next thing to a bishopric, *it was so snug*. I loved the landlord's youngest daughter to distraction — but let that pass. It was in that inn that I

was cried over by my rosy little sister because I had acquired a black eye in a fight, and though she had been, that holly-tree night, for many a long year where all tears are dried, the Mitre softened me yet."

Beautiful and extensive grounds are in the rear of the hotel, which add a wondrous charm to the place. This famous hostelry is much as it was when frequented by the great English novelist. Its grounds remain as they were, a surprise and a delight to the stranger. "None of the old rooms were ever pulled down; no old tree was ever rooted up; nothing with which there was any association of bygone times was ever removed or changed."

Home again in London! How homelike it seemed; how restful after my wanderings. It always seems to give a greeting of warmth and cheer to the weary traveller. My mail met me here, with letters and papers from the *New World*. Leaving the city I loved so well, my wanderings led to Chelmsford, in the County of Essex, thirty miles northeast of London, and containing ten thousand people. It is the county town, and uninteresting and unattractive. From this section of *Old England* came a great many of the first settlers of *New England*, about two and a half centuries ago, carry-

ing the names of their old homes with which to christen their abodes in the New World. Near by was Billerica, then Brentwood, Epping, Waltham, and Braintree, in the County of Essex, while in the next County of Suffolk were Ipswich, Haverhill, Sudbury, Orford, and other towns whose names are familiar as household words to every intelligent New-Englander.

In Colchester, County of Essex, I registered at "The Three Cups," an old hostelry, very comfortable and attractive. The city is fifty-two miles from the great heart-centre of England, contains about twenty-nine thousand people, and has many remains to interest the antiquarian tourist,—indeed, few places furnish a finer field for investigation.

Old King Cole,

A jolly old soul,

A jolly old soul was he,

was, whether myth or real, by legends or by actual deeds or facts, inseparably connected with Colchester. To this day is still pointed out "King Coel's Kitchen," not many score of years ago a certain pump was known as "King Coel's Pump," and the renowned castle was called "King Coel's Hall."

The castle is of imposing dimensions, its walls of great thickness, and, like the walls of Roch-

ester Castle, were made with a cement of such hardness and durability that dynamite is said to be used in their demolition. Within this strong fortress is a museum, with many urns containing the bones and ashes of Roman dead. Some of these urns were enclosed in tall jars, from which the tops could be removed. One church in the place is built largely of Roman tiles, which are more durable than stone. Eight hundred years of heat and cold, of howling wind and beating storm, have made no impression upon them, while they protrude sharply beyond the worn-away stone by which they are surrounded. The remains of the Roman walls are the finest specimens of the kind left by the Romans in England. After visiting St. John's Abbey Gate, St. Botolph's Priory Church, and other noted places, my journey was resumed to Ipswich, in Suffolk County. Here and at Bury St. Edmunds many of the probate records of the county are kept, which I consulted.

Ipswich is an attractive place to the stranger, with tile-roofed houses, has fifty-one thousand people, is situated on the River Orwell, and from it sailed Massachusetts emigrants two hundred and fifty and more years since. Cardinal Wolsey was born there. Going to Stowe Market, I visited the parish of Rattlesden,

stopping at "The Five Bells," a little house with tile roof. It could not be called a hotel, but a public, and was the only place of entertainment in that straggling little village. In the evening, the village schoolmaster, a soldier who had been at Sebastopol and India, and other dignitaries of the village, congregated in the small sitting-room, seating themselves on the wooden benches around the table, where they smoked, told stories, discussed politics, and drank their whiskey or cups of ale, after the manner of Tam O'Shanter and his cronies. It was a new phase of life to me, and afforded me amusement. The day following, when calling upon the rector of the Episcopal Church in one of the parishes visited, two kinds of wine with other things were brought forward for my entertainment.

I visited the parishes of Hitcham, Buxhall, and then went to Norwich, County of Norfolk, putting up at the "Maid's Head." It is the capital of the county, has ninety thousand people, narrow, winding streets, many manufactories, an old castle on a high elevation, and a magnificent cathedral. The latter is over four hundred feet in length, very wide, very high, was begun in 1096, and ranks among the finest buildings of its kind in England. From the

top of the castle the city was spread out before me, and was red with the roofs of tile; while far beyond were green tracts with trees, and fields of waving grain ripening in the autumn sun. My stay at Bury St. Edmunds was short, though it is a pleasing place.

On arriving at Cambridge, I registered at the "Bull" Hotel. It is situated on the River Cam, has thirty-five thousand people, and, to my mind, is one of the most beautiful cities in England. More lovely than Oxford, the lawns and grounds near the colleges are hard to rival in beauty. The trees are hoary with age, and beneath their grateful shade have rambled many of England's illustrious sons. Upon the river were numbers of sporting boats, many of them dexterously handled by ladies. Of the famous University it is needless to speak, for its history is known throughout the world by the lives and record of its sons.

My steps were now turned to the far Northland, to the storm-beaten shores of the Pentland Firth, that narrow ocean's arm which divides the County of Caithness, the most northern point of the mainland of Scotland, from the Orkney Islands. On the route many noted places in England, and Scotland, my fatherland, were to be seen and visited. On leaving Cambridge,

that place so lovely, and of which so many pleasant remembrances linger with me, my journey led me to Huntington, the birthplace of Oliver Cromwell; then to Ramsay, a small, funny old town, with one principal street, with a few small shops and many hostelries, odd in looks and appearance, with odder names. There were "The Seven Stars," "The Boat and Anchor," "The Spotted Dog," and others of similar designations. Thatched roofs abounded in the village, which was far from attractive. Upland was three miles from this place. On the way north we had a fine view of Peterborough, as we passed through it, and of its celebrated cathedral, one of the most important churches of Norman architecture in England.

On my arrival at the ancient city of Nottingham, I became the guest of "The George Hotel." I had passed some fine agricultural districts, with great fields, good crops, and the great reapers harvesting the golden grain. Nottingham is a city of two hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants, and is most pleasantly situated on the side of a steep elevation. The hill itself is of sandstone, rapidly worked, and excavations in it are easily and quickly made. In this place the poet, Henry Kirk White, was born in 1785. It is very attractive, and well repays

any one for a visit. The Market Place, covering several acres, is a perfect hive for trafficking in all kinds of merchandise. The Castle is the great point of interest, situated, as it is, on a high and precipitous rock, one hundred and fifty feet above and overlooking the River Lene. It is an edifice of vastness, and from the roof I had a magnificent view of rivers flowing through undulating and fertile meadows of the country beyond, and the fine buildings, and all others, of the great, busy city itself. I examined the many rare curiosities in the rooms of the elegant museum kept in the castle. In 1330 King Edward III surprised and took this fortress by a secret passage now known as "Mortimer's Hole." From the terrace, as the day was clear and sunny, there spread out before me the valley of the River Trent, fair and lovely. The entrance to "Mortimer's Hole" is through a wicket gate in the terrace wall. The guide led the way down through a winding, circuitous, and constantly descending pathway, cut in the soft sandstone of which the hill is formed, to the very base of the cliff. As we descended, rooms were discernible at the sides, cut in the rock. At this castle, in 1642, Charles I unfurled his standard, to which the people of the surrounding country

did not flock with that enthusiasm and alacrity which the perjured and recreant King had expected.

The time spent in Nottingham was of unalloyed enjoyment. Leaving there, a swift train, in about two hours' time, bore me ninety miles distant, through a luxuriant country, thriving villages, and bustling cities, to the solid, substantial, wealthy, and smoky city of Leeds, in the County of York. An English friend, whose acquaintance had been made years before, met me at the station and took me to his hospitable and lovely home at Adel, one of the suburbs of the city, where I spent the Sabbath. I attended divine services in the small Episcopal Church in Adel, built some eight hundred years ago. Near it is the little rustic churchyard, where the denizens of that locality have for long years laid their dead away,—a quiet spot, sanctified by many tears and sacred to many loving hearts. There, too, were evidences of ancient sepulture, for there were old Roman coffins of stone upon the surface of the ground, and in the locality are many remains of the Roman regimé. This visit was a season of delight, for it gave me an introduction to an English home, where the attractive members of his family were as kind, as

free, and as cordial as himself. "Mine host" was a loyal Englishman, of fine powers of mind, progressive, or rather a radical in his political views and modes of thought, a great admirer of America and American institutions, of which he had made a careful study, and was not frugal in his admiration of some of our distinguished Americans. He was one of the committee of the city of Leeds to receive the Shah of Persia, a few weeks before my advent. That Eastern potentate was not free and easy in his manner of receiving people. When one of the most influential and worthy citizens, was presented to him, the Shah stood as stiff and impassive as a pillar of stone, did not comprehend the character and quality of the individual, and moved away!

At Adel, the country, like multitudes of places in that land, is beautiful. From the grounds of "mine host," a short distance away, was a wooded hill, surmounted by an elegant residence of stone, with a tower of the same, which cropped out fancifully from among the heavy foliage of trees, and which gave an added charm to the attractions of the landscape. American relatives were met in York, where my stay was only for a few hours, as Glasgow was my next objective point. A few miles southeast of York is Beverly and Sutton; and eight northwest of Hull, on the River

Humber, is the hamlet of Rowley, which is five miles from Brough station, on the North-eastern Railway. In that parish is the ivy-covered, weather-beaten church in which preached Rev. Ezekiel Rogers. In 1638 he, and twenty families from that parish, "for opinion's sake" emigrated to America (among them my ancestor, Leonard Harriman), and founded the town of Rowley, Massachusetts. They brought the name of their old home across the sea, and gave it to their new home in the American wilderness. Their descendants are numerous in New England and the Great West to-day.

Going almost directly North, through the County of York, then through the County of Durham and the city of the same name, I beheld its cathedral and castle, the latter erected in the year 1072. Afterward I passed through Newcastle-on-Tyne, so dark and smoky, while the great barges filled with coal covered the surface of the river. I went through the whole length of the County of Northumberland in its northeasterly section, going over a noted bridge, and entered Berwick-on-Tweed, in the once "debatable" country. It was for centuries the subject of war between England and Scotland, is now a city of about fifteen thousand souls, and is one of the most northern points of England.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN MY FATHERLAND.

PASSING through the County of Berwick in Scotland, and a portion of the County of Haddington, I arrived at Dunbar. Before reaching it we passed the old battle-field of Dunbar, where Cromwell defeated the Scots in 1650. The route from Berwick had been through a romantic country, and the latter portion of the journey had been along the shore of the North Sea, where its waters, with the beetling cliffs, which they lashed in their fury, were plainly in view.

Passing through Edinburgh, I went directly to Glasgow, stopping at the St. Enoch's Hotel. My time was spent largely in public offices, libraries, and in meeting persons of antiquarian tastes. The place was familiar, and no time was used in sightseeing. A pleasant evening was enjoyed with friends there in an attractive home. In Edinburgh, it was a great pleasure to meet former acquaintances, and to accept their hospitality in their family retreats. There I had the pleasure of a call from Robert Bruce Armstrong, of Dublin, Ireland, the author of "The

History of Liddesdale," etc., a very valuable historical work of the "Debatable Land," on the border of England, wherein is given much history of different clans and border warfare. On a sunny Saturday afternoon a friend took me in his "trap" ten miles into the country. The Pentland Hills and Arthur's Seat were in full view, and loomed up finely against the sky. The road was smooth and solid, the surroundings of Edinburgh excellent, and the country seat of the Earl of Buchan, to which we went, was retired and beautiful. It lies in Almondel, in the County of Linlithgow. I visited Roslin, which was familiar. I attended services in St. Giles's Church, where the singing was excellent, but where the pulpit performances of the clergyman were supremely ridiculous, and the tones of his voice, the swaying to and fro of his body, were most "strange, unnatural." A little Scotch lassie said she loved to attend evening services at St. Giles's because "it was *cheerier* there than at other places; they had lots of singing and music." One afternoon I had the pleasure of accidentally meeting Prof. C. C. Rounds, principal of the Normal School at Plymouth, New Hampshire.

One of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill is at Edinburgh, in the Forth Bridge. The

total space spanned is more than a mile and a half, including the approaches to the bridge. The towers rise three hundred and sixty feet above high-water mark. It is a wonderful work, and from the shore is a most striking sight. A boat bore us over the waters beneath and around it, and the huge superstructure reared its gigantic form far in the air above us. The coach ride back to Edinburgh was anything but pleasant, for it was made in a drenching rain.

Leaving this gem of Scotland, I went North; passed through to Sterling, one of the most interesting places in all the country to the lover of history, and which has been described by me in a former work. A person once asked a Scotchman, one of its citizens, the distance from Sterling to the sea, to follow the tortuous and beautiful windings of the River Forth.

“It is a good bit of a distance to go as the crow flies,” was the answer.

“Well! To go as the Forth runs, what is the distance?”

“Ay! It is about seven times as far as it would be by the way the crow flies!”

My way north led me through Perth, Dunkeld, Kingussie, Granton, Nairn, and then to the gem of the Highlands, Inverness, where I was a

guest at the Station Hotel, a very comfortable and cheery place. In this city old friends were met, where my greeting was most cordial and kind.

The rest of my journey northward led me through the Counties of Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness, to me an unexplored locality, one of diversified and romantic scenery. The rain fell in torrents during the journey, yet it was one of great enjoyment. The heather was in full bloom, and covered the hillsides with a beautiful purple. For long distances the mountains were bare except as covered by this mantle of beauty. Vast tracts of territory were passed over where not a tree existed. At night, the train whirled into the station in Thurso, when I was immediately driven to the Royal Hotel, where the entertainment was royal. Such juicy mutton chops as they furnished I have never seen equalled. They were liberal in size and of exquisite flavor. The mutton was of fine breeds, fattened upon the sweet grasses and the fresh heather of the mountains, which had imparted to it a rich, wild, peculiar flavor which cannot be surpassed by any mutton in the world.

That was my farthest point north. Everything seemed strange in that far North-land.

Rain never fell faster nor beat against habitation heavier than it did in Thurso. The wind blew furiously, and never was its touch more penetrating or chillier. The city is a small one of several thousand people, and it is the birth-place of Gen. Arthur St. Clair, the not over successful commander of American troops in the war of the American Revolution.

From this port steamers constantly ply to Stromness, in the Orkney Islands. The fine old castle of Ulbster, recently modernized, and said to have been built about 1660, by George Sinclair, the sixth Earl of Caithness, is situated amid grounds well laid out, and approached through groves planted by human hands. The castle is situated near the mouth of the river. An early writer says: "In stormy weather, the sea spray has sometimes passed over the roof. Fish have been caught from the drawing-room window, and vessels have been wrecked so close under the turrets that the cries of the drowning sailors could be heard." It, with the vast estate of sixty thousand acres, belongs to Sir J. L. Tollmache Sinclair, a descendant of one of the Norman knights who came to Britain in 1066 with William the Conqueror. He, and his fathers before him, for generations, were members of Parliament.

This is the country seat of the family. There General Grant was royally entertained during his visit at Thurso. It was my pleasure to meet the family, except Sir Tollmache, who was in London. Among those whom I met were his son, Maj. Clarence G. Sinclair, and Archdeacon Rev. William Macdonald Sinclair, Chaplain to the Queen, and Vicar of St. Stephen's Church, Westminster, London, England.

At lunch I saw several ladies, of collateral branches of the family. The greatest courtesy and kindness were shown me. These old and historic castles are of amazing interest to people of America, where such things do not exist, but who have known of them in story and song. All parts of the castle were shown me by Rev. Mr. Sinclair. From the walls of one or more large rooms hung the portraits of members of the family since 1650. From those gilded frames many noted men, long since dead, looked forth upon us. In other apartments were trophies of the chase, as evidenced in the antlers of deer, while in close proximity old armor, guns, and weapons of defence were everywhere apparent. We went to the top of the castle and a wondrous view was given us! In the distance, over the turbulent waters, we saw the mountains in Orkney.

Far rocks on rocks, in mist and storm arrayed,
Stretched far to sea their giant colonnade,

while nearer to us the precipitous sides of a rocky coast terminated to our vision in the bold, high promontories of Holborn, three miles distant, and Dunnet Head, whose elevated crests of three hundred feet in wind and storm are beaten by the ocean's spray.

Leaving this remarkably interesting castle, and the kind and courteous ladies and gentlemen whom I met there, I went from Thurso to Watten, where I met the Rev. Mr. Gunn, an intelligent gentleman, and one thoroughly conversant with the ancient and present history of the Gunn family. It is a curious fact that at the present day, in Scotland, the lines of the ancient races are yet discernible, and that, in some localities, the descendants of the old Norse and Danish inhabitants can be determined by their names, their physical build, and mental characteristics. From his home, as there was no conveyance, I went afoot for several miles. The road was hard, level, and lined with hedges; the fields were great stretches of treeless land, covered with flocks and herds, with occasionally a small house or shooting lodge.

My pedestrian tour was in the afternoon. The sky became overspread with rapidly shifting

clouds, a wind, cold and chilling, beat against me, impeding my progress, and when my destination at Newton-Watten was reached, the rain was rapidly falling. Mine host, Mr. Hector McKay, was a young farmer, who rented two hundred acres of land of the Duke of Portland, at a yearly cost of two hundred and thirty pounds. He keeps sheep, horses, and cattle, and by persevering industry and economy succeeds, with the help of his young, intelligent, and attractive wife, in making a comfortable living. Tenant farmers in Scotland are differently situated from the independent farmers in New England, who usually own the broad acres which they cultivate.

The day after my arrival I was driven across country to Wick. The ride was enjoyable, although the weather was "beastly" cold and rainy, and the travelling "nasty," as our British cousins would express it. On the route were plainly discernible remains of what are called Pictish houses, or cairns. In shape and form they are not unlike the mounds of the mound-builders, which I have frequently seen in Missouri. They are circular mounds, oftentimes from ten to twenty feet high and many yards across, while within are generally found implements and bones and ashes.

It was market day in Wick, one in which a traveller can see much of the people of a country. The natives were there from all the country around, from John O'Groat's and other localities, riding in large two-wheeled carts, in which all manner of articles—fruits, pigs, rabbits, and every conceivable thing—are brought to market. They were an humble lot, but seemed happy and contented, as they trafficked, bought and sold, told stories, and exchanged jokes with each other. The inns, where they congregated, had large rooms, with long, backless benches, on which sat the men, while they drank quantities of liquor brought to them by the pretty bar-maids, who should have been engaged in a more reputable business. Wick is situated on the River Wick, close to the sea, and in ancient times was much frequented by the Northmen. Its name is of Scandinavian origin, signifying an opening or bay. The section about the place abounds in most interesting things. Girnigoe and Sinclair Castle, now old ruins, I visited. They were the strongholds of the Earl of Caithness long ago, and border on the sea. They ceased to be inhabited about two hundred years since. On the opposite side of the bay, but in distinct view, were the ruins of the Castle of Keiss. Going to Noss Head,

and ascending to the top of the light-house there, the eye wanders over a wide stretch of swelling sea and country, and the mountains in Orkney.

On my return to Wick, I visited the Naval Battery; then the "Old Man of Wick," which is the remains of the Castle of Auldwick. It stands, an unshapely ruin situated on a tongue of land, near the sea. It is roofless, open from top to bottom, and consists of an old tower rising three stories in height. It is very ancient, was a stronghold of the family of Cheynes, a race of influential chieftains in the county. Later, it was inhabited by the Olyphants, another powerful family. Farther down on the coast is a natural bridge, which I visited. It is a slab of rock extending from the mainland across a chasm, three hundred feet above the sea, to an isolated column of rock standing by itself and rising that height above the water. It is about twenty feet across it. Through this rift the waters rush with awful fury during tempestuous storms. In the whole rocky coast tremendous rifts and channels hundreds of feet in depth have been cut by the sea. The rock is of a comparatively soft nature, and easily worked off by the abrasion of the waters. Stacks of rock, isolated and alone, separated

from the mainland, and hundreds of feet in height, line the coast, and are perpetual monuments of old Ocean's power. Through the narrow channel of the stormy Firth of Pentland rush with mighty power the surging waters of the Atlantic into the North Sea, and the projecting headlands of Caithness and Orkney on either side are smitten, rent, and torn by the rolling ocean.

George Miller Sutherland, F. S. A., a solicitor, made my stay in Wick particularly agreeable, and I was his guest at his hospitable home, where, with his amiable wife, some happy and profitable hours were spent. He is a sample of many Scotchmen of the far North, who are powerful men physically, and have brains to match their stalwart physical proportions. Many are the literary and other curiosities which he possesses. He showed me an autograph letter of the late Cardinal Newman, dated Aug. 21, 1887, in which he said that, while at sea, June 16, 1833, he wrote the hymn, which all the world calls beautiful, "Lead, kindly light."

The time came for me to leave the enjoyments and attractions of this north latitude, where so much had been seen, so many met whom it was a delight to know, the memory of whose attentions will always linger with me,

and to start on my southward journey through Scotland and England to the sunny slopes of Normandy, France, where there was a warmer clime and sunnier skies, but where there could not be warmer or truer hearts.

It was the shooting season. Grouse, hare, and other game were abundant. Sportsmen with guns and hounds were everywhere, and at every station in the North one would see trophies of the field and chase. I passed through miles upon miles of territory entirely given up to grouse and game and sheep, with seldom a human habitation. Occasionally one would see the tumble-down walls of the cotters, or Crofters, who, years ago, were by the wholesale cleared off of these vast tracts to make way for game, or more particularly at that time for sheep. Caithness, as a whole, is treeless, and one's eye will sweep over tracts bounded only by the horizon, where hardly a tree will greet the vision. I have passed in the autumn from the depths of Canada through Vermont and New Hampshire, where the great stretches of mountain, hill, valley, and plain, covered with hardwood growths, were ablaze with autumnal glory; where the leaves of every tree presented all varieties of color and were tinted with every form of beauty, and the eyes

feasted on a scene of rapturous loveliness beyond the skill of writer to portray in words or painter to place upon enduring canvas. In Caithness was another and different scene of beauty,—not the golden-tinted leaves on millions of forest trees, but the purple loveliness of vast tracts of moor-land, where plain, valley, hillside, and mountain slope were in the glory of a purple robe, more beautiful than any wove by weaver's loom for monarch's apparel. It was the purple of the full-blooming heather, and it is worth a journey across the restless Atlantic to behold.

I journeyed rapidly southward through Inverness, Forres, Granton, Blair Athol, which is noted for its fine mountain scenery, and where is Blair Castle, imposing, historic, and picturesque, situated among lofty trees. Then we passed through the famous Pass of Killiecrankie, where occurred the battle in 1689 between the troops of William III and his enemies; Perth, Dunblane, Sterling, and Edinburgh, where the Sabbath was passed delightfully, and where I met the brilliant and erratic American clergyman, Rev. J. D. Fulton, D. D.

Leaving this "Queen City of Scotland," I went direct to London, *via* Melrose, Hawick, Carlisle, and Leeds, arriving there at nine in

the evening,—putting up at my old home, Whitfield's Hotel, 7 Beaufort Buildings, just off of the Strand and near Exeter Hall. There my American mail awaited me. There I met a fellow-voyager of my trip across the Atlantic, whom I had not seen since landing at Queens-town. Spending some time at the British Museum and public offices, one afternoon I left the Victoria Station for Newhaven and France. The ride was delightful, through a country pleasing to the eye, and abounding in fertility and beauty. The South Down Hills, backed up against a clear sky in the afternoon of that summer day, were very beautiful. They are free from walls, brush, hedges, and all disagreeable things. At Newhaven at 11 o'clock P. M., I took the steamer for Dieppe, France. The boat was small, disagreeable, and at 2.30 A. M. of the following morning we were aroused by the sharp words, "Tickets, please," of an officer. At 4 A. M. I was registered at Hotel de Paris, in Dieppe, that quaint old place on the sea.

CHAPTER IX.

IN NORMANDY.

It had long been my desire to visit that country and province forever renowned from its associations with the birth, the life, and the career of William the Conqueror. Normandy, from the actions of her mightiest son, and her long association with England as one of its constituent political parts, has become, and will ever continue, a favorite resort of the scholar and historian who wishes to obtain the clearest comprehension of the conquest of England and the seizure of its crown by those brilliant Norman adventurers who circled around their chief William, by visiting their homes in France, and the points at which they gathered preparatory to their raid upon the domains and properties of another people. In Normandy hardly a town can be visited, or a walk taken upon its soil, but what the thought vividly enters the mind of the intimate connection which the fertile land bears to early English history; and a brief sojourn in the province seems to bring to life again the Conqueror, dead for eight hundred years, and to make him

seem like a vivid, living presence in the land of his birth, death, and burial. Rollo, the celebrated Danish chief, invaded the country in 876, and in 912 took complete possession of it, receiving it from King Charles the Simple on condition that he become a Christian and acknowledge fealty to the King. Rouen became his capital. Over this province he and his successors ruled from that date to 1066, when the most brilliant of his descendants embarked upon the hazardous but successful expedition for the conquest of England. Many of these towns I was to visit, and stand upon places famous for a thousand years.

I was now in Dieppe, an ancient town of twenty-three thousand people, fronting the sea, with a beautiful harbor. It is situated in a valley formed by ranges of chalk cliffs, but the newer sections of the city rise up the slanting hillside to elevated ground. On a precipitous cliff is the picturesque castle, erected in 1435, and which commands a view of the sea. There are numerous old churches, surrounded by the thickly congregated, shabby houses of the ancient part of the city. Among them is the Church of St. Jacques. A handsome promenade of great length fronts the water. Then there is the beautiful structure of brick and

glass, known as the Casino, while in its front are a great number of dressing rooms for the bathers, for Dieppe is one of the most fashionable watering places, and to me one of the most attractive, so far as the sea, the Casino, and other features are concerned.

