



177

FIRST ANNUAL MEETING

AND

BANQUET

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA

"

SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY,

AT THE

HOTEL BELLEVUE, PHILADELPHIA,

FEBRUARY 13th, 1890.



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FIRST ANNUAL MEETING.

THE first annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held in the parlor of the Bellevue Hotel, on Thursday evening, February 13th, 1890.

Hon. Andrew G. Curtin, the President, being absent on account of sickness, Mr. A. K. McClure was called to the chair. A constitution and by-laws were submitted and adopted, and officers and directors were elected for the ensuing year.

The meeting then adjourned to the dining-room for the first annual dinner. Covers were laid for eighty-seven, and seventy-nine sat at the tables. The room was tastefully decorated and brilliantly lighted, and Mr. A. K. McClure occupied the chair. On either side of him were Chief Justice Paxson of the Supreme Court; Dr. MacIntosh, the President-elect; Rev. Dr. H. L. Wayland; Rev. Dr. McConnell; Col. Thomas T. Wright, of Tennessee; Justice Sterrett and Justice Williams of the Supreme Court; D. Hayes Agnew, M. D.; Col. John A. Wright; Mr. John Field; Judge James A. Logan; Ex-Senator John Scott; Rev. Dr. Niccolls, of St. Louis; Rev. Dr. McCook; Rev. Dr. Erskine; Judge James Gay Gordon; Judge Thomas K. Finletter; Ex-Governor Pollock; Dr. William Thomson; Judge R. M. Henderson, of Carlisle; and other distinguished guests and members.

At eight o'clock Mr. McClure arose and, after explaining and regretting the unavoidable absence of

the President, Governor Curtin, he resigned the chair to Dr. MacIntosh, the President-elect. Upon taking the chair President MacIntosh spoke as follows :—

GENTLEMEN :—Suffer me, first of all, to give you my truest thanks for the great honor you have bestowed upon me in thus making me your first regularly-elected President. With my views of our race, I hold it to be a large proof of the most desirable confidence shown by men who bulk out among their fellows for strength of character and independence of thought. It has been my happy lot, in the years that lie behind, to have received many tokens of kindness and trust from my fellows, but not the least in my esteem is the bestowal of this place of primacy among my peers.

But your call to office has puzzled me. Since learning of your decision to put me into this seat of honor, I have been “exercised” (you will observe, gentlemen, that I use the proper and familiar “patristic” term) to find out the good and sufficient reason of your action. You know that we are a hard-headed and logical race, and that we must have the reason, the whole reason, and nothing but the reason for all we believe and do, else we become exceedingly restless and unsettling all around. Yes! reasons we must have, and if we don’t get them we remain like “Tam McWhirter and the bees.” Tam McWhirter was a very respectable parishioner of mine in earlier days, who was known all across the parish and district as a very strict observer of the proprieties of the “day” and the “kirk.” But on a particular Sabbath, to the open-mouthed wonder of the lads and lasses, and to the no small dismay of the elder folk, Tam was seen marching up to church with a Kilmarnock “nightcap” on his gray, towy head. “What, Tam! are ye gaun to the hoos’ in yer nightcap?” “An’ what for no? Isn’t it betther than bare heid? tho’ bare heid is naethin to an empy yin!” “Mon! yer heid is no empy.” “Ay! but and it just is, ever syne the bees made their bake in my guid hat; for I’ve been sair fashed to ken why thae besties took to my bannet and no to the men-

isther's rose-bush just ower the fence." Then Tam suddenly stopped stockstill in the middle of the road, thought hard for a moment, then exclaimed: "I hae it, I hae it; in the bush the callants would hae found them, and they canna reach my bannet; noo I can een gang to the hoos' and observe the propeeties of the day and mark the minister that the text is sedately dealt wi'."

Gentlemen, there is no observing of the proprieties till we find out the reasons of things, and I have found out the reason of my call; and the good and sufficient reason lies in one of the largest and best-known features of our race. We are a modest folk. Now, you need not cry "Oh!" for though my good friend the Colonel talked about us as the grandest race on earth, we are not given to that sort of speech. We are just the most retiring, and meek, and peaceable folk; we are not inclined to push ourselves to the front, and hold the first place when we get it. So, in accordance with our characteristic features, it was held that for a simple folk like ourselves it was far too grand to have as President a great "War Governor," honored for his great and noble services, and ever to be kept in high esteem by all lovers of our own grand old Keystone State; and so we would reach the proper balance by now taking a quiet parson.

I hope that I shall be able to mark and keep the proper fitness of things. If I don't, I assure you it is not for the want of training on the part of this Scotch-Irish race. I have been thoroughly subjected to their orderly ways. Going one day to preach for a brother in a neighboring parish, I overtook one of his members, who for some reason, fancied or real, was somewhat "oot wi' his ain menisther." After detailing some grievances, he said: "Ye ken we are a guy peculiar, and partickler folk; we like to be dealt wi' in a sedate and ordherly way; we're used to that; for the A'michty himsel' gangs about us in a set and ay ordherly way accordin' to the coonsel o' his wull and we'll gar his servants dae the same."

Knowing thus the marks of the race, I desire to go about this matter in a sedate and orderly sort of way, and answer some of the questions that have been put to me about this

racial movement of ours. "Is this society not a new thing?" "Yes; we are indeed young, in comparison with some other societies that have got the ear of the public. When I turn to my right hand and look upon that most ancient mariner, the ex-president of the New England Society, and recall to my recollection that he has gone, to my own knowing, through several transmigrations, now coming forth as the immediate follower of Esculapius, teaching the true "Medical Ethics," again as Rabbi ben Ezra resurrected, and just lately as the original Pilgrim Father who watched the landing at Plymouth Rock with aboriginal equanimity, I do feel that we are late-born. But let no one trade on our youth; for like Fin MacCool, our ancestor at the Giant's Causeway, we are born with all our teeth; and where we lay hold, we keep grip. Gentlemen, we give full notice we are come to stay, and, as our race has ever done, we mean to leave our marks behind. We think that they will be honorable deeds.

It is asked, what do you mean to gain by this association? Four main objects; and each we think worthy of our banding ourselves together. First and lowest—lowest I say only relatively—our object is fraternal and social. In this land, for which we have done, to say the least, a large share of the very best work done in the past and being done to-day, we have been "the scattered people;" we have had a vague, general idea of our widespread numbers; but till last May, at Columbia, Tenn., where we made our first organized rally, neither we ourselves nor others knew how many and strong we are, how influential on public life, how full of the old forward-driving life, how swiftly responsive to the old racial battle-cries, and how sympathetically conservative of the best traditions of our folk. We mean to band the brotherhood. And in doing this worthy work we mean to throw into our hard, taxing, wearing American life a little of that social sweetness and light so needful to rest men and fit them for the morrow's toil. European peoples have cast in our faces "that we take life as a task." While we may lift our heads proudly and say, "Yes; and our grim battle for room and liberty and plenty has been your salvation and emancipation." Still we have come to realize that

we must unbend the bow to save its springiness. The laughter of to-night will tell on the labor of to-morrow.

But we have an object other and somewhat higher even than this proper undertaking. We would be custodians of heroic deeds and traditional memories. While we have been chiefly busied in making fresh history, we have already made large and goodly history. It is worth keeping and telling. Many an old tradition, wholly or largely historic, lingers round the ingle-nooks and stirs to golden deeds the sons and daughters of our race. Many a valuable genealogy lives in the firm-gripping memory of some grandfather or mother. But these living libraries are fast disappearing. We want to save their all-precious treasures for ourselves, and the historians of our own and our ancestral lands. Too long we have dallied, while voices have been stilled and hands have dropped that could have witnessed, "We saw and we did." By this organization we would call out all this lore and story; we would store it in safety and use it for history and inspiration.

Even higher still we aim; we would educate ourselves and others. We are persuaded that to our race, as to all great and formative peoples, have been given, through special training and experiences, distinguishing features of character, great maxims, and guiding principles. Time and place suffer me not to go into these marks. But we see them stand like great monuments along our ancestral pathways. We feel that we ourselves need to "remember the days of old"—what was done, and, above all, why it was done, by what, and for what. By study and discussion we would replant the old flags in clear, dry light, and rallying round them restir our souls to a new love of deathless principles and to a fresh application of them.

And this thought calls up our fourth aim. This is the political; not, be it clearly told, in the low sense of factious or partisan speech or work, but in the true, deep sense of the higher good of our common citizenship. As to our common Christianity the various communions bring their varied helps and impulses and contributions, so in this many-blooded folk of our common nation do the differing folks who built the stately and steady edifice of this settled freedom bring varying

offerings, making our stateliness still more august and our steadiness still more fixed. Our fathers gave large gifts, and we propose to keep up the characteristic offerings. We think that if New Englander and Knickerbocker and German weary not in making continuously and for good their peculiar forces and principles tell on our broadening and deepening national life, we who have not the least valuable contributions to bestow should not withhold our sturdy strength, clear thought, and intrusive conscience.

It is sometimes asked, why keep up inside the fast-unifying people of our common nation these racial remembrances and ancestral associations? Just to broaden and deepen and enrich the common, central life-tides of our beloved land, as do the great confluent streams our continental rivers. If we have one aim and purpose above another in this association, it is *national*, it is *patriotic*, it is *American*! I repeat it, we are Americans of the Americans. I know whereof I affirm when I say that we yield to neither Puritan, nor Cavalier, nor Dutch Burgher, nor Sons of France in our whole-souled devotion to this land, and in our patriotic, yes, religious, self-surrender to her highest and ever-widening interests. Born and naturalized citizens, we give ourselves anew in this organization to the land for which so many of our fathers and friends gave their blood and lives. We are not a band of aliens, living here perforce and loving the other land across the sea. We belong to the land, and only recall the old that we may better serve the new, which is our own. Why, gentlemen, look at the emblem of our society, over which I have been working to embody this patriotic and national thought in our very symbol. First, and back of all, is our American shield; this land is deepest and boldest and biggest. Then upon the nation's arms we lay in loving memory, and as ever-suggestive reminder, the bloody hand of resolute Ulster, where our ancestors stayed to ripen and stiffen and greaten for the republic. Then round the double shield we fling the stout thistle of old Scotland, and bid men recall that we mean it when we say "*Nemo me impune lacessit*;" and hence the foeman and the aggressor may well beware. And on the other side we twine the sweet, ever-fresh, wide-

spreading shamrock, telling by its trefoil of "liberty, equality, and fraternity," speaking of gentle charities, and softly singing "Erin Go Bragh."

One word and I will give you rest. I do not believe "Adirondack" Murray when he says that the Quakers are the only group in the land who carried their religion into daily life. Let others speak for their own kin; I speak for mine. Our faith may thus be summed: *Virtus, veritas, patria, pietas*—No surrender, hold the truth, love the land, fear God, but no one else; these marks we carry in storm and calm.

Ours is the race for whom I may claim some of Browning's latest words:—

They "never turned the back,
But marched heart forward;
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
Wrong would triumph;
Held,—we fall to rise—
Are baffled but to fight the better,—
And win at last the kinglier crown."

[Applause.]

President MACINTOSH, continuing:—

The Scotch-Irish are well represented in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and I call upon Mr. Justice Sterrett to speak for them.

(Justice Sterrett did not furnish his address to the reporter.)

The President then called upon Dr. D. Hayes Agnew to respond for the medical profession.

DR. AGNEW, spoke as follows:—

The profession of medicine is greatly indebted to both Scotch and Irish antecedents. At the time of my graduation the University of Edinburgh was the most distinguished medical school in Europe, and her sons have exercised a vast influence in moulding the medical thought of the world. I need only mention the names of Sir James Simpson, in obstetric

medicine; of the two Bells (Sir Charles and John), MacLeod, Syme, McEuen, Cheyne, and Lister, as representative men in the domain of surgery; of Knox, in anatomy; and of Keith, in gynæcology. No man to-day occupies a more prominent place in the surgical world than Sir William Lister. The antiseptic management of wounds, of which he was the author and expounder, has simply revolutionized my profession. In Ireland the names of Stokes, of Mapother, Macnamara, McDonnald, and others come up—all writers and teachers of eminence. From both countries London borrowed her most successful teachers, among whom may be mentioned Ferguson, Sir William McCormic, and Lister. Men of the same mingled blood have honored and continue to honor medicine and surgery in this land. [Applause.]

President MACINTOSH said:—

We have with us this evening the distinguished ex-president of the New England Society, Rev. Dr. Wayland, and I will now call upon him for some remarks.

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA: I thank you for the compliment which you pay, through me, to the New England Society, of which I am the humblest member. Happy those who have ancestors worthy to be celebrated; happy the ancestors who have descendants able worthily to celebrate them. He who is not proud of his past does not deserve to have, and will not have, a future; and he who does not cherish the memory of his ancestors is unworthy himself to be an ancestor.

I do not feel myself altogether a stranger in this presence. I feel almost as if I were in a company of New Englanders. When I see a man whose countenance indicates intelligence, virtue and prosperity, I naturally presume that he was born somewhere between Barnstable and Berkshire, under the shade of Ascutney, or on the banks of the Winooski. And, indeed, there are many points of marked similarity between the Scotch-Irish and the New Englanders. Both of them have received from nature few advantages of soil and climate. I speak by

knowledge of New England, and by hearsay of Ulster. It is true our English cousins, with the characteristic alertness of their race, are able to pronounce, by the time they have set foot upon our wharves—or sometimes even before that—a positive opinion upon all the conflicting problems which tax our best statesmanship. But I belong to a duller race; and I would not presume to speak with infallibility and omniscience of the north of Ireland, simply on the basis of having several times sailed in sight of the south coast. New England and Ulster, inheriting a harsh and a sterile soil, have so enlisted industry and intelligence as to surpass in wealth and prosperity the peoples to whom nature has been vastly more prodigal.

And New England and Ulster are alike, in that, having but a small territory, they yet have wielded an influence as wide as the world. They have illustrated the proposition that bigness is not the only greatness. Our brilliant essayist, Mr. Lowell, has said that you can cover on the map with the tip of your finger the countries whose ideas have ruled the world—Palestine, Greece, Rome, Scotland, New England.

New England and Ulster, limited in population, have made invaluable contributions to the intelligence and prosperity of other lands. Of the contributions which New England has made I will not speak. The Scotch-Irish sent to this country that facile, flexible, easily-moulded hero, Andrew Jackson; and they have also contributed another man of similar name, belonging, I believe, to the same general family, who illustrates the fitness of the prayer of the Scotch-Irishman: "O Lord, keep me right; for thou knowest that if I get wrong, it will be very hard to set me right." That other Jackson, popularly named Stonewall, was so unfortunate as to get wrong, and he never got right in this world.

And as I look around this board I see illustrated the contributions which the Scotch-Irish element has made to the intelligence and to the varied industries of this city. They dignify every profession. I have listened with the utmost interest to the words of Dr. Agnew, whom I look upon with reverence, when I think of the resources that repose in that brain, and remember how it would be a small matter with him

to take out all of one's internal economy, and (possibly) to replace it. As he spoke of the Scotch-Irish practitioners who add dignity to the profession abroad, and especially as he eulogized the "courageousness" of one of the eminent surgeons, I could but think how admirable is the courage that emboldens one to cut up somebody else. As he spoke of the brilliancy of certain surgical operators, I thought that our estimate of the brilliancy depends very much on the point of view. Possibly an operation may not seem so "brilliant" to the sufferer as to the person who is at the other end of the knife.

If we come to theology, here is my friend Dr. MacIntosh, the president of this Society, who knows about all the things that were disbelieved by men thousands of years before the world was created. Another profession is represented by Colonel McClure, of whom one does not know whether he is more brilliant as a legislator or as a journalist, and who will always be remembered by his connection with the nomination of Abraham Lincoln.

The New Englanders are of kin to the Scotch-Irish by virtue of the attachment which both of them have cherished to liberty—at least, for themselves, though possibly they have at times thought it too precious a possession to be lavishly dispensed abroad. For their convictions and for the maintenance of their liberty, the Scotch-Irish, like the New Englanders, have put forth heroic deeds and have made majestic sacrifices. While the blood of the New Englander has tinged the waters of the Charles River, the Scotch-Irish no less made memorable the immortal Boyne; and the men who stood behind the hastily-constructed ramparts on Bunker Hill may claim kindred with the men who for months fought against famine within, and Popery and despotism without, behind the shattered walls of Londonderry.

Possessing in common so many traits and so much of history, if it should ever happen that the Scotch-Irish and the New Englanders should be opposed to each other, I do not know what would be the result. It would perhaps afford an opportunity for the solution of that problem which has vexed the souls of philosophers, "If an irresistible body meet an

immovable obstacle, what would be the result?" Some one has said that in that case the irresistible force is very apt to think that the immovable obstacle is very stupid. I trust that we shall not afford occasion for the solution of this problem; but rather, I trust, that united, the Scotch-Irish and the New Englanders will conquer the world, not less by their heroic virtues than by their irrepressible modesty.

The President then called upon Ex-Governor Pollock, who gave a very interesting account of an interview he once had with the Scotch-Irish President of the United States, James K. Polk.

(Governor Pollock did not furnish his address to the reporter.)

The President then called upon Professor C. Stuart Patterson, as a representative of the University of Pennsylvania.

C. STUART PATTERSON said:—

I had hoped, Mr. President, that your experience of life had been sufficient to save you from the mistake of calling upon a college professor for an after-dinner speech, for if any such person once begins to lecture, there is no certainty as to the time when his flow of oratory will come to an end.

Nevertheless, you have called me, and I am here, ready and happy now and at all times to speak on behalf of the University.

Proud as I am of the University, I am forced to regret that it was not founded by a Scotch-Irishman. It would undoubtedly have been founded by a Scotch-Irishman, had it not been for the fact that the New England Society, keen to appropriate all good things, sent Benjamin Franklin from Boston to Philadelphia in order that he might found the University of Pennsylvania. Nevertheless, there is one department of the University which was founded by a Scotchman, and that is the department of which I have the honor to be the head. The first law professor of the University was James Wilson, a graduate of Edinburgh, a tutor in the old College of Philadelphia, and a Justice of the Supreme Court of the

United States. Professor Wilson bore an honorable and distinguished part not only in the Federal Convention of 1787, but also in that convention of Pennsylvania which ratified the Constitution, and he delivered in support of the Constitution a brilliant argument, which, if surpassed, is surpassed only by the Federalist as a vindication and defense of the Constitution.

The University is to-day alive to the aggressive force and influence of Irishmen, for the professor of political economy a short time ago having asked one of his students, "Against what does this country chiefly need protection," was promptly answered, "Irishmen." But when I tell you that the professor is Robert Ellis Thompson, and the student is a Scotch-Irishman, you need not fear that that heretical application of the doctrine of protection will do any great harm.

The University to-day is stronger and more vigorous than it has ever been in any time in its history, and one reason of that strength is to be found in the fact that there is a more earnest University spirit and a greater enthusiasm for work in its several departments than has ever before prevailed.

We are taught that the practice of the various departments is to be assimilated to as great an extent as possible. Therefore, though I may not, like Dr. Agnew, offer to cut off your legs, I can, at least, practice surgery in cutting short my own remarks. [Applause.]

The President said:—

One of the Vice-Presidents of our Society is a distinguished clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and I call upon Rev. Dr. McConnell to respond to the sentiment of the "Scotch-Irish and Episcopacy."