From this place I went directly south to Rouen, the ancient capital of Normandy in the days of its pride and glory. The journey was most agreeable, by winding rivers, and through meadows fertile, filled with grazing herds, and by steep hills, covered with woods in abundance. There I was a guest at a comfortable hotel, whose name has been forgotten. On the 14th of May, 841, the Normans, having sailed up the Seine, landed at Rouen, burned the Abbey, and nearly destroyed it. When Rollo espoused Christianity, it was completely restored. The city has now a population rising one hundred thousand, and is very rich in architecture and mementos of a former illustrious epoch. There are many old, narrow, dirty streets, filled with small shops. The houses are high, and in many the timbers at the sides are visible, and through the narrow space between the projecting fronts of the buildings one could catch sight of the blue sky above.

The Cathedral, justly celebrated, is the delight

of all visitors, and dates from 1270. It takes high rank among Gothic edifices. In its exterior it will not compare with the stateliness and grandeur of the cathedrals of Cologne and Strasburg, but its interior is full of beauty, history, and relics of a notable past. There is the tomb of Rollo, "the first duke and founder and father of Normandy, of which he was at first the terror and scourge, but afterward the restorer." He died in 927. There also is the tomb of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, although he was buried at Fontevrault. His heart, properly enclosed, is now in the museum of antiquities. A long time can profitably be spent in this ancient edifice, viewing its massiveness, its relics, and musing upon the glories of a vanished past, of which it is an evidence and a reminder. The Church of St. Ouen I visited. It is not so ancient as the Cathedral, but surpasses it in beauty. The quays and the museum of antiquities are of great interest. Taken all in all, Rouen is a most romantic city, where one can spend days in delightfully searching for its wonders and roaming among its antiquities. The place is one of prominence at the present as well as it was in the past. It is finely situated on the banks of the Seine, and is an important locality for the manufacture of cotton.

From Rouen I went to Dives, one mile east of Cabourg, and which is situated at the mouth of the River Dives, only a mile and a quarter from the seashore. It has less than a thousand people. Late in the evening I was driven to the hostelry "Guillaume le Conquérant" (William the Conqueror). Through a covered way we entered the open court to the hotel. It is a most unique and famous place, and a thoroughly enjoyable one. It is an old, antique, and curious building, the rarest of the rare. I visited one of the rooms which Madame de Sévigné occupied, and where she wrote many of her letters. There are ancient furniture and uncommon mementoes of the past in some of the apartments.

A recent writer says: "The name of William the Conqueror is well known to English history, but he is not a national hero. At the quaint Norman village of Dives, however, there is a hostelry of which he is still patron. The signboard swinging over the archway bears the name 'Hostelry of William the Conqueror.' 'There,' says a recent visitor, 'is the Conqueror's head, as large as life, and a grim-looking fellow he seems as he looks down at us. It was from Dives that the Conqueror started with his fleet, for there was a good harbor in

those days, it seems, at Dives, long since gone. The sea has retired with proper reverence from the place where one William, not yet the Conqueror, rode at anchor. And Professor Freeman, they say, has visited the place and put his seal upon it, so that one may stay there in peace and quiet without fear of historical doubts and questionings, which is a great comfort to the traveller.’”

At the dinner table rare dishes were offered me, and my appetite was appeased by some extraordinary French soup, apparently made of bitter weeds and other equally obnoxious “compounds.” The guests were French people, and their vivacity is something amazing to cool Anglo-Saxon eyes, they are so excitable and demonstrative. Opposite me at the table sat a young lady of surpassing beauty. She did not possess the style of beauty of the “American girl,” but of a different order. Her hair was black as “the plumage of a raven’s wing,” while over her lustrous black eyes were heavy lashes and eyebrows dark and circling, which contrasted charmingly with her olive-tinted complexion. To watch my fellow-guests, who were so excitable, so vivacious, and so demonstrative, was very amusing. During the evening, in that open court, they

surrounded the different tables, smoking, laughing, and chatting, until at length the laughter and chatter ceased, they dispersed to their apartments, and stillness reigned. From the chamber windows I looked forth at the twinkling lights in the small town. In the skies above were the same glowing stars which always greeted my observing eyes in a New-England home. They are old and dear friends which from infancy I had watched. The Great Dipper was in view, while the North Star was there, with its steady glow, and might then, as in nights long gone, be leading human wayfarers to destination, to safety, to home.

This town is forever associated with the name and fame of the Conqueror. Here it was that he collected his ships and his army, and from a hill above the village he is said to have reviewed his troops, and a monument marks the place. From this harbor he first set sail, after days of impatient waiting, on his memorable conquest of England, the 12th of September, 1066, and from the Harbor of St. Valery on the 27th of the same month. Going through the small village, I entered the church, built several centuries ago, and saw, directly over the door on the wall, the inscribed names of the knights who followed William upon the

expedition. In every European country that I visited, it was an interesting sight and experience to go into the market place, on a market day, and see the queer customs, queer people, and queer streets. To Dives in the early morning people from the country about, men, women, and children, flocked with two-wheeled carts, drawn by large gray or white horses, many of which were very fine ones. The women wore clean, white caps, and gayly chatted as they sold all kinds of fruits, vegetables, fowls, and other merchandise. Many of the faces of the people are expressionless, round, and very brown. Hard cider is the universal drink. It is met everywhere, among the lowliest and in their hotels. Cabourg, with its long, wide sandy beach, its avenues of poplars, and its huge Casino, is a popular sea-bathing resort, and looked charmingly as I saw it, in the stillness and clearness of a delightful summer evening.

From Dives, I went to Caen, a city of nearly forty-five thousand people. It is situated on the River Orne, and some nine miles from the sea. It is not an attractive place. Many of its streets are narrow, with old houses, and black walls hoary with age, which disfigure the prospect. Tile roofs abound in many parts,

and the people in those localities are no more attractive than their surroundings. But there are also fine and pleasant streets, wide, and clean as anything one would expect to find in Normandy, and quaint old houses which attract, amuse, and instruct the sight-seer. Taking a guide and conveyance, I visited the most noted places. Something like a mile from the station, and situated upon a high eminence, are the remains of the Castle begun by William the Conqueror, and made to keep in check his mutinous vassals, and to make the River Orne free for navigation. It has been changed many times, and is now used as barracks for the soldiers. At the entrance they stood on guard, and we were not permitted to pass. In the most important section of Caen is the celebrated Church of St. Pierre, its commencement dating from the thirteenth century. Its tower, two hundred and fifty-five feet in height, is graceful as art could make it, while eight turrets, small and elegant, surround its base. The interior, in its general appearance, is similar to many other churches of note. It is astounding to an American when he considers the age of churches in Europe, the vastness of them, their elegance, and the great expense incurred in their erection and furnishings.

In the eastern part of Caen is the Church of Sainte Trinité, founded by Matilda, the wife of William, June 15, 1066, or eight hundred and thirty-four years ago. That is a long time in the history of a city, a people, or a nation. Caen was a favorite dwelling-place of William the Conqueror, and there he rested in his long, last sleep, after his turbulent life had closed. It is singular that the barbarous act of a mighty King should establish a custom in a kingdom which should endure for ages. In his old age William converted Hampshire, England, into a hunting park. He desired that the park should be near his palace, and so he took, without any compunctions of conscience, a tract of country from Salisbury to the seacoast, a distance of thirty miles. More than one hundred villages, hamlets, and manors were ruthlessly swept away that within the forests game might thrive for royal sport. This was the beginning, it is asserted, of those cruel forest and game laws of Great Britain which were enjoyed so much by the nobility, and denounced and endured by a long-suffering people.

In the year 1086 he again received at Winchester, England, the oaths of allegiance of his English subjects; then crossed the English Channel into Normandy, and the following year

engaged in war with the French King. He laid waste the country in his pathway, captured the City of Nantes, not far distant from Paris, and burned it to the ground. In spurring his horse over its district of ashes, his charger's foot entered the flaming embers, he reared, and William received injuries which, after six weeks of suffering, caused his death. A writer says: "For six weeks the King of England lingered on the border of that realm where the smoke of burning towns is never seen. . . . On the morning of the 9th of September, 1087, the great King was aroused from his stupor by the sound of bells, and then, after a stormy and victorious career," he died.

The Church of St. Etienne is the place of his sepulture. It was built by the Conqueror in 1077, and is called the finest specimen extant of pure Norman architecture. Its length is three hundred and seventy-seven feet, ninety-eight feet in width, and is eighty feet from the floor to the roof. Two spires surmount it, three hundred feet in height. The interior of the church surprises one by its simplicity. Passing over nearly its entire length, I was shown a marble slab, at my feet, whitish-veined, and surrounded by a border of red-veined marble. This was the spot under

which was all that remained of William the Conqueror. Twice has the tomb been desecrated,—in 1542, and again in 1793,—during which his remains were scattered among the ruins. A thigh-bone was alone discovered, and deposited here, which is all that remains of the great Norman knight. A pathetic commentary on the vanity of human greatness!

To this church the Conqueror bequeathed a cup made of precious stones, his sceptre, his crown, and his own body. As I stood by the tomb of this man, one of the most renowned of warriors and rulers, I could not but contrast his resting-place with that of some other illustrious ones which I had seen. How unlike that of lesser rulers of England, interred in Westminster Abbey, in that grandest mausoleum for historic associations on earth; of Wellington, at St. Paul's; of Grant, overlooking the shimmering Hudson; of Washington, high above the lordly Potomac and among the trees at Mount Vernon; of Charlemagne, after his sleep of eleven hundred years, in the church in Aix la Chapelle, Germany; of Louis Philippe, in his gorgeous resting-place, in Dreux; of Marshal Ney, with no stone above him, who rests beneath the green waving grasses in the Cemetery of Père la Chaise, in Paris; and of

the latter's great commander, Napoleon, whose remains rest in Paris, on the bank of the Seine, "among the French people" whom he "loved so well," in one of the most magnificent mausoleums on earth,—I could compare it only with the Great Protector. A thigh-bone of "the Conqueror" in the Church at St. Etienne, and the skull of "the Protector" kept as a curiosity near the village in Ightham, County Kent, England, are all that remain of two mighty rulers!

Other places of interest were examined, but I must not linger at Caen. Aside from its historic associations, one can leave it without particular regret. The ride to Bayeux, through a charming country, was altogether pleasant, where I arrived late in the afternoon, but before the gathering of the evening shadows. In the country the white or gray Norman horses everywhere abounded. They are heavy-limbed, able-bodied, strong, but lack the animal life, nerve, and spirits of the elegant cab-horses of London. The herds of cattle were abundant, they were excellent stock, speckled and brindled in color, but they did not have in view any of the famous blooded varieties common in Great Britain and the United States. A magnificent avenue shaded by the Lombardy pop-

lars was that through which I passed from the station to my place of destination. I stopped at the Hotel de Luxembourg, a very comfortable place. A garden in the rear of the house was beneath my chamber windows, laid out with walks and beds of flowers, with trees and summer houses. The outstretched and fruit laden branches of pear, peach, and other trees were fastened to the high wall, where their luscious fruit basked and ripened in the steady glow of the autumn sun. The stillness of the night was broken by the sweet chime of bells announcing the passing hours. On the Sabbath I attended religious services in the magnificent Roman Catholic Cathedral. It is a strikingly beautiful edifice, the central tower being three hundred and twelve feet high, while the two flanking spires are each two hundred and fifty-two feet in height. The walls of the interior are covered with numerous frescoes of more or less merit.

One of the most valuable, most historic, and ancient relics of a notable past is most carefully preserved in this city, and is known the world over as the Bayeux Tapestry. It is attributed to the deft fingers of Queen Matilda, wife of the Conqueror. It is two hundred and twenty-seven feet long, twenty inches wide, of not elegant cloth, which has become brown with

its great age of eight hundred years. Various kinds of colored thread were used in delineating the historic incidents of England's conquest in 1066. Fifty-eight groups are portrayed. The English are represented as wearing mustaches and the Normans destitute of that appendage. Scene after scene, group after group, are sketched with the needle, which one can follow with marvellous interest: Edward the Confessor despatching Harold to William, announcing that he should one day be King of England; Edward's funeral; Harold is made King; William prepares ships to make an invasion of England—scene follows scene, until the Battle of Hastings and the triumph of William. All this is preserved in a glass case.

Bayeux has about nine thousand inhabitants, and is a sleepy old town, but is a delightful place in which to stop awhile and wander about its streets, viewing the quaintest of ancient houses. Their framework was on their exterior with finishing in the inside, and they have roofs of tile. They are ancient, they are dilapidated, they are unclean (like so much else in Normandy), but a certain fascination clings to them in spite of these, and one cannot but gaze upon them with a lively interest. One bright, clear day I was driven over to Rye, going through St. Vigor, St. Sulpice, and

Magny. In the eleventh century, a castle of a Norman knight stood on almost the identical spot in Rye occupied at present by the Catholic Church. There it was that Duke William was succored when hard pressed by his pursuing enemies, for this knight and relative despatched several valiant sons to afford him protection and to bear him honorable company to his own castle at Falaise. This town of Rye has had its name perpetuated in the English city of the same patronymic across the Channel, and in its American namesake of Rye, N. H., and all are near the tempestuous sea. The houses are of light, soft stone, with thatch, or tiles, or slate for roofs. Services were in progress as I entered the little church, but were soon concluded. Climbing the steep hill which overlooks church and village, a lovely Norman scene was before and around me. The country was like a sea opened out before me. In the distance the towers of Bayeux's lofty Cathedral were plainly to be seen. The country was open, and there were large fields turned over by the plow or covered with stacks of hay or shocks of ripened grain, while in others the herds were quietly grazing. The village, embowered among trees, was beneath me, and all was peace as the afternoon hours and light faded away into the twilight and the evening.

CHAPTER X.

A MOONLIGHT RIDE.

In the meadow and the mountains
Calmly shine the summer's stars,
But across the glistening lowlands
Slant the moonlight's silver bars.

IN the bright moonlight, I went back by post to Bayeux. The highway was lined with hedges, or light stone walls, and to many of the latter fruit trees of different kinds were fastened and where the fruit was rapidly ripening. Our conveyance was old and antiquated, the horse was strong, the road excellently smooth and hard, the driver jolly, and the passengers were a miscellaneous assortment of ten persons, men, women, and children, while the intervening spaces between them were filled with baskets and hand luggage of numerous kinds. A soldier crawled to the top of the coach, the driver sat upon the dasher, three of us occupied the front seat, while the two interior seats, which faced each other, were filled with other passengers. All were in the best of humor, joke and laughter abounded, and the novel journey was only two quickly completed. With delight I recall that night ride under the glowing skies of Normandy.

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On leaving Bayeux, I went west to Neuilly, and from there south to Lison Junction and to St. Lo, and registered at Hotel Cheval Blanc. The town is a very ancient one, was fortified by Charlemagne, and has several times passed from the possession of one King to that of his opponent. It has a population of about eleven thousand, and lies romantically on a sloping hillside on the right and overlooking the Vire River. The Cathedral formerly, now the Church of Notre Dame, commenced in 1202, is one of the attractions of the city, is situated on the top of a hill one hundred and eight feet above the river, and is very fine. At the hotels, each guest is required to give his name, occupation, residence, destination, etc., which is called for by the police. The morning succeeding my arrival, I was awakened by the rumbling of teams, the bleating of sheep, the shouts of people, and other similar discordant sounds. It was market day, and in the early morning people were thronging into the city, bringing all kinds of animals to market; women in black, with white caps, were driving hogs, calves, and cows through the streets. The nature of these animals appeared to be very much the same as in the United States, and it was laughably amusing to see one woman trying to speed the progress of a reluctant cow by giving a most

vigorous twist to that appendage of the animal which nature had kindly provided to protect itself from annoying flies. On leaving St. Lo, I passed through an agricultural district. The farmers live in stone houses, many of them having roofs of thatch. They are unattractive, untidy, gloomy, and repulsive. There is about them nothing to cheer or elevate their occupants. From this part of Normandy came many of the followers of William the Conqueror, "and some of the most illustrious names among the English aristocracy are derived from those humble villages in the Cotentin."

We reached Coutances, a town of about nine thousand people, six miles from the sea, and situated on a high eminence, between the streams Soule and Bulsard. The Cathedral, situated on the highest eminence, from a distance looms up grandly against the horizon. The journey was continued to Folligny, Vire, and Flers. The latter is an interesting place of fourteen thousand people. At many of the stations and in travelling one meets lots of Romish priests, with shaven faces, long black gowns, with bands about the waist, and wearing broad-brimmed hats. They often have the Bible or a Prayer-book in their hands, and are very devotional and sanctimonious in their appearance, and vigorous physically.

I arrived at Falaise late in the evening, and stopped at the Hotel "Grande Cerf." Woe be to that traveller who expects to find neatness in the hotels of Normandy, for often will he be most wofully disappointed. Many of them are models of untidiness and some are positively disgusting and repulsive, and are what our English cousins would call "very nasty." As a whole they are not to be compared with the tidy, neat hostelries which one everywhere finds in Great Britain. Falaise is a city of some nine thousand people. It is situated on the right bank of the Ante, a branch of the River Dive, and is an untidy, ill-kept, and disagreeable place; and, barring its rare historical associations, has little to please the eye, gratify the taste, or awaken the enthusiasm of the traveller. I visited its noted churches and looked over the greater part of the city. But what gives the place its rare interest is its connection with the life and times of William the Conqueror, and with that of his ancestors. This was the place of his birth. In the early morning my steps turned up the steep street toward the picturesque ruins of the Norman Castle of Falaise. It was a fortress of remarkable strength, on a jutting cliff, facing the rocky height of Mont Mirat, and overlooking a little

stream which flowed through the valley at its base. It dates back to the tenth century. This edifice shows that the Normans were master builders, and knew how to erect massive and elegant edifices. "The castle is surrounded by walls from seventy to one hundred and ninety feet above the base of the cliffs, is garnished with twelve towers no higher than the top of the parapet, and is one thousand nine hundred and seventy feet in circuit." At the entrance the "concierge," who was an old woman, unlocked the gate, and conducted me through a fine walk of trees to a portion of the castle. From the walls at the side we looked down the steep decline on to the roofs of houses in the valley beneath. Then we reached a circular tower, called Talbot's Tower, one hundred and thirty feet high, which rises from the valley below and is a massive and fine work. Farther along we were shown the place in the wall from which "Robert the Magnificent," often called, and very appropriately, "Robert the Devil," father of William the Conqueror, first cast his eyes upon the fair Arlette, the mother of William, and daughter of the Tanner of Falaise, as she was washing in the stream at the base of the castle. The abode of her father is still pointed out. Centuries have come and gone,

and still the women and girls of Normandy wash in the waters from that little stream which flows at the base of the cliffs. The small chamber, where William is said to have been born, is shown to visitors. From the castle's walls the view of the city, the country adjacent, and the murmuring river, is excellent.

Not far from the Church of the Trinité is a bronze equestrian statue of William the Conqueror as he appeared at the Battle of Hastings. He is encased in mail, and is mounted on a heavy Norman horse, which is in the act of plunging ahead with its fore-feet upreared. It is a statue which attracts and holds one's earnest attention. It was erected in 1851, at an expense of some \$12,500, which was raised by public subscription. There are also statues of Rollo, who died in 917, "Robert the Devil," and others. The castle and its surroundings are wonderfully interesting mementos of a mighty and fascinating past.

A tour through Normandy stirs one's soul like as a tour in Scotland awakens lively emotions in the hearts of those who delight in her history and joy in visiting her famous scenes. To me it was a season of rapturous delight, filled with novel experiences, as I journeyed among a light-hearted and joyous people,

speaking in an unfamiliar tongue. It gave me, as nothing but a personal visit could, an opportunity to study the life and history of one of the most remarkable men the world has ever known, to become familiar with the places forever identified and associated with his name, and with those of his gallant, stalwart, and adventurous knights by whom he was surrounded, and who aided him in hazardous enterprises, and thus shared in his unfading renown.

I had been on the Battle-field of Hastings, where, in 1066, his greatest victory was won, and which changed English history; had stood in Westminster Abbey, which witnessed his coronation in 1066; had been at Dives, from whose harbor he had started upon his hazardous conquest of England; had been in Rye, where he was saved in his headlong flight from vindictive and pursuing enemies, by the tact and valor of a faithful vassal and his gallant sons; had seen Caen, the city in which he loved to dwell in his old age; had stood in the church beneath which he was buried, and over the spot where all that exists of him now remains; had beheld the city of his nativity, the castle which was his home, the room in which tradition says he was born, where he was nurtured, and from which he went forth on his marvellous

career of conquest, which changed the civilization of Europe and the destinies of the world. He was indeed a wonderful man, and his history is unparalleled in the annals of mankind!

From Falaise I went to Argentan, Surdon, Nonancourt; then to Dreux, situated on the River Blaise, and which has a population of about nine thousand people. A stream flows through the town, and in many places along the shore, under a covering of sheds, were many women washing clothes in the running water. This custom has been applauded by some writers as very nice and beautiful. My opinion is directly the opposite. The water is contaminated, and the clothes when finished are anything but nice and clean. A vile odor clings to them, and in my hotel in Falaise the bed linen was positively repellant. The streets of Dreux are narrow, but there I found a most excellent hotel, a rare thing in Northern France. The place is an interesting one, for it rises to the crest of a high hill, and its situation is rare and commanding. It has numerous churches of note and good public buildings. But the rarest of all, and which would repay the traveller for a long journey, is the Chapelle Royale, the Mortuary Chapel of members of the Royal Family of Bourbon. Its erection commenced

in 1816, by the mother of Louis Philippe, late King of France, and was extended and completed by the latter. The rotunda of the chapel is eighty feet in height, and a large dome forty-three feet in diameter crowns it. Standing as it does on a high hill, it is a noble landmark for miles about. Different portions of the building are so arranged as to make a Greek cross. The interior is gorgeous and rivals in magnificence the tomb of Napoleon. Precious marble and stained or beautifully painted glass—which was finished by the most celebrated artists—are seen at every point. In the two crypts below are thirty-nine tombs, mostly occupied. Louis Philippe died in 1850, and his wife in 1866. They were entombed at Weybridge, England, and in 1876, a few years after the fall of the empire of the rival family of Napoleon III, they were conveyed to Dreux, and are now resting there. There is, in one block of the purest white marble, a life-sized statue, the standing King and the kneeling Queen, while back of them is the Genius of Immortality. There are other figures of great beauty and costliness. A park, with grounds laid out in elegance, surrounds this famous Chapel, to which the public are always admitted.

From Dreux I went to Ivry, Pacy, Vernon;

to the small town of St. Clair, where my visit was not prolonged. My stay at Vernon of a few hours was long enough to see the place. It is forty-nine miles distant from Paris and situated on the River Seine, in a fine, fertile, and attractive country. It was here that English prisoners were detained in the Napoleonic wars. The church, built centuries ago, is an interesting edifice, and, like most or all Catholic churches, is kept open continually for devotees. My journey was continued to Mantes, a city of about seven thousand people. This was the city burned to the ground by William the Conqueror, and it was while urging his charger into the hot flaming ashes that his horse plunged, and he received injuries of which he died.

Leaving Mantes, a ride of thirty-six miles brought me to the beautiful city of Paris, where I was soon in familiar quarters. Taking a retrospective view, the country through which I travelled in Normandy and Northern France was not so luxuriant, so fertile, so well cultivated, or so thickly populated as in England. The fields are greater in extent, while tall Lombardy poplars stand like guardian sentinels between the lands of adjacent owners. They are very prevalent, lining each side of

many highways and the streets of many villages. Large numbers are in perfect form and health, adding beauty to the landscape, while others lift high in air their scraggly branches, and are living at a "poor dying rate."

The people were kind, free, and easy in manners, and took life as it came, without much trouble or worryment. In business and financial matters, the memories of some were short and at fault. They were liable to error, and, by a singular moral obliquity, their financial errors were invariably in their own favor. The universal beverage was hard cider, which was everywhere. The people and the country do not seem to be so much alive as in England, and one sees little of that go-aheadativeness, push, and enterprise which are everywhere apparent in England and in the United States. But it is a delightful country to visit. The traveller finds so much of historical interest, so much of amusement and pleasure in country and people, that he is richly compensated for the slight annoyances and discomforts always incident to travel in a strange land and among a strange people. Of my tour in Normandy and Northern France I entertain nothing but a lively sense of its privilege, of much profit, enjoyment, and pleasant recollections.

CHAPTER XI.

DAYS IN PARIS.

IT was now my desire to see more of the brilliant capital of France than I had beheld, and more than space will permit me to record; to inspect the great Exposition, and then explore romantic sections of Alpine scenery and visit the sunny land of Italy. The throngs of visitors from all lands filled the hotels to overflowing, but I secured admirable quarters at a Mrs. Schofield's, 28 Avenue d'Iena, near the Exposition grounds. My days in Paris were spent in sight-seeing, but it is not my purpose to give anything except a slight reference to the great Exposition of 1889. Since the fall of the Second Empire in 1870, France has been nominally a republic. The Exposition had for its great objects the glorification of republican ideas and the celebration of the downfall of monarchy, and to honor the great revolution of 1789. A century, with the numerous revolutions, wars, and marvellous stirrings-up which the French people have undergone during that time, have made France and the French people of to-day vastly different from the

France and the French of 1789. The nation stands now in the front rank of civilization, her people enjoy a fair degree of liberty, and by means of public education—so thoroughly and carefully diffused by the fostering hand of the republic—the intelligence of the people is rapidly being increased, their minds broadened, and the foundations of free institutions are being carefully and, we hope, permanently laid.