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—The sentiment to which you have been good enough to ask me to respond recalls an old quarrel, now happily either settled or far along the way to settlement. Among the furniture which the Scotch-Irish brought with them to America was a profound hatred of *Episcopacy*, whether in its English or its Roman guise. That

you and I, Mr. Chairman, should sit so friendly side by side, eating from the same dish and drinking from the same cup, would show that that enmity has passed away. It was not to be wondered at that it was present one hundred and fifty years ago. In the early years of the last century there were living here Scotch Presbyterians, whose ears had been cut off by Kirk's lambs, whose fathers had been hanged before their eyes, who had worn the boot and thumkins while Leslie stood by and jeered, who had been hunted from their burning homes by that polished gentleman and staunch Episcopalian Graham, Earl of Claverhouse, who had been browbeaten by Irish bishops and denied even the sympathy of the gentle Jeremy Taylor, who had been driven out of their livings, fined, imprisoned, their ministerial office derided, the children of the marriages which they had celebrated pronounced bastards. They were filled with a deep and sullen hatred of that Church which they regarded as the author of their wrongs. As descendants of this line, removed far enough away from the old quarrel to look at it impartially, it seems that, at the first meeting of the Scotch-Irish Society, a little time might be spent in an historical survey.

At the period of the Reformation England and Scotland were two nations, as distinct as the United States and Canada. The Reformation met a different welcome in each. In England the bishops and officers of State became its leaders, but in Scotland the bishops became its bitterest enemies. When the Reformation in Scotland succeeded, the Scotch remembered that Episcopacy had been an ally of their great enemy, and they never forgave it. Wishart and Knox brought back with them from Basle, Frankfort, and Geneva, the twin system of church government and doctrine which was to take its place. Episcopacy was rooted out, and the place where it had stood sown with the salt of Calvinism. This last has lived there, in its original site, a more vigorous and tenacious life than anywhere else in the world. When it had decayed at Geneva, it flourished at Edinburgh. When it became loosened and capable of revision there, it retained its pristine strength at Philadelphia.

When the two crowns were united in that of James I. there began that long struggle between the two peoples for supremacy in the united kingdom. The match was not conspicuously unequal. The English outnumbered, but the Scotch had fierce tenacity of purpose. The stake at issue was the ecclesiastical control of the kingdom. If the English won when swords and muskets were the weapons, the Scotch knew how to "jouk and let the jaw go by," and gain their end by cautious and patient diplomacy. Once, at least, they succeeded in having the solemn League and Covenant against prelacy sworn to by king and parliament, and Presbyterianism made the law of the land. But the southern half outgrew the northern half of the kingdom. In the end numbers tell. Presbyterianism was driven back across the border, and Episcopacy followed it along the same road upon which it had come south in triumph. It set about to exterminate Presbyterianism in Scotland as that had just before endeavored to abolish Episcopacy in England. It was a game of hammer and anvil, and the English held the hammer. Then came an uncomfortable time for Scotland. The Scotch Presbyterian's life was made a burden to him. "Uniformity acts," "test acts," "five-mile acts," "conventicle acts," met him at every turn. When he could no longer endure it he fled to Ireland, then a sort of no man's land. A sheriff's writ would hardly cross the channel—it does not run freely in Ireland yet—and there were no moss troopers to harry him. But as Ireland filled up and emerged from obscurity the old quarrel rose again between the Bishops and the Presbyterians. First with words, then with laws, then by blows, the old battle was resumed. Scotch Presbyterians were the tenants of the great landed possessions of Episcopal Englishmen. The "Antrim Evictions" left them homeless; then they turned their minds to America. Some of their kin were already here. The prisoners taken at Bothwell Brig and Dunbar had been sold as slaves to the plantations. Many of their brethren had emigrated of their own will. Now, between 1720 and 1750 they came *en masse*. Antrim, Armagh, Down, and Derry were emptied of their inhabitants. In two years thirty thousand came to America; twelve thousand a year

landed at Philadelphia alone. They halted but a little at the seaboard and passed at once to the frontier. In the fertile valley of the Mohawk, the rich rolling lands of the Susquehanna, the long trough-like valleys which lie between the eastern ranges of the Alleghenies, in the uplands of Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas, they established their homes.

Unwittingly they became the protectors of their Episcopal antagonists. They formed a cordon, stretching from Londonderry, in New Hampshire, following the foot-hills of the Alleghenies to South Carolina, behind which the coast settlements lived their lives in peace and safety. The Scotch-Irish faced to the westward and met the French and savage Indians. In the long and bloody Indian wars they bore the brunt and were as a rampart to the nation. Slowly their sullen hate of Episcopacy died out. In the War for Independence the Presbyterians of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and South Carolina stood side by side with the Episcopalians of the same States. If the Presbyterians in the "Mecklenburgh Declaration" fixed the model of the Declaration of Independence, it can be said with equal truth that the Constitution of the Episcopal Church, adopted at Philadelphia in 1787, became the model of the Federal Constitution. The ancient enemies had become citizens of a new country and left their quarrels behind them.

A story told of the great Dr. Breckenridge, the father of that other great man whose expected eloquence is wanting from this feast, may serve as a parable.

In the Civil War Dr. Breckenridge was an outspoken Union man. Once he was making an address for the Union before a great crowd in the horse-raising region of Kentucky. In the pause that followed upon the end of an eloquent paragraph a shrill voice was heard from the outskirts of the crowd, crying, "Dr. Brackenridge, hain't you got two sons in the rebel army?" This was an awkward question, but Breckenridge was equal to it. He replied: "I have. It pleased God to send me in succession two noble women for wives. I had two sons by the first wife, and two by my second. My sons by my first wife are in the rebel army; my sons by my second wife are in the Union army. Gentlemen: *as I grew older I bred better!*"

As the Presbyterians grew older in this country they bred better. They came to a better understanding of their fathers' spirit. While Episcopalians confess the cruel blunder which their fathers made in attempting to impress their faith by violence, fair-minded Presbyterians know that, had the opportunity been given to our fathers, the parts in that long tragedy would have been reversed. The hateful quarrel is over and past. The inherited enmities have ceased to be transmitted. Side by side, ancient opponents now sit in peace at the same table as being all Americans, the title which swallows up and effaces all previous differences. [Applause.]

The President said:—

I will now call upon the Secretary to read some of the letters which have been received from those who were invited but are unable to be present this evening.

Secretary McKEEHAN said:—

Letters have been received from the President and from each member of the Cabinet, some of whom would be here but for the sad calamity which has befallen one of their colleagues. Also from Governor Beaver; Governor Taylor, of Tennessee; Ex-President Cleveland; Robert Bonner, President of the National Scotch-Irish Society; Rev. John Hall, D. D.; Mayor Fidler; Mr. George W. Childs, and others. I will not occupy your time in reading all these, but there are two or three which I know you will be glad to hear.

The Committee of Arrangements desired to have a poem for this occasion, and by direction of the Chairman I wrote to Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, of Virginia, requesting her to write a poem, and, if possible, to come on as the guest of the Society, and read it. I will read her letter in response.

LEXINGTON, VA., January 6th, 1890.

Mr. C. W. McKeehan.

DEAR SIR:—Pray convey to the Chairman of the Committee of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society my warm thanks for the compliment paid me by the request conveyed in your note, that I should write a poem for its first annual dinner.

Under other circumstances I should quite delight in doing what is requested of me; for, although my ancestry is Scotch, a great-grandmother of six generations back fled from her home and took refuge in Londonderry, during its memorable siege; but just now I am such an invalid that I can only, from my sofa, dictate to you a negative reply. When I recall the enthusiasm which used to bring the moisture to the eye of my father (the Rev. Dr. George Junkin) and the tremor to his voice as he would recount the noble deeds of those old patriots, I feel as if I ought to write something that would be electrifying. But for this time the willing spirit must succumb to the tyranny of the flesh.

Please present my thanks to Mr. McClure for the compliment conveyed by you, and believe me,

Very truly yours,

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Among the first to respond to the call and join our Society was the venerable Ex-Chief Justice Agnew, who would be here to-night but for an accident which disables him to travel. His letter is as follows:—

BEAVER, February 10th, 1890.

DEAR SIR:—Your request for a letter is affected by the causes which prevent my presence at the dinner on the 13th. Debility from sickness has relaxed and a severe injury denies the free use of the pen. I must content myself with a few remarks.

In October, 1813, my father (James Agnew, A. M., M. D.) left Princeton, N. J., for Western Pennsylvania to return to the State of Mississippi, whither he had gone in 1810 to practice his profession. I was then in my fifth year. But the dangers of descending the Ohio and Mississippi in an ark, with a family—the only mode then—led to our remaining in Western Pennsylvania, and finally we reached Pittsburgh in 1817.

After graduating there and being admitted to the Bar in

April, 1829, I left Pittsburgh for Beaver in August, 1829, intending to return in a year or two.

But—

“There is a divinity which shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.”

I remained there, and in Beaver County I found myself among the Scotch-Irish, a people to whom my grandfather (Daniel Agnew) belonged. He had emigrated from County Antrim, North Ireland, in 1764, and settled in New Jersey.

Western Pennsylvania had been largely settled by the Scotch-Irish, and the great wave of population which crossed the Allegheny River in 1796, after the ratification of the treaty of General Wayne with the Indians, was largely from the Scotch-Irish of Washington, Allegheny, Westmoreland, and adjacent counties.

Then this region was a wilderness, and the log-cabin settlements under the act of 3d April, 1792, were the only evidences of the advance of this early and hardy Scotch-Irish element. Personally they were tall, stalwart, angular, hard-visaged men, but strong-minded, having much of the religious element. They felled the forests, cleared the land, and planted that highly-cultivated crop, since filling this region with broad farms, large towns, great factories, and many railways.

It was not until a later day (remembered by myself) that the German immigration set in. In 1820 Pittsburgh's population was under eight thousand, and the foreign element was wholly Irish. In 1830-1-2 the Germans came. In one day in 1832 I counted over fifty of their wagons going westward and passing my door in Beaver. Some of these heavy wains had been imported by the immigrants.

In the early settlement of Beaver and the northwestern counties the whisky-still was often found at springs of good water. Whisky was then the only article of cash sale. In the main, farm products were the subjects of barter only.

Per contra, a fact concerning these Scotch-Irish may be stated, which possibly will not draw encomiums at a table where

“The glasses sparkle on the board
And the wine is ruby bright.”

Outside of the three large cities in the west all these Scotch-Irish counties gave majorities for prohibition in June last, excepting one (Armstrong), whose opposition majority was but one hundred and seventy-five, out of a poll of nearly seven thousand. A map of the *Philadelphia Press* pictured these counties in pure white, in the same manner geographers delineate countries of the highest civilization.

But without further enlargement allow me this toast:—

“The Scotch-Irish of Western Pennsylvania:
In peace and in war possessing the highest elements
Of manhood, virtue, courage, patriotism, and intelligence.”

Yours in Brotherhood,

DANIEL AGNEW.

C. W. McKEEHAN, *Secretary*,
Philadelphia, Pa.

[Applause.]

The Rev. George Dana Boardman, president of the New England Society, has sent us the following letter:—

3827 Walnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA, February 3d, 1890.

To Mr. C. W. McKeegan, *Secretary of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society*:

DEAR SIR:—Be assured of my grateful appreciation of the honor done me in inviting me to be present at the first annual dinner of the Society. I deeply regret that, in consequence of an important engagement made long ago, I shall not be able to accept the courtesy.

As president of the New England Society, I beg to assure you of the unalloyed satisfaction with which we welcome you into the goodly brotherhood of those who deem it a privilege as well as duty to honor a worthy ancestry.

Believe me to be, with great respect, yours in the noble fellowship of Pennsylvania, Scotland, Ireland, and New England,

GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN.

The President then called upon M. Hampton Todd, Esq., the vice-president of the oldest Society, the St. Andrew's, to respond to the sentiment, "Our Sister Societies."

(Mr. Todd made an eloquent speech, but did not furnish it to the reporter.)

The President said :—

We have the pleasure of the presence, this evening, of Col. Thomas T. Wright, of Nashville, Tenn., the father of the Scotch-Irish Congress held last summer, and one of the most active and efficient in the organization of our Society. I now call upon him for some remarks.

MR. PRESIDENT:—You have placed me in an exceedingly embarrassing position, from the fact that I am not a public speaker. I never made a speech in my life. You kindly refer to me as the father of the Scotch-Irish Congress. Fathers, however, are not always talkers, as in my case. I hesitate to open my mouth before the distinguished gentlemen here assembled, fearing I might make a bull, not unusual for men of our race, as illustrated a few years ago to a Quaker gentleman from your city while visiting Dublin. This Quaker gentleman met an Irish beggar on the outskirts of the city. Around the Hibernian's neck was suspended a placard with the words, "*I am blind; please give me a penny.*" The Quaker was surprised at the blind beggar calling to a boy, "*Tim, come out of the clabber and don't be playing wid the pig.*" Astonished at a blind man thus observing and hailing a boy a hundred feet away, the Quaker said to the beggar, "Friend, are thee honest?" "I an, sir," said the beggar. "Are thee perfectly honest?" asked the Quaker. "Well, bedad, sir, I am like yerself, as honest as circumstances will permit. Phy do yez ask me that question, and if I am blind, when I have as foin a pair of eyes in me head as iver God give to man?" To which the Quaker replied, "Why, thee has a sign about thy neck that says, 'I am blind, please give me a penny.'" "Oh," said the beggar, "that's an illegant joke. I put on the wrong sign. Its dumb that I an, sir." Before I get dumb and blind, Mr. President,

permit me to thank you for inviting me to this banquet. It is, I assure you, a privilege and a pleasure to meet this assembly of brilliant gentlemen, full-registered specimens of the famed Ulster race.

A distinguished English statesman says, "The greatest misfortune that can befall a people is to forget its past." Let us not commit this wrong. Let us keep alive, foster, and gather the traditions and memories of our race. Even if it takes of our time and means, we should not hesitate to give what we can of both. Gentlemen of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society, could you each and all be as happy in life as my heart desires, you would be the happiest mortals on earth. [Applause.]

DR. MACINTOSH:—Gentlemen, I will now introduce to you a man who knows nothing about politics, but who may interest you. I call upon Colonel McClure.

MR. McCLURE:—Dr. MacIntosh's introductory remarks in calling upon me show how little worldly sense some Scotch-Irish preachers have. [Laughter.] Why, if there is anything that I do understand it is politics, for I have had the most liberal and varied experience in that line. During the last forty years I have been the nominated candidate of every political party that existed in that period [laughter], and I can't consent to have such ripe political experience sat down upon. Indeed, I wish I could inspire a little more of the worldly common sense of politics among our preachers, for they need it. [Laughter.] I remember some—well, a good many years ago, when a young preacher came to our parish in the country. He was just out of the theological seminary and understood the Bible, the Westminster Confession, &c., perfectly, and he worked like a galley-slave in his closet to prepare his sermons and weekly lectures. His pay was small, the common statement being that he received \$1200 and lived alongside of McClure. [Laughter.] He worked, preached, prayed, and was an exemplar of godliness, but the church stood still. One evening he came to me in a profound fit of ministerial dumps and said: "I

think I am doing no good here." I answered, "You are quite right [laughter], but it's your own fault." That revived the lustre of his eyes, and he said: "What can I do?" I answered that about the best thing he could do would be to try horse-trading. [Laughter.] Again the cloud of despair was visible. He couldn't turn horse-jockey for several reasons: First, he had no horse; second, he didn't know the first principle of the new profession; third, he would be certain to lose his horse; and, finally, he doubted whether ministerial horse-jockeying would promote religion in his congregation. [Laughter.]

I then explained that I had suggested horse-trading simply because the horse-trader is presumably the best student of human nature, and that the cause of his failure to make his ministry successful was entirely due to the fact that he failed to study or to understand human nature. He knew all about the Bible, about religion, about faith, works, &c., but he knew just nothing at all about the people to whom he preached. I advised him to try the circus, then soon to be in town. [Laughter.] I told him that he needn't go into the show, but to go early, see the elephant come in, study the people, note their tastes and ways, and learn how they are pleased and how they are impressed. Then go to the political meetings, not to shout himself hoarse or swing flags or lamps, but to study how sagacious campaigners seek to persuade mankind, and learn that in the pulpit or out of it "the proper study of mankind is man."

Soon after, a vacancy occurred in the chaplaincy of our home regiment, then at the front. I went to my anxious student and proposed to get him six months' leave and a chaplain's commission to go to the field. "Why?" was the modest answer. I said, "To study human nature; to learn the world and its ways, and how it is influenced and guided. Don't," I said, "be harsh with the boys. They will incline to be profane, to play poker, to get drunk at times; but don't chide them offensively. Take them as they are, bear with them in kindness, and in a short time they won't swear, play cards, or get drunk, because they won't grieve you." He not only went, but he took the advice, and a more beloved chaplain, or

one whose good influence was more widely felt, was not in the army. He came back a big, broad, progressive man, and the sequel of my story is given in the Rev. Dr. Niccolls, of St. Louis, who is with us to-night, and whose distinction in the ministerial profession is limited to no State or country. [Applause.] There's a specimen of my work in the political or worldly, common-sense line, for the study of politics is simply the study of mankind, and you know that when the Scotch-Irish start out to do anything they always get there. [Laughter.]

At this late hour of the evening, a sermon or speech is not expected of either politician or preacher, and I can only express my profound gratification at the organization of the Scotch-Irish to preserve and crystallize their illustrious history. Their history is written only in deeds, not in books, and the time has come when the records of a great race must be gathered or they will perish forever.

Judge Henderson, of Carlisle, was then called upon, and made a very humorous address at the expense of Colonel McClure, but the reporter failed to get it.

The Rev. Dr. Niccolls, of St. Louis, was then called upon, and spoke as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I owe my good fortune this evening to the kindness of my honored friend Colonel McClure. Being on a hasty visit to your city, he has invited me to join in your festivities, but I do not come to you as a stranger, either in feeling or in blood. Even if my name does proclaim my French (?) descent, my very birthplace would make me a Scotch-Irishman by induction. The names of the surrounding towns were Donegal, Derry, Antrim, Sligo, and Coleraine. Among the families were the McCooks, McWhirters, McClures, McDougals, the Hays, and Chambers, and Jacks, and Leisures. You can imagine from all this what the religion of the neighborhood was. As a matter of course we were all Quakers! But, seriously, I am proud to trace my ancestry to the race that is represented here to-night. Recall

some of the noblest and most honored names on the roll of the martyrs for both civil and religious liberty, and you will find that they represent Scotch-Irishmen. No race has been more lavish with its blood in the sacred cause of human rights. It as much, if not more than, any other, has given bone and muscle to the great nation that now holds this continent. It is worth our while, in this money-making and luxurious age, to come together, in order to bring specially to mind the strong self-denying and heroic virtues of our forefathers. They are worthy of being held in remembrance. They were the pioneers of liberty. They, by their courage, their endurance and self-denial, as well as arduous toil, opened the way into a new world and a grand inheritance for the millions who follow them. The happy heirs of their labors, why should we not celebrate their achievements and honor their virtues? [Applause.]

The President then called upon Col. John A. Wright, as a representative of the Methodist Church, who spoke as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT:—The announcement of my name is an utter surprise to me. If I can say anything it must be in the line of my thoughts while listening to the speeches already made. They have been interesting, instructive, and eloquent. The contentions between the Roundheads and the Cavaliers, the Puritans and the Churchmen, have not lost their fascination, nor have their descendants lost all the bitter feeling engendered in those days of religious strife. There is a good deal of a smothered peace on both sides to-day, and in our midst.

There is no telling how long this peace would have prevailed in England and in this country had there not been introduced, something over a century ago, another influence which laid hands on both parties and introduced a new element on which these parties could work off some of their surplus energy. We have had eloquent recitals as to the history and tendency of the population, whether under the English Puritan or under

the Scotch-Irish. The sons of New England traveled westward along a higher latitude, while the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians took a more southerly course from this city and its vicinity, passing through the great valleys of this State and of Virginia into Tennessee and Georgia.