If the republic can successfully withstand the machinations of its internal foes for another score of years, until the children which it has nurtured in freedom of thought, whom it has educated in its schools, shall have attained maturity, then that freedom of thought and that education will bear abundant fruits in the desire and unbending purpose that no monarchy or empire shall be resurrected and that the republic shall live. The monarchies of Europe have no sympathy with the present French government, and desire its overthrow. The United States and the American people cannot withhold their sympathy, and must extend a fraternal hand and utter a strong and ardent wish that the republic may live.

The governments of Europe, having no sympathy with the objects of the Exposition, declined officially to take part in the celebration,

so the exhibit was the result of individual enterprise. The United States was officially represented, and Congress voted an appropriation for the object. Paris being easy of access, the fruits of the genius of all nations were collected together, and an especially fine one of France itself. The exhibit of the United States was not large nor full, nor what one would expect to see. Exhibitors do not send the products of hand and brain across the sea, except when they think it may be a benefit to them financially. This fact will account for the meagre show from the United States!

To me, one of the most pleasing exhibits of all was the history of inhabited dwellings of mankind from the earliest date to the present. There were models, one after another, of every kind and variety, from the early cave-dwellings, being holes or caverns in hills, to the beautiful pavilion used as a reception room by the President of France.

The great attraction of all, however, was the wonderful Eiffel Tower, the highest edifice on earth. Thousands were congregated about it at every hour during the day. It is a marvel of symmetry, strength, and beauty. The weight of iron used in its construction is enormous. The foundations enclose two acres of land.

There are three platforms, to which people are carried by lifts, although there are spiral staircases, by which one can ascend and descend a portion of the way. Hundreds of people can be accommodated upon the first, where there is an excellent restaurant. The second platform is three hundred and seventy-six feet from the base, and the third is eight hundred and sixty-three feet from the ground. From the top a large electric light, like a great ball of fire, could be seen from all parts of Paris. This was so arranged that it could be reflected, or shoot its light from one point to another, when its stream of fire seemed like the tail of some monstrous comet.

Wishing to get a view of Paris, I one morning reported at the base of the tower at eight o'clock. At nine I was fortunate enough to be surged along with the crowd to the ticket office, where a ticket was procured for the summit. Always light-headed at any distance from terra firma, my shrinking, sensitive, cowardly body revolted and shrank from the idea of being carried to so great a height. My impressionable, enthusiastic, and rapturous soul knew that exquisite enjoyment was there, and there was a conflict in my dual being. The spiritual part triumphed; it did not think it right that it

should be deprived of the great joy in store for it, on account of the cringing tabernacle which it for a time inhabited. So I got into the car, and up, up, up we went into high air, to the first, second, and third platforms. I was now eight hundred and sixty-three feet in air. After a short time the sensitiveness and fear subsided. The view was magnificent beyond description. Paris was spread out beneath me like a map. Its various places of interest, its noted buildings, could be seen at a glance. Men, carriages, and the surging thousands looked small as they hurried like ants over the ground beneath. The River Seine was like a belt of silver as it wound through the city; the country around was grandly picturesque. Several hours were spent there, and postals were written and mailed from that great elevation to different parts of the world. The grounds in the evening, lighted by more than ten thousand electric lights, were worth a journey across the Atlantic to behold. Their bright beams fell on flowing fountains, gorgeous buildings, and beds of blooming flowers.

Time was passing. Days were spent joyously and profitably at the Exposition and in the sunniest capital in Europe. I was impatient to be away. Meeting some very pleasant Ameri-

cans, we united our fortunes and started together one fine day, *via* Fontainebleau, Dijon, and Macon, for Geneva, Chamouni, and Italy. Pleasant companions, a clear atmosphere, and the fertile country through which much of the way was passed, made the day glide rapidly and delightfully away. In the evening, when the moon with its brightness cast a fascinating halo of light over surrounding mountains and the placid waters of Lake Lemman, we arrived in the City of Geneva.

CHAPTER XII.

CHAMOUNI.

I REGISTERED at the Hotel d'Angleterre, which is a most excellent house, and commands a lovely view of Mont Blanc. A long day's ride made the table d'hote particularly refreshing. The following day was spent on the Lake of Geneva and in a visit to Lausanne, which were both familiar to me. On the clear bright morning of a cloudless day, all of our party and many others, mounted on a diligence drawn by six horses, started on a forty-mile drive for Chamouni. All were in high spirits as we were whirled up and out of Geneva. We rose to a higher elevation than the lake and city; great stretches of country were around us, bounded by the mountains. Wooden crosses at the meeting of roads gave evidence of the religious character of the people.

We journeyed toward the Alps. The scenery was grand and impressive. We were in a land of mountains. The River Arve flowed beneath us, and before us were the towering peaks of the Alps, with immense glaciers between them, of dazzling brightness in the clear

atmosphere of that sunny day. We passed over a road, a triumph of engineering skill, and with keen delight, at four P. M., we were whirled rapidly into the vale and village of Chamouni, where

The Alps stretch to the midmost ocean's strand —
Their bases gardens, and their summits snows.

The vale is a half-mile in breadth and thirteen miles in length, bounded by great elevations. Mont Blanc, massive and overwhelming, was before us. We were at its feet watching its snow-capped summit. A telescope in the garden of the hotel revealed its deeper gorges. The afternoon faded away into evening and the evening into night. Mont Blanc caught the last beams of the setting sun, and the mellow brightness of the full moon fell upon it, while a blazing star was just over it. Many tourists thronged the village and the hotels. The bazars were filled with all manner of souvenirs of the place and locality.

Procuring an alpen-stock on the succeeding day, and mounted on mules, a gentleman, a lady, and myself started together for the Montanvert, the Mer de Glace, and the Mauvais Pas. Our guide led the way, and we sauntered out of the village. Up a zigzag, winding path through forests we went until we reached a chalet half-

way up the mountain. At the end of three hours and a half we reached the Montanvert. A good hotel was there, where we rested. Our mules were given in charge of boys, to be taken down and meet us at another point in our journey. We were six thousand three hundred feet above sea level, and the great glacier of Mer de Glace was beneath us, glistening with brightness. Clambering down the steep descent, we were soon upon the jagged, billowy sea of ice, a mile in width, ten miles in length, and of vast and unknown depths. Looking about us, we saw many mountain peaks more than thirteen thousand feet in height. Our alpen-stocks, with their iron brads stuck into the slanting ice, prevented us from slipping. We crossed in half an hour. On the way we came to immense crevasses, down which our guide rolled great stones which we heard tumbling in vast depths beneath us. We ascended from the glacier a steep bank, and reached the Mauvais Pas. The passage is *called* safe. To me it seems dangerous in the extreme. It is a pathway on a steep, yawning precipice of a solid mountain of rock, much of the way. Roughly hewn steps are cut in the side of the mountain, and a rail of iron upon the *upper* side is placed so that people can hold on with their hands. A too giddy head, a

misstep, with the hand unclasped from the rail, and one would plunge down, down, down thousands of feet into the abyss beneath. When we passed over it, the sun beat down upon us with almost overpowering heat, and the perspiration dropped from our faces.

At length the danger was passed and we reached the chateau, where we were regaled on tea and sour bread. Farther on we met our mules, mounted, and continued the descent. Our path was a narrow one, many places not over four feet wide, apparently cut into the side of the mountain. The mule I rode was good looking, and that was his chief recommendation. He feared nothing; he was perverse, and seemed to have an itching desire to go over the precipice and take me with him. While rounding the sharpest curves, and in the narrowest, most dangerous, and steepest places, he would continually strike his hind foot forward on to his front shoulder to brush off flies, thus doubling himself up in the form of a letter A, and endangering my life. Downward, still downward, we went, and at length reached the valley, when a few miles' ride brought us back to the village, having been gone some nine hours. We had had glimpses of the whole extent of the Mer de Glace, and from the mountain

heights, while ascending and descending, there were views unsurpassed in beauty of the Valley of Chamouni, with its villages, fields, running river, and mountains upon the farther side.

The hours had been of exquisite enjoyment, in spite of dangers. The day succeeding we went from Chamouni to Martigny, over the Tête Noire. It is a distance of twenty-three miles, and we, of course, went by carriage. The weather was perfection itself, and all those mountain solitudes were ablaze with glory. The road passed along the edge of vast precipices. There were awful depths beneath us and awful heights above, both embraced by the glancing eyes at once. Never have I rode through such marvellous scenery. My words can give but a faint idea of its grandeur and sublimity. From the height the Valley of the Rhone, like a beautiful picture, lay before us. As we descended from the mountain into Martigny, the road doubled upon itself, snake-like, thirty-seven times. At this place our stay was only for the night. We could now reach the outside world by railroad. Early in the day following our arrival we took train for Interlaken, *via* Lausanne, Fribourg, and Berne, passing over the Lakes of Thun and Brienz. At the Hotel des Alpes, where I was a guest, I had

the pleasure of meeting, till then, unseen relatives from the United States. Here I parted from my very agreeable travelling friends, with whom I had journeyed all the way from Paris, and who were now to make a tour of Germany. I met some of them, later, on the City of New York, on my return voyage.

From Interlaken I went direct to Lucerne, over its beautiful lake and through the famous St. Gothard Tunnel, to Como, Italy. How shall words describe this marvellous engineering feat! The great tunnel is nine and one-fourth miles in length, nearly two miles longer than the Mont Cenis, which I passed through later on. The boring took seven and a half years' labor of nearly three thousand men. It is securely lined with solid masonry, is double-tracked, and the train is twenty minutes in going through. It is lighted up at intervals of each eleven hundred yards. Many are the subterranean curves which the road makes in passing through these mountains. It pierces them, and by a circular descent emerges again far beneath. Thus it passed over chasms, fierce running streams, clinging to the sides of the mountain, until we emerged into sunny Italy.

At Chiasso, a frontier town, our luggage was

examined by the customs officials, and at five in the afternoon we reached Como, which was near the latter place. The distance was one hundred and forty-four miles from Lucerne, and the time occupied was about nine hours. I registered at the Hotel Volta. The place has some twenty-six thousand people, is old and unattractive. For the town I cared little; but it is the most convenient starting-place for a tour of Lakes Como, Lugano, and Maggiore, all of which I wished to see, to make a mental comparison of their charms with those of some other famous, as well as less noted, lakes in Europe and the United States.

CHAPTER XIII.

SUNNY ITALY AND THE ITALIAN LAKES.

LAKE COMO is considered the finest in Italy. I took a steamer to inspect its beauties, starting in the morning. The hills towering high above it are covered with verdure to their tops, though the rough, ragged, jagged edges of steep cliffs frequently are visible through the green foliage. Little villages and some beautiful villas line the shores or hug the steep hillsides. There are many ancient, dilapidated structures, with roofs of tile, broken in, making an unsightly blot on the landscape. The farther we advanced, the more attractive became the scenery, but its general effect was disappointing. To me it was not nearly so interesting as Lake Lugano. At Menaggio, by narrow-gauge railway, I passed up the mountain and went through fine scenery to Porlezza, and took steamer from there across Lake Lugano.

This voyage was one of great pleasure. Green mountains were around us, and often, near the very top of their precipitous sides, were cleared fields, and homes of the humble occupants. Little villages of stone houses, and

small chapels with white spires, surmounted by the cross, gleamed in the summer sun, as they clung to the steep mountain sides. The people through all this section appear to be very religious, judging from external indications. Deep narrow seams cut the sides of the mountains to the water, marking the course of flooding torrents. In places, the sterile, rocky mountain sides are terraced, as on the Rhine, and used as vineyards.

Going to Luino, I took rail for Milan. Our route lay along the pebbly shore of Lake Maggiore, of which there were some excellent views. Villages nestled among the quiet hills, and a band of golden clouds overshadowed the tops of the high surrounding mountains in the west. I went *via* Laveno, Varese, Malnate, and Saronno, arriving at Milan at 9 P. M., and was a guest at the Hotel Pozzo.

The city has some three hundred thousand inhabitants, is finely situated, and is nicely kept. The streets are clean and attractive, and the place is full of enterprise and life. Its shops are excellent. The Arcade Victor Emmanuel is roofed with glass, with long rows of shops beneath, and open spaces. The gallery is nine hundred and sixty feet in length, its height is ninety-four feet, and its width is forty-eight feet.

The whole is admirably decorated and frescoed. Hundreds of people can gather beneath this roof, and wander there for hours. It is the finest place of its kind in Europe. Some time was spent in the famous Picture Gallery, where were seen works of noted artists. A volume could be written of what there is to be found in this one city. Much was seen by me, but its Cathedral was its crowning attraction. Its interior is rich with all that art and treasure can give it. I went to its roof, and was amazed with the wealth of beauty and art before me. Ninety-eight turrets of purest white marble adorn it. Going to its tower, I stood three hundred and sixty feet above the pavement of Milan, where my searching eyes took in a scene fair, grand, and exhilarating. Beneath and around me was a forest of sky-pointing spires of white marble, beautiful and glistening in the sun. Milan was at my feet, and far away could be seen different peaks of the snow-clad Alps. This building was commenced in 1386, is adorned with more than two thousand marble statues, and cost an incredible amount.

Leaving Milan, I went through an interesting country to the City of Venice. We passed through Brescia, Lonato; along the shore of Lake Garda, of which we had an excellent

view; through Verona, Vicenza, and Padova. The evening shadows enveloped the landscape as we neared the city. Passing over an immense bridge, two and one-half miles in length, which connects the place with the mainland, we "entered into the city." A dream of my life was now realized. I was fortunate to see Venice first at night. As we passed over the bridge, the lights of the city broke in upon the darkness. On going out of the station, the surrounding waters were bright with the dancing lights of multitudes of gondolas which were gliding over them. Their black prows, each bearing a light, were at the pier, and scores of gondoliers, like hackmen at railway stations, were impatient to carry passengers to their hotels. Giving my luggage in charge, I entered a gondola and was taken on the Grand Canal to the Grand Hotel, opposite to S. Maria della Salute. The novelty of everything about me was exciting. The steps of the hotel descended into the water. After table d'hôte, a band of musicians came in gondolas and, without alighting, by the side of the hotel discoursed the sweetest music, and were then rowed away. For a long time I sat on the veranda of the hotel and watched the scene about me. Strange, black shapes, the quaint

craft of this place, glided about me in every direction, over the water and through the main street of the place, which was of water. The music from different bands of musicians floated sweetly on the air. All these unnatural and unusual scenes have a wonderful effect upon a traveller.

Venice is in a shallow part of the Adriatic Sea; is some seven miles in circumference; is built on three large islands, and one hundred and fourteen smaller ones. There are one hundred and fifty dividing canals, and three hundred and seventy-eight bridges connecting the sandy islands. It has a population of about one hundred and thirty thousand, and is one of the chief seaports on the Adriatic Sea. "In 828 a Venetian fleet brought the body of St. Mark to Venice (from Alexandria, Egypt), and thenceforth the Venetians revered him as their tutelary saint, using his emblem, the lion, as their cognizance, and his name as synonymous with the republic, while their supreme official functionary was styled 'Procurator of St. Mark.'" The great Square of St. Mark is one of the chief points of interest, and thither the guide led me on a tour of inspection. It is about six hundred feet long by two hundred and seventy in width, finely paved, surrounded

by the Church of St. Mark, the Doges' Palace, and other buildings of magnificence and world-wide fame,—a place of brightness, gayety, and gladness. Once in the early morning I saw the doves of St. Mark. They were there by hundreds, and were being fed by tourists like myself. They flocked about us, lit upon our arms, and fed from our hands. It was one of the prettiest sights in all Venice. They are protected by the city, and for six hundred years, ever since the thirteenth century, have been the pets of the people, when swift-winged carrier pigeons carried the glad tidings of victory to the City in the Sea. I inspected the Palace of the Doges, with its splendors; the Church of St. Mark, with its domes, and rich with mosaics, colored marble, and historic associations.

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand.

These lines have been quoted by writers ever since Byron wrote them. The bridge is a disagreeable affair above the water, one by which accused persons and culprits passed to hideous dungeons and to fearful death.

Gay gondoliers rowed me in their gondolas over the Grand Canal, and into many of the narrow, dirty, smaller ones. From the top of the Campanile, three hundred and twenty feet

high, I had a wonderful view of the Adriatic Sea, of the country around, and of Venice, with its palaces and numerous domes. Its famous churches and galleries were visited. It seemed wondrous strange to move about the paved streets of a city, and never see a horse, a carriage, or anything of the kind in it. There is no other city like it in the wide world. Beggars are abundant. One fine-looking youth importuned us, when he was driven away by the gondolier. Never have I seen such offended pride as was exhibited in his bearing when he was refused and departed. He bore himself with the grace and dignity of a prince!

Much has been written of the glory and beauty of this city "rising out of the crystal sea." I have read,

There is a glorious City in the Sea.
The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets,
Ebbing and flowing; and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces.

That is the language of imagination and poesy. It is one side of the picture. There is another side. The truth is, that the waters of this "crystal sea," out of which the city rises, are dirty, nasty, and slimy, and the disgusting aroma arising from many of her narrow canals and quays will rival in offensiveness the docks

of Liverpool, London, or New York. "The marble of her palaces," where it is lapped by the slimy waters of the Grand Canal, the main thoroughfare of the city, are green with foul exudations from the contaminated waters. But let this pass. Every traveller will find much to enjoy in a visit to this peculiar city, and pleasant memories of it will abide with him.

Leaving the hotel early one morning, I was rowed on the Grand Canal to the railroad station, bade farewell to the "sea gem," and went direct to Rovigo, which has two leaning towers; then to Ferrara, once famous, but now in its decline; then to Bologna. At the latter place the longer stay was made. It is a city of one hundred and twenty-nine thousand people, in a fertile country at the foot of the Apennine Mountains, and now famous for its sausages! Rising to the heights, we passed the Apennines, through many tunnels, and descending rapidly, we soon reached the Valley of Arno and the City of Florence.

In Venice, and in the journey to this city, my company had been American tourists, like myself, and were most pleasant and intelligent. The railway trains are fearfully slow, and accommodations for travellers will not compare with those of the United States. It was evening when we reached the city, and we were imme-

diately driven to the Hotel Victoria. It was kept by an intelligent Italian, an old soldier and admirer of Garibaldi. He had fought and suffered in helping to win the freedom which Italy now enjoys. He was by choice a republican, but the reign of King Humbert is so mild, and he is so liberal in his politics and views, that my republican friend was satisfied with the present condition of things. He was a Catholic, but rejoiced in the freedom of Italy from priestly fetters, and was sternly opposed to any restoration of temporal power to the Roman Pontiff. Said he: "I am a Catholic; but I believe in the political freedom of Italy. This is a bad time for Mr. Pope! Let him attend to religious affairs; we will attend to the political affairs." These views were spoken with great earnestness, and the same sentiments were expressed by many with whom I conversed. Soldiers of Garibaldi I met frequently, and more earnest and devoted men to the cause of religious and political freedom, not only for Italians, but for all men, I never met. The King is very popular. His reign is mild; and while the people are taxed highly for necessary internal improvements and for the army, there seems to be little complaint. Italy is making great progress, and the fetters under which a long-suffering people have groaned so

long are broken. If the standing army of Italy could be greatly reduced, there appears to be no limit to the strides she would make in internal development and prosperity.

Florence was the capital of Italy from 1865 to 1870, is a city of nearly one hundred and forty thousand people, and is one of the finest cities in Italy. Its magnificent churches, galleries of art, and art treasures, of value unspeakable, can nowhere be excelled in a place of its size. Books could be written inadequately describing what this one city contains. It lies in the valley of the Arno River, which runs through the place, and, as seen by me, its waters were low and sluggish, as is the Missouri when swollen by floods. The country around is highly cultivated. Hills, with villas upon them, churches, and costly edifices everywhere in view, give a wondrous charm to the landscape.

Only a few of the most noted places that I visited will be mentioned. The Galleria degli Uffizi, with its sculptures and paintings, is exceedingly rich in works which emanated from the hand and brain of the greatest artists of the world. As well might one attempt to portray the glories of each individual, autumnal-tinted, forest leaf as to delineate the numberless paintings, statues, and costly gems which are there exhibited.

It is not for me to sing the songs
That rush with a thrill to the heart ;
It is not for me, with pen or brush,
To glorify Nature and Art.

The Cathedral was commenced six centuries ago, and finished nearly two hundred years later. It is massive, being five hundred and fifty feet long, three hundred and forty feet wide, and having a dome three hundred feet high, and all beautifully finished. The walls of the interior are lined with monuments, statues, and paintings.

The historic Campanile, a tower two hundred and ninety-two feet high, was completed five hundred years ago. Its interior is richly decorated with colored marble and with statues. A staircase leads to the top, from which one obtains an excellent sight of the city and surroundings. The Church S. Lorenzo, with the new sacristy, and the Chapel of the Princes (the burial places of the Grand Dukes of the Medici family), comprise together as interesting a place as exists in Florence. The church was built in 1425, and is the custodian of ten thousand manuscripts of great value. The new sacristy, built by Michael Angelo, contains some of his choicest works. The Chapel of the Princes, in its elegance and beauty, surpasses the power of description. It is in form octagon, sur-

mounted by a dome gorgeously decorated. The walls sparkle with precious stones of rarest kinds and with costliest marble. Gorgeously frescoing, gems, diamonds, and emeralds meet the eye everywhere. It is said that more than twenty-five million dollars have been expended upon this chapel alone.

The Church of Santa Croce is another marvel of beauty, costliness, and durability. It was commenced in 1294, and completed in 1442. There I saw the tomb of Michael Angelo, who died in 1564; near by is that of Galileo; a monument to Dante, who is buried at Ravenna, and tombs of other illustrious men. In the church are stained glass windows, statues, and paintings of great notoriety and merit. So one might speak of many other celebrated places,—academies of art, palaces, and museums of art. Taking a hack, I was driven to most portions of the city, visiting the home of Dante, on a narrow street, and the grave of Americus Vesputius. From a hill we got a beautiful view of Florence, the running waters of the Arno, and the high elevations beyond, with trees, flowers, terraces, and villas. My experiences in that fair Italian city were most delightful, and I left it with pleasant memories and with regret.

CHAPTER XIV.

ROME, NAPLES, AND POMPEII.

“ALL roads lead to Rome.” So my steps turned toward the Imperial City. It draws one as the magnet attracts the steel, as the sun the dew, as the sweetest melodies draw listening ears. The two cities are one hundred and ninety-six miles apart, and in about eight hours after leaving Florence my feet were busily treading the streets of the “Eternal City.” The Hotel de Paris was my Roman home. There I had the pleasure of meeting an English gentleman and his wife, most agreeable people, who were my companions in tours about Rome, and also in Naples. It was Lieut.-Col. C. H. Sheppard, of Her Majesty’s Army in Poona, India, with which he had been connected for twenty-seven years. At one time he had lived in Rome for several months, was familiar with the city, and his knowledge and companionship were of much benefit and pleasure to me.

I shall not attempt a description of a place which has exercised such a stupendous influence in the affairs of the world, and shall only allude

briefly to a few of the places I saw during my stay, and which are seen and often described by numerous visitors. Mine host was a brainy, large-sized Italian, a soldier of Garibaldi, wounded in the wars for Italy's unity, and an enthusiastic defender of the new order of things. He, like many other progressive Catholics, did not for a moment hesitate to express his positive convictions, among which were that the "Prisoner of the Vatican" should let politics alone, and attend to purely spiritual affairs. It surprised me to find Catholics who would express such broad and progressive sentiments, and my observation was, that the nearer one gets to the home of the head of the Roman Catholic Church, the less superstitious is their reverence for him, although his religious subjects spoke of him with respect. In all portions of Italy, and especially in Rome, one meets quantities of priests and monks, and ecclesiastics of various orders, some wearing sandals upon their feet, and girded about and clothed in a most peculiar manner. They are seen upon every railway train and in every town of any size. It is enough to keep any nation poor to support such a horde of *non*-producers, and fortunate is Italy in being largely freed from them.

One of the first places visited was the Forum,

where many noted events in Roman history took place. The ancient pavement is some forty feet below the surrounding streets. For centuries it was covered entirely. Now only ruins mark the once celebrated spot. There are standing columns, pillars of a temple, and other broken relics of an illustrious past. Trajan's Column stands in the Forum of Trajan. It is of marble, and most remarkable for the vast number of figures upon it — emblems and mementos of successful war. It has been imitated in the Column Vendome in Paris.

The Colosseum was completed in A. D. 80. It is world-renowned, and one of the most imposing of structures, though in ruins. It stands a stupendous relic of a mighty nation and of an enterprising era. The tiers of seats are still to be seen, while in the basement of the structure one can yet discern the dens and places where the wild beasts were kept. About one third of the original structure is now standing. Of course I visited the Triumphal Arch of Constantine and Titus; was driven over the Appian Way, built by Appius Claudius about 312 B. C., a main highway to and from the city; and spent considerable time in St. Peter's Church, the most imposing and largest religious edifice on the planet. The cross upon the dome is four

hundred and thirty-five feet from the ground. The interior is wonderfully impressive and rich in columns and everything else of beauty, apparently. It is so massive, is adorned so profusely, that long studying is required in order to appreciate its scope and magnificence.