This new influencing element was found in plain men, whose business was to preach the gospel to all men, in its simplicity and completeness. They were not troubled with questions of confessions or revisions, nor with those of succession, &c. They joined the travelers on their way south and southwest. They crossed the Ohio River, and went with and in advance of the great tide of moving men and women to the new States and Territories. These men were on the ground as the Indians gave it up and went westward.

These two great movements of those single-minded men, with their fortunes in their horse and saddle-bags, and the Bible as their guide through the wilderness, has resulted, with the work of the same class of men in the Eastern and Middle States, in creating a body which, with the Catholic Church, are now recognized as the churches of the people. I mean the Methodist Church. There is, therefore, no further danger to the peace of this country or of the motherland from the opposing elements of former days—no more strife, no more murders, no more burning of property—and we may now read of the conflicts of more than two hundred years ago in England with great serenity, resting satisfied that the new element has succeeded in teaching both parties that it is not by the sword of steel, but by the sword of the Spirit, that peace is to be conquered and the world is to be saved. [Applause.]

Rev. Dr. Erskine, of Newville, Pa., was then called for, and spoke as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT:—Having taken some part, as a member of the Executive Committee, in making arrangements for this meeting, in the selection of speakers, and for the securement of a suitable poem to be read on this occasion, I naturally had no expectation of saying anything at this time.

The failure of some of the leading speakers to be present, especially of one whose eloquent utterances we all anticipated hearing with so much pleasure, and whom none of us would want to follow, has left a vacancy, to supply which has made these calls for impromptu addresses necessary.

My friend Judge Henderson was led, doubtless, to suggest my name in connection with that of the Cumberland Valley, from some things written and spoken by me in reference to the early settlers of that "valley of endless mountains." In relation to the people of the Cumberland Valley, I may here be allowed to quote the words of the late Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, a man alike familiar with the history as with the Constitution and laws of the country, to wit: "That the people who settled the Cumberland Valley were the best people, in his judgment, that settled any part of the American Continent." The original settlers were chiefly the Scotch-Irish.

Who were these Scotch-Irish settlers? What was there in them that entitled them to be regarded as a distinct people, whose principles, virtues, and achievements we are met to celebrate?

The origin and the history of the Scotch-Irish people is intimately linked with the story of the English conquest of Ireland. That conquest is based upon the grant of Pope Adrian, in 1166, of Ireland to the English Government, on the two conditions that the English Government must assert its sovereignty, and that the pope and his successors should have in perpetuity an annual revenue of one penny for each Irish family. This was the origin of Peter's pence.

The English found the Irish a hard people to conquer, and still worse to govern. And the end is not yet. For a long time they tried to placate them in every possible way, but in vain. Half of the Irish of Ulster perished in successive rebellions and conflicts. They allowed themselves to be wasted by wars, to be devastated by famines, and to be reduced to the most abject poverty and wretchedness, rather than submit to English domination. It was not until the Scottish James came to the throne and resorted to the old Roman policy of confiscation, that Ulster was subdued.

When James I. confiscated five hundred thousand acres of land belonging to the rebellious and obstinate Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, and others, and induced the brave, hardy, and loyal Scotch gentry and people in large numbers, together with many loyal Protestant people from England, to settle on these forfeited lands, then further resistance was brought to an end. These people, who were led to leave the hills and glens of Scotland, where they had so heroically battled for the rights of conscience and liberty to worship God, and who crossed over and settled in the different counties of Ulster, and there tilled the lands, established their schools and churches, and took on a somewhat milder type of character, and a warmer and more evangelical type of religion, these and their children are the Scotch-Irish people. They were one in race and religion with the great mass of the people of Scotland, and totally different both in race and religion from the people of Ireland.

As soon as America was opened for settlement, the Scotch and the Scotch-Irish were among the earliest settlers. By reason of their restless energy and spirit of adventure, they touched the American coast at almost every point from Nova Scotia to the Carolinas. Their main settlements, because of the illiberal laws of the provinces of New York and Virginia, were in Pennsylvania and the Carolinas. Not being allied to Ireland by any long-standing traditions or sacred associations, and being there harassed by the tyrannical exactions of a despotic and profligate monarch, by the restrictions and penalties imposed by an obsequious parliament, and by the intolerance and persecutions instigated by a haughty and graceless hierarchy—these things, together with the rapacity and greed of the landlords, determined great and increasing numbers of them to emigrate to America. And learning that under the liberal charter and free laws of the province of Pennsylvania, equal rights and all the advantages of civil and religious liberty were guaranteed alike to all the settlers, they were attracted in large numbers to this free province of Pennsylvania. As they had suffered for the rights of conscience and liberty to worship God in both their former homes, and as they had crossed the ocean, and had come to seek new homes in the

wilderness of another continent, that here they might enjoy unrestricted liberty in these respects—these things had come to be in their minds grave and solemn considerations.

These Scotch-Irish people were generally agriculturists. When they landed on the banks of the Delaware at Wilmington, Upland, and at Philadelphia, they were not drawn to the cities, but went at once into the rural districts and settled along the streams of water, or around the great springs which abounded in the country, as along White Clay Creek in Delaware; the Brandywine and Octorara Creeks in Chester County, Pennsylvania; on the Neshaminy and other streams in Bucks County, and on up at the forks of the Delaware in Northampton County; along the Pequea and Donegal streams and springs and valleys in Lancaster County; and on the banks of the Swatara and Fishing Creeks in what is now Dauphin County.

Then, when encouragement was given by the agents of the proprietaries, and licenses were granted to settle “over the river,” they began to cross over the Susquehanna, “the long, crooked river,” at Wright’s Ferry at Columbia, and at Harris’ Ferry at Harrisburg, from 1726 to 1736. Crossing over at Columbia, they settled in the barrens of York and on out along Marsh Creek and other streams in what is now Adams County. Crossing over at Harrisburg, they settled along the Conodoguinet, and about the great springs which abound in the Cumberland Valley, and on up along the Conococheague, with its several branches, in the vicinity of what is now Chambersburg and Mercersburg. From the time that the land warrants began to be sold for lands in this valley in 1736, a great tide of emigration set into all these regions of the valley. From thence it flowed on down to the Potomac, and on down the valley of Virginia into Tennessee and Alabama, and across the mountains by way of the Burnt Cabins and Staunton to Western Pennsylvania. The people who settled the Cumberland Valley were principally immigrants from the province of Ulster, or people of the same nationality and religious faith from the earlier settlements in Pennsylvania. They were generally substantial farmers, men of steady habits, industrious, and energetic; many of them of sufficient means to

improve their lands and erect comfortable two-story houses with different apartments above and below. Nine-tenths of all who came into the valley were Scotch-Irish people, a people who had been religiously trained, and who were brought up in large and virtuous families. They were generally an intelligent, orderly, and Christian people. In 1740 there were in Cumberland and Franklin Counties about one thousand families of this people. In 1850 there were in these two counties four thousand and eighty-nine farms, the greater part of which were still in the hands of the descendants of the original Scotch-Irish settlers.

The government of this extended community, in the early history of this settlement, was largely patriarchal in its character. The father was the head and ruler of the household. Subordination to parental authority was a matter of universal inculcation, and obedience to parents was the established rule with respect to the youth of the entire community.

The great instrumentality for the instruction and training of the young were the home, the school, and the church. "Their religion," as Carlyle has said of their ancestors, "was the chief fact about them." With them the answer to the question, what is the chief end of man? was the first religious truth they learned, and exerted a great influence in moulding their characters and guiding their lives. With Sir William Hamilton, they could have said, "The great end of man is man," realizing that the more fully man was developed physically, intellectually, morally, and spiritually, the more of a man is he, and the more of an honor to his great Creator. They were a people, as one has said, pre-eminently of a book, and that book was the Bible. With Dr. Thomas Arnold, they regarded the school as a place where healthy and vigorous characters are to be formed by thorough intellectual, moral, and religious discipline, and where the youth are to be trained for the great battle of life. The great conservator and arbiter of right among them was the well-regulated public sentiment of the community.

The most striking peculiarity of the settlers of the Cumberland Valley was that here, for over a century, was to be

seen a settlement of Scotch-Irish people, more universal and extended than anywhere else on the continent—a people not only of the same nationality and of the same religious faith and mode of worship, dwelling together in peace and harmony, jealous of their own individual rights, and respecting the equal rights of others.

If it be asked, to what was their chief peculiarities due? They are not to be ascribed wholly to race or blood, to soil or climate, to either Celtic sprightliness nor Teutonic obstinacy. Whatever may be due to the influence of soil, climate, race, or blood, their chief characteristics are to be ascribed to the providential and religious training which they had received. Coming as they did out of those fierce and protracted conflicts, which they and their fathers had endured in Ireland and Scotland, they had become the foremost friends, advocates, and defenders of civil and religious liberty. No portion of the early settlers of this country so clearly comprehended the separate spheres of Church and State so well as they, and, as a consequence, they would neither ask nor receive aid from the State nor submit to its dictation in matters of religious faith and worship. “To the attempt to enslave Scotland England owes her liberty,” wrote Bancroft. This was due to the influence of the principles proclaimed by Calvin and John Knox. These are the principles which revolutionized Western Europe, emancipated the masses from the dominion of civil and religious despotism, and secured civil and religious liberty in the United States of America.

It was on this account that, as soon as the trouble arose at Boston with the mother country, the cry rang out from the Scotch-Irish of North and South Carolina, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia in favor of independence. The immortal Witherspoon voiced this sentiment in the Continental Congress, Patrick Henry re-echoed it in the Valley of Virginia, and the Scotch-Irish of the Cumberland Valley, as elsewhere, rose up *en masse*, and the people hastened to join the War of Independence.

The reason of all this readiness to do so, over and above their love of liberty and their sense of right, was that they had

a remembrance of the grievances which they and their fathers had endured.

They having forsaken their former homes for "God and Liberty," they were determined that the shackles of oppression should not be riveted again upon them here. A pure Christianity, a thorough Christian education, virtuous homes, and a high appreciation of the advantages of civil and religious liberty—these are characteristic principles of the Scotch-Irish. The meanest of all characters is the apostate Jew still worshipping the golden calf. Next to him is the apostate Puritan or Scotch-Irishman who is found imitating his example. Our ideal man is the man who, physically, intellectually, morally, and spiritually, attains to the highest development of the whole man. Where are the best specimens of such men to be found? Nowhere more than among the Scotch-Irish.

Rev. Dr. McCook and John Field, the Postmaster of Philadelphia, were called for, and made brief addresses, which it is to be regretted were not secured by the reporter.

The President then called upon A. B. Sharpe, Esq., of Carlisle, Pa., who delivered the following address:—

RACE pride has been a characteristic of man in all ages, and so has pride of ancestry. Both are common to civilized and barbarous nations, and with the former it is not only evidenced by their history, but also in their poetry and song.

The highest type of the poetry of the most cultivated nation that ever existed centres around the house of Labdaeus and the house of Atreus. In the contest of Ajax and Ulysses for the armor of Achilles, the lord of the sevenfold shield regards not so much his own prowess as he does the fact that he was the son of Telemon, who was the son of Æacus, sprung from Jupiter.

A nation without pride in its history is unworthy of a place on the earth; and a people that fails to take pride in the heroic achievements of ancestors will never do anything worthy of remembrance.

I believe that we belong to a race of people that has done

more for civil and religious liberty in the last two centuries than any other of the same number; that the record of the achievements of our ancestors, who were actors in this behalf, has been sadly neglected; and that it is our duty, as it should be our pleasure, to try to complete it; and yet I have not heard a word from anybody as to the manner in which this can be done. I know that my ancestors, the Sharps, Bradys, McCunes, Elders, and the McDowells, were all Scotch-Irish, and all here before the War of the Revolution, and participants in it, on the side of liberty; but I do not know when or where they landed, or anything earlier than the fact that most of them came from the "Irish settlement" at the forks of the Delaware, to the county of Cumberland; some as early as 1730.

Our German fellow-citizens have not been thus negligent. I. Daniel Rupp, in one of his valuable contributions to the history of our State, has given a long catalogue of German families who have emigrated to this State, showing the vessels in which they sailed, the port from whence they came, and when and where they landed; and some of their descendants have won distinction in the State and nation. In a letter addressed the Secretary of the Scotch-Irish Congress that assembled at Columbia, Tenn., George W. Childs mentions certain Scotch-Irish families that set sail in the good ship "George and Ann," from Ireland to Philadelphia, on the 9th of May, 1729.

I am most anxious to know how we can find the exact dates when our liberty-loving ancestors landed on this soil, from what counties in the north of Ireland they came, and what families were grouped in their passage hither; and then I would like to have them traced from the province of Ulster to their native heath, and find out where their fathers were when Charles II. was using Graham of Claverhouse, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, and the bloody Mackenzie, in the vain attempt to wring their faith from those "who kept the truth so pure of old," or trample them into submission to the Establishment.

Claverhouse was a most unworthy Graham. The Bishop of St. Andrew's betrayed his church, and was the most unmitigated rascal that ever bore his family name, and met on Majus

Muir, at the hands of John Balfour, called Burley, the fate he richly deserved. Sir George Mackenzie died in London, but was buried in Grayfriar's Churchyard, Edinburgh, and over his grave is erected a stately monument designed by himself, but to this day the Scotch children at play in the grounds whisper through the railings that surround it:—

“Lift the sneck and draw the bar,
Bluidy Mackenzie cam out an ye daur.”

But passing by, for the present, our remote ancestors until we find a historian with some of the genius and industry of Macauley, who never asked for more than entrance to a library in any of the provincial towns of England, and seldom came out until he could tell the oldest librarian more about the history of the place than he had learned in a lifetime of service, let us draw inspiration from the history of those of our immediate ancestors who landed here prior to their settlement in the Cumberland Valley, for into it they went between 1720 and 1773, and they were of the race of whom Bancroft says, “The first public voice in America for dissolving all connection with Great Britain came not from the Puritan of New England, the Dutch of New York, nor the planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians.”

They withstood the savage, converted the forest into fruitful fields, organized their churches at “Silver Spring,” the “Meeting-house Spring Church” near Carlisle, the “Big Spring Church” at Newville, the “Middle Spring Church” near Shippensburg, the “Rocky Spring Church,” the “Falling Spring Church” at Chambersburg, the churches of “East Conococheague,” “West Conococheague,” and “Lower West Conococheague” (Mercersburg, Greencastle, and Welsh Run), and on out into the valley of Virginia, and when the hour for resistance unto blood came they were all at roll-call.

As early as July 12th, 1774, a meeting of the freemen of the several townships of Cumberland County, in the province of Pennsylvania, was held at Carlisle (John Montgomery, Esq., in the chair), at which it was “*Resolved*, That the late act of the Parliament of Great Britain by which the port of Boston

is shut up is oppressive to that town and subversive of the rights and liberties of the colony of Massachusetts Bay ; that the principle upon which that act is founded is not more subversive of the rights and liberties of that colony than it is of all other British colonies in North America ; and therefore the inhabitants of Boston are suffering in the common cause of all these colonies ;" followed by other resolutions urging unanimous action on the part of all the colonies for the purpose of obtaining redress of the grievances under which the inhabitants of Boston were laboring ; and on the 5th of May, 1775, the county committee met from nineteen townships, when it was ascertained that about three thousand men had already associated, with arms for about fifteen hundred, whereupon a regiment was raised and forwarded to Washington at Boston under the command of Colonel Chambers, a Scotch-Irish elder.

Craighead, pastor of the "Rocky Spring Church," entered the Continental army as captain of the company raised out of his own congregation. Steele, too, marched with his company in July, 1776, and as provincial captain of rangers had already contended with the savages of the border ; and Robert Cooper, pastor of the Middle Spring Church, was commissioned as chaplain on the 24th of December, 1776, and served as such in the War of the Revolution.

He lived through the struggle, and his bones await resurrection in the old graveyard attached to this church, as do those of fifty-two others, all soldiers of that war, and among them Capt. William Strain, Capt. Samuel McCune, Capt. Samuel Cox, Capt. Samuel Kearsley, Capt. Samuel Walker, and Lieut. Samuel Montgomery. There also lie my great-grandfather Hugh Brady of Enniskillen, and Hannah McCormick his wife, and two of his sons, officers in the War of the Revolution, my great-grandfather Hugh Brady, and Col. Joseph Brady, who, in his last will, dated the 7th of September, 1776, and proven the 22d of June, 1787, speaks of "being called forth in defense of my country to join the third battalion at Amboy, and if it please God that I fall in battle," directs how his wife shall manage his estate during the mi-

nority of their children. These were brothers of Gen. John Brady, who had in his command at the battle of Brandywine two sons: Samuel Brady, who had entered the ranks at Boston and had already a captain's commission for gallant services, and was afterwards distinguished as a border ranger; and John, then in the ranks, and wounded in the engagement.

This old Middle Spring Church and its belongings is but one illustration of the character of our ancestors. Others mentioned, and some not alluded to, are quite as fruitful sources of satisfaction to the descendants of those who sought this country to establish and enjoy civil and religious liberty. Should we not try to learn more about them and become imbued with their spirit, so that when we have passed away our descendants may have a high regard for us?

The lateness of the hour and the extent of the theme prevents me from saying anything about the relation of our race to my profession, in which, at the Bar and on the Bench, it has ever been foremost. [Applause.]

President MacIntosh said:—

The hour of adjournment has arrived, but before we go I think some notice should be taken of the indefatigable labors of our efficient secretary, Mr. C. W. McKeehan, to whom we are so much indebted for the success of this meeting.

Upon motion, a vote of thanks was given to Mr. McKeehan, and, being called upon for a speech, he said:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I thank you for your kind mention of me. The lateness of the hour forbids a speech. I have listened with much interest to the eloquent addresses of the evening, recounting the illustrious deeds of our ancestors. Whatever I have been able to do to advance the interests of our society has been a labor of love, and I hope it may continue to grow in numbers and enthusiasm.

The meeting then adjourned.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

I. NAME.

The name of the association shall be the "Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society," and it shall constitute the Pennsylvania branch of the Scotch-Irish Society of America.

II. OBJECTS.

The purposes of this Society are the preservation of Scotch-Irish history; the keeping alive the *esprit de corps* of the race; and the promotion of social intercourse and fraternal feeling among its members, now and hereafter.

III. MEMBERSHIP.

1. Any male person of good character, at least twenty-one years of age, residing in the State of Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish descent through one or both parents, shall be eligible to membership, and shall become a member by the majority vote of the Society or of its Council, subscribing these articles, and paying an annual fee of two dollars: *Provided*, That all persons whose names were enrolled prior to February 13th, 1890, are members: *And provided further*, That three officers of the National Society, to be named by it, shall be admitted to sit and deliberate with this Society.

2. The Society, by a two-thirds vote of its members present at any regular meeting, may suspend from the privileges of the Society, or remove altogether, any person guilty of gross misconduct.

3. Any member who shall have failed to pay his dues for two consecutive years, without giving reasons satisfactory to the Council, shall, after thirty days' notice of such failure, be dropped from the roll.

IV. ANNUAL MEETING.

1. The annual meeting shall be held at such time and place as shall be determined by the Council. Notice of the same shall be given in the Philadelphia daily papers, and be mailed to each member of the Society.

2. Special meetings may be called by the President or a Vice-President, or, in their absence, by two members of the Council.

V. OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

At each annual meeting there shall be elected a President, a First and Second Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and twelve Directors, but the same person may be both Secretary and Treasurer.

They shall enter upon office on the 1st of March next succeeding, and shall serve for one year and until their successors are chosen. The officers and Directors together shall constitute the Council. Of the Council there shall be four Standing Committees.

1. On Admission; consisting of four Directors, the Secretary, and the First Vice-President.

2. Of Finance; consisting of the officers of the Society.

3. On Entertainments; consisting of the Second Vice-President and four Directors.

4. On History and Archives; consisting of four Directors.

VI. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

1. The President, or in his absence the First Vice-President, or if he too is absent the Second Vice-President, shall preside at all meetings of the Society or the Council. In the absence at any time of all these, then a temporary Chairman shall be chosen.

2. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Society and of the Council.

3. The Treasurer shall have charge of all moneys and securities of the Society; he shall, under the direction of the Finance Committee, pay all its bills, and, at the meeting of

said committee next preceding the annual meeting of the Society, he shall make a full and detailed report.

VII. DUTIES OF COMMITTEES.

1. The Committee on Admission shall consider and report, to the Council or to the Society, upon all names of persons submitted for membership.

2. The Finance Committee shall audit all claims against the Society, and, through a sub-committee, shall audit annually the accounts of the Treasurer.

3. The Committee on Entertainments shall, under the direction of the Council, provide for the annual banquet.

4. The Committee on History and Archives shall provide for the collection and preservation of the history and records of the achievements of the Scotch-Irish people of America, and especially of Pennsylvania.

VIII. CHANGES.

The Council may enlarge or diminish the duties and powers of the officers and committees at its pleasure, and fill vacancies occurring during the year by death or resignation.

IX. QUORUM.

Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum of the Society; of the Council five members, and of the committees a majority.

X. FEES.

The annual dues shall be two dollars, and shall be payable on February 1st in each year.

XI. BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the Society shall be held on the second Thursday of February, at such time and in such manner, and such other day and place, as shall be determined by the Council. The costs of the same shall be at the charge of those attending it.

XII. AMENDMENTS.

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

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

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

MEMBERS.

- HON. JOSEPH ALLISON 4207 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
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HON. DANIEL AGNEW Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
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HON. THOMAS K. FINLETTER . 500 North Fifth St., Philadelphia.
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JOHN FIELD Post-office, Philadelphia.

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 FRANK THOMSON 243 South Fourth St., Philadelphia.

REV. DAVID WILLS, D. D. 720 North Broad St., Philadelphia.
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 D. WALKER WOODS Lewistown, Pa.
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 M. J. WILSON, M. D. 1750 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia.
 ALEXANDER WILSON, M. D. 1863 North Front St., Philadelphia.
 JAMES S. WILLIAMS 701 Drexel Building.

SECOND ANNUAL MEETING

AND

BANQUET

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA

SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY

AT THE

HOTEL BELLEVUE, PHILADELPHIA,

FEBRUARY 26th, 1891.

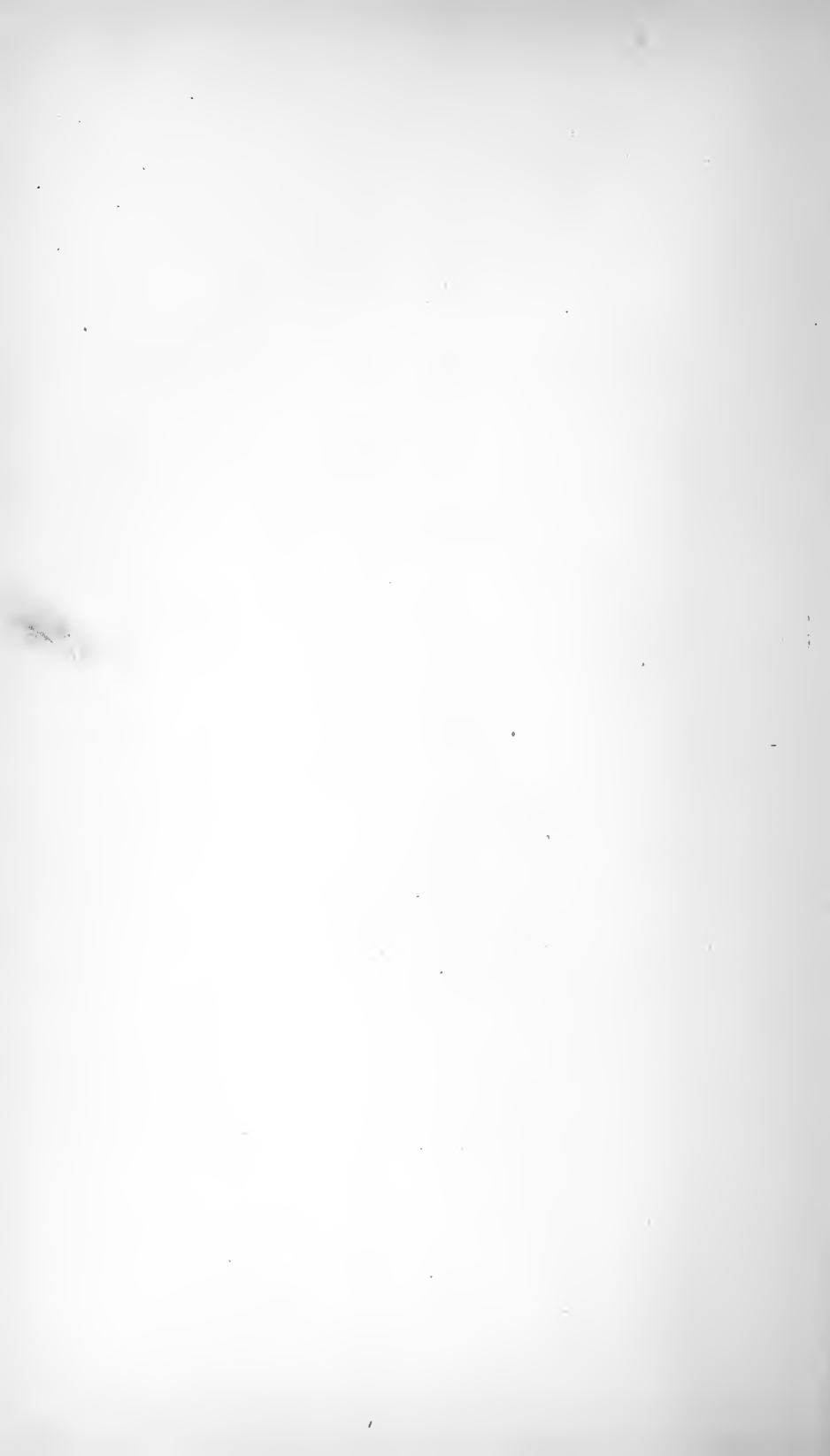


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OFFICERS.

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COL. JOHN A. WRIGHT.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT, SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT,
REV. S. D. McCONNELL, D. D. COL. CLAYTON McMICHAEL.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER,
MR. C. W. McKEEHAN.

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COMMITTEES.

ON ADMISSION OF MEMBERS:

S. D. McCONNELL, <i>Chairman</i> ,	B. K. JAMISON,
HENRY C. MCCOOK,	JOHN MUNDELL,
JOHN W. ECHOLS,	C. W. McKEEHAN.

FINANCE:

THE OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

ON ENTERTAINMENTS:

CLAYTON McMICHAEL, <i>Chairman</i> ,	HON. JAMES A. LOGAN,
A. K. McCLURE,	W. W. PORTER,
WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER.	

HISTORY AND ARCHIVES:

E. ERSKINE D. D., <i>Chairman</i> ,	C. STUART PATTERSON,
HON. JOSEPH ALLISON,	A. B. SHARPE.

NOTE.—This publication has been delayed in order to secure several of the addresses delivered at the banquet.

SECOND ANNUAL MEETING.

THE second annual meeting and banquet of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society were held at the Hotel Bellevue, on Thursday evening, February 26th, 1891.

President MacIntosh took the chair and called the meeting to order.

The Treasurer read his report, which was accepted and approved. (See Appendix A.) On motion, the meeting then proceeded to the election of the officers for the ensuing year. Colonel McClure suggested that it might be well to adopt the doctrine of rotation in the office of President, and nominated Col. John A. Wright. No other nomination was made and Colonel Wright was unanimously elected.

Rev. S. D. McConnell, D. D., was then elected First Vice-President, and Col. Clayton McMichael Second Vice-President. C. W. McKeehan was re-elected Secretary and Treasurer.

Dr. MacIntosh was elected a member of the Board of Directors, and the other Directors were re-elected.

On motion, Capt. John P. Green was elected to membership in the Society, and Hon. James A. Logan a member of the Committee on Entertainments.

At the conclusion of the business meeting the company proceeded to the dining-room for the second annual banquet. At the head of the table, for the use of the President, a handsome chair, once the

property of General Lafayette, had been placed, through the courtesy of Col. T. T. Wright, of Tennessee. This was occupied by the President-elect.

Although the inclemency of the weather prevented many from attending, there were seventy seated at the tables. •

Among them were Chief Justice Paxson, Mr. Robert Bonner, President of the National Scotch-Irish Society; Col. A. K. McClure, Rev. Dr. MacIntosh, Rev. Dr. McConnell, Rev. Dr. Hemphill, Rev. Dr. Paxton, Hon. W. S. Stenger, Judge James Gay Gordon, Judge Robert N. Willson, Hon. William H. Armstrong, Col. John W. Echols, Hon. James A. Logan, Rev. Dr. Burgess, Col. T. T. Wright, Mr. H. H. Houston, Mr. N. Parker Shortridge, Mr. James Long, Mr. John Field, Mr. Rudolph Blankenburg, Mr. William Bement, Mr. D. A. Orr, Mr. William Righter Fisher, Mr. A. G. Hetherington, Mr. Seth Caldwell, and others.

The speaking was introduced by President John A. Wright, who expressed his appreciation of the honor conferred upon him by his election to the office of President of the Society, and spoke of the interesting and useful work which it might accomplish.

He said that in partaking of the good things prepared for them they would show their progress in civilization over their ancestors, in the first place by not being so careful of the cost thereof, and in the second place they would not think it necessary to show their appreciation of the banquet by indulging in the festivities to excess.

In closing, he said that he scarcely felt equal to the duties of the hour, by reason of a recent illness, and called upon Rev. Dr. McConnell to act as toast-master.

The wisdom of this choice was quickly demonstrated by the felicitous manner in which the speakers were introduced.

He first called upon the "retiring President," Dr. MacIntosh, who spoke as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT, MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY, AND FRIENDS:—It is held here, I suppose, as elsewhere, that freedom from office obtains once more liberty of speech; at all events I sincerely hope so, as I feel myself at freedom this evening, and I wish to speak in that spirit. Few truer sweets are there than release from reserve and responsibility; the innate laziness of the sleeping savage comes again to the surface when you feel yourself freed from any special anxiety of a formal address or oration, and the indispensable laxity of humanity is given full swing when you think you are not likely to be called to account for any of your utterances.

Years ago, when I was in my first Scotch-Irish parish, there was suddenly and unexpectedly ushered into my library big John, who was the minister's general utility man and constant factotum, ready for any service, from the buying of a horse to the running on any errand needful to his reverence's comfort or help in parish work. I had just donned a new suit of rough and gray Scotch tweeds for my usual summer outing on the Swiss hills and glaciers.

My big parishioner eyed me all over with one of those sharp stares, partly apologetic and partly sardonic and contemptuous, so characteristic of the Lowland and the Ulster folks; then, what I had surely waited for came out with the usual slow, half apologetic tone: "Gin I nicht be sae free and ye wudna tak it amiss, I wad fain ken what ye wull mak wi' thae braw habeliments ye hae grupp'd tae ye the day?"

"Why, man! don't you know that I am starting off for the mountains for my summer holidays and for my climbing among the hills?" "Weel! I dinna ken muckle aboot thae muntins ye tak sic a heethenish pleasure in; tho' I'm sair afeart that yin day ye'll be fetchit hame to us oon a baird stiff and stark like Billy Hughes the ither morn oot o' the quarry hole, an'

that 'ill be the waesome end o' yer goatlike scammels; but I knaw weel about the holy-days frae Tam Sawner's cowt." "Why, John, what in the name of wonder have I got to do with Tom Saunders' colt; or that nag with my holidays?" "Ech, menishter! dinna fash yersel sae! tak yer hurry' by the end, and bide a wee! An' did ye neer twig yan cowt? It's an unco auld farrant bestie, I'll warran' ye; ye can learn a heep frae a cowt, if ye hae een an' are quick at the uptack. And I hae watchit thae theng afther it's turnit lowse on the grass frae tackin the boady tae the grun" (taking the corpse to the cemetery)—"it jist leps, and nichers, and flings aroun' its tail an' taks leeve o' itsel. Ye see its nather afther a', for it's had to walk sae lang in a digueefeed way at the heid o' the pairish proceeshion, that when it gets a' the trappins and the black habeelimens aff, it maun jist let a' the capers oot o' itsel. Ech, mon, it wad dae yer innards guid jist to see the bestie; and I wad gie a guid day's pay jist to see ye menisther callans awa on thae hills lettin a' the capers oot, for ye maun be guy and neer birstin wi haudin' yer ain nathers in sae lang at the heid o' yer pairish procesions."

So we are here to-night to let out in a happy and kindly way a few of the "capers oot" to save from bursting. And released from office I can enjoy it all the more.

Sir, I have been admiring you in your worthy exaltation, while I have myself been rejoicing in the freedom from the trammels of office. It is indeed a responsible position to hold the chair of state in this most august Society; its position in the community is so commanding, and so many eyes turn to it with hope and yearning and desire! You see, sir, it is such an onerous place; there are so many good berths in our many offices to give away to those who delight to do for nothing everything that goes to make up a New Philadelphia and to extend the interests of our community! Never before in my life did I know there was so large a number of generous, self-sacrificing souls, ready to give their very best efforts and their largest time to advance the interests of their fellows, and that without the expectation of fee, favor, or reward, or any recompense whatever than the delightful sensation that they are

fairly doing their level best for their fellows. Within the command of this Society there is such full despotic authority over the various vacancies in the gas office and the bureaus for city government; there is so wide a door and effectual to the pleasant positions on street railroads; there are so many easy berths that can be given away by the turn of the hand of the President of this Society. Never before did I know the enormous worth or beautifying power that lay underneath the official chair of my good friend the Honorable Postmaster, and never did I realize how completely that honorable official was placed under my own personal authority because I happened to be the President of this Society.

As for my good and brilliant colleague, the Colonel, I have come face to face with his enormous and most deserved popularity all through the South, but it was the opening up of a wholly new side in his multiform personality to realize that not one of the Penns held Philadelphia and Pennsylvania so truly and completely under charter and control as he; and I do assure you, sir, that high as I know our Scotch-Irish merchants, doctors, and lawyers to stand in this community, it was a joyance to me, keener than soaring larks at day's break, to realize how imperatively indispensable they were to the universal prosperity, health, and security, and, above all, to find out what an open sesame to their offices the President of the Scotch-Irish Society possessed! But I carefully refrained from availing myself of my opportunities; and then I found out what a splendid place the presidential chair was for disappointing the applicants, and therefore alienating so many worthy spirits of ardent self-forgetfulness and exuberant generosity. It is for me a great pleasure, sir, to see you seated in that chair; it is a historic chair; it is a chair of Lafayette. By the kindness of Col. Thomas T. Wright, of Nashville, Tenn., that chair has been forwarded for your use and mine to-night at your honored banquet by the ladies of the Jackson Hermitage. The late Marquis of Lafayette forwarded that chair, belonging to his grandfather, that it might be one of the relics placed in the hermitage that has been secured to honor the name of Andrew Jackson, the renowned

President of our country and a member of our Scotch-Irish stock. It is singular how the fitness of things comes out even in a little matter like this. You, sir, have informed me that probably you alone in Philadelphia have seen General Lafayette. I may say to the members of our Society that our honored President can recall the day when, as a five-year-old boy, he looked from his uncle's window on Fourth Street and saw General Lafayette pass by in procession, and now, as the President of your Society, he sits in the General's chair—so do the years roll around and ring themselves together.

Ah, yes; it is pleasant to sit around this board at ease and find ourselves somewhere out of the sound of Blaine's reciprocity, and Cleveland's communications and the coinage bill, and the Presbyterian revision, and ecclesiastical unifications, and the Market Street elevated, and the iniquities of general railroad system. I remember well a little club a few of us had in Edinburgh that went under the remarkable name of Noah's Ark. A good mother in Israel who joined together those rarely united features of great piety and extreme curiosity said one day to me, "I'll warrant now in that little company of yours you turn over all the godly gossip about the kirk and the college and such like proper themes for godly young men?" "Not a bit of it, ma'am." "What, then, do you talk about?" "Just ourselves, ma'am; and you cannot imagine how interesting and instructive it is."

So we are all here to-night just to talk about ourselves. I do not know anybody better worth talking about, and it is both interesting and instructive. It will be certainly instructive to you, sir, and to members of our Society to hear from me as the Vice-President General of the National Society about the growth of our brotherhood throughout the Union since we last gathered around our own festive board. We have swept our compass of organization around an almost completed circle; it has gone down through Virginia, Carolina, Georgia, onwards to New Orleans, upwards and westward to California, and around again, and homeward by Kentucky and Tennessee, and only a few days ago I was visited by friends in regard to organizations in the upper Northwest. Not a few of these

State organizations are doing excellent work. In Virginia the work is in the hands of the industrious and scholarly William Wirt Henry, honored bearer of historic name, who has associated with himself several industrious students and collectors of Scotch-Irish records and materials for Scotch-Irish history. The friends in Georgia and in California have made the social features very marked in their flourishing and progressive societies; regular meetings, fortnightly or monthly, are held, at which are made interesting reports of work done, and names of desirable persons for membership are handed in, committees to interview these nominated are appointed, historic memoranda collected, and papers relating to the interests and business of our association are read, and thus a living and continuous interest is kept up in the work of the association. Occasionally simple and informal receptions are held, and so the social element is added to the intellectual.

It is worthy, sir, of our consideration whether something of this kind might not be wisely and speedily attempted by ourselves. For a considerable time I have been strongly desirous of seeing a trial made in this direction—the bringing together in friendly co-operation of the several racial and national societies that cherish memories and traditions connected with our national beginnings. In looking over the membership lists of such societies as the New England, the St. Andrew's, the Caledonia, the St. George, the Hibernian, the Knickerbocker, the Huguenot, and other racial associations, I find names that should link and bind them and ourselves together. I know that behind these names lie memories and traditions that would be helpful in the formation of the full story of our national past, and it has risen up before me as a pleasant possibility to form an alliance among these societies, to be called, say, "The Federation of Founders," which would make it a work and a pleasure to compare notes, and without any mean jealousy to strive to search out and make clear the story of how the early settlers met and mingled, and how they lent to each other formative impulses of passing interest or permanent value, and how each contributed to what we so highly and expressively call the common weal.

Of late there has been, I think, an agnostic spirit shown in the studies devoted to our American history; an "I 'spect I grow'd kind of thinking." This thing and that things have just dropped down into our national realm, like stray flakes from a shattered asteroid dropping haphazard on the ground. In these "happy-go-lucky upstarts" I do not believe a bit. Searching with some care the revolutionary period, I think that I can find distinctive movements and characteristic impulses, new lines of departures, and distinct constitutional demands and characteristic agitations. There is no study so enticing and few so rewarding as the study of origins. Now by a careful and kindly comparison of districts and their chief settlers, by the interchange of views, by the testing of theory against theory, the parentage and progress of those distinctive elements in the formation of our character and constitution might be, to a large extent, determined. Heredity is a fact, and there is in the body politic, as well as in the body personal, a strong national growth, peculiar racial characteristics, and continuous development. We have the attesting proofs of the fact that blood will tell.