Near the Church of St. John Lateran is the Holy Staircase, consisting of twenty-eight marble steps, *said* to be the same ascended by the Saviour on his way to Pilate's judgment hall. The tradition is that they were brought from Jerusalem. They are covered with boards, and persons who ascend are required to do so upon their bended knees. Holes are left through the boards through which the superstitious worshippers kiss the sacred stone. I saw a woman mounting these steps, one at a time, and muttering a prayer and crossing herself at every step. She looked to me as though a thorough application of soap and water would do her more good, bodily and spiritually, than the exercises in which she was engaged! In another place was the image of the Virgin, which the simple people claim has the gift of healing. Many were before it, bowing, worshipping, and kissing its toes and feet. All classes were represented before it, from refined and cultivated looking ladies to the brigand-looking man, whom

one would dread to meet alone in the dark. A refined lady, elegantly dressed and evidently belonging to the upper class of society, wiped the feet very carefully, and then kissed the big toe of one of them, as did her little babe.

One of the greatest and most remarkable ruins in Rome are the Baths of Caracalla, and furnish an idea of the splendor and luxury of Rome in ancient days. They were begun in the year 212, and in them one thousand six hundred bathers could be accommodated at the same time. The baths covered a large area, were of wondrous beauty and richness, and the great ruin impresses these facts upon every one.

I also visited numerous halls and galleries of art in the Vatican, with libraries and museums of antiquities. The choicest works of art of Michael Angelo and Raphael are there exhibited. Among artists they are considered the crowning works of art in the world. I saw the last great work painted by Raphael, "The Transfiguration." Years could be profitably spent in the study of these galleries and their treasures beyond value. Always have I had a great desire to visit the Catacombs. We were driven across the Campagna, whose pestilential air was disgusting and dangerous to breathe. By the side of a torpid stream which flows

through it, there are vegetable growths of tropical greenness and rankness.

The Catacombs of St. Callistus, which I visited, are in the environs of Rome. A small brick tenement marked the place of entrance. At a neighboring house a guide was secured, who with a lighted candle led the way down the steps to the caverns below, and we all bore candles in our hands. The steps are cut in the soft, porous stone, which is easily worked, and descend from twenty-eight to fifty feet beneath the surface of the ground. It is claimed that in continuous length these Catacombs would extend five hundred and forty-five miles. The passages lead in various directions, and at the sides one sees the coffin-sized apertures cut in the rock, in some of which, lying at full length, are the bones of the early occupants. We were led from passage to passage, through these dark, chill chambers of death, where our lights seemed out of place, making objects look weird and wild in those chambers of silence and gloom. Sepulchres, chapels, and shrines were shown and explained to us by the loquacious monk. For a long time we wandered in the gloomy, strange home of the dead, till at length we gladly emerged into the light of day and glorious sunshine.

The Rome of the present is vastly different from the Rome of antiquity. It has an air of thrift about it, and vast improvements are being carried forward. The slow, torpid River Tiber, which flows through it, is being dredged, thereby deepening its channel; old buildings demolished upon its banks, great stone walls erected by its shores, and the dirt and sediment from the stream lifted and placed there as on the Clyde at Glasgow, and beautiful embankments will eventually be made, as on the Thames at London and on the Charles at Boston. These changes and improvements are everywhere apparent. The new portions of the place are built solidly, substantially, and in some places elegantly.

What has been written is only an imperfect sketch of what I beheld, or what any one can see in a short time in this historic city. It is a most delightful place for the artist, antiquarian, or scholar.

Time lingered not; and leaving Rome, I started for Naples, one hundred and sixty-two miles distant, and passed through localities productive, and abounding with orchards of olive trees. In some parts, there were surrounding mountains, with towns picturesquely clinging to their sides. At Cassino, ninety-two miles

from Rome, I had a fine sight of the castle-like monastery of Monte Cassino, a massive structure covering a large area and situated on a lofty hill west of the town. St. Benedict founded it, in 529, on the site of an ancient temple of Apollo. It presents a most attractive and striking appearance, and has been called a "national monument." Its inmates "are the intelligent keepers of one of the most precious libraries in the world, and they educate about eighty pupils in theology." The most precious manuscripts and documents are kept by this institution. It is famous for its hospitality, and no payment is asked of those who seek its board and shelter, although travellers usually leave a reasonable amount for accommodation. At Sparanisi, Mount Vesuvius, with smoking top, first burst upon my eager vision. We passed through the very ancient town of Capua, once the winter quarters of Hannibal. The whole journey is one of remarkable interest; every place is historic.

In the afternoon of the day of my departure from Rome, I was in Naples, looking with admiring eyes on its attractions and matchless bay. For years it had been a strong desire with me to visit the scenes of ancient Pompeii, the long-buried city of nearly eighteen hundred

years, great portions of which have been recently excavated, and thrown open again to the light of day and to the tread of human feet. Its history and fate are marvellously romantic and astonishing. It was a city of at least twenty thousand souls, situated thirteen miles south of Naples, which, after some visitations from volcanic eruptions, was finally completely overwhelmed and destroyed by showers of ashes and red-hot lava from the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius, on the 24th of August, A. D. 79. At least two thousand people are supposed to have perished. The site of Pompeii was entirely unknown for a long period, and was discovered in 1748 by a peasant. Its fame, interest, and great attractions to all the world are largely owing to its destruction and centuries of burial. The ashes and lava of Vesuvius, while making it immortal, have preserved for all time the manner of life of its ancient inhabitants. It stands upon a sharp eminence, from which one gets a beautiful view of the restless sea, with islands in it which enhances its beauty.

It was a cloudless day when I left Naples for the buried and resurrected city. Procuring a guide, we went by the street *Porta Marina*, which is a paved and vaulted passage of con-

siderable width and length, and sharply ascending to the high ground on which the city was built. On the right of this passage is a museum, filled with curiosities which have been exhumed. There are loaves of bread just as they were found in the bakers' shops, and baked more than one thousand eight hundred years ago. There were many different kinds of grain and various articles of food. Casts of human corpses, and a dog in its terrible death agony, were there, beside vases, bronze vessels, and other curious relics of the past. The guide then led the way to the Forum, to ruined temples, theatres, ancient baths, fountains, shops of trade, houses of the rich and illustrious and of the poor and lowly, to their bedrooms and dining-rooms, to the open-air courts, covered with mosaics, some having statuary and fountains; to their kitchens, with their furniture. There were the sleeping rooms, where had been their couches and beds. The rooms are ridiculously small, and the life of these old Roman citizens in many respects was rude indeed, and many things existed then which would shock the refined tastes of people of the present. There were bakeshops, with their deep brick ovens for baking as at present. Stone mills were there for grinding corn, vessels for the flour and

water, and the kneading troughs. The entrance to the houses of the people was usually through a narrow passage into an open court, which was surrounded by many rooms. The roofs are gone, and as one looks from a high elevation over the exhumed place, he sees the standing walls of buildings, from which the doors are gone. The streets are very narrow, often paved with large irregular-shaped stones, into which were deeply worn ruts at least six inches in width and nearly the same in depth, made by the carriage wheels of its occupants centuries ago. Large stones, something like eighteen inches high, were placed at the corners of streets, on which people could walk from side to side. In the house of Sallust, from among the pavement stones, I gathered some maiden-hair fern as a memento of the spot. I spent several hours in wandering about the city. It was deserted, except by other tourists with their guides, and a number of bare-footed mechanics, who were at work making repairs, to preserve some portions of the place from the ravages of time. It was a strange and novel experience to walk through streets made and paved before the Christian era, and to have a sight into those old homes, and catch glimpses of the lives of a people who for more

than eighteen hundred years had been dust. Mount Vesuvius, grand, mighty, and majestic, towered up against the sky, some five miles away, and a pyramid of smoke issued from its heaving summit. This was my most southern point, and from this place commenced my return journey.

CHAPTER XV.

HOMEWARD-BOUND.

WHEN the evening shadows had enveloped the ruins of Pompeii, I took train for Naples. The shores of the bay were aglow with lights from myriads of homes, and from the high summit of Vesuvius a fiery deluge of red-hot lava was issuing which, like molten iron, was in a great stream flowing down the sides of the mountain. On arrival at Naples, I was immediately driven to the Grande Hotel, which is rightly named, where my coming had been heralded, and where my greeting and reception by the landlord was with all the warmth and attention of an old friend. Lieut.-Col. Charles H. Sheppard, of Her Majesty's service, of Bombay, India, with his wife, who had been my companions in visits about Rome, had preceded me to Naples and were fellow-guests, and made my stay particularly pleasant. The hotel is magnificently situated near the bay, and is in a most agreeable part of the city. My stay in Naples was comparatively brief. From childhood the sentiment, "See Naples and die," had been familiar. The probability is that the

tourist who inspects Naples thoroughly will almost wish that he had died before he saw some portions of the city! It is the most populous place in Italy, having a population exceeding half a million. Many of the streets are narrow and dirty, and crowded with human beings. Men with donkeys, with little carts filled with all manner of vegetables and tropical fruits, and men drawing the carts themselves, fill the streets, making them uproarious with their noise. In a small square I saw a boy holding a cow, and selling milk as he milked it, in small tumblers and dippers, to the eager people who thronged about him. Figs, as they were taken from the trees, were abundant. But the outline of Naples is beauty itself, along a coast having points of attraction unsurpassed in the world, built over terraced and half-circular hills, with a body of water in its front matchless in its loveliness; and above, forever in view and always standing like a guardian sentinel, or may be destroying angel, with its pillar of smoke by day, and a pillar of belching fire by night, Mount Vesuvius keeps eternal watch and guard.

The loveliness of the Bay of Naples has not been exaggerated. It cannot be. Nowhere above peaceful waters are the skies dreamier, purer, or bluer. Nowhere are these charms

photographed into shimmering sea with a greater degree of perfection.

I had secured passage on the Steamer City of New York from Liverpool to New York, to sail at a certain date, and time was rapidly slipping away in travelling and sight-seeing in the sunny land of Italy. I was now homeward bound. One of my fellow-guests at the hotel was Rev. E. M. McKeever, a Roman Catholic priest of Latrobe, Penn. We became acquainted and were fellow-travellers as far as Rome,—a most genial companion and broad-minded man, whom it was a pleasure to meet and know. My route lay along the shore of the Mediterranean Sea, of which I caught many glimpses. In the evening I arrived at Pisa, where I passed the night, and, as my time was limited, was obliged to leave without a sight of its “Leaning Tower.” The journey from Pisa to Genoa is a little more than a hundred miles, is one of great attractiveness, being along the shore of the sea, and at the base and *through* mountains. There are eighty-two tunnels, making in the whole twenty-five miles. The scenery is of the finest, especially at Spezia, Nervi, and between the latter town and Genoa. Numerous watering-places abound, summer and winter resorts. One has views of the olive-clad moun-

tains, with villas and homes, and beneath the blue waters of the broad Mediterranean Sea. Only a short stop was made at Genoa, but long enough to catch a view of its semi-circular bay and glimpses of the city, the houses of which rise tier above tier from the sea to the surrounding heights. The city contains some one hundred and ninety thousand people, and its situation is commanding and imposing. My journey was continued to Turin, where I made a short stay. It was the capital of Italy from 1859 to 1865, and has a population of over two hundred and seventy-five thousand. It was destroyed by Hannibal two hundred and eighteen years before Christ, and has had a turbulent and stormy history.

From Turin I went direct, *via* Mont Cenis Tunnel and Macon, to Paris, four hundred and ninety-six miles, occupying twenty hours. After leaving Turin we passed through many tunnels, rising to higher elevations. The scenery in some places is exceptionally fine. We looked down upon fertile valleys, flowing rivers, and quiet towns, and beyond them to other mountains. We passed through Mont Cenis Tunnel, which is seven and three-fourths miles in length, twenty-six feet wide, in height nineteen feet, and mostly lined with masonry.

It pierces the Col de Frējus, a mountain eight thousand three hundred and thirty-eight feet high, and in its centre the tunnel is four thousand two hundred and forty-five feet below the top of the mountain. Its cost was fifteen million dollars. It is lighted, and it takes one-half hour to pass through it. Tunnel travelling is not pleasant. The air is bad, and if the windows of the compartment are for a moment open, the passengers are blackened with soot, smoke, and cinders. I travelled all night, and during this long, disagreeable ride denounced, inwardly and outwardly, the stupid officials of European railways for their negligence in providing decent comforts and accommodations in their railway carriages; and

With deep and bitter wailing,
And with anguish unavailing,

I sighed for the luxury of American "cars." The night passed away, and when the first gray streaks of morning painted the skies we were whirled into Paris. In the forenoon (11.15 A. M.) I left the Nord Station for Calais, crossed the choppy Channel to Dover, and reached London at eight o'clock in the evening.

Weary after long and continuous journeyings, I found rest and comfort in my hotel home in London. Making only a temporary stay, I left

for Liverpool, and in due time was on board the *City of New York*, where several English friends came to wish me a "bon voyage," and to speak the always sad "Good-by."

The last words were said, the adieus made, the many friends of the passengers hurried from the ship, and, amid cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, the ship started, we bade old, dear England farewell, and were once more upon "the great deep." It was pleasant to meet on shipboard people whom I had known before, and some who had travelled with me from Paris almost to the Italian border. One gentleman had twice before crossed the Atlantic with me.

The ocean voyage was similar to most others. Cloudy days, wet days, and fair days came in their course,—and how fair is a sunny day at sea, and what ocean voyager has not joyed in the glory of the sunrise! I have risen early to behold it, and once it made a strong impression upon me. The sun arose out of the waters, and as it ascended into the heavens fleecy clouds obscured its brightness. A jutting, ragged fringe of gold lined their edges, while upon the distant sea a band of gold, brighter than the day, bounded the utmost stretch of vision. And who has not stood upon deck and cast papers over the railing, which have been

caught up by the caressing breezes, borne upon their strong, swift pinions far out to sea, wafted up and down, till at length they laid them upon the waters as gently as a mother would put her sick and weary child upon its couch to rest.

When we reached Sandy Hook, the pilot ran the vessel aground with a dull thud. For twelve hours the great vessel, with its fifteen hundred people, waited for relief. At length eight tugboats were fastened to the steamer and unitedly failed to move it out of the oozing mud. At last the impatient and indignant passengers were transferred to the tugboats, and in the chilly air were taken some eighteen miles and landed at the Inman Pier, and soon I was at my home in New Hampshire. The wanderer had come "to his own again." The second journey in foreign lands was ended, and my experiences, some of them "Among the Scotch-Irish: A Tour in Seven Countries," are, dear reader-companions of my journeyings, given to you in this book.

HISTORICAL.

THE EARLIEST HISTORY AND GENEALOGY,

COVERING NEARLY THREE HUNDRED YEARS, FROM
ABOUT 1600 TO 1891, OF THE

DINSMOOR-DINSMORE FAMILY

OF SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND AMERICA;

WITH THAT OF MANY OF THEIR DESCENDANTS, AND
ADDITIONAL FACTS RELATING TO THE SIXTEEN
FIRST SETTLERS AND THEIR FAMILIES OF
LONDONDERRY, NEW HAMPSHIRE,
WHO EMIGRATED TO AMERICA
IN 1719;

Also, Statistics Concerning the McKean and Bell Families;

WITH A POEM, "THE HEROES OF THE SIEGE OF
LONDONDERRY, IRELAND, 1688-89."

By LEONARD ALLISON MORRISON, A. M.,
OF WINDHAM, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

LOWELL, MASS.
MORNING MAIL PRINT: NO. 147 CENTRAL STREET.
1891.



THE DINSMOOR FAMILY.

THIS family of historic fame is of Scotch blood, and in the earliest account of any of this race their home is found upon Scottish soil.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME.

The name Dinsmoor is rarely found in Scotland, although *Dunsmore* is frequently seen, and *Dinsmuir* and *Dinsmore* are occasionally observed. In Ireland, the patronymic is borne by many persons in the vicinity of Ballymoney, County Antrim, and they are presumably descendants of John Dinsmoor², the emigrant to Ulster from Scotland. Dinsmoor appears as the original method of spelling, and was generally followed till about 1800. Since then it became the fashion for some to spell their name Dinsmore, and it is frequently seen as Dunsmoor, Dunmore, Dunsmore, Densmore, Densmoor, but generally the orthography is Dinsmoor and Dinsmore, the latter methods frequently appearing in the same family, and often each has been adopted by the same individual at different periods of life.

The family is not an ancient one, nor, on the whole, very numerous; and upon the other side of the water the name has never been borne, to my knowledge, by the gentry or nobility. The Dinsmoors were commoners. Rev. John W. Dinsmore, D. D., of Bloomington, Ill., gives this as the probable origin of this patronymic:—

“I have no doubt but that the original ancestor wrote, if he could write, *Dunsemoor* (*dunse*, a little hill, and *moor*, heath). He probably lived on, or by, a little hill at the edge of the heath, or moor.”

THE FIRST KNOWN DINSMOOR.

1. *Laird* Dinsmoor¹, the progenitor, and earliest known ancestor of the Dinsmoors, was a Scotchman, born in Auld Scotia certainly not far from the year 1600. The fact that he was called *Laird* would indicate that he was a man of some note and consequence in his locality. He was a farmer, had tenants under him, and dwelt on the bank of the flowing Tweed, at a place which tradition has variously called Achenmead, Auchinmede, Aikenmead, and other variations of the name. This spot has not been identified and located by his inquiring and investigating descendants. Tradition asserts that he was a follower and adherent of Douglass, and as one of those powerful chiefs had his home in a fortress, whose walls were of wondrous thickness and strength, placed on a projecting rock in a fiercely wind-swept and narrow defile, on the north bank of the River Tweed, known as Neidpath Castle, near the City of Peebles, it is not amiss to hazard the conjecture that *Laird* Dinsmoor's home was in the immediate vicinity. Fair and beautiful is that locality, and the river, as it rushes through the deep gorge on its way from the highlands to the sea, sings of Scotland, and is itself one of the fairest streams in the home of our forefathers.

Of the mental characteristics of the *Laird* we know but little. But it is evident that he was strongly imbued with the prevailing principle of his age, that the eldest born should receive undue homage and respect from the younger,—a sentiment which was repugnant to the second son, to his American descendants, and to all Americans. His home being upon the bank of the Tweed, as he was living there some two hundred and twenty-five years ago, or about 1667, it is probable that he finished his days in the land of his birth, and that his dust mingles with the soil of his native Scotland.

“Requiescat in pace.”

CHILDREN OF LAIRD DINSMOOR¹, OF SCOTLAND.

2. ——— Dinsmoor², whose Christian name is not known, was born in Scotland, presumably about 1648. He remained in Scotland, and being the *eldest*, inherited his father's titles, dignities, homage, and respect.
3. John Dinsmoor², of Ballywattick, Ballymoney, Ireland.

John Dinsmoor², b. in Scotland, presumably about 1650. He was required, by his father, it is said, with uncovered head, to hold the off stirrup of his elder brother's saddle, when he mounted his horse. He felt humiliated by the requirement, and in his seventeenth year, or about 1667, he forsook his father's house and early home, his kindred and native land, and went forth, bearing no property or goods with him, save a cane in his hand, his wearing apparel upon his person, with striped woollen hose upon his stalwart feet, and a gray bounnet of huge extent which covered his independent and manly head. Thus he left his native land, and thus he first appeared in the Province of Ulster, in the Parish of Ballywattick, one of the town lands of Ballymoney, County of Antrim, Ireland. For, like thousands of others of the best blood of the Lowlands of Scotland at that time, he crossed the belt of sea dividing the two countries, and helped to reclaim the cruelly confiscated land of the native Celts. There he made his home, and although the young adventurer was in a foreign land, yet he was surrounded, not by a strange people, but by those of his own race and nation. He was married, at the age of twenty, about 1670, was left a widower at seventy, lived a widower for twenty-nine years, and was "gathered to his fathers" at the great age of ninety-nine years. He was widely known for his good sense, his moral worth, his fervent piety.

He established the home in Ballywattick, and for generations his descendants have there resided, the last of them leaving the place in 1838.

CHILDREN OF JOHN DINSMOOR², THE SCOTCH EMIGRANT TO IRELAND.

4. John Dinsmoor³ (see No. 8), b. as early as 1671, in Ballywattick, Ballymoney, County Antrim, Ireland. Emigrated to Londonderry, N. H., that portion which is now Windham, N. H., as early as 1723, and is the ancestor of most of the Dinsmoors of New Hampshire.
5. Robert Dinsmoor³ (12), b. in Ballywattick, Ireland, as early as 1673; res. Ballywattick, Ireland; living there in 1715.
6. Adam Dinsmoor³ (58), b. Ballywattick as early as 1675; of him there is extant no exact record, only the general one, that he lived at Ballywattick, Ireland, was the ancestor of many Dinsmoors, and has had his name perpetuated in his descendants and distant relatives in succeeding generations to the present time.
7. Samuel Dinsmoor³, b. Ballywattick, Ireland, presumably as early as 1677; of him there is no definite record. But we know that these three brothers, Adam³, Robert³, and Samuel³, were the ancestors of most, if not all, of the Dinsmoors now in Ireland, and of those

who have emigrated from Ireland to the United States at different times, with the exception of John Dinsmoor³, their brother, of New Hampshire, and his descendants.

8. John Dinsmoor³ (4), John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹. He was b. in Ballywattick, Ballymoney, County Antrim, Ireland, as early as 1671 (as his son Robert was b. in 1692), was the progenitor of most of the Dinsmoors of New Hampshire, and came to America as early as 1723. He was taken prisoner by the Indians, and, after various adventures, finally made his appearance in the Scotch settlement of Londonderry, N. H. With many of the people there he was acquainted, having known them in Ireland. He made his home in what is now Windham. Being a mason, he built a stone house, in which he lived, and where he d. in 1741. The place is occupied, in 1891, by Phineas D. Scott. His wife and children joined him in Windham, N. H.

CHILDREN, BORN IN BALLYWATTICK, IRELAND.

9. Robert Dinsmoor⁴ (11), b. 1692; res. Windham, N. H.
 10. Elizabeth Dinsmoor⁴, m. John Hopkins, lived near her father and brother in Windham, N. H., and was the ancestor of most of the Hopkins name in that section of the country.

11. Robert Dinsmoor⁴ (9), previously mentioned, m. Margaret Orr, in Ireland, and he and his wife and four children came to New Hampshire in 1730. He was prominent in the town, filled various public positions, and his last years were spent upon the farm owned in 1891 by Edwin O. Dinsmoor, a descendant, four generations removed. He d. Oct. 14, 1751. His wife d. June 2, 1752.

Many of their descendants have risen to distinction, and high honors have crowned the labors of their lives, among them Col. Silas Dinsmoor⁶ (John⁵, Robert⁴, John³, John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹), his grandson, the noted Indian agent, a man of versatility of gifts, of marked ability, who was b. in Windham, N. H., Sept. 26, 1766, and d. at Bellevue, Ky., June 17, 1847. His wife was Mary Gordon, and his son, Thomas A. W. Dinsmoor⁷, lives at Kirksville, Adair Co., Mo. Robert Dinsmoor⁶ (William⁵, Robert⁴, John³, John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹), his grandson, was well known as the "Rustic Bard," a volume of whose poems, mostly written in

the Scotch, dialect was published. He was b. in Windham, Oct. 7, 1757, and d. there March 16, 1836. A brother of the latter was Gov. Samuel Dinsmoor⁶, b. in Windham, N. H., July 1, 1766, a graduate of Dartmouth College, a member of Congress, and Governor of New Hampshire. He m. Mary Boyd Reid, daughter of General Reid of Revolutionary fame, and d. March 15, 1835. Their son, Samuel Dinsmoor⁷, was also Governor of New Hampshire. They lived in Keene, N. H. Margaret Dinsmoor⁶, a sister of the "Rustic Bard" and of the elder Governor, was b. Oct. 15, 1759; m. Dea. Samuel Morison, and d. in Windham, Sept. 18, 1837. Their son, Jeremiah Morrison⁷, b. April 20, 1795, d. Nov. 24, 1862; m. Eleanor Reed Kimball, and were the parents of Hon. Leonard Allison Morrison⁸, eighth generation from *Laird* Dinsmoor¹, of Scotland. He was b. in Windham, N. H., Feb. 21, 1843, resides there, has been a member of the House and Senate of the New Hampshire Legislature, and is the author of this book. Two great-grandsons of Robert Dinsmoor⁴, (John³, John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹), by his son John⁵, John⁶, were James Dinsmoor⁷, of Boone County, Ky., a man of ability, and his brother, John Bell Dinsmoor⁷, of Ripley, N. Y. Rev. Cadford M. Dinsmoor⁸, of Exeter, N. H., son of John Taylor Gilman Dinsmoor⁷ (James⁶, Robert⁵, Robert⁴, John³, John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹), a Methodist clergyman, was b. in Windham, N. H., Aug. 20, 1826; graduated at Wesleyan University in 1851. Hon. James Dinsmoor⁷, of Sterling, Ill. (William⁶, William⁵, Robert⁴, John³, John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹, of Scotland.) He was b. in Windham, N. H., March 3, 1818; graduated at Dartmouth College in 1841; is a lawyer of high standing, resided in Lowell, Mass., and was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. Removed to Sterling, Ill., in 1856, and for four years was a member of the Illinois Legislature. He is the author of the *History of the Dinsmoor Family*, 75 pp., embodied in the "History of Windham in New Hampshire." It is one of the most valuable family histories extant, and is a monument to the great industry and love of kindred possessed by its honored author. He m. Amanda A. Carpenter, of Sharon, Vt., who d. Aug. 14, 1886; in the following

year, June 1, 1887, he m., 2d, her sister, Mrs. Mary M. (Carpenter) True. His son, Jarvis Dinsmoor⁸, is a lawyer in Sterling, Ill., and two daughters who graduated at Vassar College — Alice Dinsmoor⁸, a teacher; Florence-Amanda Dinsmoor⁸, m. James F. Covey, res. Sterling, Ill. Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury⁸, a brilliant lawyer, and attorney-general of the State of Massachusetts, is of Dinsmoor blood, as his mother, Elizabeth Dinsmoor⁷, is a sister of Hon. James Dinsmoor⁷, lawyer and author. She m. Josiah Webster Pillsbury, and resides in Milford, N. H. The list of prominent descendants of the New Hampshire emigrant would not be complete without mention being made of William B. Dinsmore⁷, Esq., late president of the Adams Express Company, the largest express company in the world. (He was son of William⁶, John⁵, Robert⁴, John³, John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹ of distant Achenmead, Scotland.) He was b. in Boston, Mass., July, 1810, and d. April 13, 1888; he m. Augusta M. Snow, of Brewster, Mass. He possessed marvellous powers for business, a massive mind and physique, and an inexhaustible fund of wit and humor. He resided at Staatsburg, N. Y., and is succeeded by his sons, William B. Dinsmore⁸, b. 1845, and Clarence G. Dinsmore⁸, b. 1848.