One great advantage of an association such as is ours is the reminder of race, with the consequently renewed sense of responsibility. "*Noblesse oblige*"—descent binds. We have, perhaps, enough eulogized ourselves. Let us live out a new work and struggle. Our motto for the future should be, not so much boasting about blood, as truth to blood. I will yield to no man in high estimate of my ancestry and descent; but I desire to impress upon myself more and more my obligation to be true to blood and descent. In some of these old country parishes that stretch down and back through centuries they engrave on a shield the names of those who have been the prophets of the place, that gazing on this shield with its inscribed names the clergy and laity may find fresh inspiration and encouragement for each successive struggle. To us, sir, comes a shield thick written over with names, godly and strong and wise. Let us feel and own the impulse which on us, heirs of a goodly name and bearers of a right worthy fame, rests, as the burden of the hour. What may our fellow-citizens assure to

themselves at our hands as they remember whence and of whom we come? What shall be the struggles, in the thick and heat of to-day's battle, carried out to success by us? Shall they not be the calm and comprehensive outlook of fearless and honest eyes, sweeping over and measuring the whole field of to-day's work? Shall they not be the independent and judicial decisions, worthy of our self-reliant and calculating ancestry, on all public questions? Shall they not be the brave, but courteous and considerate utterances of our slowly-formed opinions and logically compacted arguments? Shall it not be the tough grip on what has approved itself to us as the right, the true, and the seasonable. Reserve force, balance of power, the sober second thought, the dry light of cool reason, the educated conscience, the resolute will:—

These have been the marks of our ancestors; and these are considered qualities and power ever of highest worth in an intermingled people like our own, and upon a political field such as is our American arena; and never more were these marks needed and called for than to-day, when fads and fashions and fancies, isms of all descriptions are so many and pushing and dangerous. The old ringing watchwords of our race are good and seasonable battlewords for us in the struggles and efforts of to-day: "Stand together, men!" the ringing cry at Ennis-killen; "No surrender!" the prophetic shout at Derry; "Keep the pass!" the word of victory on King's Mountain.

DR. McCONNELL:—The Scotch-Irish have been and still are worthily represented in the judicial department of our government, and I call upon Judge Willson to respond to the toast, "The Bench." Judge Willson responded as follows:—

MR. CHAIRMAN:—I have enough of the Scotch-Irish blood in me to make me feel at home in your gathering this evening. One cannot go far anywhere in the broad domain of our country without finding the marks of the vigor and earnestness which men of this stock have contributed to our national life. While they have readily adapted themselves to the demands of the new and different conditions found here, they have, nevertheless, preserved many of their inherited qualities

in the midst of these conditions. Indeed, it may be said that their influence as a positive force is largely owing to the fact that the Scotch-Irishman retains the traits which his ancestors brought to their new home. The firmness, not to say obstinacy, of the Scotch character, modified somewhat by an infusion of Irish vivacity and versatility, affords the best possible basis for a true American. What cannot be overcome by determination alone may often be left to one side by perseverance and tact.

Hence you find men of your mixed blood rising here and there into prominence among their fellows to a degree which exceeds their numerical relation. They seem to possess an instinct for success. It has become second nature to them to grasp the rich prizes which everywhere reward earnest effort.

One need not go beyond the circle assembled here this evening to learn how Scotch-Irishmen shine in the pulpit, the sick room, the editor's chair, and in the honorable walks of business activity.

I find them in my own profession grappling with the toughest problems of legal science, the most valiant advocates, and at the same time the most loyal defenders of the historic conservatism which characterizes the Bar.

No trait, however, more typically represents your people than that conscientiousness which recognizes the moral relations of all human action and the supreme authority of the Divine Governor. Therefore, in my judgment, this influence is not only beneficial, but essential also, as a conservator of what is best and truest in our national life. The times demand that strong and true men shall stand together in the maintenance of a high standard of personal and national character. Great perils surround us, and light and trifling souls are not fitted for the emergency. Men in public station who try to do their duty need to know that there is a rock of solid integrity and of genuine intelligence upon which they can stand securely.

I believe it can be said with entire candor that no element in our population contributes more to elevate the tone of public life than that which is represented here to-night.

It gives me great pleasure to sit with you around this hospitable board and to add my tribute to the long line of noble men and women who have done so much to make this nation great.

DR. McCONNELL:—We have present with us to-night, as our guests, the Presidents of our sister societies, and I call upon Mr. John L. Lawson to speak for them.

Mr. Lawson spoke as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT:—Seated at this end of the table is a little knot of gentlemen representing our sister societies. I find the names of William King, President of St. George's, William Brice of Hibernia Society, M. Hampton Todd of The St. Andrew's, and your speaker of The Albion, all engaged in the good work of aiding their fellow-countrymen who have arrived on our shores standing in need of our advice and assistance. To this brotherhood do we most cordially and sincerely welcome you.

Scotch-Irishmen in this country are of all sorts and phases of life. "Any Democrats here?" said Judge Gordon. Yes, we have, and you are a good one and of a good clan, that is, a Gordon. It is an honor to you and to Pennsylvania that the Scotch-Irish are in such numbers in this grand old Commonwealth. They and their descendants early took their stand in defense of the colonies, and many of their names are enrolled as signers of that most famous of all famous papers, the Declaration of Independence. Did I say that they were and are a credit to Pennsylvania? I again repeat it, for they stand among the best of your fellow-citizens.

A few names may bring them fresh to your memory. As Governors of your State are McKean, Findley, and others. Among the judiciary they were first and foremost, Judge Gibson ranking so high that his judgments and opinions were quoted at Westminster, giving him a standing among such legal luminaries as Mansfield and Lord Eldon, and equaling the brightest and most popular of the great chancellors of England. Go into the interior of the State along the Cumberland

and Juniata valleys, and you will find them filling positions of honor and profit. But why should I go further to find great men?

They are of you and with you around this table. There sits Alexander K. McClure, one of your great editors (*Times*). Look around and see the men who bear honored names, men who have stood in the battlefield of Gettysburg, and who have always been ready and willing to fight for their adopted country and maintain the integrity of this nation.

Who was it that led the great cavalry charge against *Lee's* troopers at Gettysburg but Gregg, a Scotch-Irishman? Well may you be proud of your ancestors. To make a Scotch-Irishman he must pass from his motherland to Ireland, then across the broad Atlantic to far-off, distant America to be naturalized as a citizen of the United States. Then he is one who will be honored and respected by all men, and by none more than by his new-made friends of this great country. I hope that this association may perpetuate itself as long as the nation exists.

Dr. McConnell then called upon Rev. Dr. Paxton to respond to the toast of "The Clergy," and Dr. Paxton said:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—I have always with reasonable certainty prided myself upon the Scotch-Irish blood in my veins, but since hearing Dr. MacIntosh say that the Scotch-Irish race are noted for their indestructible loquacity I begin to question, and hearing Dr. McConnell claim the whole of Scotland, including John Knox, in the name of Episcopacy, I doubt. I would surrender, however, with reluctance the impression made upon me in childhood and confirmed by what I have heard to-night, that my ancestors, in common with other Scotch-Irishmen, were at least ten feet high and six feet broad, with moral and intellectual natures in proportion.

Judge Willson has intimated that were it not for the Scotch-Irish race the courts would have but little to do. In like manner, in responding to the toast of "The Clergy," let me confess that were it not for the Scotch-Irish race the pews and pulpits would seem indeed empty. The good men of this

race become preachers, and the better ones become elders and vestrymen. The Scotchman is naturally religious, and the Irishman is not behind him in this respect. They have given religion its depth and its breadth, and have enabled the world to laugh at the odd mistake made by the little girl, who, in answer to the question, "What is a fossil?" wrote in her examination paper the answer, "A fossil is a thing that is kept in a theological cabinet." This young lady doubtless lived to smile at her own error, and undoubtedly when she grew up married a minister.

In my study of comparative ethnology I have discovered that the main characteristic of the Scotchman is this, "*He knows a good thing when he sees it.*" It was this characteristic that has brought him in such numbers to America. A little boy was once attracted by the flaming pictures heralding the coming of a circus to his town. He hurried home in great excitement and asked his father if he could go to the circus. The stern parent refused permission, saying that the circus belonged to Satan. The boy was thoughtful for a few moments, and then suddenly startled his father by saying, "Pa, Satan knows a good thing when he sees it, doesn't he?" Thus it is evident that Satan in this instance must have imitated the Scotchman, for who ever heard of a Scotchman imitating any one. The Scotchman came to America years ago. History tells us that on reaching the shore they "first fell on their knees and then fell on the aborigines." Knowing a good thing when they found it they have gradually taken possession of America in the name of Scotland.

The main characteristic of the Irishman, on the other hand, is this, that *he never lets any one get ahead of him*, not even the Scotchman. A Scotchman once in a Philadelphia hotel was reckless enough to leave his umbrella in the public stand; before leaving it, however, he attached a card to it upon which he wrote this legend, "This umbrella belongs to a Scotchman who is six feet tall and can strike a two-hundred-pound blow." He thought that that would insure the safety of his umbrella. When he returned after a brief absence the umbrella was gone, and on the other side of the card which remained

behind he read this inscription, "This umbrella was taken by an Irishman who can run a hundred yards in ten seconds." The Irishman thus never lets any one get ahead of him.

Now, when these two qualities are united, as they are in the Scotch-Irish race, the characteristic that enables a man to know a good thing when he sees it, and the characteristic that enables a man to grasp that thing before any one else, we have the combination which has made the Scotch-Irish race a power in history.

It is an open secret that America derived her muscles of iron and her nerves of steel from England, her brain perhaps from Germany, and her wit from France, but all the world knows that America's heart came from Ireland and her backbone from Scotland. Let more such Scotchmen and such Irishmen come. The trouble is that in these days our orders sent to European nations are not filled. We say to our sister nations, "Send us your best," but when the invoice reaches us we find that they have sent their worst. America has a good national digestion, but if this state of things continues she will soon have national dyspepsia. We can take care of limited quantities of Scotch oatmeal, Irish potatoes, English beef, Swiss cheese, Italian maccaroni, Dutch cold-slaw, and even German sourkront, but we are beginning to realize that these articles can hardly be digested in large quantities.

We have closed the Golden Gate, but we have thrown open the one at Sandy Hook. This is but one of the many dangers which the Scotch-Irishmen must meet in the problem of American progress. There is still work for the Scotch-Irish race. The war was not over in 1865. There is a great war still going on—the war between the evil and the good. Who ever heard of a Scotch-Irishman being in the rear when the fighting was in the front. The church is stronger now than ever before, and this is perhaps the best equipped of all ages for the purpose of meeting great danger, and there are perils threatening our national life which only the blind will ignore. To-day the question is being asked, just as in the days of 1861, "Shall the Union be destroyed?" Let there be a mighty chorus to answer, "No." By those trenches into which we

cast our slain, by all the memories of the old camp-fires, by the great deeds of our heroic dead, by all the miseries of Antietam and the horrors of Gettysburg, by the thousands of bleeding hearts and broken homes, let East and West and North and South unite in one emphatic "No." Let Scotland speak; let Ireland say, "Amen."

Dr. McConnell announced the next toast, "The Western Slope of the Alleghenies—the Breeding Ground of the Scotch-Irishmen," and called upon Col. John W. Echols to respond.

Colonel Echols presented an eloquent claim to distinction for the Scotch-Irish of Western Pennsylvania, and prophesied that this Society would be largely influential in breaking down the sectional prejudice which might still linger between the North and the South.

It is to be regretted that his address was not furnished in full to the reporter.

Dr. McConnell next called upon Col. A. K. McClure to respond to the toast "Letters." Colonel McClure said he was glad of this opportunity to get a chance to "talk back" to his pastor, Dr. Paxton—that Dr. Paxton had it all his own way on Sunday, and he had been waiting for a chance to have his say, and he proposed to have it out now.

Colonel McClure made a characteristic speech, full of wit and wisdom, but it was not furnished to the reporter.

Dr. McConnell then called upon the Secretary, C. W. McKeehan, to read the letters of regret and to report upon the answers received to the invitations of the Society to its honored guests.

Mr. McKeehan reported as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT:—Letters of regret have been received from many of those invited as guests of the Society. However, as you have no doubt observed, a goodly number of the most interesting and distinguished have accepted and are present with us to-night.

I will not consume the time, nor your patience, by reading these letters, with one or two exceptions. I may say in brief that it is evident from the letters of some of the distinguished Republican members of Congress that they realize that the days are numbered in which they will be permitted to serve the country. That on the 4th of March, so near at hand, they will go to that political country "from whose bourne no Congressman returns," and that in the few days left them they must, if possible, save the country from the threatened consequences of the coming Democratic majority; while the Democratic members think they must be on hand to prevent the Republican majority from scuttling the ship before they surrender it into their hands.

We thus perceive a beautiful harmony of patriotic purpose, accompanied by a remarkable diversity of opinion as to what will promote the public welfare. And therefore they cannot be with us to-night.

I have received this letter from Secretary Rusk, of the Department of Agriculture:—

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

Office of the Secretary,

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 16th, 1891.

Mr. C. W. McKeehan, 634 Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge with thanks the kind invitation received from the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society to be present at its second annual dinner, in Philadelphia, on the 26th instant.

I greatly regret that my official duties are at present so pressing as to make it impossible for me to absent myself from Washington at that date, and I am therefore obliged to ask your Society to excuse my presence with them on the occasion in question. It would give me especial pleasure to join you in a celebration intended to honor Pennsylvanians of Scotch-Irish descent, for, American as I am, as far back as Americans of the Caucasian race existed, when tracing my pedigree still further back across the Atlantic pond, I find that I am in-

debted for my existence here to-day to Scotch and Irish ancestors. My appreciation of the sterling good qualities which distinguish our fellow-citizens of Scotch and Irish descent prompt me, I admit, to regard my own far-away transatlantic ancestry with a great deal of respect, and inspire me with the heartiest goodwill towards all those who, like myself, can trace descent from that sturdy old-country stock—stock that only needed to be transplanted to this grand country to grow up under the favorable auspices secured to them by the American Constitution to develop into the grandest people in the world.

Please extend to the members of your Society on the occasion of this their second annual dinner my cordial good wishes, and express to them my regret at being unable to meet with them.

I have the honor to remain, sir, yours very respectfully,

J. W. RUSK.

Ex-Governor Beaver has sent the following letter:—

419 Walnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 23d February, 1891.

MY DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge with thanks the invitation to dine with the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania on the 26th inst. Conditional engagements already made prevent my acceptance, much to my regret.

I sincerely hope that your Society may become permanent and flourishing, and may be the means of securing for our State a more complete and satisfactory history of the part taken by your sturdy ancestry in the settlement of our Commonwealth and in the stirring times which led to the independence of the nation and the organization of constitutional government.

I hope you may have an evening of unalloyed satisfaction and enjoyment.

Very cordially,

JAMES A. BEAVER.

C. W. MCKEEHAN, Esq., *Secretary*.

It is especially to be regretted that our eloquent and distinguished brother, Hon. John Dalzell, who expected to be here, has been obliged to send the following telegram:—

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 26th, 1891.

To C. W. McKeegan, Secretary Scotch-Irish Society, Hotel Bellevue, Philadelphia.

A night session of the House keeps me here, much to my regret; but I am a Scotch-Irishman, and for duty before pleasure.

JOHN DALZELL.

MR. PRESIDENT:—There would seem to be no doubt that we Scotch-Irish are, and always have been, a great and remarkable people. This opinion appears to be held universally among us. I have not heard one dissenting voice here to night, and as I have been listening to the eloquent addresses recounting the deeds of our ancestors, I can see plainly expressed, in every countenance around the tables, the feeling which dominates every breast, viz., “Yes, great as were our ancestors, we their sons are still greater.”

None of you should fail to read the learned and eloquent address of Dr. MacIntosh delivered at Pittsburgh last May, entitled “The Making of the Ulsterman,” for in this he proves to a demonstration, that when the fullness of the time was come that this race should appear upon the earth, all the powers of nature, providence, and grace were concentrated and applied in the making of the Scotch-Irishmen.

Postmaster John Field and his guest, Rudolph Blankenburg, Esq., were then called for and made addresses which were not sent to the reporter.

Dr. McCónnell next called upon the Rev. Mr. Burgess to respond to the toast “The New Englanders,” and he responded as follows:—

The unexpected honor of being called on to answer to the toast of “New England” has left me sufficient breath to tell a short story. Two Irishmen, digging in friendly proximity in

the same ditch, said one to the other, "Mike, what would ye loike to be, if ye had your choice?" "Ah! Pat," was the answer, "if I wanted a good, aisy job, I would like to be a bishop." With an echo of the Irishman's disparagement of other people's work I can only say that, if I wanted a "good, aisy job," I would like to be the toast-master of this most delightful dinner. With graceful jests he summons up his victims, but like a relentless trainer he makes us go through our paces in spite of our protests. Of any competition in post-prandial speech-making I can plead guiltless until now. Indeed I can come off much better, I am sure, than did the old deacon, in a New Hampshire town, of the charge of horse-racing on Sunday. As he stood before the solemn conclave of his fellow-churchmen to answer to the overwhelming evidence brought against him, he said with the thoughtful, deliberative accent which seems to belong by rights to the true New Englander, "Waal, no! I didn't *race*; but when I see Brother Simpson coming along with that new high-stepping hoss of his'n, I jist let the old gray mare out a little, to show him not to trust too much to earthly things."

You have kindly asked me to speak for New England to-night, but, to tell the truth, as I have sat here listening to these eloquent tributes to Scotch and Irish worth, I have hardly been thinking of that little colony of pilgrims at Plymouth, among whom I believe I could, if I wanted to boast, find an ancestor; but I have been striving to think of some better claim I might have to be here. And I recall now that my maternal grandmother was a Scotchwoman, a Mack-something, and though the plaids and the coats-of-arms do not descend through the female line, yet perhaps one or two of those many Scotch traits which we have heard described to-night may still linger in an unworthy descendant.

But such personalities are out of place on this evening when we are supposed to sing the praises of fair Caledonia's craggy shores; when our feet are pressing the heather as we climb in imagination the lofty mountains and breathe the invigorating air. This land with its rugged beauty, its rough climate, its stern mountains, which in the short intervals when the

clouds forget to weep seem to rebuke with their grim visage the smiling sun; this wild and beautiful landscape seems to speak to us of freedom and heroism. Names of the very highest worth in war, in philosophy, and in song spring to our lips. We recall the heroic deeds of Bruce, the high thinking of men like Hamilton, the songs of Burns, the lofty romances of the "Wizard of the North." Scotland has had many noble sons to sing her praises, but perhaps it was left for a Frenchman to pay one of the highest tributes to her worth. Dumas, in speaking of the battle of Waterloo, said that it was not enough to kill a Scotchman, but you must push him down also. That is the Frenchman's way of expressing his admiration for that trait of Scotch character which we can call by no better name than pluck; that courage which knows no turning back and which never says die in all the misfortunes and defeats of life. In love or war, in politics or business, there is ever the same tenacity of purpose which wins the victory in the end.

There are philosophers, some Scotch ones too, I fear, who claim that the two main elements of character are heredity and environment. If this is true, then Scotch-Irish blood, transplanted to American soil, can have only a glorious future before it. Should I to-night speak of the human will as another factor and mention the word responsibility, I should, I fear, prove my boast of Scotch ancestry by that fondness for preaching which was ever the characteristic of that sturdy race. I will therefore close by expressing, in behalf of the New Englanders present, the great pleasure we have in being your guests on this second anniversary of your Society.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

I. NAME.

The name of the Association shall be the "Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society," and it shall constitute the Pennsylvania branch of the Scotch-Irish Society of America.

II. OBJECTS.

The purposes of this Society are the preservation of Scotch-Irish history; the keeping alive the *esprit de corps* of the race; and the promotion of social intercourse and fraternal feeling among its members, now and hereafter:

III. MEMBERSHIP.

1. Any male person of good character, at least twenty-one years of age, residing in the State of Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish descent through one or both parents, shall be eligible to membership, and shall become a member by the majority vote of the Society or of its Council, subscribing these articles, and paying an annual fee of two dollars: *Provided*, That all persons whose names were enrolled prior to February 13th, 1890, are members: *And provided further*, That three officers of the National Society, to be named by it, shall be admitted to sit and deliberate with this Society.

2. The Society, by a two-thirds vote of its members present at any regular meeting, may suspend from the privileges of the Society, or remove altogether, any person guilty of gross misconduct.

3. Any member who shall have failed to pay his dues for two consecutive years, without giving reasons satisfactory to the Council, shall, after thirty days' notice of such failure, be dropped from the roll.

IV. ANNUAL MEETING.

1. The annual meeting shall be held at such time and place as shall be determined by the Council. Notice of the same shall be given in the Philadelphia daily papers, and be mailed to each member of the Society.

2. Special meetings may be called by the President or a Vice-President, or, in their absence, by two members of the Council.

V. OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

At each annual meeting there shall be elected a President, a First and Second Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and twelve Directors, but the same person may be both Secretary and Treasurer.

They shall enter upon office on the 1st of March next succeeding, and shall serve for one year and until their successors are chosen. The officers and Directors together shall constitute the Council. Of the Council there shall be four Standing Committees.

1. On admission; consisting of four Directors, the Secretary, and the First Vice-President.

2. Of Finance; consisting of the officers of the Society.

3. On Entertainments; consisting of the Second Vice-President and four Directors.

4. On History and Archives; consisting of four Directors.

VI. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

1. The President, or in his absence the First Vice-President, or if he too is absent the Second Vice-President, shall preside at all meetings of the Society or the Council. In the absence at any time of all these, then a temporary Chairman shall be chosen.

2. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Society and of the Council.

3. The Treasurer shall have charge of all moneys and securities of the Society; he shall, under the direction of the Finance Committee, pay all its bills, and at the meeting of

said committee next preceding the annual meeting of the Society, shall make a full and detailed report.

VII. DUTIES OF COMMITTEES.

1. The Committee on Admission shall consider and report, to the Council or to the Society, upon all names of persons submitted for membership.

2. The Finance Committee shall audit all claims against the Society, and, through a sub-committee, shall audit annually the accounts of the Treasurer.

3. The Committee on Entertainments shall, under the direction of the Council, provide for the annual banquet.

4. The Committee on History and Archives shall provide for the collection and preservation of the history and records of the achievements of the Scotch-Irish people of America, and especially of Pennsylvania.

VIII. CHANGES.

The Council may enlarge or diminish the duties and powers of the officers and committees at its pleasure, and fill vacancies occurring during the year by death or resignation.

IX. QUORUM.

Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum of the Society; of the Council five members, and of the committees a majority.

X. FEES.

The annual dues shall be two dollars, and shall be payable on February 1st in each year.

XI. BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the Society shall be held on the second Thursday of February, at such time and in such manner, and such other day and place, as shall be determined by the Council. The costs of the same shall be at the charge of those attending it.

XII. AMENDMENTS.

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

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

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

APPENDIX A.

C. W. McKeehan, Treasurer of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society in account with said Society.

Dr.

To dues for the first year received from one hundred and twenty-eight members	\$256 00
Cash subscriptions to dinner of February 13th, 1890	299 00
Cash received from sale of extra copies of proceedings of the first annual dinner and meeting	17 75
Profit on sale of proceedings of First Congress	3 00
	<hr/>
Total	\$575 75

Cr.

By bill of Hotel Bellevue for first annual dinner	\$300 27
Printing	142 50
Stamps, books, envelopes, and stationery	49 03
	<hr/>
	491 80
To balance	83 95
	<hr/>
Total	\$575 75

We have examined the above account with the vouchers and find it to be correct.

Signed,

JOHN A. WRIGHT,
JOHN S. MACINTOSH.

The following were the subscriptions to the first annual dinner on February 13th, 1890, at the Hotel Bellevue, Philadelphia:—

Hon. Joseph Allison	\$4 00	Wm. H. Scott	\$4 00
Dr. D. Hayes Agnew	4 00	Hon. T. K. Finletter	4 00
Samuel Evans	8 00	R. W. Woods	4 00
H. J. McAteer	8 00	Joseph P. Dickson	4 00
Dr. S. D. McConnell	4 00	Dr. J. S. MacIntosh	4 00
W. W. Porter	8 00	Robert S. Reed	8 00
D. R. Patterson	4 00	John Field	4 00
John McIlhenny	4 00	Samuel Rea	4 00
Seth Caldwell	4 00	Joseph DeF. Junkin	4 00
C. Stuart Patterson	4 00	A. H. Christy	4 00
James E. McLean	4 00	Dr. William Thomson	4 00
W. R. Fisher	4 00	A. B. Sharpe	4 00
A. W. Dickson	8 00	Dr. E. Erskine	4 00
A. K. McClure	12 00	J. M. C. Dickey	4 00
C. W. McKeehan	12 00	R. M. Henderson	4 00
G. G. Mercer	4 00	John Hays	4 00
J. B. Rutherford	4 00	T. E. Patterson	4 00
S. R. Dickey	4 00	Dr. M. J. Wilson	12 00
George H. Stewart	4 00	Hon. John Scott	4 00
John A. Wright	4 00	John Mundell	4 00
O. B. McCurdy	8 00	J. M. Guthrie	4 00
D. A. Orr	16 00	Dr. William N. Ferguson . .	4 00
S. C. Logan	4 00	Dr. S. E. Snively	4 00
B. K. Jamison	4 00	Duncan M. Graham	8 00
James A. Logan	4 00	Alexander Stewart	4 00
William M. Stewart	8 00	T. Hoge Patterson	4 00
Justice J. P. Sterrett	4 00	Dr. David Wills	4 00
John A. Linn	4 00	General Hastings	3 00
Henry C. McCook	4 00		
Hon. H. W. Williams	4 00	Total	\$299 00

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THIRD ANNUAL MEETING

AND

BANQUET

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA

SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY

AT THE

HOTEL BELLEVUE, PHILADELPHIA,

FEBRUARY 11th, 1892.

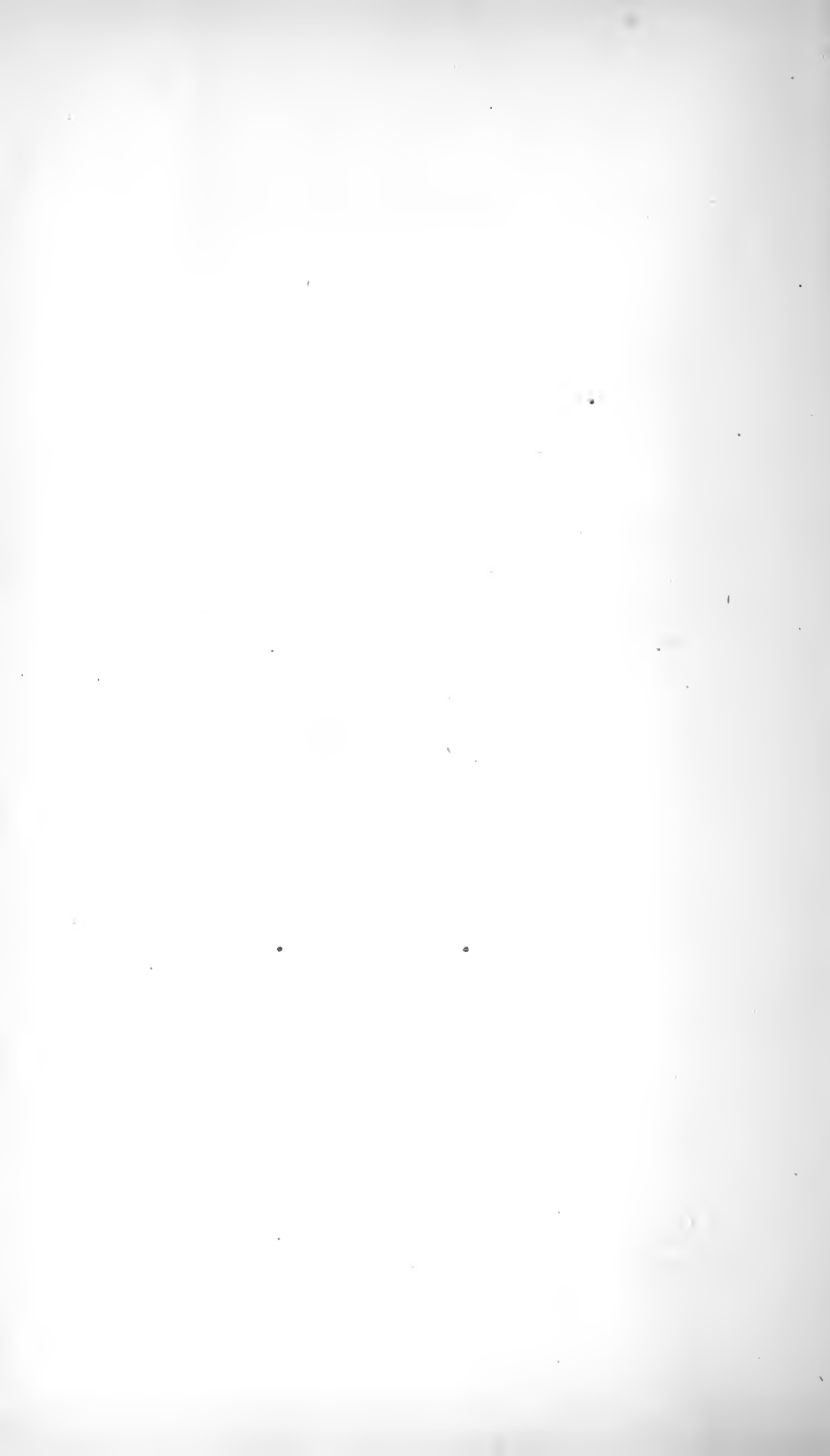
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1892.



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ON ADMISSION OF MEMBERS:

C. STUART PATTERSON, *Chairman*,
HENRY C. McCOOK,
JOHN W. ECHOLS,

B. K. JAMISON,
JOHN MUNDELL,
C. W. McKEEHAN.

FINANCE:

THE OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.

ON ENTERTAINMENTS:

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A. K. McCLURE,

HON. JAMES A. LOGAN,
W. W. PORTER,
WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER.

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J. S. MacINTOSH, D. D., *Chairman*,
HON. JOSEPH ALLISON,

HON. JAMES GAY GORDON,
HON. R. M. HENDERSON.

THIRD ANNUAL MEETING.

THE third annual meeting and banquet of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Hotel Bellevue, on Thursday, February 11th, 1892.

The meeting was called to order in the parlor of the hotel by Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell, the President.

The Secretary announced that during the year the President, Col. John A. Wright, had died, and that at a meeting of the Board of Directors Dr. McConnell, the First Vice-President, had been elected President for the balance of the term.

On motion of Dr. MacIntosh, Dr. McConnell was unanimously elected President of the Society for the ensuing year.

The Treasurer, C. W. McKeehan, then presented his report (Appendix A), and requested that a Committee be appointed to audit his accounts. The report was approved, and the following persons were appointed to audit the accounts: D. Ramsay Patterson and James S. Williams.

The Secretary announced that Col. Clayton McMichael desired to be relieved from official duties by reason of his pressing engagements.

On motion of Dr. MacIntosh, Prof. C. Stuart Patterson was elected First Vice-President, and Col. W. A. Herron, of Pittsburgh, was elected Second Vice-President.

On motion, C. W. McKeehan was re-elected Secretary and Treasurer of the Society.

The following were elected the Board of Directors for the ensuing year :—

A. K. McClure, Hon. Joseph Allison, W. W. Porter, Col. John W. Echols, Rev. J. S. MacIntosh, D. D., Rev. Henry C. McCook, D. D., John Mundell, William Righter Fisher, B. K. Jamison, Hon. James Gay Gordon, Hon. James A. Logan, Hon. R. M. Henderson.

Upon motion, the meeting adjourned to the dining-room, with President McConnell in the Chair. On his right sat Gen. Samuel Wylie Crawford.

Covers were laid for eighty-five guests.

The President, Dr. McConnell, announced the toasts as follows :—

GENTLEMEN :—It is necessary to interrupt, for a little, the strains of festivity that we may have a few notes in a sadder key. It is fitting to pay a tribute of honor and affection to our late President, Col. John A. Wright, who, since our last banquet, has passed over to the majority. We will not deem such a remembrance of the dead as a skeleton at our feast. It is part of the inheritance of our race to fear God and look death in the face. We are also of those who have been taught in God's Holy Word not to be sorry as men without hope for those who sleep in Him. Colonel Wright was such a one. He was a typical Scotch-Irishman by birth, rearing, character, and achievement. He conquered his own education and built up his own fortune. He combined that carefulness for the interests of himself and family with the broader interests of the church and the community in that way which is characteristic of the "canny Scot"—who is canny in order that he may have the wherewithal to be generous. It is literally true of him that he used his gifts of mind and fortune as trusts committed to him in stewardship. He passed to his reward in favor with God and in peace and charity with all men.

I congratulate you, gentlemen, upon the growth and prospects of this our Society. Its accessions of membership dur-

ing the year have been of the very highest quality, and as many in number as would seem to be prudent. For quality in such an association as this is quite as important as quantity. We do not care to confess kinship with any save those who will add something to the reputation of the family.

I cannot but regard the organization of this and similar race associations within the last few years as a most significant phenomenon. It means that the people of the United States are so well assured of the national unity that they can safely begin to trace out its constituent parts. The astonishing thing about America has been, and is, the mighty force of its own personality. For two hundred and fifty years it has been receiving streams of the most heterogeneous immigration. They have been poured into America like mixed material into a crucible. It has seemed, again, that the fire of the retort would not be fierce or sustained enough to reduce and fuse them. But with every new influx of material the spirit of Americanism has grown more consuming. We are sometimes affrighted in our day lest the motley hordes who come to our shores from every quarter under heaven (and it seems sometimes from even a fifth quarter) would prove too great to be digested and assimilated. It may help our courage to be reminded that the population of the United States a century ago was far more mixed and intractable than it is now; and the proportion of ignorant and vicious foreigners was four times as great as it is now.

The unity of the nation was finally settled a generation ago. It was proven by the stern arbitrament of war that the spirit of national personality was stronger than any combination of spirits which could stand against it. When that was seen to be settled it then became right and proper to do what would have been dangerous before, that is, to organize such race associations as the Scotch-Irish Society.

Gentlemen, the Scotch-Irish people have traveled far. Where their original seat may have been, I don't believe even Dr. MacIntosh could tell. The main thing is, they have improved themselves and their opportunities in the whole course of their wanderings. We have the proof before us. Two hundred years ago a Gordon from far-away Inverness sold his

sword to the Russian Czar. A hundred years ago a Gordon led the London mob to sack the courts of law. To-day a Gordon has been found fit by the double test of executive appointment and the people's choice to sit upon our bench. As Shakespeare said of another upright judge: "I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head." I present to you Judge Gordon.

Judge Gordon spoke as follows:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—The toast which has just been announced suggests a theme that may be treated either historically or prospectively. It may serve as a text for recounting the glory and achievements of the past, or for sounding a call to future sacrifice and duty. The temptation is very strong on an occasion like this to dally in the pleasant ways and safe retreats of history. The good cheer and good fellowship under whose softening influence "the horizon of the board" expands "into the horizon of man," strongly invite the contemplation of that common heritage of greatness and renown that so justly constitutes our ancestral boast. On such a theme one may always rely upon having approving hearers. Even a slight "trace" (as the chemists would say) of Celtic admixture in our composition would assure the recital against being pitched in a minor key. Indeed the pure Scot himself has never been accused of minimizing the distinction of his ancestors. Something of the redundant eloquence of Caleb Balderstone when portraying the imaginary hospitality of the Lord of Ravenswood still lingers with his remote descendants on this side of the sea. This disposition towards an exaggeration of the merits and prowess of one's ancestors is universal and from this fact is probably not to be criticised. "He censures God who quarrels with man's infirmities." And yet it is an infirmity, though a generous one. The mistake is in confounding eulogy with emulation. The heir too often extols the thrift of the ancestor and wastes his estate. It is so much easier to praise than to practice; to write an epitaph than to earn a monument.

There is a self-consciousness in the laudation of progenitors that is not infrequently satisfied with mere eulogy. But the eulogists only narrate and generally distort history; it is the critics who make it. To emulate is to strive to imitate but to excel, and to excel is to improve upon conscious defects.

Therefore it is that I think something may be gained by considering the sentiment of the toast in relation to our duties and obligations in the future as citizens of the Republic.

The Scotch-Irish in America have fared well at the hands of the historians. It has become almost trite to say that they were "the choice and master spirits" who inspired, animated, and impelled the forces of revolution in the rebellious colonies. Ample testimony has been borne by every chronicler, even the most reluctant, to the enormous debt owed by the United States to the Scotch-Irish race. Our laws, our social observances, the spirit of our institutions bear the impress of this race beyond all others. Call the muster roll of our heroes, whether on the field of battle, in the conflict of the Senate, in the strife of the forum, in ecclesiastical activity, in the ranks of educators, or in the heterogeneous but honorable array of social and political reformers, and the list will sound like a parish register of the province of Ulster, into which a foreign foundling has now and then been intruded. It is an incontrovertible truism to say that the United States of America constitute the contribution of Scotch-Irish genius to modern civilization.

But, Mr. Chairman, there is another side to this picture; and it is the one which I would like to exhibit in strong relief. Great as is the debt of America to the Scotch-Irish, infinitely greater is the obligation of the Scotch-Irish to America. Let us brush away the distorting mists of prejudice and look the truth fairly in the face. We would depart from our traditions if we were not veracious and were not grateful. Antedate American Independence and you antedate the glory of Scotch-Irish history. Before that its fame is as the first gray streaks of dawn; thereafter it is as the day star when he "flames in the forehead of the morning sky." America presented a theatre for the development and exercise of the Scotch-Irish genius that it had never enjoyed when confined to the knuckle

end of an island, and wasn't on speaking terms with its neighbors. No people will ever exhibit heroic qualities where they neither govern nor are oppressed. This was the singular fate of the Scotch-Irish. They were quartered upon a country that was not their home by a power that never failed to remind them of their dependence and obligation. It would be difficult to devise circumstances better calculated to dwarf and repress all that was great, noble, and generous in a people. Nothing is more marvelous in the history of the Scotch-Irish than that they survived the blight of so baleful a situation. They must have been made of good stuff not to sink to the level of surroundings so depressing. But they kept their pride, they kept their thrift, they kept the school-master always in commission, they read their bibles and they never revised their shorter catechism. It would be vain to speculate as to what would have been their fate had destiny confined them to the contracted situation and limited opportunities in which English diplomacy had placed them. But America beckoned them across the wave and they came with eager steps. No great enterprise ever found fitter agents for its consummation; no people ever found a fitter task for the highest development and exercise of all that is heroic and excellent in human nature. The most momentous social experiment of the ages was to be tested here. The young Republic was to have her foundations laid, and on the soundness and solidity of that work depended the hope of free government, the fate of unborn millions.