This closes a brief notice of some of the prominent descendants of Robert Dinsmoor⁴, son of John Dinsmoor³, the captive of the Indians, who was the eldest son of John Dinsmoor², the Scotch lad who, with cane and broad bonnet, emigrated from the Tweed to Ballywattick, Ireland, who was son of *Laird* Dinsmoor¹ of Scotland.

David Dinsmoor⁴ (name of father not known, but a grandson of John Dinsmoor², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹), a nephew of John Dinsmoor³, who settled in Londonderry, N. H., was b. in Ireland in 1714, emigrated to America about 1745, was in Londonderry, N. H., in 1747, m. Mrs. Kennedy, settled in Chester, N. H. His descendants live in Chester, Auburn, N. H., and Anson, Me. Among them is Rev. John Dinsmore. Some years ago Curran Dinsmore, Lemuel Dinsmore, and James P. Dinsmore, brothers, were living in New York and were his descendants.

DINSMOORS OF BALLYWATTICK, BALLYMONEY, COUNTY ANTRIM, IRELAND.

12. Robert Dinsmoor³ (5), John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹. He was b. in Ballywattick, Ballymoney, County Antrim, Ireland, presumably as early as 1673, and was a brother of John Dinsmoor³, the first emigrant of the name to New Hampshire. He resided in Ballywattick, and was an intelligent, upright, and leading citizen. From a letter which I received Feb. 3, 1891, from Mr. William Hunter, of Ballywattick, I have obtained this information.

Rev. R. Park was pastor of the Presbyterian Church there for over fifty years. On April 6, 1692, the church made application to the General Synod of Ulster for a minister, and made a second application in 1694. Then Rev. Hugh Kirkpatrick was appointed. He had fled to Scotland at the time of the Revolution, returned in 1695, and was installed over the church. In 1699 he was moderator of the Synod, and continued minister until his death, in 1712.

During his ministry, Robert Dinsmoor³, the subject of this sketch, was a prominent member of his congregation, and was a member of a deputation* to the Synod at Antrim, County of Antrim, Ireland, in 1715, on matters relating to the church and congregation.

Details of his life are not known, nor the names of his wife and children. From his Christian name, from the fact of his residence in Ballywattick, his intelligence and education, his age, and the relation which his age bears to the subject of the following notice, it seems fair to infer that he was the father of the one whose sketch is here given (but there is no absolute proof), and so in that manner I have arranged them.

13. Robert Dinsmore⁴, Robert³ (?), John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹. He was a grandson of John Dinsmoor², the Scotch emigrant to Ballywattick, Ireland, and was b. in 1720; lived in Ballywattick, Ballymoney, County of Antrim, Ireland, the place of his birth, and was a farmer.

*The members of the delegation were as follows: Cornet Alexander McGown, Mr. James Henry, Allen Templeton, Robert Dinsmore, John Love, Peter Gamble, Thomas Reid, Quinton Dick, John Lawrence.

A brother lived near him, and each had a large family. He was a leading man in the parish, was held in the highest respect, and was a Presbyterian in his religious faith. His intelligence was of a high order, and to him are we indebted for the preservation of the genealogy and early history of the family. He was a man who enjoyed writing, and during his life he kept up a correspondence with a *Laird* Dinsmoor, at the old home in Scotland, and with his relatives in New Hampshire, U. S. Among those with whom he exchanged letters were John Dinsmoor⁵, of Windham, N. H., and with his sons — John Dinsmoor⁶, whose wife was Susannah Bell, and Col. Silas Dinsmoor⁶, the celebrated Indian agent. Only one has been preserved, which was addressed to John Dinsmoor⁶, of Windham, N. H. (a part of the original Londonderry, N. H.), and printed with the book of poems of the “Rustic Bard,” Robert Dinsmoor, and dated: —

“BALLYWATTICK, Ireland, Aug. 12, 1794.

“My Dear Sir, — In July last, I received your affectionate letter of 22d Feb., 1794, where you have given me a full and clear answer to my letter of May 12, 1793, which was directed to your honoured father, — but, alas! no more. May I not bid adieu to North America.

“Submission is a duty, therefore I shall only add — I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me. It gives me consolation that he has left a son and heir, blessed with his principles and talents. I see that you feel for the commotions of Europe, and for the arbitrary proceedings of our government in particular. You give them hard names. Indeed, so could we, but dare not; we are brought to submission indeed. While our lives are protected by the laws, we must submit our property to the discretion of government without a murmur or complaint. Provided our taxes, which are heavy, were disposed of for internal defence of our country and encouragement of our trade and manufactures, we would pay more cheerfully. But when we see it levied to support a ruinous war, that we think Great Britain had nothing to do with, we complain the more. At this moment the eyes of all Ireland are looking earnestly for the completion of your

peace with Great Britain, on which the trade of Ireland much depends. We know you have sent a late commissioner from Congress to the Court of Great Britain, a Mr. Jay; but as nothing has yet transpired in respect to Ireland, I must be silent. I had a long letter from your brother Silas,* in May last, which I answered. It raises my pride to find that there is a Dinsmoor in any part of the globe so capable of composition as I see the writer of this letter to be. The more so when I can truly call him friend and cousin.

“As to your request concerning the genealogy of our family, you have been pretty fortunate indeed in calling on me, as I assure you there is not a man living within my knowledge that can go as far up in that description as I can. Nevertheless it may be short of what history could afford. Please take the following:—

“My grandfather was born on the mean land of Scotland, near the River Tweed—the son of a wealthy farmer, as I supposed from his style, being called the Laird of Achenmead, as he had tenants under him. He had two sons, of which my grandfather was the second, whose name was John. He left his father’s house in the seventeenth year of his age. I suppose he must have eloped, as he brought no property with him, as I have often heard, save a gray bonnet of great extent, with striped woollen hose, and a small cane in his hand. This is your original in Ireland, and mine; and all by the name of Dinsmoor, here or elsewhere, that belong to that stock. Therefore, you will be ready to say, we have little to boast of. But stay a little, my dear friend, and let us go a little higher, and return to Scotland. You see, as above, we are sprung from a farmer. Will this give us any dignity? Yes; the most ancient, the most honorable in civil life. The second man in creation was a farmer. Cain was a tiller of the ground. What are Monarchs? What are Kings, Dukes, Lords, Earls? What was Alexander, or Philip of Macedonia, but murdering vagabonds?

“The character of a farmer is far above them all. Stop but the farmer and his culture, and you sweep off the

* Col. Silas Dinsmoor, the Indian agent, and a brilliant man.

human race at one stroke. So you see that the farmer's station is exalted above all others. Therefore, our pedigree is higher than any other whatever.

"I must crave your patience. Suffer me, then, to return to my grandfather and his offspring, of which you are a sprout. This man had four sons, John, Adam, Robert, and Samuel. John was the first that migrated to America of the name, and the first that struck a stick in Londonderry. This man was your grandfather's father and my uncle, who surmounted many difficulties in providing a large and free estate for his offspring, and in the attempt was made an Indian captive. Permit me to observe a circumstance with respect to my grandfather's leaving his father's house without any property, which may elucidate the hint before observed, respecting it, which is this: I never heard this man give any other reason or cause for his leaving his father's house, but this: That his father obliged him, and that uncovered, to hold the off stirrup of his elder brother's saddle when he mounted his horse. A subordination that appeared not to agree with this man's proud heart.

"May it not be an heir-ship entailed on his offspring? And if so, whether virtue or vice, I leave with you to determine, although I am no advocate for virtue or vice being hereditary. To conclude, then, this man lived until he was 99 (ninety-nine) years of age. He was fifty years married, and twenty-nine years a widower, which ended his life, much respected by all who were acquainted with him, for his piety, morals, and good sense. Now, sir, I have gone as far as my memory could assist me in answering your request. But there is yet something remains which may gratify your inquisitive mind, in the line of heraldry. The Dinsmoor coat-of-arms is a farm laid down on a plate, of a green color, with three wheat sheaves set upright in the centre, of a yellow color, all emblematical of husbandry and agriculture.

"ROBERT DINSMORE."

The grandfather of the person to whom the letter was addressed, Robert Dinsmoor^t, of Windham, N. H., was an own cousin of Robert Dinsmoor^t, the writer.

Another description is: "The picture of a man with his dog and gun, with a sheaf of wheat and one of oats, which crossed each other."* These are given for what they are worth. They may amuse, but probably have no historical value.

Mr. Dinsmore lived with his son, Samuel⁵, the last of his life, and died in Ballywattick, and is buried by the side of his friends and kindred in the cemetery in Ballymoney, where there is a stone erected to his memory. He was twice married. The first family went abroad, and one son went with Capt. Cook around the world. Nothing more is known of the first family of children or their history.

CHILDREN, BORN IN BALLYWATTICK, IRELAND.

Second Family.

14. William Dinsmore⁵, b. 1755, d. 1818, lived a long while in Philadelphia, Penn. Returned to Ballymoney, Ireland; m. Jane Blair, and d. there. No children. William Dinsmore owned a house and out-buildings on Main Street, Ballymoney. In his barn Adam Clark, the commentator, used frequently to hold religious services, attended by many of the people. Mr. Dinsmore was a leading man in the town, and was greatly respected. As he had no children, the property which he possessed, which was considerable, went to his relatives. The following is upon his tombstone in Ballymoney: "Consigned to the tomb, in the 63d year of his age. Here lies the remains of William Dinsmore, late of Ballywattick, a man distinguished by purity of morals and integrity of heart. Impressed with a due sense of religion, his practice was regulated by its dictates; firmly believing the truths of the Gospel his whole life evinced the genuine fruit of Christianity, 1818."
15. Samuel Dinsmore⁵ (19), b. 1761, lived in Ballywattick, Ballymoney, Ireland, and d. Nov. 12, 1829. The father of John Dinsmore⁶, of Bloomington, Ind.
16. Molly Dinsmore⁵, m. Thomas McIlhose, res. Derrock, County Antrim.
17. Margaret Dinsmore⁵, m. Andrew Dinsmore (No. 41), of Ballywattick, Ireland. He was her own-cousin.
18. Martha Dinsmore⁴, m. Alexander Culberson, and lived in lower Ballywattick, Ireland.

19. Samuel Dinsmore⁵ (15), Robert⁴, Robert³ (?), John², Laird¹. He was b. in Ballywattick, Ballymoney, County Antrim, Ireland, in 1761; m. in 1783, Mary, daughter of Andrew Brewster, of Glenhall, County of Londonderry, Ireland. He was a large, tall, strong-limbed farmer, and lived on a portion of the Dinsmore homestead in Ballywattick, where he d. Nov. 13, 1829, and is buried in Ballymoney Cemetery. Upon his tombstone in Bally-

* From letter of John Dinsmore⁶ (grandson of foregoing Robert⁴), of Bloomington, Indiana, dated Sept. 9, 1887.

money is this inscription: "Here lies the body of the late Samuel Dinsmore, of Ballywattick, who departed this life the 13th Nov. 1829, aged 68 years; also, his son, Robert, who departed this life the 18th of April, 1818, aged 18 years." He and family were Presbyterians. His widow died in Bloomington, Ind, in 1847. He lived in a comfortable stone house; at the end of it is a field surrounded by trees, which make the place attractive and home-like.

CHILDREN, BORN IN BALLYWATTICK, BALLYMONEY, COUNTY ANTRIM, IRELAND.

20. William Dinsmore⁶, b. about 1785, lived in Ballywattick, then came to America, and d. at Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio.
21. Andrew Dinsmore⁶, b. about 1877, res. at Charlottesville, Va., where he died suddenly; single.
22. Margaret Dinsmore⁶, b. about 1789; m. Archibald McIlreavy, and lived in Ballywattick, on a farm occupied in 1891 by Mr. Knox; then removed to Port Stewart, County of Londonderry, Ireland, where they died. Two daughters are still living: Matilda McIlreavy, single, res. Port Stewart, Ireland; Rachel McIlreavy, m. Mr. Reid, and has a large family, res. Cronmore, County Derry, Ireland. Daniel McIlreavy went to Australia, and is deceased.
23. Bettie Dinsmore⁶, b. about 1791, m. Charles Riddle, and d. at Pittsburg, Penn. The family was there in 1890. See History of Rid-
dell, Riddle, Ridlon, Ridley, Family, p. 196, by G. T. Ridlon.
24. Samuel Dinsmore⁶, b. about 1792, was killed at Baltimore, Md., in 1816, by being blown up in a powder mill.
25. James Dinsmore⁶, b. about 1795, d. in Hamilton, Ohio.
26. Robert Dinsmore⁶, b. about 1797, d. in Ballywattick, Ireland, in 1800.
27. Mary Dinsmore⁶, b. about 1799, m. Samuel Johnson, a merchant; they lived and died at Bush Mills, Antrim, Ireland.
28. Jennie Dinsmore⁶, b. about 1803, m. Robert Small, and d. in Pittsburg, Penn. Her first husband was Mr. McAllister. Their daughter m. Mr. Pinkerton,* and they live in Philadelphia.
29. Rachel Dinsmore⁶, b. about 1806, m. James McAfee; she died in Wooster, Ohio. His early home was near Giant's Causeway.
30. Matilda Dinsmore⁶, b. about 1803, m. Campbell McCurdy; she d. in Baltimore, Md.
31. John Dinsmore⁶ (32), b. in 1810, res. 1891, in Bloomington, Ind. See following sketch of him and his family.

32. John Dinsmore⁶ (31), Samuel⁵, Robert⁴, Robert³?, John², Laird Dinsmoor¹. He was b. in Ballywattick, Ballymoney, County Antrim, Ireland, in 1810, and succeeded his father, on the home of his forefathers, in the parish of his birth. There he remained several years after the death of his father and in 1838, he, the last of the name there, left his native land, the old home of his people for several generations, and with his family

* Many Pinkertons are natives of Ballywattick, Secon, and vicinity.

NOTE.—The parish of Maquoskin, sometimes called *Macasky*, is near Coleraine, Ireland.

and venerable mother removed to Bloomington, Ind, where he has ever since lived, and where he resides in April, 1891. Thus the ancestral home of the Dinsmores on Irish soil passed into the hands of others. It is occupied in 1891 by Archibald Usher. He and his family, his father and his family, are, and were, members of the Presbyterian Church. In a letter dated Oct. 1, 1890, he says: "I hope and trust, through the intercession of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, that our names will be enrolled in the Book of Life." He m. in 1832, Margaret Small, who died in 1882, at Bloomington, Ind.

CHILDREN: THE THREE ELDEST BORN AT BALLYWATTICK, IRELAND; THE OTHERS AT BLOOMINGTON, IND.

33. Samuel Dinsmore⁷, b. Feb. 8, 1834, m. Magdelene T. Hudsonpell, res. Burden, Kan. Children: John Dinsmore⁸, Julia Dinsmore⁸, Mary Dinsmore⁸.
34. Joseph S. Dinsmore⁷, b. Jan. 1, 1836, m. Mary A. Henderson, res. Bloomington, Ind. Children: Wadsey Dinsmore⁸, William Dinsmore⁸, Paul Dinsmore⁸. The two elder are in college at Bloomington, Ind.
35. Mary Dinsmore⁷, b. January, 1838; d. Oct. 20, 1853, at Bloomington, Ind.
36. William J. Dinsmore⁷, b. March 4, 1840, m. Mary Gates, res. Earlville. Ill. Children: Theophilus Dinsmore⁸, Annie Dinsmore⁸.
37. Andrew Dinsmore⁷, b. February, 1842, d. May, 1843.
38. Jane Dinsmore⁷, b. April 2, 1844, d. March, 1863.
39. Theophilus W. Dinsmore⁷, b. Sept. 27, 1846, m. Sarah Bunger. He d. April 14, 1871.
40. Matilda H. Dinsmore⁷, b. Jan. 4, 1850, m. Benjamin Kirby, res. Bloomington, Ind. They have one son and four daughters.

41. Andrew Dinsmore⁵, ———⁴, Robert³(?), John², Laird Dinsmoor¹. He lived in Ballywattick, in a stone house, now, 1891, unoccupied, and owned by Archibald Usher. He was a shrewd, sensible man, quite intelligent, and a man of influence in his neighborhood. He was a member, as were all the Dinsmores, of the Presbyterian Church of Ballymoney, which has been in existence since 1700. He died in the place of his nativity, and is buried with others of his kindred and name in the cemetery in the village of Ballymoney. He m. 1st, ——— ———, who had seven sons and one daughter. She died, and he m. 2d, his own-cousin, Margaret, daughter of Robert Dinsmore⁴, *the letter writer*. On his tombstone in Ballymoney is: "Here rests the remains of Andrew Dinsmore, of Ballywattick, who departed this life 13th July,

1811, aged 73 years; and also his wife, Margaret, who died 4th April, 1813, aged 62 years. Much of the virtues which ornament the Christian character were possessed by this Pair." They had seven daughters and one son. The record of all his children, as given traditionally, is as follows, though some are missing.

CHILDREN, BORN IN BALLYWATTICK, BALLYMONEY, COUNTY ANTRIM, IRELAND.

42. John Dinsmore^e, emigrated early to America, before 1817, and was government surveyor in one of the Southern States, where he resided. He was m., but is said to have left no children.
43. Robert Dinsmore^e, lived in Ballywattick, m. ————, lived after the loss of his property with his brother-in-law, Joseph Small; d. about 1830, and is buried in Ballymoney. He had several children, among them Robert Dinsmore⁷, who settled in Tennessee; John Dinsmore⁷, William Dinsmore⁷, Elizabeth Dinsmore⁷, Margaret Dinsmore⁷, and Nancy Dinsmore⁷. They all came to America after their father's death.
44. James Samuel Dinsmore^e, b. 1771, d. in 1846, m. Jennie Herbert, and lived near Havre de Grace, Md., where his descendants are said to be still living.
45. William Dinsmore^e, called "Gentle Willie." He m. Martha Henry. He owned the farm and erected the stone house owned by William Knox in Ballywattick in 1891. He, "Gentle Willie," met with financial trouble, emigrated to Maryland, and died with his brother James. He had no children. His wife was from upper Secon, close to Ballywattick.
46. Andrew Dinsmore^e, emigrated to America, before 1817. Two other sons are said to have settled, one at Charlottesville, Va., and one farther South.

By Second Marriage with Margaret Dinsmore^e.

47. Rachel Dinsmore^e (52, b. in 1810, m. John Hunter, res. York, Penn.
48. Jane Dinsmore^e, m. Joseph Small, lived in Ballywattick, and in Knowend, County Antrim, Ireland. Farmer. Children: All these said to have settled in Bloomington, Ind.
 John Small⁷.
 Joseph Small⁷.
 Andrew Small⁷.
 James Small⁷.
 Rachel Small⁷, moved to Bloomington, Ind.
 —— Small, m. —— Tomb, fo Dunkendalt, Ballymoney, Antrim, Ireland. Had a family, and removed to New England.
 —— Small, m. Francis McKinley, of Strome, County Antrim, near Derrock, and removed to Bloomington, Ind.
 —— Small, m. Mr. Smith, moved to Canada.
 Margaret Small⁷, m. her cousin, John Dinsmore, removed to Bloomington, Ind., in 1838. See sketch No. 32.
9. Mary Dinsmore^e, m. Samuel Boyd, of Culbrom, County Antrim, where they died. Child: Robert Boyd, went to United States. Was in United States Survey; returned to County Down, and lived there. No family.
50. Susan (or Hannah) Dinsmore^e, m. James Neill, of Dunkendalt, Ballymoney, County Antrim. He died, and his family removed to Philadelphia, Penn. Children: James Neill⁷, Ann Neill⁷, Rachel Neill⁷, Margaret Neill⁷.
51. —— Dinsmore, m. James Hay, of Burnside, Ballymoney, County Antrim. Children are deceased.

52. Rachel Dinsmore⁶ (47), Margaret (Dinsmore⁵) Dinsmore⁵, Robert⁴, Robert³ (?), John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹. She was b. in Ballywattick, Town of Ballymoney, County Antrim, Ireland, in 1810; m. John Hunter, son of John Hunter, of Secon. He was b. there 1784; was a weaver of fine linen, lived in Ballywattick, and built the house occupied in 1891 by William Hunter, his nephew. Went to America in 1817, and d. in York, Penn., in May, 1823, where they lived. Rachel (Dinsmore) Hunter m., second, Joseph McPherson, in 1829, and d. in York, Penn., Feb. 1, 1837. She and Mr. Hunter were members of the Presbyterian Church, and later she was a member of the Methodist Church.

CHILDREN.

53. Rev. William Hunter⁷, b. in Ballywattick, Ireland, May 26, 1811; m. Jane McCarty; went to America with his parents in 1817, became a clergyman in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was an editor. He was a gifted man, and was a poet of merit. In alluding to another, in one of his sweet poems, he said:—

Away from his home and the friends of his youth,
He basted, the herald of mercy and truth,
For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost.
Soon, alas! was his fall, but he died at his post.

He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse;
He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse;
But he asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

He was author of the hymns,

The Great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus,

and of,

Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above.

He d. in Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 11, 1877. His second wife was Ursula McCarty, and he had children.

CHILDREN OF REV. WILLIAM HUNTER⁷.

1. Rachel Dinsmore Hunter⁸, d. in infancy.
2. Wesleyana Hunter⁸, b. —; m. Stephen Quinon, and d. in Pittsburg, Penn., Oct. 8, 1889. Children: Mary Alice Quinon⁹, b. Sept. 4, 1875; Flora Hunter Quinon⁹, b. —; d. Nov. 30, 1889.
3. Daniel McCarty Hunter⁸, b. June 2, 1840; m. —, and res. Alliance, Ohio. No children.
4. Elliott Virginia Hunter⁸, b. —; m. Dr. Volk; res. Riverside, Cal.
5. Leonidas Hamlin Hunter⁸, b. June 18, 1844; m. Kate —. Children: Flora Holmes Hunter⁹, b. May 26, 1874; Bertha May Hunter⁹, b. —.
6. Flora Ursula Hunter⁸, b. —; m. Prof. Horace Baneroff, who d. She m., second, Stephen Quinon, recently, who is on the editorial staff of the Pittsburg Times. Children: Grove Hunter

Bancroft^o, b. Oct. 29, 1867, d. Dec. 14, 1867; Leon Dinsmore Bancroft^o, b. Oct. 17, 1868, is night editor of Pittsburg Dispatch, Penn.; Edna Bella Bancroft^o and Jennie Ella Bancroft^o, b. Sept. 4, 1870, Jennie d. Jan. 4, 1873; Ida Bancroft^o, b. April 4, 1872, d. Jan. 12, 1873; William Earl Bancroft^o, b. May 2, 1873, res. Pittsburg, Penn.; Mabel Elizabeth Bancroft^o, b. Oct. 1, 1875, d. July 12, 1876.

7. John Andrew Hunter^s, b. Dec. 1, 1847; m. Hattie ———. Clergyman, member of East Ohio Methodist Episcopal Conference; resigned, and is now a student of medicine at Columbus, Ohio. Children: Andrew Dinsmore Hunter^s, b. Jan. 27, 1873; William Carey Hunter^s, b. Aug. 21, 1874; Frank Dalles Hunter^s, b. Feb. 27, 1876, d. April 2, 1877; John Hunter^s, b. Oct. 6, 1877; Adda Lena Hunter^s, b. Jan. 1, 1880; Hattie Lillie Hunter^s, b. July 4, 1881, d. Aug. 23, 1882; Eva Mabel Hunter^s, b. Sept. 23, 1883; Florence Lois Hunter^s, b. Feb. 12, 1885; Gilbert Haven Hunter^s, b. April 4, 1887; Mary Vaughan Hunter^s, b. Nov. 11, 1888.
 8. Nathan Goff Hunter^s, b. ———; d. in infancy.
 9. Jane Amelia Hunter^s, b. ———; m. Mr. Fording, a lawyer; res. near Riverside, Cal.
54. Rev. Andrew Hunter^t, b. Ballywattick, Ireland, Dec. 26, 1813; went to America in 1817; m. Maria Jones, of York, Penn. He became a powerful clergyman in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the degree of D. D. was conferred upon him. His ministry lasted over half a century. He was stricken with partial paralysis at Cotton Plant, Ark., while preaching, and is now partially recovered. His home is near Bryant, fourteen miles from Little Rock, Ark.

CHILDREN.

1. William Patterson Hunter^s, res. near Bryant, Saline Co., Ark.; he was b. Sept. 21, 1849.
 2. Florence Bertrand Hunter^s, b. Aug. 31, 1855; res. Little Rock, Ark.
 3. Andrew Jones Hunter^s, b. April 8, 1858; res. Little Rock, Ark.
55. John Hunter^t, b. York, Penn., Oct. 15, 1817; m. Harriet McCarty. He was a manufacturer. He was a strong, self-reliant man of business, was held in the highest esteem, and was an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church; d. 1887; res. Alliance, Ohio.

CHILDREN.

1. Andrew Dinsmore Hunter^s; deceased.
 2. Elizabeth Hunter^s; m. Erban Weikart, of Alliance, Ohio.
56. Margaret Hunter^t, was b. in York, Penn., Oct. 31, 1820; m. Aug. 23, 1842, Abram Wells, and res. in Wellsville, Penn. She still lives there in her pleasant home, "Willowdale," with her married daughters living near her. She is a lady of rare gifts and graces. Mr. Wells was a person of great courage and energy, high-souled, a leader in society, and an example in all good works, and was greatly missed and mourned at his death.

CHILDREN.

1. Emma Hunter Wells^s, b. April 2, 1846; m. 1876, Francis Ashby Barrett of Wooster, Ohio, and has children: William Hunter Barrett^s, b. Oct. 28, 1877; Ruth Barrett^s, b. Nov. 8, 1879; and Margaret Barrett^s, b. Sept. 27, 1881.
2. Olive Malinda Wells^s, b. March 23, 1848; m. Dec. 23, 1870, Robert John Belt, of Wellsville, Penn. Children, b. Wellsville, Penn.: Abram Dinsmore Belt^s and Margaret Dinsmore Belt^s, b. Oct. 27, 1871; James Edward Belt^s and Miriam Alice Belt^s, b. May, 1881.
3. Harriet Maria Wells^s, b. April 17, 1851; m. Aug 23, 1871, Richard Young, of New York, N. Y. Children: William Hunter

- Young⁹, b. July 24, 1873, and d. Feb. 7, 1886, at Flatbush, L. I.; Olive Viola Young⁹, b. Sept. 5, 1877, at Brooklyn, N. Y.; Richard Young⁹, b. Sept. 17, 1886.
4. Mary Dinsmore Wells⁸, b. Nov. 10, 1854; m. June 1, 1876, Thomas Barkdale Hoover, of Wooster, Ohio; reside in the old home, "Willowdale," Wellsville, Penn. Their children are: Walter Wells Hoover⁹, b. Oct. 13, 1877, at Wooster, Ohio; Thomas Leonard Hoover⁹, b. Dec. 10, 1880, at Wellsville, Penn.; Donald Dinsmore Hoover⁹ and Dorothy Goentner Hoover⁹, b. Dec. 14, 1883; and Mary Elliotta Hoover⁹, b. Aug. 21, 1885.
 5. Margaret Wells⁸, b. Dec. 23, 1856, at Wellsville, Penn.
 6. Elliotta Wells⁸, b. Feb. 14, 1861.
 7. James G. Wells, of Wellsville, Penn., is a son of Abram Wells by a former marriage.
 8. Adeline Emily Wells, daughter of Abram Wells by a former marriage, and was a most lovely woman. She m. Rev. D. C. John, a Methodist clergyman; and d. in Winona, Minn., where she is buried. Children: Anna Miriam John, m. Mr. Armitage, res. Milwaukee, Wis.; James John; David John; William Nelson John.
57. Agnes Hunter⁷, the youngest child of Rachel Dinsmore⁶ and her husband, John Hunter, was b. in York, Penn., May 15, 1822, and d. there in 1822.

DINSMORES OF PENNSYLVANIA.

58. Adam Dinsmoor³* (6), John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹. He was b. in Ballywattick, Ballymoney, County Antrim, Ireland, presumably as early as 1675, and remained in Ireland, in the parish of his birth. He had three sons and perhaps other children. The sons emigrated to America and settled in Eastern Pennsylvania.

CHILDREN.

59. Robert Dinsmore⁴. At about the commencement of the Revolutionary War he removed to Western Pennsylvania, and settled on Miller's Creek, twelve miles southwest of Pittsburg. Later he removed to the unbroken wilderness of Kentucky, and his after history is unknown. In those early days there were no mails to those unknown borders of civilization, and little, if any, word was ever received by his friends after his departure from Pennsylvania.
60. James Dinsmore⁴ (62), b. Ballywattick, Ireland, April 26, 1742; d. in Pennsylvania, in 1817.
61. Andrew Dinsmore⁴ (86), b. Ballywattick, Ireland, in 1753; went to America and settled in York Co., Penn; d. April, 1829.

62. James Dinsmore⁴ (60), Adam³(?), John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹. He was b. April 26, 1742, in Ballywattick, Ballymoney, County Antrim, Ireland. He emigrated, in 1761, to York Co., Penn., and remained several years.

* He is supposed to be the father or grandfather of Robert⁴, James⁴, Andrew Dinsmore⁴. As my informant, Rev. John W. Dinsmore, D. D., of Bloomington, Ill., thinks that Adam³, or Robert³, was their *father*, I have called Adam³ their father, and have so numbered the generation.

About 1774. he and his brother, Robert, who was living near him, removed to Miller's Creek, twelve miles southwest from Pittsburg, where he lived until 1794, when he bought a large tract called Huntingdon Plantation, in Canton Top, Washington Co., Penn., some six miles northwest from the town of Washington. It was, and *is*, a magnificent tract of land, covered with enormous timber. Where he first lived was, when he first settled there, a howling wilderness, subject to frequent incursions of the savages. The Dinsmoor family was one of the first to invade the unbroken solitude, which now is one of the richest and finest parts of the country. He was of great size, weighing above three hundred pounds, and a man of profound and exalted piety, an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and of great influence in the entire region where he lived. He d. on his estate in 1817, and is buried in the churchyard at Upper Buffalo, six miles west of Washington, Penn. He was twice m.; name of first wife is unknown. He m., second, at Miller's Run, Penn., Mary Walker. He changed the spelling of his name to *Dinsmore*.

THEIR CHILDREN WERE: THOSE OF FIRST M. BORN YORK CO., PENN.;
BY SECOND M. AT MILLER'S CREEK, PENN.

63. Jannette Dinsmore⁵, b. Dec. 8, 1770; m. Mr. Lee; removed to Mendina, Ohio, and there died.
64. Elizabeth Dinsmore⁵, b. Dec. 24, 1772; m. ———.

By Second Marriage.

65. Mary Dinsmore⁵, b. May 29, 1777; m. Mr. Langhan, or Langdon.
66. John Dinsmore⁵ (70), b. July 14, 1779; m. Jane Carr.
67. James Dinsmore⁵ (76), b. March 4, 1782; m. Esther Hamilton.
68. Hannah Dinsmore⁵, b. Jan. 26, 1784; m. Mr. Saulsbury.
69. Sarah Dinsmore⁵, b. March 30, 1789; m. Thamas Mason. They had numerous and influential children, who were born at Cross Creek, Washington Co., Penn.

70. John Dinsmore⁵ (66), James⁴, Adam³ (?), John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹, previously mentioned, m. Jane Carr, in the autumn of 1800. Although not educated in the schools, he was a man of uncommon intelligence, of great dignity of character, of unusual force and energy, and of deep and fervent piety. For about fifty years he was an elder in the church, and had widely extended influence. He had a large and valuable estate, which had been his father's. He completed a country house in 1810, of stone

and brick, where died his parents, and himself and wife; but the mansion stands to-day, solid and impressive, and apparently will endure while the world does, unless it is destroyed by fire. Five generations of the family in its shelter have found a home. For eighty years it has been the abode of respectability and comfort, and of a large and free hospitality. He d. July 12, 1859.

HIS CHILDREN WERE BORN ON THE HOMESTEAD.

71. William Dinsmore⁶ (80), b. Oct. 14, 1801; m. Rebecca, daughter of Capt. James Anderson, March 12, 1838.
72. James Dinsmore⁶, b. May 20, 1803; m. Margaret Lyle, of Cross Creek, about 1827, and d. in 1873. He was a man of high character, wealth, and influence.
73. John Carr Dinsmore⁶, b. Dec. 31, 1804; m. Lucinda Clutter, and d. about 1875.
74. Mary Carr Dinsmore⁶, b. March 7, 1807; m. Samuel Cowan. They had numerous children, all deceased.
75. Robert W. Dinsmore⁶, b. Aug. 1, 1810; m., first, Nancy Perrine; second, Matilda Clutter. The first wife of Robert W. Dinsmore⁶ d. in a year, leaving a daughter, now Mrs. Nancy (Dinsmore⁷) Vance, of Washington, Penn. He had eight children by his second wife, all of whom d. in childhood, save one, Mrs. Ella (Dinsmore⁷) Phillips, of 2126 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. She and her widowed mother live together. Her father, Robert Dinsmore⁶, was accounted a wealthy man, and on the night of Dec. 6, 1866, he was murdered by burglars in his own home and in the presence of his family, for which one of the murderers was hanged. His estate was near the old home.

76. James Dinsmore⁵ (67), b. March 4, 1782; lived upon a portion of the elegant estate of his father, on Huntingdon Plantation, Canton Top, Washington Co., Penn. He had a numerous family. His wife was Esther Hamilton.

AMONG HIS CHILDREN ARE :

77. Mrs. Sarah (Dinsmore) Cook⁶, of Washington Penn.
78. William W. Dinsmore⁶, of West Middletown, Penn.
79. Alexander W. Dinsmore⁶, of Bentonville, Ark., or Boonesboro, Ark. He is the father of Mr. Dinsmore⁷, late U. S. Minister to Corea.

80. William Dinsmore⁶ (71), John⁵, James⁴, Adam³ (?), John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹, was born on his father's famous estate, Huntingdon Plantation, Canton Top, Washington Co., Penn., Oct. 14, 1801, and died on the same spot, March 31, 1883. He was amiable and gentle, industrious and thrifty, of pure character, and greatly beloved. He was generous and hospitable, and a free giver to religious objects especially. He m. March 12, 1838, Rebecca, daughter of Capt. James Anderson, an officer of the Revolution. She d. Sept. 9, 1886, in her seventy-ninth year.

CHILDREN, BORN ON THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

81. Rev. John Walker Dinsmore², D. D., b. March 13, 1839. His advantages for education were the best, — academy, college, theological seminary, and by foreign travel. Rev. John W. Dinsmore, D. D., entered the Presbyterian University; ordained in 1863; was pastor at Prairie du Sac, Wis., from 1864 to 1870, and at Bloomington, Ill., since that time, having charge of a very large church of nearly seven hundred communicants. He m. Dec. 22, 1852, Adeline Vance, of the same Scotch-Irish blood as himself. Res. 315 East Street, Bloomington, Ill. Children: Three are deceased; those living are William Vance Dinsmore³, b. March 30, 1868, graduated second in his class of one hundred and forty-one members at Princeton College, N. J., 1890, and he is in the engineers' department of the Burlington & Quincy R. R., Chicago, Ill.; Dudley Fitz-John Dinsmore³, b. May 16, 1873, was educated at Lake Forest Academy, Ill., in business, Bloomington, Ill.; Paul Anderson Dinsmore³, b. Aug. 24, 1877, member of Illinois Normal University; Marguerita Adeline Dinsmore³, b. Feb. 10, 1882.
82. Jane Melissa Dinsmore², b. May 1, 1841; m. Wilson McClean, of Washington, Penn., and has seven children.
83. Mary Virginia Dinsmore², b. May 1, 1841; m. J. H. McCarrell. Res. Lawrence, Kan. No living children.
84. James Anderson Dinsmore², b. July 2, 1844; d. in infancy.
85. William Malcolm Dinsmore², b. Jan. 25, 1843; m. his second cousin, Margaret, daughter of W. W. Dinsmore, and they reside on the old homestead at Huntingdon Plantation, Canton Top, Washington Co., Penn. They have four children.

86. Andrew Dinsmore⁴ (61), Adam³ (?), John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹. He was b. at Ballywattick, Ballymouey, County of Antrim, Ireland, in 1753, and emigrated to America when nineteen years of age, which would be in 1771-72, and settled at Peach Bottom, York Co., Penn., where he m. Catherine, only daughter of James Alexander. They lived there the remainder of

Records and history of different branches of the Dinsmoor family are printed in the following works, many of which can be found in the Library of the N. E. Historic and Genealogical Society, 18 Somerset Street, Boston, Mass., and in other antiquarian libraries:

- Rev. Warren R. Cochrane's History of Antrim, N. H.
 Hon. Leander W. Cogswell's History of Henniker, N. H.
 Dinsmore Genealogy, published 1867, by Rev. John Dinsmore, of Winslow, Me.
 Eaton's History of Thomaston, Me.
 Genealogical and Historical Register, Vol. XVII.
 Keyes' History of West Boylston, Mass.
 Little Genealogy.
 Hon. Leonard A. Morrison's History of Windham, N. H. A full history and genealogy of John Dinsmoor³, the emigrant to Londonderry, N. H., and his descendants, 75 pp.; prepared by Hon. James Dinsmoor.
 Page's History of Hardwick, Mass.
 History of Washington, N. H.
 Benjamin Chase's History of Chester, N. H.
 For Dinsmoors of Ireland, see Rambles in Europe, with Historical Facts Relating to Scotch-American Families, by Hon. Leonard A. Morrison, of Windham, N. H.
 Rev. Thomas H. Dinsmore, D. D., Highland, Kan., is preparing a genealogy of his branch of the family.

their lives. He d. April. 1829, aged seventy-seven years. She was b. February, 1767; d. August, 1814, aged forty-eight years.

CHILDREN, BORN PEACH BOTTOM, YORK CO., PENN., POST OFFICE SLATE RIDGE.

87. Jenny Dinsmore⁵ (97), b. Aug. 9, 1783; m. John Livingston. They lived near Peach Bottom, and later removed to Ashland Co., Ohio.
88. Mary Dinsmore⁵, b. Feb. 9, 1786; she m. Mr. Scott. Children: Rev. John W. Scott⁶, D. D., LL. D.; was President of Washington College, Penn., and d. some years ago; Rev. James Scott⁶. They were successful teachers, as well as prominent clergymen of the Presbyterian Church.
89. James Alexander Dinsmore⁵ (111), b. March 20, 1788; m. Grizzel Collins; res. Ashland Co., Ohio.
90. Rachel Dinsmore⁵, b. Jan. 9, 1791; m. Mr. Kerr, of York Co., Penn. Child: Kitty Ann Kerr⁶.
91. William Dinsmore⁵, b. Feb. 15, 1794; single; d. when a young man.
92. Martha Dinsmore⁵ (119), b. Jan. 22, 1797; m. David Mitchell, of York Co., Penn.
93. Andrew Dinsmore⁵ (124), b. June 10, 1799; physician and teacher; d. March 3, 1868.
94. Anne Alexander Dinsmore⁵ (125), b. June 26, 1801; m. Rev. Benjamin Mitchell, D. D., of York Co., Penn.; d. Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, June, 1842.
95. Samuel Dinsmore⁵ (132), b. April 4, 1804; m. Cecilia M. Williamson, of Peach Bottom, York Co., Penn.; res. Slaterville, York Co., Penn.
96. Robert Caldwell Dinsmore⁵ (141), b. July 28, 1807; m. Rebecca Kilgore; res. Peach Bottom, York Co., Penn.

97. Jenny Dinsmore⁵ (87), Andrew⁴, Adam³ (?), John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹. She was b. at Peach Bottom, York Co., Penn., Aug. 9, 1783; m. John Livingston, who resided near that place. They removed to Ashland County, Ohio, in 1836, where they died.

CHILDREN.

98. Andrew Livingston⁶, was a physician.
99. Sarah Jane Livingston⁶.
100. Mary Livingston⁶, m. Rev. Jacob Wolf, of Hawpatch, LaGrange Co., Ind.
101. John Livingston⁶.
102. Hugh Livingston⁶.
103. Catherine Livingston⁶.
104. William Livingston⁶, d. when young.
105. Anne Livingston⁶.
106. James Livingston⁶, d. when young.
107. Nancy Livingston⁶.
108. Martha Livingston⁶, m. Rev. J. Ross Ramsey, of York County, Penn.
109. William S. Livingston⁶, was a clergyman.
110. James Robert Livingston⁶.

111. James Alexander Dinsmore⁵ (89), Andrew⁴, Adam³ (?), John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹. He was b. at Peach Bottom, York Co., Penn., March 20, 1788. Enlisted as a soldier in the war of 1812-15, and with his

company marched to the defence of Fort McHenry, at Baltimore. In 1814 he went to Ohio, and entered a half-section of land in Ashland Co., when he returned to Pennsylvania, where he lived till 1833, on a farm on Muddy Creek, near his father's, at Peach Bottom, York Co., when he and his family removed to his farm of three hundred and twenty acres, on the Muddy Fork, in Jackson, Ashland Co., Ohio, making the long journey through the then wilderness and over the mountains in a wagon, his wife with a babe in her arms, riding most of the way on horseback. He and his wife were members of the Presbyterian Church, and adorned their profession by godly lives, living in peace with all men. He d. in Jackson, Ohio, Jan. 7, 1863, and his wife Jan. 20, 1888. Mrs. Dinsmore's maiden name was Grizzell, a daughter of David and Doreas (Neal) Collins, of Chanceford, York Co., Penn., a runaway couple. Her father was b. 1768; d. March 26, 1828. Her mother was b. Jan. 5, 1778; d. March 6, 1874. She was b. Aug. 23, 1799, and m. Mr. Dinsmore March 14, 1826.

CHILDREN: THE FOUR ELDEST WERE BORN IN PEACH BOTTOM, YORK CO., PENN.; THE REST IN JACKSON, ASHLAND CO., OHIO.

112. Catherine Ann Dinsmore⁶ (145), b. Feb. 8, 1827; m. May 2, 1848, Augustus Moore Hay, who d. Nov. 26, 1850, leaving one child. She m. second, William Collins, who lived on a farm near Xenia, Green Co., Ohio, where their four children were born.
113. Tabitha Mary Dinsmore⁶ (150), b. Oct. 14, 1828; m. April 23, 1856, Hon. Thomas Beer. Res. Bucyrus, Crawford Co., Ohio.
114. David Collins Dinsmore⁶ (160), b. Dec. 10, 1830; m. April 2, 1863, Cyrilla Andrews.
115. Janette Elizabeth Dinsmore⁶, b. April 16, 1833; m. Nov. 1, 1865, Joseph R. Reed, of Adel, Dallas Co., Iowa. She d. July 27, 1887, at Council Bluffs, Iowa. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church, of which her husband was an elder, and was faithful unto death. Mr. Reed was elected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for two terms, then Judge of the Supreme Court, and was chosen to Congress in 1888.
116. Andrew Alexander Dinsmore⁶ (171), b. Aug. 7, 1835; m. Oct. 13, 1864, Margaret A. Woodburn, clergyman. Res. Alhambra, Cal.
117. Rachel Margaret Dinsmore⁶, b. March 20, 1838. Res. West Salem, Wayne Co., Ohio. She was educated at Vermillion Institute, Hayesville, Ashland Co., Ohio; was then a teacher, then relinquished her work, and for twenty years cared for her invalid mother.
118. James Robert Washington Dinsmore⁶ (176), b. Dec. 16, 1840; m. in 1890, Mrs. Mary Heacock.

119. Martha Dinsmore^s (92), Andrew⁴, Adam³ (?), John², Laird Dinsmoor¹. She was b. at Peach Bottom, York Co., Penn., Jan. 22, 1797; m. May 17, 1821,

David Mitchell, b. at Peach Bottom, Penn., Aug. 24, 1796. He was an elder in the church, and d. April 20, 1881. She d. March 24, 1862.

CHILDREN, ALL BORN AT PEACH BOTTOM, PENN.

120. Rev. Andrew Dinsmore Mitchell⁶, b. Feb. 22, 1824; was a Chaplain in the regular army; d. at Fort Grant, Ari., of apoplexy, March 26, 1882. He m. Oct. 15, 1854, Mary Neistling, of Middletown, Dauphin Co., Penn., and left a son, Prof. B. W. Mitchell⁷, A. M., Ph. D., of Allegheny (Penn.) Academy. He was b. March 24, 1861. He m. Annie Lee Edwards, of Cumberland, Penn.; res. at No. 18 Arch Street, Allegheny, Penn.
121. Joseph Rodney Mitchell⁶, b. Nov. 21, 1825; m. Sept. 5, 1870, Celia C. Grove, of St. Clairsville, Ohio. They have five children: Carrie Dinsmore Mitchell⁷, b. Sept. 4, 1873; Mary M. Mitchell⁷, b. March 4, 1876; Rodney Mitchell⁷, b. June 4, 1878; Blanche G. Mitchell⁷, b. Nov. 30, 1881; Helen Cecelia Mitchell⁷, b. Nov. 16, 1884. Joseph Rodney Mitchell resides at St. Clairsville, Ohio, where all his children were born.
- 121a. Mary Catherine Mitchell⁶, b. Feb. 16, 1831; d. March 8, 1834.
122. Martha Ann Mitchell⁶, b. Oct. 1, 1833; res. Woodbine, York Co., Penn.
123. Elizabeth Susan Harper Mitchell⁶, b. April 12, 1838; m. March 11, 1880, James P. Mitchell; res. Woodbine, York Co., Penn.

124. Andrew Dinsmore⁵ (93), Andrew⁴, Adam³ (?), John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹. Born at Peach Bottom, York Co., Penn., June 10, 1799; never married. Graduated at the College at Schenectady, N. Y., became a physician, and for many years practised his profession in a hospital at Baltimore, Md. Afterward he established a school for boys at Shrewsbury, York Co., Penn., where he was a successful teacher. He d. March 3, 1868.

125. Anne Alexander Dinsmore⁵ (94), Andrew⁴, Adam³ (?), John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹. She was b. at Peach Bottom, York Co., Penn., June 26, 1801; m. April 26, 1826, Rev. Benjamin Mitchell, D. D., b. Nov. 25, 1800, of York Co., Penn. They removed to Mt. Pleasant, Jefferson Co., Ohio, where he preached more than fifty years to one congregation, and died greatly beloved at an advanced age. at Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, Dec. 26, 1884. She d. June, 1842.

CHILDREN.

126. Catherine Mitchell⁶, m. Rev. Joseph Thoburn, of Wheeling, W. Va. He was Colonel of a regiment, promoted to Brigadier-General, and was killed while in the United States service.
127. Mary R. Mitchell⁶.
128. Addison Mitchell⁶.
129. Andrew Mitchell⁶.
130. Eliza Mitchell⁶.
131. Martin Mitchell⁶.

132. Samuel Dinsmore⁵ (95), Andrew⁴, Adam³ (?), John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹. He was b. at Peach Bottom, York Co., Penn., April 4, 1804; m. June 13, 1837, Cecilia M., daughter of Peter and Elizabeth (Steele) Williamson, b. Sept. 21, 1816, at Peach Bottom, Penn., and resided at Peach Bottom, York Co., Penn., where he died April 29, 1875. She res. at Peach Bottom, Penn.

CHILDREN.

133. Catherine Elizabeth Dinsmore⁶, b. April 17, 1838; m. Dec. 12, 1861, Robert N. Glasgow; res. Peach Bottom, Penn. She d. March 13, 1870.
134. Rachel Anna Dinsmore⁶, b. March 11, 1840; single; res. Peach Bottom, Penn.
135. James Scott Dinsmore⁶, b. Feb. 25, 1842; res. Peach Bottom, Penn.; m. June, 1872, Sarah Kilgore, who died. He m. second, Sarah Ferguson.
136. John Calvin Dinsmore⁶, b. Sept. 23, 1844; res. Delta, Penn.; single; farmer.
137. Peter Andrew Dinsmore⁶, b. March 10, 1850; was a physician; single. He died at Deadwood, Dak., Sept. 23, 1877.
138. Margaret Marcelina Dinsmore⁶, b. Aug. 18, 1852; m. June 6, 1883, James Scarborough; res. near Pittsburg, Penn.; farmer.
139. William Samuel Dinsmore⁶, b. March 6, 1855; res. once at Delta, Penn. He m. Mary Cooper, August, 1882. Res. Smithsburg, Md.; teacher.
140. Thomas Robert Dinsmore⁶, b. June 29, 1857; d. Feb. 5, 1858.

141. Robert Caldwell Dinsmore⁵ (96), Andrew⁴, Adam³ (?), John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹. He was b. at Peach Bottom, York Co., Penn., July 28, 1807; m. Rebecca Kilgore, of Chanceford, York Co., Penn.; res. at Peach Bottom, Penn., until their death. He d. Dec. 8, 1863. She d. Dec. 16, 1854. Three children died in infancy.

CHILDREN.

142. John Andrew Dinsmore⁶, b. April 17, 1834; m. Feb. 1, 1860, Sarah Elizabeth Ramsay, b. May 10, 1836. He d. in Aberdeen, S. Dak., Sept. 27, 1888.

CHILDREN.