The exceptional adaptation of the Scotch-Irish for this imposing duty consisted in their peculiar freedom from insular affections and narrowing traditions. A new nation was to be formed, free, unfettered, and independent. The aggressive spirit of nationalism needed for such a task could not have been found among a people trammelled by the bias of fatherland. The Scotch-Irish became instinct with the American spirit the moment they landed on our shores. It was not necessary for them to be first denuded of any old world political prejudices before they could adjust themselves to the needs and aspirations of the new Republic.

Fortunately for themselves and for the country they were

neither English, nor Irish, nor Scotch, but were a composite and nondescript quality that could adopt at once the loose fitting and airy garments of Democracy in which every limb and muscle had room for free and vigorous action. In their evolution they had subsidized the better traits of all three races and the blended result required a new environment to fairly display its capacities. I hope I will not be misunderstood therefore when I say that their success and their value in the Republic is due to the fact that the Scotch-Irish came here without any bias of patriotism. Their attachments were ethical and intellectual, not local. They were prejudiced towards ideas and principles, not places or systems. This is the only true patriotism, and it is the patriotism of the New Testament. One of the greatest blessings of Christianity is that it delocalized patriotism; it enlarged vicinage. "And who is my neighbor?" said the captious lawyer to the Saviour. The Master's answer was that beautiful parable, concluding with the searching question: "Which now of these three thinkest thou was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?" This answer rung the death knell of the clan and made patriotism comprehend humanity. A narrower conception of the brotherhood of man would not have served for the corner-stone of American Democracy. The trival instinct of the future was to be the cohesive force of moral affinities.

The Scotch-Irish, as I have said, happily came here with no local prejudices or predilections of race, and therefore at once became the most intensely American element in our population. I leave to others the history of their achievements. I desire only to emphasize a few of the principles which they so largely contributed to implant in our institutions and national life, and to plead with their descendants of to-day to live up to and uphold them.

At no time in our history so much as now have we needed that the essential principles of our institutions should be clearly understood and enforced, for at no time have they been menaced by foes so insidious and dangerous. When the Republic was founded and when our ancestors were establishing and perfecting its systems, its enemies were all without, and

open and avowed. To-day we harbor within our borders and protect with our flag the deadliest foes to our most cherished hopes.

The three cardinal virtues of American citizenship as typified by the Scotch-Irish were these: intelligence, morality, and respect for law. They may seem like simple requisites for citizenship, but they are the seminal principles out of which grew those triple towers of our strength—free schools, Christian homes, and constitutional liberty. Anything hostile to these is un-American; faith in them and fidelity to them will characterize every worthy citizen of the Republic and every true descendant of the Scotch-Irish.

Our ancestors were possessed of an almost sublime faith in the capacity of the people for self-government, but they believed those only to be free “whom the truth makes free.” Illiteracy they esteemed as the dry rot of Democratic institutions. To be thrall to ignorance was to be foe to freedom. They knew that to intrust the ignorant with power was to equip the most hideous form of despotism. They therefore instituted the duty of education as the law of self-preservation in the State—they established common schools. Are the descendants of the Scotch-Irish mindful of the lesson?

Sixty millions of people now live under the Republic. There were only about three millions when Patrick Henry startled the House of Burgesses with incipient rebellion. Whence came and who compose this vast accretion? They have thronged your cities; they have pushed your centre of population to the Mississippi Valley; they have swelled your ranks of idle labor, and they are “weaponed with the freeman’s vote.” The fleets still come as they came before, and out of every sea they still bear down with human freight upon your friendly shores. Who makes inquisition of these hordes as to their fitness for American citizenship? Intelligence, morality, and respect for law—who applied these tests, when you put the jewels of the Republic in their keeping? Intelligence! Read the census statistics as to the growing illiteracy of your foreign population. Morality! Go dredge the slums of your cities; go spend a day in the criminal courts; go visit the prisons and asylums.

Respect for law! Ask New Orleans, ask Chicago, ask New York.

Mr. Chairman, if intelligence is to be a condition of citizenship we will have need of our common schools. Leaving the matter of preventive legislation for the present, let us at least hold fast to what securities we have got. We will fail in our duty if we do not "keep watch and ward" over our common-school system. No citizen imbued with the spirit of true Americanism will ever consent to a relinquishment in any degree of the control of the State over public education. If the wells be poisoned what hope have we? The nursing mother should abide in her lord's house.

Carlyle described the French revolution as "truth clad in hell fire." That was not the kind of garment worn by the truth our revolutionists sought to establish. The Scotch-Irish had a suit of Sunday clothes for the American idea, and nurtured it at Christian firesides. It was a Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish jurist who said that Christianity was a part of the common law of the land. We had an appointive judiciary when he announced this doctrine. The Christian Sabbath, the chastity of Christian marriage, and the morality of the decalogue were not accidents, but institutes in the establishment of the American Republic.

"Absolute acquiescence in the will of the majority lawfully ascertained" was declared by the fathers to be "the vital principle" of the Republic. This is the language of a President of Scotch-Irish descent in his inaugural address. It is a fundamental requirement of American citizenship. The outlaw, the dynamiter, the anarchist, and he who holds any other tenet or authority as supreme is unfitted to wear the American name. All such are hostile to constitutional government and it is a protest against them.

A recent writer has said that the Scotch-Irish were characterized by pugnacity, tenacity, and veracity. I think this phraseology faulty as a definition, but without subscribing to the entire accuracy of the description I wish the descendants of this race to-day would display vigorously all these traits in performing their obligations as citizens. Most of us, I fear, have been slumbering on our privileges and forgetting our duties. The

more aggressive Americans we become the more loyal to our Scotch-Irish teachings we will be. I have tried to show why this is true by attempting to define the American idea as the Scotch-Irish taught it. In a brief address like this I could do no more than throw out a few hints. If our gathering together in societies like this and calling ourselves by the ancestral name shall serve to stimulate us to emulate the virtues of our ancestors it will effect a laudable purpose. Let us, however, remember that calling ourselves by their name is nothing, and holding fast only to their more easy and convenient traits is nothing. We must take up their work, we must carry forward their ideas, we must imitate that in them that was heroic, noble, and self-sacrificing if we would be their worthy sons. Let us, whether in private life or public station, uphold, defend, and guard the ark and covenant of American national life from spoliation or contempt. May it not be said of us as was said of the degenerate Greeks,

You have the Pyrrhick dance as yet,
 Where is the Pyrrhick phalanx gone?
 Of two such lessons why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one?

The President:—

GENTLEMEN:—The one thing in which above all others the Scotch-Irish have been prolific has been ministers. Members of the race have been great as statesmen, soldiers, merchants, and men of affairs. But I fancy the secret prayer of every Scotch-Irish mother over her bairn has been that he might “wag his pow in a pulpit.” For this reason wherever the Scotch-Irish go there is a minister. Indeed an old story would intimate he is to be found even where we do not hope to go. A good Belfast dominie once took to task a member of his flock for his long and frequent absence from church. The man plead in excuse his dislike of the long sermons. “Indeed,” said the dominie, “if ye dinna mend your ways ye’ll be like to go whaur ye’ll no be troubled wi’ sermons lang or short.”

“It may be sae,” was the retort, “but it’ll no be for lack o’ ministers!”

Of course it is not to be expected that a minister who is only an Episcopalian or a Methodist will be able to treat a difficult text with that exhaustive precision in which our forefathers delighted, so I will suggest to our distinguished guest the more elastic text—

“Some thoughts on the Scotch-Irish”—and present the Rev. Dr. Buoy.

Dr. Buoy spoke as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—When the Spanish Argonauts in 1492 sailed westward seeking the golden fleece, among the crew of the “Santa Maria,” the flagship of the Genoese Admiral, were Italians, Portugese, Englishmen, and one Irishman. Tradition declares this Celtic sailor first leaped ashore, and I doubt not he was an Ulster man, for it is ever his prerogative to be in the van to lead and never to follow.

But this sailor was not the first of his adventurous race to touch the bright Hesperia, for in 1000, when Lief Errickson in his perilous Odyssey reached Cape Cod, the Sagas tell us, “the inhabitants seemed to them to speak Irish,” while another Saga tells us that all the Atlantic coast below the Chesapeake Bay was called “Greater Ireland.” Nor do we doubt that the brave sons of the Green Isle familiar with Iceland may have slipped anchor and found themselves on the grape-bearing coast of New England and called their new possession Vinland. Indeed, Winsor, the latest biographer of Columbus, concedes that he learned of this new world from Iceland, and Hale, our latest historian, accepts the fact that the Norseman anteceded the Spaniard, confirming the Sagas and leaving no doubt that the Irish first discovered America.

So while we rejoice with the sons of the Latins and honor Columbus as their greatest hero, we do not forget that the primacy of discovery belongs to another family whose very features betray the loins from which they sprung, whose sons, sharing this symposium, if Carlyle were here would repeat

what he said to the Scotch poet—"I see the very Norse features stamped upon your faces."

Nor shall we sulk like our Knickerbocker cousins if the belated Columbian Fair moves westward; nor sit in silence while our Pilgrim brothers monopolize all American history, and put up in Boston the statute to Lief Errickson; but with that judicial spirit which has always characterized the race adjust our history to the newly-discovered facts and enter upon our possession. Nor will it be difficult if that classic definition given by my friend Dr. MacIntosh is true, that "the Scotch-Irishman is a man who keeps the Ten Commandments and anything else he can lay his hands on."

The Spaniards were only a key in the hand of a Higher Power to open the gate of a great empire for the hardy sons of the North, and to-day the race is at home sitting at the gateway through which the Ulster Exodus passed, and the song of cheer may be pardoned bursting from the lips of the pre-Columbians, as they continue the sagas of the one race in two continents.

The Scotch-Irish have made history, but with a modesty proverbial to the race have allowed much of it to be buried. The same spirit that caused the old Norse father to burn all possessions at death, lest the bantling boy might become effeminate and worship his spoils or his sires, has deprived their descendants of many objects of reverence.

The fact is that ancestor worship is a new religion to the race. It is a Boston cult, and allies the Puritan to the Chinese, whose worship of his forefathers is only excelled by that of his western converts. The cult is difficult for the Scotch-Irishman, for he is most alive to-day. When he is as dead as some other families, we will have as fine eulogies over our forefathers and foremothers as our New England cousins, but the vitality of the subject promises to postpone that tribute which some future chronicler may pay to their memory.

We are an ancient people, and the future of the race is not in the past. The family thread runs back a tangled skein, and it matters little where you place the emphasis, on the Scotch-Irish or Celtic-Scot, both are fused in that earlier clan whose

features are not only stamped upon their children, but their racial characteristics are the same as they were a thousand years ago, for fame is not only traditional, but also character. The child is the man.

As Emerson says of the Hindoo child, when asked who she was replied: "I am my grandmother," so in the deepest sense we are the Vikings whose lawless deeds of conquest have only been surpassed by those of their children in the ministrations of peace.

There is a flag in the mast and it points to the North.
 And the North holds the land that I love;
 I will steer to the Northward—the heavenly course
 Of the winds guiding sure from above.

The principles of our rule, Congress, trial by jury, representative democracy and the peership of woman, come not from the South, but from Scotia. In the North were forged the hammer that smote with facile ease the Latin compacts. The spirit, the dower of the race, lay dormant in Ireland and Scotland only to be crystallized into the highest form of self-rule in this new land.

Liberty has ever been the highest aspiration of the race. Our ancestry were a race of hereditary freemen. Ever in revolt against tyranny in every form, they have cast down thrones and overturned altars, and when the battle pressed them sore have dared the unknown sea with the same reckless courage as they conquered kings in victory or cursed them in defeat.

The same unconquerable soul which held the Saxon at bay in Scotia armed their children in Ireland, and caused them to seek the virgin forests of America rather than submit to prelates or kings. They carried freedom in their breasts, and every exile was a temple of liberty.

When the Scotch-Irish were on the ocean the Declaration of Independence was afloat on the Atlantic, and when Ulster was planted here the colonies were free. The spirit creating the exodus of this elect people, making of Philadelphia their gateway, gave to the colonies the promise of political liberty.

Their advent was not a time of rejoicing, and even the tolerant Quaker trembled as Ulster poured out her colonies into the Keystone; but they knew not the heroic material that was in their breasts, and what noble gifts they had brought to the nation, but their children gladly acknowledge their indebtedness to these hardy Northmen.

The clans were strong and self-poised. Expelled Ireland by Britain, they tore away in their exodus her brightest colonial gem, and, changing their position at God's command, made of the new world a strategic point to yield the noblest liberty unto all men, and building up the Keystone by their bravery in battle, wisdom in forum, and truthfulness in church, have made secure the union of the colonies; her strength becoming the security of all.

Whenever you meet with this race the same qualities are manifest, whether on the heather hills of Scotia, the emerald fields of Ulster, or the varied colonies of America. Under all the accidents of creed, the influence of climate, or environments of social life, the race is a unit. The old dowers, as one has tersely said, of "fight, grit, and truth," are still their possession. What made them free, and kept them to the front, are the qualities still in the ascendant.

How clear its leadership in the origin and progress of the nation! We see it in Richard Montgomery scaling the heights of Quebec, and, instead, reaching the peerage of the immortals; in brave and wild Anthony Wayne trampling upon the British, and, in the South, in Campbell guarding the mountain passes and keeping back the foe. We hear the passionate cry of the race for freedom in the young Virginian, Patrick Henry, exclaiming, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third may profit by their example." We hear its cry of defiance in the wild Scotch-Irishman, Andrew Jackson, as the tidings came, the British fleet is in sight of New Orleans, and he affirms by the Eternal "They shan't sleep on our soil to-night;" and they didn't. And its ring when the proudest cavaliers would annul the compact, in the words, "By the Eternal, the Union must and shall be preserved." We see its tenacity when another Jackson,

Stonewall, fights like a demon and kneels so long beneath the crystal dome lit by God's sentinel stars, that we boys along the Potomac trembled lest the brave erring saint should catch the ear of the Eternal, and be heard for his importunity. We see its grip when the silent son of Scotch-Irish Hannah Simpson says, "We will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," and its magnanimity-crowning grace of our humanity, when the great commander says, "Soldiers, take your horses and equipments home with you; you will need them to put in your crops and do your spring plowing."

The intense spirit of liberty colors the whole life of this peculiar people. They were civic refugees, conquering by force of arms freedom of State and by reason in legislation liberty of religion. Their nobler ministry was not military, but civic. The greater struggle was not the wresting of an empire from a tyrant's throne, but the creation of a new State out of the fragment colonies in which the sovereignty of each should be preserved in the sovereignty of all. The crucial hour was not when the sword was drawn and the colonies separated from England, but when the sword was sheathed. John Fiske has truly called the transition from colonial to constitutional government the critical period of American history. That crisis was safely passed by the influence of the Scotch-Irish, who led the colonies in the establishment of religious freedom. They struck the first blow in the foremost State for complete separation of church and State, and the decision of Virginia became a precedent for all the States.

When the cavalier seeing Anglicanism imperiled advocated the compromise that all churches receive State aid, when the Knickerbocker, led by the godly Huguenot Jay, plead for limitations of religious freedom, Jefferson and Madison carried the day for absolute tolerance and complete separation of church and State. To Madison, the pupil of Witherspoon, whose theological tenets, writes Bancroft, he imbibed, we owe the boon; and behind the pupil stood the teacher, and behind the teacher the race who pushed the function of freedom to its logical sequence, who, united with other refugee colonists in the struggle for political liberty, were premier in that more

difficult task of completing a work which gave birth to a Commonwealth, a "free church in a free land."

Their position was the fruit of their character. The Scotch-Irish were different from other colonists. All had passed through fire, but the burning hardening the Puritans softened the Scotch-Irish. Persecution burnt out civic virtues in the former, but burnished them in the latter. The Puritan was the saint sinking State in church, the individual in the community. He fought for liberty, but destroyed that of his neighbors. He wanted men to worship God, but according to the dictates of his conscience. He was devotional—praying all night to the Prince of Peace, and then preying all day on the helpless Indian. The tything man would punch the saint overcome with sleep in the pew on the Sabbath, and the same officer punish the citizen for being overcome of punch on the week-day. He built his theocracy on the granite hills, and, while singing the praise of tolerance, sliced the tongues of dissenters, decorated the heads of heretics, swung the heavenly-minded Quakers into the church triumphant, and tickled the backs of the Baptists as he drove them out of the colony.

Knickerbocker and Anglican in New York chanted freedom of truth, and as an interlude to their psalm of sweet charity shut out the Jesuits, shipped the Jews to Rhode Island, put Makemie, the first Presbyterian missionary, behind the bars to preach to the elect, and compelled the arrant Methodist to put a fireplace in his meeting-house, to publish the lie that it was not a church of God. The gay cavalier in true Erastian style put his church under the State; even the successors of the tolerant Catholic Calvert, annulled his laws and punished dissent, compelling Bishop Asbury to give a third of his year's salary for the privilege of preaching his new gospel.

A little colony of Baptists and the peace-loving Quakers of our own State held the high truths of toleration, but the Scotch-Irish fought for them, and through their work these rejected principles have become the noblest law of America. With prescient wisdom they saw that if the church be a divine institution it does not need the aid of State, and if it be a human society it does not deserve it, and by one blow setting the

church free gave to both a higher liberty. The racial spirit that bound the Catholic Carroll and Presbyterian Henry in one for political freedom united all the colonies in the formation of a free church in a free State, and if to-day in our loved America the creed of the Nazarene holds in loving loyalty many manly hearts, it is because here was first carried out His purpose, "My kingdom is not of this world."

The same indomitable spirit of freedom finds expression in the training of youth. The spirit freeing the State spurned to trammel thought. Patriotism must be intelligent. Political freedom is the fruit of intellectual liberty. The Renaissance made the Reformation. Free thought comes out of free schools. John Knox's system of popular education filled Scotia with thinking men. This race did not alone plant schools in the wilderness and rear log colleges, but they brought more than we can estimate.

Professor Thompson, of our University, has justly said: "The Ulster Presbyterian ministers have not had their credit for their work in promoting higher education in the middle and upper classes. They constituted the only element in early Pennsylvania that was really alive to higher education." They created that academy system which was formerly the honor of the Commonwealth. They aroused the Quaker and German, and when that system was yielded to the Normal School system, Pennsylvania stepped down in the councils of the nation. Many surrounding this table owe a great debt to these schools, and we pause to yield unto them their well-merited meed of praise.

Free thought has ever created liberalism. The guild of higher culture is the most tolerant and liberal of all societies. Ireland contained the oldest guild, for she was "the school of the western world," and from the days when she sent her teachers to the Picts and Scots, to the time when she sent her Tennents, Witherspoons, Nisbets, and Kirkpatricks to this new world, the Scotch and Irish have been our best teachers, and if to-day the nation is gridironed with public schools, and universities guard and keep free the highest intellectual life of the nation, they are largely the development

of the hedge school and the log college, and if to-day we are free, it is because thought is untrammelled.

But the crown of this race is its moral thoughtfulness. The dread earnestness of the old Norse spirit fused with Celtic fire has made this people the mightiest religious force in America. In their hands is the moral premiership of the nation. Ireland has ever been the mother of missionaries, and its wild spirit has never bowed but to the one Name above every name. Patrick, Columba, and Boniface stand for what is best in Christendom in two continents.