1. Rebecca Margaret Dinsmore⁷, b. Nov. 19, 1860.
 2. Jennie Augusta Dinsmore⁷, b. March 12, 1863; m. Jan. 15, 1890, in Aberdeen, S. Dak., Edward E. McConkey, of Peach Bottom, Penn.
 3. Carrie Nelson Dinsmore⁷, b. May 22, 1865.
 4. Annie Mary Dinsmore⁷, b. Sept. 7, 1867.
 5. Ross Alexander Dinsmore⁷, b. June 23, 1870.
143. Samuel Nelson Dinsmore⁶, b. at Peach Bottom, July 23, 1836; d. July 9, 1863, at Portsmouth, Va.; school teacher; single.
 144. Robert Alexander Dinsmore⁶, b. Sept. 14, 1840, at Peach Bottom; res. Delta, York Co., Penn. He m. March 7, 1872, at Peach Bottom, Penn., Annie Maria Watson, b. there Nov. 12, 1850. She was the daughter of Thomas Alexander and Helen (Beattie) Watson, of Peach Bottom. Her father was born in Wilmington, Del., son of

James and Margaret (McAllister) Watson, of Wilmington. James was son of Thomas Watson, of the North of Ireland. Mr. Dinsmore is a farmer and resides at Peach Bottom, Penn., on the homestead of his father, once owned by Andrew Dinsmore¹, the Emigrant.

CHILDREN, BORN AT PEACH BOTTOM, YORK CO., PENN., EXCEPT THE TWO YOUNGEST.

1. Helen Margaret Dinsmore⁷, b. Dec. 12, 1872.
2. Nelson Caldwell Dinsmore⁷, b. Sept. 11, 1874.
3. James Watson Dinsmore⁷, b. July 19, 1876.
4. Walter Scott Dinsmore⁷, b. Sept. 25, 1878.
5. Rebecca Kilgore Dinsmore⁷, b. April 23, 1880.
6. Chester McAllister Dinsmore⁷, b. May 3, 1882.
7. Thomas Howard Dinsmore⁷, b. Jan. 15, 1884.
8. Marian Belle Dinsmore⁷, b. Jan. 19, 1887.

145. Catherine Ann Dinsmore⁶ (112), James Alexander⁵, Andrew⁴, Adam³ (?), John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹. She was b. in Peach Bottom, York Co., Penn., Feb. 8, 1827; m. May 2, 1848, Augustus Moore Hay, who d. Nov. 26, 1850. She m. second, April 25, 1861, William Collins, of ———, Green Co., Ohio, who d. July 18, 1887. Mrs. Collins d. Dec. 28, 1887. They were members of the United Presbyterian Church.

CHILDREN.

146. Henrietta Grizzell Hay⁷, b. Aug. 14, 1850; m. ———; res. Springfield Ohio.
- 147a. Dinsmore Smart Collins⁷, b. April 13, 1862.
147. Mitchell Wilberforce Collins⁷, b. Sept. 20, 1863.
148. Clarkson Beer Collins⁷, b. July 28, 1867.
149. William Augustine Collins⁷, b. April 16, 1870; d. in infancy.

150. Tabitha Mary Dinsmore⁶ (113), James Alexander⁵, Andrew⁴, Adam³ (?), John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹. She was b. at Peach Bottom, York Co., Penn., Oct. 14, 1828; m. April 23, 1856, Thomas Beer, son of Rev. Thomas Beer, D. D., a Presbyterian clergyman; res. Bucyrus, Crawford Co., Ohio. He was a member of the Ohio Legislature from Crawford County in 1863, of the Constitutional Convention in 1873, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1874 and subsequent years, and Judge of the Circuit Court in 1884 and 1886 for full term of six years.

CHILDREN.

151. Mary Margaret Beer⁷, b. March 26, 1857; d. Jan. 12, 1866.
152. James Dinsmore Beer⁷, b. Sept. 15, 1858; m. Sept. 2, 1884, Jean Lyle Thoburn, of Mount Pleasant, Ohio; physician; res. Wooster, Ohio.

CHILDREN.

1. Mary Margaret Beer⁸.
 2. Thomas Beer⁸.
153. Thomas Cameron Beer⁷, b. Sept. 14, 1860.
154. William Collins Beer⁷, b. Jan. 23, 1863; m. May 19, 1886. Martha Alice Baldwin, at Council Bluffs, Iowa; is in the Omaha National Bank; res. Omaha, Neb.

CHILDREN.

1. Alice B. Beer⁸.
 2. Thomas Beer⁸.
155. Dorcas Grizzell Beer⁷, b. Dec. 31, 1865.
156. Katherine Janette Beer⁷, b. May 13, 1868.
157. Robert L. Beer⁷, b. Aug. 9, 1870.
158. Infant daughter⁷, b. August 9, 1870; d.
159. Mary Elizabeth Beer⁷, b. Aug. 10, 1875.

160. David Collins Dinsmore⁶ (114), James Alexander⁵, Andrew⁴, Adam³ (?), John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹. He was b. at Peach Bottom, York Co., Penn. Dec. 10, 1830; m. April 2, 1863, Cyrilla Andrews. He studied medicine in Cleveland, Ohio; was three years in the army, and was Captain in an Iowa regiment; is now practising his profession, and resides in Kirkville, Iowa.

CHILDREN.

161. Infant son⁷, b. and d. Dec. 21, 1864.
162. James Andrew Dinsmore⁷, b. May 30, 1866; d. April 2, 1868.
163. Jessie Dinsmore⁷, b. May 12, 1867.
164. Katherine Louisa Dinsmore⁷, b. July 18, 1868; d. Aug. 20, 1868.
165. Clara Dinsmore⁷, b. July 4, 1869.
166. Henry Dinsmore⁷, b. Dec. 17, 1870.
167. Mary Dinsmore⁷, b. Aug. 28, 1872; d. March 2, 1873.
168. Florence Dinsmore⁷, b. Oct. 28, 1873.
169. Henrietta Dinsmore⁷, b. Nov. 10, 1874.
170. Helen Dinsmore⁷, b. Sept. 20, 1876.

171. Rev. Andrew Alexander Dinsmore⁶ (116), James Alexander⁵, Andrew⁴, Adam³ (?), John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹. He was b. at Rowsburg, Ashland Co., Ohio, Aug. 7, 1835; m. Oct. 13, 1864. Margaret Ann Woodburn, b. Aug. 11, 1842, daughter of John and Jane (Hutchinson) Woodburn, of Freeport, Armstrong Co., Penn. He graduated at Jefferson College, Canonsburg, Penn., in 1860, and in 1863 from the Western Theological Seminary, at Allegheny, Penn., and was, in 1862, licensed to preach by the Wooster Presbytery of Ohio. During the war, was twice at the front in the service of the Christian Commission; in November and December, 1863, at the battle of Chattanooga, Tenn., and in April

and May, 1865, at City Point, Va. In 1864 was ordained and installed over the Presbyterian Church at Neenah, Wis. In November, 1866, was called to First Presbyterian Church at Des Moines, Iowa, where he spent five years. Was pastor of church in Milford, Del., in 1873, and in 1876 was called to Bridesburg, Philadelphia, Penn., where he remained about twelve years. Went to California in 1887, and on July 17, 1889, he took the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church in his present home. Res. Alhambra, Los Angeles Co., Cal.

CHILDREN.

172. William Alexander Dinsmore⁷, b. Des Moines, Iowa, Jan. 5, 1867; single; res. Sioux City, Iowa; banker.
173. Frank Woodburn Dinsmore⁷, b. Des Moines, Iowa, Nov. 4, 1869; res. Sioux City, Iowa; merchant.
174. Howard Collins Dinsmore⁷, b. Milford, Del., July 3, 1875; d. Philadelphia, Penn., Dec. 9, 1876.
175. Mabel Lulu Dinsmore⁷, b. Philadelphia, Penn., May 10, 1881; res. Alhambra, Cal.

176. James Robert Washington Dinsmore⁶ (118), James Alexander⁵, Andrew⁴, Adam³ (?), John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹. He was b. Jackson, Ashland Co., Ohio, Dec. 16, 1840. He served three years in the Union Army, and was three times wounded. He m. 1890, Mrs. Mary Heacock. He was educated at the Vermillion Institute, Hayesville, Ashland Co., Ohio; res. on the homestead at Jackson, Ashland Co., Ohio; owns a portion of the farm of his father, and has one child.

DINSMORES OF PENNSYLVANIA.

177. Robert Dinsmore⁴, ——— Dinsmore³, John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹. He was b. in the North of Ireland, probably in Ballywattick, Ballymoney, County Antrim. He was of pure Scotch blood, and, according to tradition, was the son or grandson of Robert Dinsmoor³ (5), Adam Dinsmoor³ (6), or Samuel Dinsmoor³ (7), the three brothers of John Dinsmoor³ (4) who emigrated to New Hampshire as early as 1723. These four brothers, as has been stated, were sons of John Dinsmoor², who emigrated from Scotland to Ireland, who was son of *Laird* Dinsmoor¹, who lived upon the River Tweed.

According to the information which we have, the aforesaid Robert Dinsmoor³, Adam Dinsmoor³, and Samuel Dinsmoor³ were, with their children, and Robert Dinsmoor⁴, who emigrated to New Hampshire in 1731, the only Dinsmoors in that section of country at that period, from 1722 to 1726 ; so I have called Robert Dinsmore⁴, the subject of this sketch, of the fourth generation. By tradition he was a cousin of Robert⁴, James⁴, and Andrew Dinsmoor⁴, who had preceded him a score or more of years and settled in Pennsylvania. (See p. 19.)

Mr. Dinsmore⁴ m. Nancy, daughter of Moses Scott, also of Scotch blood. Her father lived in, or near, the City of Londonderry, Ireland. He and his wife were members of the Presbyterian Church, and both were distinguished for intelligence, piety, and strict adherence to the church of their forefathers. After marriage they lived in the County of Donegal, on the Lough or River Foyle, three miles below the City of Londonderry, Ireland,* where nine children were born to them. They were lovers of liberty and haters of the annoyances, civil, religious, and political, incident to their abode in Ireland. So, in 1790, Mr. Dinsmore and his sons, John⁵ and Robert⁵, sought and found a home in the new Republic. During their absence, Mrs. Dinsmore died, when his eldest daughter, Mary⁵, with the others, settled up the business, and, following the direction of their father, these seven children set sail for the United States, arrived in 1792, and settled in Peach Bottom, York Co., Penn., about 1800 or 1801. He removed to Allegheny Co., and settled on a farm on Turtle Creek, about twelve miles east of Pittsburg, where, as a farmer, he spent the remainder of his life. He had been a farmer in Ireland.

In his eighty-third year he m. second, Mrs. Margaret (Acheson) Stewart, Nov. 16, 1805, and they had three children. She was a native of the North of Ireland.

* On the afternoon of Wednesday, March 27, 1884, I met, in the City of Londonderry, Ireland, James Dinsmoor and his two sons from Muff, in the County of Donegal, Ireland, on Lough or River Foyle, and three miles from the City of Londonderry. The Christian names of James, John, and Ephraim frequently appeared in that branch of the Dinsmoor family. Their home was certainly not far from the place from which emigrated Robert Dinsmoor⁴, to Pennsylvania.—[LEONARD A. MORRISON.]

He was a man of great activity, energy, and force; was hale and stout in his old age, and carried forward successfully the business of his farm. He was severely injured by the fall of his horse, and died in 1817, between ninety and ninety-five years of age. His wife survived him, and died April 4, 1842. His tomb is in the cemetery of the Beulah Presbyterian Church, of which he and his wife were members. The first family of children grew to adult age, married, and had families, except the eldest daughter, who died in young womanhood.

CHILDREN.

178. John Dinsmore^s, m. Martha Pollock, soon after his arrival in Pennsylvania, 1790. He settled in the country in York Co., where he d. early in the present century. He had two sons and one daughter.
179. Robert Dinsmore^s, m. Feb. 28, 1827, Margaret Curry, and settled on a farm on Pucketaw Creek, Westmoreland Co., Penn., where he d. aged about eighty years.

CHILDREN.

1. Robert Dinsmore^s, m. Mary Livingston, and left nine children, eight of whom arrived at maturity, and four became teachers.

CHILDREN.

- I. Margaret C. Dinsmore⁷, m. A. M. Wolff. Children: Rev. Dr. A. F. Wolff^s, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church; res. Alton, Ill. Robert Dinsmore Wolff^s, res. Greensburg, Westmoreland Co., Penn.; is local editor of the "Greensburg Press." Elizabeth Dinsmore Wolff^s, is not married.
- II. Robert Scott Dinsmore⁷, b. July 11, 1829, in Plum Top, Allegheny Co., Penn.; has been a teacher most of his life; now a farmer and Justice of the Peace. He m. April 18, 1861, Isabella Christy, daughter of David Christy of Plum Top, Penn., who d. May 9, 1863; two sons, one deceased. He m. second, Sept. 3, 1867, Sarah Jane McKee. Mr. Dinsmore, his wife, daughter, and three eldest sons, are members of the Presbyterian Church. Children: John Hamilton Dinsmore^s, b. Jan. 31, 1862; m. Sept. 19, 1888, Nettie Wilson, of Minnesota; farmer; res. Maine. Otter Tail Co., Minn. Harry Homer Dinsmore^s, b. Sept. 6, 1868; student in Greensburg Seminary, Penn. William McKee Dinsmore^s, b. March 15, 1870; at home; farmer. Mary Alice Dinsmore^s, b. April 11, 1872. Robert Ross Dinsmore^s, b. Sept. 24, 1874. Clarence Carey Dinsmore^s, b. May 17, 1877. Alexander Cooke Dinsmore^s, b. Nov. 28, 1879. Benjamin Scott Dinsmore^s, b. Sept. 6, 1882.
- III. Mattie Robinson Dinsmore⁷, m. Alexander Cooke, and d. March 7, 1888.
- IV. Mary Livingston Dinsmore⁷, m. Hugh Donnell. Children: Robert Dinsmore Donnell^s, res. Richmond, Ind. Rebecca Donnell⁷, res. with her parents in Verona, Allegheny Co., Penn.
- V. James Livingston Dinsmore⁷, b. Feb. 1, 1835; d. April 30, 1888; single.
- VI. Sarah Ross Dinsmore⁷, res. Shenandoah, Iowa.
- VII. Nannie M. Dinsmore⁷, m. August, 1881, Benjamin Walp. He died. She res. Shenandoah, Iowa.
- VIII. Rebecca Alter Dinsmore⁷, m. Robert H. Adams; res. Canton, Ohio.

2. Margaret Curry Dinsmore^s, m. Hon. Joseph Alter, of Parnassus, Westmoreland Co., Penn., and had

CHILDREN.

- I. David Alter⁷, b. Dec. 28, 1829; m. Mary Anderson, Dec. 31, 1863. He is a successful physician and has been in practice since 1865. He graduated at Jefferson Medical College, in Philadelphia, Penn., March 9, 1861, and was surgeon of the 206th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers during the war. He res. Parnassus, Penn. Children: Alonzo Anderson Alter^s, b. March 10, 1865; is a member of the class of '92, at Princeton College. N. J. William Irvine Alter^s, is in business at 704 Eighth Avenue, New York City. He was manager and proprietor of the "Parnassus Press" for two years. Joseph Alter^s, is a member of the class of '94, at Westminster College, New Wilmington, Lawrence Co., Penn.
 - II. Robert Dinsmore Alter⁷, b. July 18, 1839; m. Elizabeth, daughter of John McKean, of Burrell, Penn., and d. February, 1887. Children: Maggie Viola Alter^s; Randall Murray Alter^s; James Clarence Alter^s. They all live at Parnassus, Penn.
 - III. Rev. Joseph Alter⁷, b. Dec. 18, 1841; was a member of the 123d Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers; was wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg; graduated at the University of Wooster, Ohio, June 25, 1873, and at the U. P. Theological Seminary, at Allegheny, Penn.; was licensed to preach April 18, 1876; ordained at Valley Falls, Dec. 12, 1877, and was pastor there and at Waterville for seven years; was a missionary in Washington Territory until 1891, when he was appointed to the Indian Mission at Warm Springs, Crook Co., Ore., where he res. April, 1891. He m. Jeanette Copley, Nov. 25, 1886. Children: Wade Dinsmore Alter^s, b. March 25, 1888; Margaret Truby Alter^s, b. Nov. 11, 1889.
 - IV. Maria Alter⁷, m. Martin Van Buren, a grandson of the late President Van Buren. He is a farmer, an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and res. at Forest, Hardin Co., Ohio. Children: Robert Van Buren^s; Carl Van Buren^s; Kent Van Buren^s; Ethel Van Buren^s; Hattie Van Buren^s.
 - V. Nancy Alter⁷, who lived to adult age.
 - VI. Margaret Alter⁷, who lived to adult age.
 - VII. Elizabeth Alter⁷, who lived to adult age.
 - VIII. Rebecca D. Alter⁷, who lived to adult age.
 - IX. Mary Jane Alter⁷, d. in infancy.
 - X. Jane Alter⁷, d. in infancy.
 - XI. Lucinda Ann Alter⁷, d. in infancy.
180. Mary Dinsmore^s, d. unmarried in early womanhood.
181. Jane Dinsmore^s, m. James Garvine; res. Ohio Co., ten miles south of Wheeling, W. Va.

CHILDREN.

1. John Garvine^s, m. 1834. Helen Ritchie; lived in Guernsey Co., near New Cumberland, Ohio; d. 1882, leaving eight children.
 2. Moses Dinsmore Garvine^s, m. Miss Phillips. Child: William Garvine, who is married and has children. Res. Cambridge, Guernsey Co., Ohio.
 3. James Garvine^s, d. in Weston, Mo., leaving two sons.
 4. Mary Garvine^s, m. Martin Kellar; res. Bridgeport, Ohio. She left several children.
 5. Rachel Garvine^s, m. ——— Smith, M. D.
182. Henry Dinsmore^s, m. 1806. Sarah Ross; lived on a farm near Turtle Creek, Allegheny Co., Penn., where he died about 1846; ten children; four died in infancy and the others arrived at maturity.

CHILDREN.

1. Nancy Scott Dinsmore⁶, m. March 1, 1827, Hamilton Stewart. They left eleven children.
 2. Margaret Dinsmore⁶, m. Thomas P. Brown, and left four children.
 3. Jane Dinsmore⁶, m. William Fletcher; no children.
 4. Mary Dinsmore⁶, m. Calhoun Clargston, in 1838; seven children.
 5. Thomas Ross Dinsmore⁶, m. Sarah Monroe, in 1834-35; two children.
 6. Sarah Dinsmore⁶, m. Matthew Henning, in 1844; one child, d. young.
183. Elizabeth Dinsmore⁵, m. William Willock, of Pittsburg, Penn., where they lived and died, leaving

CHILDREN.

1. Nancy Willock⁶, m. Richard Hope, and left six children.
 2. Mary Willock⁶; single; Allegheny, Penn.
 3. Sarah Ann Willock⁶, m. Net Metyar, a merchant; res. Allegheny City, Penn. No children.
 4. William Foster Willock⁶; merchant; d. unmarried.
 5. Jane Willock⁶, m. Moses Ward; six children; res. Allegheny, Penn. His son, John Scott Ward⁷; res. Allegheny, Penn.
 6. John Scott Willock⁶, m. Miss Hayes; res. Allegheny, Penn. Children: James Willock⁷, is a banker; Lillie Willock⁷; William Willock⁷, dec., was a banker; Frank Willock⁷.
 7. James Willock⁶, d. in infancy.
184. Thomas Dinsmore⁵, b. 1780, in Ireland, County Donegal; m. 1812-13, Mary Gray; res. on a farm in Rich Hill, Greene Co., Penn.

CHILDREN.

1. Robert Dinsmore⁶, m. Amy Bane; several children; res. Crow's Mills, Greene Co., Penn.
 2. Bythinia Dinsmore⁶, m. Philip Conkle; no children; res. Crow's Mills, Greene Co., Penn.
 3. Nancy Scott Dinsmore⁶, m. John Vanatta; several children. She m., second, Mr. Throckmorton; no children.
 4. Mary Dinsmore⁶, m. Benjamin Dunbin; four children.
 5. Jane Elizabeth Dinsmore⁶, m. James Vanatta; one child.
 6. Anne Dinsmore⁶, m. Milton Beabert, and had nine children, all deceased.
 7. John Gray Dinsmore⁶, m. Margaret Harvey; res. Crow's Mills, Greene Co., Penn.; four children: William Dinsmore⁷, Mary Dinsmore⁷, Benjamin Dinsmore⁷, Margaret Dinsmore⁷.
 8. Thomas Dinsmore⁶, m. Miss Elliott; several children. He m. a second and a third wife; res. West Union, Ohio Co., W. Va.
 9. Henry Dinsmore⁶, m. Miss McKarihan, daughter of Joseph, and left children.
185. Moses Dinsmore⁵ (190), b. 1783; res. Rich Hill, Greene Co., Penn.
186. Nancy Dinsmore⁵, m. 1811, James Hamilton, of Pittsburg, Penn. "He was a whitemith." They left six children. One was a lawyer, and is deceased.

Children of Robert Dinsmore⁴, by Second Marriage.

187. Martha Pollock Dinsmore⁵, b. Nov. 16, 1806; m. Andrew Thompson, April, 1827. They are deceased; no children.
188. William Dinsmore⁵, b. Dec. 16, 1807; m. Charlotte Ramsay, of Washington Co., Penn., March 10, 1846; res. Belmont Co., Ohio; six sons and two daughters.
189. Margaret Paden Dinsmore⁵, b. Aug. 3, 1809; m. James Hope in 1827, b. 1802, d. July 14, 1880; ten children. Robert Hope⁶, res. Greensboro, Westmoreland Co., Penn. The others reside in Eastern Iowa.

190. Moses Dinsmore⁵ (185), Robert⁴, ——— Dinsmore³, John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹. He was b. in County Donegal, Ireland, in 1783, in the home on the Foyle River, three miles from the City of Londonderry, Ireland. From a child he was studious and religiously inclined, and early united with the Presbyterian Church. In 1812 he purchased a tract of land of two hundred acres in Rich Hill, Greene Co., Penn., and commenced his farm. He m. June 9, 1814, Irenæa, daughter of Francis and Elizabeth (Martin) Braddock, who was b. Sept. 20, 1790, and whose parents, about the time of the Revolution, settled in the forest of Western Pennsylvania. Mr. Dinsmore was an elder in the church. His life was one of usefulness, and he d. April 3, 1836, in his fifty-third year. Mrs. Dinsmore d. Aug. 20, 1834.

CHILDREN, BORN ON DINSMORE FARM, RICH HILL,
GREENE CO., PENN.

191. Rev. Robert Scott Dinsmore⁶, b. Nov. 14, 1815; m. May 4, 1837, Margaret Loughbridge, who d. June 13, 1838; one child. He m. second in 1849, Sarah Whitham. He went that year to Iowa as a Home Missionary, and was pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Washington, Iowa, from 1849 to 1853; d. Aug. 27, 1853.

CHILDREN.

1. William Loughbridge Dinsmore⁷, b. on the Dinsmore farm, Rich Hill, Greene Co., Penn., March 13, 1838; m. in 1860, Sarah C. Wirick, b. Dec. 24, 1842. They res. Adair, Adair Co., Iowa. Children: Robert Scott Dinsmore⁸, b. Sept. 1, 1862; m. Nov. 27, 1890, at Ottumwa, Iowa. Sadie Ray Bell, b. Sept. 10, 1869. He is a carpenter and bridge builder; res. Ottumwa, Iowa. Margaret Elizabeth Dinsmore⁸, b. April 13, 1864; m. Dec. 26, 1880, Eiton Booth; res. Adair, Adair Co., Iowa. William Henry Dinsmore⁸, b. Jan. 29, 1871; teacher; res. Adair, Iowa.
 2. John Milton Dinsmore⁷, b. May 5, 1850; d. March 13, 1852.
 3. Elizabeth Dinsmore⁷, b. 1852; res. Battle Creek, Mich.
192. Rev. Francis Braddock Dinsmore⁶, b. April 22, 1817; m. June 6, 1847, Jane Patterson, b. April 10, 1820, in Washington Co., Penn. That year he went to Iowa as a Home Missionary, and was pastor of the church at Mount Pleasant, Iowa. Two children, a son and a daughter, died in infancy.

CHILDREN.

1. William Patterson Dinsmore⁷, b. July 28, 1851; d. Aug. 15, 1853.
2. Frances Katherine Dinsmore⁷, b. at Morning Sun, Iowa, May 3, 1855; m. Henry Griffin, Jan. 25, 1877; res. Gaynor City, Mo.; five children, born at Nodaway Co., Mo.: John Monroe Griffin⁸, b. Dec. 26, 1877. Ada Jane Griffin⁸, b. June 3, 1880. Charles Walter Griffin⁸, b. Oct. 6, 1882. Lizzie Myrtle Griffin⁸, b. April 24, 1887. Ora Gertrude Griffin⁸, b. Nov. 22, 1888; d. Oct. 14, 1889.
3. John McCluskey Dinsmore⁷, b. Morning Sun, Iowa, Aug. 3, 1856; m. Cornelia E. Bucks, May 16, 1883; res. Gaynor City, Mo. Two children: Grover Cleveland Dinsmore⁸, b. Dec. 18, 1885. May Mabel Dinsmore⁸, b. July 27, 1887.

4. William Henry Dinsmore⁷, b. Morning Sun, Iowa, Nov. 17, 1858; m. in Maryville, Mo., Frances T. Simmons, Sept. 8, 1886. Two children: Francis B. Dinsmore⁸, b. Aug. 18, 1887. Bessie Jane Dinsmore⁸, b. Dec. 3, 1888.
5. Thomas Chalmers Dinsmore⁷, b. Mount Pleasant, Iowa, July 29, 1861; m. Mattie Sylva Forshee, Jan. 1, 1891; res. Gaynor City, Nodaway Co., Mo.
193. Rev. Thomas Hughes Dinsmore⁶, D. D., b. Aug. 15, 1819; m. Sept. 14, 1847, Elizabeth McConaughey, b. April 13, 1822, only daughter of Robert and Mary (Anderson) McConaughey, who came from the North of Ireland. Mr. Dinsmore was a Home Missionary in Iowa. Many years were spent by him in pioneer educational work as well as in missionary labor, in Iowa, Missouri, and Kansas. His home for many years has been at Highland, Doniphan Co., Kan., where his wife died July 24, 1874.

CHILDREN.

1. Mary E. M. Dinsmore⁷, b. Sept. 18, 1848; d. July 14, 1849.
2. Virginia McCheyne Dinsmore⁷, b. Nov. 22, 1849; unmarried; res. Highland, Kan.
3. Archibald Alexander Dinsmore⁷, b. Oct. 30, 1851; m. 1877, Lizzie Dreher, daughter of Hon. Samuel Dreher, of Stroudsburg, Penn. He is an attorney; was admitted to the bar in 1876; res. Philadelphia, Penn. Children: Bessie Dinsmore⁸, b. July 1, 1878; Francis William Dinsmore⁸, b. Jan. 29, 1880.
4. Robert Scott Dinsmore⁷, M. D., b. Dec. 4, 1853; m. Nov. 21, 1883, Esther, daughter of Judge Wilkinson, of Troy, Kan., b. Jan. 19, 1864. Child: Bertha Dinsmore⁸, b. Sept. 21, 1884; res. Troy, Doniphan Co., Kan.
5. Prof. Thomas Hughes Dinsmore⁷, Jr., Ph. D., b. May 18, 1855; is professor of chemistry and physics in the State Normal School at Emporia, Kan.; res. Emporia, Kan. He m. Minnie Curtiss, daughter of Rev. Mr. Curtiss, of Preble, N. Y.
6. Francis William Dinsmore⁷, b. April 21, 1857; merchant; m. Emma Adelia Toner, a teacher, June 10, 1886; res. Fairbury, Neb. Children: Archibald Hughes Dinsmore⁸, b. July 25, 1887; Francis Elmer Dinsmore⁸, b. Jan. 10, 1890.
7. Mary Irenæa Dinsmore⁷, b. Jan. 23, 1859. She was a professor in Hastings College, Hastings, Adams Co., Neb., from 1883 to 1889. She m. Aug. 26, 1889, Daniel Upton, Jr., b. Sept. 26, 1853; book-keeper; res. Muskegon, Mich. Child: Thomas Dinsmore Upton⁸, b. Oct. 18, 1890.
8. Elizabeth McConaughey Dinsmore⁷, b. March 10, 1862; unmarried; res. Highland, Kan.
194. Rev. John Martin Dinsmore⁶, b. May 25, 1821; m. Martha Jane Grey, July 19, 1847, b. Feb. 19, 1826; res. Carthage, Jasper Co., Mo.

CHILDREN.

1. Mary Irenæa Dinsmore⁷, b. Sept. 13, 1849; single; res. Carthage, Mo.
2. John Grey Dinsmore⁷, b. Oct. 21, 1851; m. Nancy Jane Moody, Sept. 8, 1872.

CHILDREN.

- I. Jessie M. Dinsmore⁸, b. July 28, 1873.
- II. Elmer G. Dinsmore⁸, b. Dec. 5, 1875.
- III. Scott Dinsmore⁸, b. July 6, 1878.
- IV. Roy Dinsmore⁸, b. Nov. 1, 1880.
- V. Kate M. Dinsmore⁸, b. April 14, 1882.
- VI. John Dinsmore⁸, b. March 6, 1885.
- VII. Joe Dinsmore⁸, b. Aug. 19, 1887.

3. Martha Jane Dinsmore⁷, b. Nov. 24, 1853; m. Burgen H. Brown, April 24, 1877; res. Carthage, Mo. Children: Elmer B. Brown⁸, b. March 1, 1878; Clara E. Brown⁹, b. April 28, 1880; Berenice S. Brown⁹, b. Jan. 5, 1883; Martha J. Brown⁹, b. June 7, 1885; Homer Brown⁹, b. March 13, 1887.
4. William S. P. Dinsmore⁷, b. Sept. 9, 1856; d. April 9, 1857.
5. M. Josephine Dinsmore⁷, b. March 2, 1858; m. Charles Ransom, March 14, 1888.
6. Plummer L. Dinsmore⁷, b. Aug. 7, 1860; m. Esther Y. Hood, June 10, 1885; he d. Sept. 6, 1886. Child: Marguerite H. Dinsmore⁸, b. April 27, 1886; res. Carthage, Mo.
7. Nannie A. Dinsmore⁷, b. Oct. 10, 1863; single; res. Carthage, Mo.
8. Minnie F. Dinsmore⁷, b. Sept. 30, 1866; m. Ambrose E. Findley, Dec. 4, 1889; res. Springfield, Mo.
195. Elizabeth Jane Dinsmore⁶, b. June 7, 1824; d. Aug. 13, 1834.
196. Nancy Anne Dinsmore⁶, b. July 1, 1826; m. 1850. Hon. William H. Fitzpatrick, who d. Aug. 14, 1890. He served several terms in the Legislature of Kansas as representative and senator; res. Topeka, Kan., where his widow now resides.

CHILDREN.

1. Thomas Dinsmore Fitzpatrick⁷, res. Salina, Kan.
2. Margaret Irenæa Fitzpatrick⁷, res. Topeka, Kan.
3. Robert Ford Fitzpatrick⁷, res. Arkansas City, Kan.
4. William Fitzpatrick⁷, res. New Mexico.
5. John Scott Fitzpatrick⁷, res. on the home farm, at Topeka, Kan.
6. Mary Fitzpatrick⁷, res. Topeka, Kan.
197. Bathsheba Dinsmore⁶, b. April 9, 1828; teacher; d. Sept. 14, 1851.
198. Moses Garvine Dinsmore⁶, b. Feb. 7, 1831. He was a teacher and student, and d. when a young man, at the home of his brother, Rev. Thomas Hughes Dinsmore⁶, at Washington, Iowa, Aug. 31, 1854.
199. Rev. William Henry Dinsmore⁶, b. May 31, 1833; m. Lizzie Crosset, who d. May 12, 1865. He m., second, Phebe Harris, of Phillipsburg, N. J., on Sept. 16, 1867. He was pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Deerfield, N. J., and d. May 26, 1877. His burial place is at Phillipsburg, N. J.

CHILDREN.

1. William Harris Dinsmore⁷, b. May 12, 1868; res. Phillipsburg, N. J.
2. Benjamin Braddock Dinsmore⁷, res. Phillipsburg, N. J.

DINSMORES OF MISSISSIPPI.

200. Adam Dinsmoor¹. He was b. in Ireland, and bore the same Christian name as one (No. 6) of the four sons of John Dinsmoor², the Scotch Emigrant who settled in Ballywattick, Ballymoney, County Antrim, Ireland. By his approximate age, he was probably a grandson of one of the three (Adam², Robert², Samuel²) brothers who remained in Ireland. He m. Miss Jackson.

CHILDREN.

201. David Dinsmore².
202. Samuel Dinsmore².
203. James Dinsmore² (205), m. Miss McDonald.
204. Elizabeth Dinsmore², m. Archibald McDonald.

205. James Dinsmore² (203), Adam¹. He came from Ireland; m. Miss McDonald, and he lived in the South.

AMONG HIS CHILDREN WERE:

206. James J. Dinsmore³, res. at or near Falkville, North Alabama, and has a family.
 207. Nancy Dinsmore³, m. Mr. Wall; res. Avoca, Ala.
 208. Andrew McDonald Dinsmore³ (209), b. 1808; res. Noxubee Co., Miss.

209. Andrew McDonald Dinsmore³ (208), James², Adam¹. He was b. April, 1808. Removed to Noxubee Co., Miss., about 1846, from North Alabama. He m. Minerva Barton Beauchamp, who d. March, 1888, in that state. He is still living, in vigorous health, and is an officer in the Presbyterian Church in Macon, Miss.

CHILD.

210. James Augustus Dinsmore⁴, b. Jan. 16, 1852; m.

CHILDREN.

1. Andrew McDonald Dinsmore⁵.
 2. Emma Dinsmore⁵.
 3. Gardiner S. Dinsmore⁵.
 4. J. A. Dinsmore⁵.
 5. William Dinsmore⁵.
211. John Robert Dinsmore⁴ (212), b. Jan. 13, 1855; res. Macon, Miss.

212. John Robert Dinsmore⁴, Andrew McDonald³, James², Adam¹. He was b. near Macon, Miss., Jan. 18, 1855; graduated at Cumberland University, Lebanon, Tenn., in June, 1876, completing his course with honor, and is, in 1890, a successful lawyer in Macon, Miss. He was a candidate for nomination to the Mississippi Legislature before he was twenty-three years of age, but was defeated. He served as Mayor of Macon for six successive years, when he was succeeded by his brother-in-law, Hon. A. T. Dent. He is popular and supported by all classes. He takes an active part in politics, and is Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Fourth Mississippi Congressional District. He is conservative and firm in his views, and has the confidence of the people. He is a deacon in the Presbyterian Church of which his father has been an elder for over forty years. He is six feet and one inch in height, and weighs over two hundred and fifty pounds. He m. Aphintella, daughter of William Dent, in Dec. 1884.

CHILD.

213. Mary Witherspoon Dinsmore⁵, b. January, 1888.

A VISIT TO THE OLD DINSMORE HOME IN IRELAND, JULY 9, 1889.

This brief sketch will preserve, it is hoped, for all time the place of habitation of the Dinsmore family in the Emerald Isle, which had not been located and was entirely unknown to most of the members of the family in the United States until my investigations revealed and established it.

It had been my great desire to visit the old home of the early Dinsmoors, the abode for many generations of their descendants, whose history has been here given. John Dinsmoor², the Scotch lad who, with cane and broad bonnet, "hied him" from Scotland to Ireland and founded the family home at Ballywattick, with his son, John Dinsmoor³, who came to New Hampshire, were my ancestors. All the other Dinsmoors there, in their several generations, were, in different degrees of consanguinity, my relatives.

Business of another nature called me to Ballymoney, and so I gladly embraced the opportunity of visiting one of its town-lands, Ballywattick, two miles away. With Mr. William Hunter, an occupant of part of a Dinsmoor homestead, I had enjoyed a pleasant correspondence for several years. An Irish jaunting-car, on the afternoon of the day of my arrival, bore me rapidly over the smooth, hard road to the home of Mr. Hunter, where he, his amiable wife and interesting family, gave me the cheeriest welcome. There I passed the night. They live pleasantly and cosily in a well constructed, good-sized stone house, built upon a portion of the homestead of Robert Dinsmore⁴, the writer of the historic letter of 1794.

The day was misty, rainy, chilly. An open fire glowed brightly upon the hearthstones. A canary bird, forgetting its prison bars and not to be outdone in evidences of hospitality, poured forth its welcome in sharp, sweet notes of song. Through the windows I looked forth upon fields familiar to, and trodden by, my ancestors two hundred and more years ago, and which had been sacred to their descendants almost to the present year. A lane, lined on either side with hedges, led us to the former home of

Robert Dinsmore⁴, the letter writer. It is a stone house of comfortable size and dimensions, with a roof of thatch. In its day it was one of the most pretentious in the neighborhood. It is now unoccupied. Here it was that Robert Dinsmore lived, at seventy-four years of age, in 1794, when he wrote his letter, since famous, and now historic, to his relative, John Dinsmoor, of Windham, N. H. (see p. 10), giving the genealogy and early history of the family.

That venerable man little knew the boon he was conferring upon all of his lineage who were to succeed him, by the knowledge which he imparted in that epistle. He never dreamed that his letter would become historic, and that *he* was the earliest historian of his family, and had made possible the tracing of the annals of his race into the dim past. He little thought that a century later distant kinsmen "from beyond seas" would seek out the old home, and his abode, as the place where lived a benefactor. Yet such was to be the case.

His house stands alone. The fires have gone out upon its ancient hearthstones. The calm faces of parents, disciplined and strengthened by life's cares, sufferings, and toils; the joyous ones of children, with laughing, gleeful eyes, which once appeared at those windows, are no longer there. All are gone, and forever! An air of desolation, forsakenness, and gloom prevades the ancient home and its immediate surroundings. The beating storms, the buffeting winds and tempests, shall assail no more forever the Dinsmores at that old homestead!

Never again will the old days come.

Memories? Fold them up—
Lay them sacred by;
What avails it to dream of the past?

The home of Samuel Dinsmore⁵ (son of Robert, the letter writer) and of his son, John Dinsmore⁶, now of Bloomington, Ind., was only a few rods away. William Dinsmore, called "Gentle Willie," a relative, lived close at hand, and his home is occupied by William Knox. The buildings are all of stone, very comfortable, and surrounded by tall and shapely trees, which furnish abundant

shade. A lane, hedge lined, leads through pleasant fields from highway to highway. The fields are well cultivated, the country attractive and inviting to the view. A general look of thriftiness and good cheer prevails. The roads, like most of those in Great Britain, are excellent, hard and very smooth. I bade farewell to the first home of the Dinsmores in Ireland and went to Ballymoney. In the cemetery there is their quiet place of rest. There were the graves of Robert Dinsmore⁴, the letter writer, of Samuel⁵, his son, of Andrew⁵ and William Dinsmore⁵.

I took a hurried view of the small, yet historic, town where had lived another of my ancestors, Justice James McKeen, who emigrated to Londonderry, N. H., in 1719. The emigrating sons and daughters, and their descendants, of the little moorland town of Ballymoney have had a wide influence in the Scotch-American settlements in the United States.

MOTTO OF THE DINSMORE FAMILY.

The alleged motto of the Dinsmore Family is expressive and suggestive: "Spes Anchora Tuta." A free translation is: "Hope is a safe anchor."

Facts relating to Emigration to Londonderry, N. H., in 1719, wherein Mention is made of the first Scotch Settlers there and some of their Descendants.

STATEMENT OF ELIZABETH DINSMOOR⁶,

William⁵, Robert⁴, John³, John², *Laird* Dinsmoor¹. She was a sister of the elder Governor Samuel Dinsmoor⁶, of New Hampshire. She was b. in Windham, N. H., December, 1778; m. in 1801, Samuel Thom, of Windham, N. H.; removed to Denmark, Iowa, where she d. Jan. 17, 1868, aged ninety years. Her mental powers were excellent, and she delighted in reading and writing. She left numerous articles in manuscript. Her grandmother was Janet McKeen, a daughter of Justice James McKeen, of Londonderry, N. H., who came, when young,

with her father's family from Ireland, married Emigrant John Cochran, and lived in Windham, N. H. In her old age she recounted the incidents of the emigration to her granddaughter, Elizabeth Dinsmore⁶, about 1785, who was not then ten years of age. It made a vivid impression on the mind of her youthful listener, who wrote out the account, which is preserved among her manuscripts, now in the possession of *her* great-granddaughter, Mrs. Eliza T. Fox, of Seneca, Kan. Thus, after one hundred and seventy-two years since the emigration, this account, never before in print, is presented to the public.

Mrs. Elizabeth (Dinsmore⁶) Thom says: "My grandmother was nearly half a day relating the circumstances of their emigration and settlement in this country. I was between seven and eight years old at the time, and listened with deep interest to her narrative. My grandmother said she was a native of the North of Ireland, which was settled from Scotland. Her forefathers were among the first who renounced Popery, and were much persecuted by the Catholics. Her father, James McKeen, resolved to emigrate to America, where he could peacefully enjoy the religion of his choice. Having disposed of his property, he embarked with his preacher, Rev. James McGregor, and sixteen others, who had bound themselves to him for a certain time to pay for their passage to America.

"It was Sunday when they reached Boston, and the pious emigrants celebrated the joyful occasion by singing psalms of praise to that God who had brought them in safety to the shores of the New World. Their fervent piety secured them a warm reception among the inhabitants of Boston, but after a brief stay at that place, they hired hunters to guide them through the wilderness to Beaver Pond, in Nutfield, afterward called Londonderry. There they pitched their tents and had religious services. My grandmother, though only ten years old at that time, could remember the text and much of the discourse. Her memory was excellent, and she had the deep religious feeling of the Puritans of those times."

The fact that James McKeen, who was a man of means, had advanced the passage money for his neighbors and

kinsmen who were less successful than himself, to my knowledge, has never before been promulgated, and as it was his own daughter who made the statement, herself an emigrant, and familiar with all the circumstances of the emigration — it is not to be questioned.

The first sixteen settlers (with their families) of Londonderry, N. H., were all of Scotch blood. They were as follows: James McKeen, John Barnet, Archibald Clendenin, John Mitchell, James Starrett, James Anderson, Randall Alexander, James Gregg, James Clark, James Nesmith, Allen Anderson, Robert Weir, John Morison, Samuel Allison, Thomas Steele, John Stuart. According to Parker's History of Londonderry, N. H., "James McKeen was one of the principal originators of the enterprise" and was "the patriarch of the colony."

The relationship between those early settlers was very near, and their intimacy of the closest kind, as will be seen from the following facts: Among them James McKeen had one, and probably two brothers-in-law, with their families. His first wife was Janet Cochran, and his daughter, Janet, m. John Cochran, of Windham, N. H. Another daughter, Elizabeth, m. James Nesmith, in Ireland, who was one of the famous sixteen settlers. Mr. McKeen lived at one time in Ballymoney, County Antrim, Ireland, only two miles from the homes of the Dinsmoors, with whom he must have been acquainted.

In Ireland Mr. McKeen m. second, Annis Cargil. Rev. James McGregor, of Aghadowey, County of Londonderry, Ireland, m. her sister, Marion Cargil, and came to Londonderry, N. H., and was the first minister there.

Capt. James Gregg, one of the sixteen settlers, m. Janet Cargil, probably a sister of the others. Thomas Steele m. in Ireland, Martha Morison, a sister of John Morison, which made those two brothers-in-law. Samuel Allison m. in Ireland, Katherine Steele, a supposed sister of Thomas Steele, which linked them together. Two others of the sixteen, Allen and James Anderson, were brothers.

Rev. James McGregor, and most, if not all, of the sixteen first emigrants, were from the parish of Aghadowey, County of Londonderry, Ireland, a description and brief history of which has already been given. (See pp. 25-36.)

James Morison, a brother of John, and my ancestor; Robert Armstrong, ancestor of the Armstrongs of Windham, N. H., and of George W. Armstrong, Esq., a prominent business gentleman of Boston, Mass.; and John Bell,—quickly joined the colony mentioned before. According to a family tradition, which is accepted as truth, the earliest known ancestor of the Bells of New Hampshire was Matthew Bell, who was born at Kirk Connell, in Scotland. (There are seven places of this name in Scotland, and no identification has been made.) His son, John Bell, was born in Ballymoney, County of Antrim, Ireland, in 1678; m. Elizabeth, daughter of John and Rachel (Nelson) Todd; came to Londonderry, N. H., in 1720, where he died July 8, 1743, leaving a numerous posterity.

This work will close with a poem of rare merit, which is particularly appropriate, as it relates to Scotch, or Scotch-Irish, achievement, suffering, long endurance amid famine, pestilence, and death, and final glorious triumph. The ancestors of many who read this volume were on the side of William, in the famous struggle between James the Second and William, Prince of Orange, for the English throne. Many of them were in the besieged City of Londonderry, Ireland, endured the horrors, witnessed and were thrilled with the great joy of final victory, all of which the great English historian, Macaulay, describes with graphic power in his History of England. The author of this poem has, with rare power, depicted the "City of the Foyle," as it was and as it remains to-day. The main events of the celebrated siege, when the gates of the city were closed in the face of an insolent foe by a band of noble "Apprentice Boys"; the fierce attacks of the enemy, the bursting of the boom which the foe had stretched across the Foyle to prevent ships loaded with provisions from succoring the starving city, are rehearsed in an elevated and spirited manner. The writer is a descendant of Capt. James Gregg, who was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, and, with his parents, went to Ireland about 1690, and was one of the first sixteen settlers of Londonderry, N. H., in 1719, as previously stated.

Although the author of the poem never visited Londonderry, Ireland, never trod its "steep, ascending streets," never saw its "sacred walls," worshipped in "the old cathedral on the heights," nor bathed her hands in the flowing waters of the Foyle, yet her description of the city and all within it, as well as its surroundings, are wonderfully accurate,—they are almost without a flaw. The poem is inserted with the hope that it may afford my readers as much pleasure and joy as it has given me.

THE HEROES OF THE SIEGE OF LONDON-DERRY, IRELAND, 1688-89.

BY MISS LUCINDA JANE GREGG, OF DERRY, N. H.

There's many a prouder citadel, there's many a grander town,
Among the thousand battle-fields on which the stars look down;
But never place held hero hearts more resolute and strong
Than brave old Londonderry, famed in story and in song.

Hill of the Oaks! we see, unchanged, thy sacred walls arise:
Still up thy steep, ascending streets the ancient pathway lies;
Still at thy foot the river flows with broad, majestic sweep,
And still the grand cathedral crowns thy narrow summit steep.

No rock of stern Gibraltar lifts its dark, defiant wall;
No fortress rises from the sea to shield thy towers tall;
More glorious far than rock or fort built up by time or toil,
The Rock of Ages is thy trust, brave City of the Foyle!

Flow on, historic river, sing the story of the free;
Repeat it proudly to the sky — go tell it to the sea!
Send far, O sea! the thrilling song across Atlantic's wave,
And bid these echoing hills send back the anthem of the brave.

The haughty foe came boldly up with weapons keen and bright;
Within those narrow walls each face paled quickly at the sight;
One startling cry rang wildly up from street to palace dome, —
"The gates! the gates! close fast the gates! For freedom and our home!"

Loud called a band of hero lads, all resolute and bold,
"Quick to the guard house! Seize the keys away from traitor's hold!"
Down to the water gate they rushed where rolled the river low,
And quickly drew the drawbridge up in face of all the foe!

The heavy gates swung grandly round, in triumph, one by one;
The great key turned the massive bolt,—the glorious deed was done!
Glad Freedom walked the hillside streets and saw, adown the land,
The army of a king defied by that heroic band.

Courageous citadel! thy fate is told with faltering breath;
Full well those bold defenders knew 't was victory or death!
They looked their narrow fortress o'er, reviewed their few strong men,
Opened their scanty magazine, and pledged each other then.

One earnest prayer to Heaven they sent, one firm resolve they made,
Then bound the white badge on their arms while burst the cannonade;
That sacred badge would lead them on to conquer or to die,
For "No surrender" thrilled each heart and flashed from every eye.

Then burst the dreadful shot and shell, and fast the fire came down;
The roaring of the culverin resounded through the town;
The river blazed with lightning, and the red-hot cannon balls
Thundered against the trembling gates and shook the dark old walls.

The tumult and the terror of War's horrible alarms
With deep and dreadful anguish filled that citadel in arms;
Yet still that glorious badge they wore through every fearful hour,—
Still waved the crimson banner from the high cathedral tower.

Upon that crowded garrison the summer's sun shone down,
And dread disease came through the gates with fearful, fatal frown;
Then frightful famine leaped the walls and shook his spectral shield,
And deadly foes all joined to make the faithful fortress yield.

Ah! hushed was every hillside home, and stilled was every song,
As paled the famished faces of that starving, suffering throng;
Wan skeletons with trembling steps the battered bulwarks trod,
And thousands, ere the summer waned, lay dead beneath the sod.

Their holy altars and their homes,—for these they perilled all;
And still the banner waved on high, still stood the firm old wall;
Still "No surrender" thrilled each heart and nerved each dying hand,
And every home was hallowed by the heroism grand!

The old cathedral on the heights knew well their wants and woes;
There, pleading prayers ascended oft, sweet sounds of peace arose,
While from the roof the sounds of war went booming loud and long;
There blazed the beacon light that told the peril of the throng.

One startling sound was echoed from the river to the rock!
"The ships! the ships are coming! yes, the fleet is in the Lough!"
All eagerly the famished crowd climbed up the fortress wall,
And saw upon the happy tide the vessels rise and fall.

Life! life was in the swelling sails and in the blissful breeze;
Too weak, too faint for rapturous cheers, they dropped upon their
knees;
Tears of thanksgiving told their joy, but never shout or song,—
Ah! God had heard the faithful prayers of that heroic throng.

The bold besiegers on the shore their batteries opened wide;
Against the ships the blazing balls came thundering o'er the tide;
The starving crowd upon the walls saw life's last hope assailed,
But God was with those gallant ships, and safely on they sailed.

Wild rose the joy — when suddenly one vessel ran aground!
“The boom! the boom!” and shouting foes the perilled ship came
round;
“Oh! now or never!” was the cry that rose from livid lips
And hearts of agony that watched the struggle of the ships.

All petrified with silent grief, amid the fearful strife,
They saw go down the trembling tide their last dear hope of life;
But God was with those heroes still — the glorious ship sent back
A sudden, fearful, fiery charge across the foaming track.

One quick rebound, and she was safe! the ships were seen to ride,
Amid the yells of furious foes, triumphant o'er the tide!
Right onward toward the joyful town the conquering vessels passed;
'T was life! sweet life! 't was home! dear home! 't was victory at last!

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