America is debtor to Ireland for three of her greatest churches. McCosh bids Presbyterians remember that through the Irish Church in Makemie and Mackie their altars were first reared in America. Dean Stanley reminds Methodists that through Phillip Embury, of Ireland, its first society was formed in the new world. The Roman Catholic Church was but a halting army until the burning-hearted Celt put his enthusiasm into its ranks and grasped the sword of leadership. John Richard Green truly says: "When Scotch-Irish Christianity burst upon Western Christendom, it brought with it an enthusiasm, earnestness, and energy greater than any it found here."

The militant spirit of the race was simply carried over into the new faith when the worship of idols was exchanged for the service of the Master of Galilee. The warrior is but the missionary in a still holier conflict. He did not take off his armor. The shadow of Valhalla colors his creed to-day, and he finds his passport to a higher life by a good, hard fight. He rarely takes a spiritual vacation, and if he does come back a more intense churchman or dissenter. He has never as a race been disloyal to traditions. The French have lapsed, overturning altar as well as throne. The German has deserted and Puritan denied, but the Scotch-Irish have been loyal. Forms of faith have changed, and will change, but the awful verities that held our ancestors hold us, their children. The Scotch-Irishman is a man who so fully surrenders his liberty to the highest sovereignty that he walks the earth as if the eternal were his dower. He lays his hand with such a grip

on the throne that he imagines he carries God with him. Calvinism as a creed and letter may be rejected, but as a spirit it is eternal. The Scotch-Irishman has a hard time with his creed. Hard to conquer politically, he is more difficult spiritually.

His spiritual leaders have put his convictions in the market, but they could not deliver the creed. He has pocketed his faith and kept it from the priest, preferring to blaze his own way to the All Father's home. He is spiritually free because intellectually free. The laureate pictures him when he sings:—

Perplext in faith but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out,
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gathered strength,
He could not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them ; thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own,
And power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone.

The face of the Scotch-Irish is toward the future and in full sympathy with the present. The Puritan is dead and his children now show their love for his ideas by simply rejecting them. The cavalier is dead. The boast of Virginia's Colonial Governor, that public schools and the printing-press could not be found, is no longer true. His feudal domain has been cut up and his unwilling retainers stand in a new manhood at his side. His church, released from State, has found a higher protection. His aristocracy, the privilege of the few, has become the prerogative of the many; the graceful amenities of the old order decorate the new; free schools multiply, while the press, winged gospel of truth, comes alike to palace hall and peasant gate. But the Scotch-Irish live; their political aspirations are our dreams realized; their gift of tolerance, their guilds of higher culture and their religious convictions are the noblest boon of American citizenship, and we, their descendants, owe

it unto their memories and to those who come after us that these traditions, liberty of state, of religion, and of culture, be transmitted unto posterity.

The President:—

GENTLEMEN:—Judge Gordon has reminded us that one of the characteristics of our blood is its pugnacity. This is fortunate; otherwise the Scotch-Irishman would long ago have given up the task of forcing everybody to agree with him. But in their fighting they have always managed somehow to rise out of the ranks and fight as leaders. This has been true in political battles as well as military. We are fortunate to have with us one old and tried leader. There are those here who in more than one political fight have been “Scots wha’ ha’ wi’ Wallace bled.” There are likely some “Scots whom Wallace has often *bled*.” I have the pleasure to present to you the Hon. Ex-Senator Wallace.

Senator Wallace spoke as follows:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—We of your Society who hail from the rural districts are not to be expected to compete with your educated speakers in an after-dinner speech. Our education, literary, philosophical, anecdotal, and gastronomical, has been of a ruder kind than yours, and necessarily much neglected. It is no small effort to us to attempt to exercise these very doubtful powers.

Pennsylvania conglomerate—what is it? In a physical sense it is the base of the mineral wealth of the State. It is the great underlying rock of the coal measures. It is the rock-ribbed structure of our mountains and our hills. It shows itself above the surface, and its depth is from three hundred to two thousand feet. Its structure is what its name imports. Its most simple definition is that of “stones and pebbles united by another mineral substance, and making a harmonious whole.” The concrete created for your streets, or for the underlying foundation of some heavy structure, is the best example of its character. It is a mixed and substantial whole. It cuts easily.

It hardens by exposure and resists the action of the atmosphere and of water. It is a fitting type of Pennsylvania civilization and progress. We spring from and glory in our mixed ancestry. It seems as though in the founding of the State, in its progress, and in its material wealth that there truly were and are—

English and Irish, Scotch and Spanish,
 German, Norwegian, Dutch and Danish,
 Crossing their veins until they vanish
 In one conglomeration.

Here were and are the mixed races of the European world, and the adage of the Dutchman from Cork is verified in our own experience; for Mr. Macwhinney from Derry, who settled in Allen Township, Northampton County, in 1720, and married the daughter of his German neighbor, and whose descendants to this day have pursued the same inevitable line of matrimony, has now at the sixth generation a lineal heir whose blood is nineteen-twentieths German, but whose identity is plainly Ulsterian. Thus we have the German from Derry.

This is an exceptional case, for much, indeed most, of our civilization is stamped with the two predominating attributes of the German and Scotch-Irish. Other pebbles are mixed in the conglomerate, but these give it its strength, its virility, and its prevailing characteristics. Our own race has impressed itself upon the Commonwealth as no other one has. Its aggressive character, its caution, its sturdy independence have been here, as elsewhere, potent factors in the "making of the State." At every point of contact with the enemies of the infant colony our people showed their aggressive and staying qualities. Their caution is a proverb. It is said that South American monkeys cross deep rivers by forming a living chain of themselves from tree to tree upon opposite banks, and upon that living bridge the weak, the aged, and the infirm pass with safety from shore to shore, but when the chain must be detached from the shore that is to be left danger comes to the last link in the living chain when it swings across the chasm. No Scotch-Irishman would, if he could avoid it, be the last link in such a chain. His cautious instinct would forbid it.

His independence in thought, his determination to let no one dictate to him his line of action, is just as marked as is his caution. It is told of Larry Jerome that he found a lank, sandy, and angular specimen of our race belaboring his mule that was hitched to a cart that was deeply mired. Larry said to him, "Stop beating that mule, you white-livered beast; you are worse than Baalam." The instant reply came, "Yes, because I've got a greater ass talking to me. Get up, Jerry," and with more larrupings and yelling the mule was prevailed on to pull the cart out of the mud. The driver then with a leer and a smile said to Larry, "You know no more about mules than you know about minding your own business. G'long, Jerry." Narrow, prejudiced, often arbitrary in his own opinions, the Scotch-Irishman thought for himself, but he assented to, accepted, and elevated the great doctrines of the founder of the State. Defending its frontiers, he recognized the teachings of the governing element, and broadened into full acceptance of the great doctrine of religious toleration and its kindred theories.

In his aggressive assertion of his independence he foreshadowed the teachings of the Celt of this day, and claimed that the land of promise was for him who came and occupied it, and Logan complained that they refused to pay its price. They quarreled with the Germans about the land of Donegal, and only by the offer of better lands in the Cumberland Valley at cheaper figures was the quarrel settled, and to this as much as to aught else is due their settlement in the great valley. The Paxtang boys, too, are denounced in contemporary scribblings as barbarians and outlaws, and no credit given them for the outrages under which they suffered, in the harboring of the spies of the merciless and barbarous Indians, in the massacre of their neighbors, the rapine upon wives and babes, nor for the appeal in vain to the authorities at Philadelphia. We may dismiss the writings of those who thus misrepresent and malign them by the expression of the thought that they are the false sayings of those who "think with their spleen, write with their gall, and pray with their bile."

What has this conglomerate people done? When the fight

was with the Indians, or the French and the Indians, or the British, our element in it was always at the front, and when the time for the establishing of a united government came, the people of the colony impressed their ideas upon the structure and planted them in it. The system of religious toleration, the doctrine of primogeniture, the law of universal suffrage, and the abolition of the slave trade and of slavery were blocks of our conglomerate hewn from out the mass, and firmly imbedded in the Federal Government. They have hardened and crystallized, and are now vital and essential parts of the great building known as the Federal Union.

In the profession of the law a Philadelphia lawyer was first to gain more than local celebrity. Andrew Hamilton, one of our race, by his defense of Zenger, first won great and general reputation, and early established the fame of Philadelphia lawyers, whose shrewdness and ability have since passed into proverb.

In the science of medicine, too, our colony early took the lead.

Pennsylvania's mixed people, its conglomerate people, have no taint of aristocracy, or of pride of birth. Pride of race we have. Upon our great conglomerate base we have aided by our thoughts, our energies, our arms, our characteristic traits, to erect this democratic republic. We have stamped the conservative thoughts, the progressive ideas of the Quaker, the steady industry of the German, and the thrift, the caution, and the sturdy independence of our own race upon her institutions, and our conglomerate people are the best type of American progress.

The President:—

GENTLEMEN:—I think our opinion of ourselves may be gathered from the addresses we have heard or are yet to hear. Dr. Johnson tells of a man who held himself in such high honor that he never spoke of himself without taking off his hat! There was once a celebrated dining club whose first toast was always, "Our noble selves; God bless us!" Now, thinking of ourselves as we do, I am sure it would be a gratification if we

were furnished some substantial facts and figures to fortify us. No one can do this so well as our Secretary, to whom the Society owes so much. I have much pleasure in calling upon Mr. C. W. McKeehan.

Mr. McKeehan, the Secretary, spoke as follows :—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN :—I think we should all congratulate the Committee of Arrangements in that they have been so happy in their selection of speakers to respond to the toasts to-night. I am glad to notice one feature prominent in all the addresses delivered thus far, and which has been adverted to by our President, and that is, that our opinion of ourselves has not during the past year suffered any diminution, and that we still realize that we are the salt of the earth. (Applause.) The addresses to which we have listened have set forth to our entire satisfaction and delight the grandeur of the race from which we have sprung and should stimulate us to emulate the virtues of our ancestors.

As the Secretary of the Society I have to report that we have received kindly acknowledgments of our invitation from the President of the United States and his Cabinet and from the Governor of the Commonwealth and others.

The Mayor of the city, himself a Scotch-Irishman, accepted our invitation, and at the last moment was prevented by his duties from being present. Chief Justice Paxson was also called away to-day, and commissioned me to express his regrets that he cannot be with us.

I will not occupy our precious time when so much bottled-up eloquence is straining the corks for escape by reading the letters we have received with one exception.

Ex-Chief Justice Agnew has sent us the following letter :—

BEAVER, January 22d, 1892.

MY DEAR SIR :—It would give me great pleasure to be present at the annual banquet of the Scotch-Irish Society on Thursday evening, February 11th, and to meet many friends I have not seen for a long time.

But age and the inclemency of the season as well as distance compel me to forego the pleasure of the entertainment.

I am glad to learn that the Scotch-Irish blood still is hot in the veins of the inheritors entitled by descent and characteristics. It is no pale or watery fluid, but rich, red corpuscles tell of the strength and spirit of the race—a race which has fought its way against every obstacle, and placed it in the front of all who crowd these forty-four States.

I trust that those who fill the banquet seats will be many, and may taste the richer feast which a common heritage provides for this foremost, manly race.

Yours truly, &c.,

DANIEL AGNEW.

C. W. MCKEEHAN, Esq.,
Secretary.

I have just received these telegrams:—

NASHVILLE, TENN., February 11th, 1892.

*C. W. McKeehan, Secretary Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society,
Hotel Bellevue.*

Sincerely regret that I cannot be with you to-night. A good Ulsterman by my side, Ex-Gov. Porter, United States Minister to Italy, joins me in sending a benediction to your Society and to the Ulster Roll of Pennsylvania.

THOMAS T. WRIGHT.

NASHVILLE, TENN., February 11th, 1892.

C. W. McKeehan, Secretary, Hotel Bellevue.

The Tennessee Scotch-Irish Society send greetings to their Pennsylvania brethren and extend a cordial invitation to meet with us at our annual banquet on the 21st instant.

PAUL M. TREANOR,
Secretary.

Mr. President, it is related that Socrates said that he was the gadfly upon the back of the lazy ox Athens to keep it going.

I have been looking around to-night for a gadfly to stir up our Society to a little more activity. I think we can fairly challenge any other society to show upon its roll of members a larger proportion of men who have made a figure in the world, and have distinguished themselves in the various walks of honorable and useful endeavor.

I look to-night upon the faces of men whose statues will adorn the public places of our State and city when we shall awaken to the sense of gratitude which we owe to those who have served the public weal.

But we should not be satisfied with our present prosperity. There is no reason why we should not have five hundred members of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society instead of one hundred and fifty. If each member here to-night would bethink himself of those whom he has knowledge of who should be members of our Society, and would use his influence to bring them in, we might multiply our membership many times.

The lesson of my little speech to-night, which I would impress upon every one, is that he shall carry home with him, and charge it upon his mind as a duty to send me the names of those he may know who should be members of our Society. (Applause.)

Mr. President, I take it that an active and strong organization of the Scotch-Irish of Pennsylvania might upon occasion be of great use and benefit to this State of ours. Not in the line of politics, because the field is pretty well occupied, and as I look around and recognize every shade of political faith, and even a goodly number of mugwumps, I do not think we could make any very vigorous assault in any one direction. My friend Dr. MacIntosh at my side suggests prohibition, but as I look at the tables I think we are somewhat mixed on this question also. (Applause.)

Nor do I think we could make a very vigorous showing in any religious movement for any particular denomination. Like a great congregation which once gathered composed of

“ Parthians and Medes and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians,” so we have about every shade of religious belief represented among us, and while we have a goodly leaven of Presbyterianism we have much of other creeds, and if you scratch deep enough I fear there might even be found some false doctrine, heresy, and schism. During the past year I have had a very interesting correspondence with the rector of a Roman Catholic church who was interested in tracing the history of the Scotch-Irish. I sent to him our publication, and at the same time warned him not to be over-sensitive if he should happen to fall upon some expressions from our Scotch-Irish divines which might be construed into a reflection upon his church.

But, sir, our creed and platform are broad enough to take in all men of every shade of political and religious belief, so long as they have the bright red blood of our ancestors and the manly qualities which they possessed and which we desire to perpetuate. What we need in this age is not the teaching of creeds so much as the development of the heroic virtue which our fathers illustrated and exemplified, and the possession of which will insure the safety and welfare of the community.

No man can tell when a great crisis may arise, when the characteristics of our race might be called into exercise for the salvation of the nation; and the time may come when the Scotch-Irish Society may be found to possess the most potent forces to arouse the slumbering patriotism of our people or stem the rising tide of anarchy and misrule. And I appeal to you all to lay it to heart to remember our Society and to work for its increase. (Applause.)

The President :—

GENTLEMEN :—The passing of the years is brought home to us by many facts. Here is one of them : There are now but two men living who heard the boom of that first gun at Fort Sumpter, whose shock crystallized the sentiment of patriotism

into the hard determination to maintain by arms the national life. One of these men was that Scotch-Irishman who commanded, at Gettysburg, the Pennsylvania Reserve, in which your brothers and fathers fought. Miles Standish, you will remember, said as he arose from reading Cæsar's Commentaries: "Some men are writers, and some men are fighters, but here is a man who is equally great as a writer and fighter."

But this man sympathizes with Miles Standish in his dislike for public speech. The only arguments he values are those of cannon, "flashing conviction straight to the hearts of the hearers." For this reason I have hesitated to call upon him. I hesitate still more because of his resemblance to that other soldier, of whom the old rhyme sings:—

Ben Battle was a soldier bold, and used to war's alarms,
But a cannon ball took off his legs, so he laid down his arms.

His wounds were hardly so bad as this, but still so grievous that they have given him the possession of that decoration which we hold in supremest honor—a pair of crutches. I beg to present to you Gen. Samuel Wylie Crawford.

General Crawford said:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN :—I should be insensible to every feeling of gratitude if I failed to respond to your kind reception. When the invitation was extended to me I was moved by it. I had been so long away I was unaware of a society of this kind, and I felt that the longings of my life had been met—that the descendants of the Scotch-Irish had come together. I did not rise to make any speech; I rose to thank you for the privilege of being with you to-night, and I do thank you with all my heart. (Applause.)

The President :—

GENTLEMEN :—This conglomerate of Pennsylvania life, of which Senator Wallace spoke to you, is, after all, mostly made up of two ingredients, the Scotch-Irish and the Pennsylvania Germans. We are fortunate enough to have with us one who

mingles both in his veins, and who is held in equal esteem by both races, having been chosen as their representative in Congress by Westmoreland County, where the races live side by side—the Hon. George F. Huff.

Mr. Huff apologized for not making a speech in a few graceful sentences, and sat down.

The President :—

GENTLEMEN:—I am not sure but that we owe it to ourselves to allow a representative of the New England Puritan to have a chance to vindicate his race. Of course, they, having come to this country at so early and benighted a period, cannot be expected to have the same high qualities as our ancestors who came a century later, still they have, according to their light, deserved well of the nation. They could not possibly find a more fitting spokesman than the Vice-President of the Pennsylvania New England Society, Mr. Converse.

Mr. Converse spoke as follows :—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I thank you for introducing me as the representative of the New England Society of Pennsylvania. It gives me a conglomerate basis on which to stand. I confess, however, that I find myself somewhat mixed up this evening. I attend annually the festival of the New England Society, and as I look around at the participants I see citizens of Philadelphia prominent in every walk of life. I now attend the dinner of the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania, and again I see at your board many prominent Philadelphians who claim the Scotch-Irish as their lineage. The query naturally arises: “How about the other Philadelphians outside of these two organizations?” I am reminded of Mr. Depew’s story, which he told *apropos* of Chicago’s claims for the Columbian Exposition. He said it reminded him of the traveler on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad who stopped for dinner at the Eagle Hotel, in Poughkeepsie. After the substantials had been disposed of the glib waiter girl

announced the dessert by asking: "Will you have apple, mince, lemon, custard, or pumpkin pie?" He replied: "I will take apple, mince, lemon, and custard." The unabashed rejoinder of the damsel was: "What in thunder is the matter with the pumpkin?" And so I ask, after being impressed by the claims of the New England and the Scotch-Irish Societies to the possession of most of the virtues and heroic qualities for their members: "What is the matter with the rest of the population of Philadelphia?"

But, Mr. President, I can readily concede that there is a common ground on which the two societies meet. Both your progenitors and the Pilgrim fathers stood for a great principle. Their patriotism, as has been well said this evening, was not a mere attachment to locality. It was a devotion to the sanctity of religious belief and to the maintenance of the rights of humanity. With both races the dictates of conscience were the supreme law, in defense of which they were ready to sacrifice earthly prosperity and hazard even life itself.

But there is another characteristic of the Scotch-Irish race which perhaps has not been touched upon this evening, and that is its conservatism. I think I remember a Scotch-Irishman in my native town who exhibited that trait to a charming extent. He had been a merchant, carrying on his business in a small fifteen by twenty frame building; had made his little pile, and retired from active pursuits; but he made it a daily point to frequent the front of his store and sit in an arm-chair on the stoop and to feed on the recollections of his commercial life. There was a most estimable old lady in the town, who found one day that she needed for a certain dress a new breadth. She made inquiry at all the stores, but could not get it, and finally she thought of Mr. Nye and said: "I'll see if he can't match it." So she went down to his store, and found him as usual on the front porch. On telling him what she wanted he went inside, opened the shutters—for the first time in years—brushed off the dust, and took down the goods, and finally he brought out the identical piece which she wanted. Great was her rejoicing, and she said: "I want five yards of that." At that point his countenance fell. He looked at her sadly, and

finally said : " I have not sold any goods for twenty-five years, and I don't think I can let you have any of this."

Such conservatism, Mr. President, I think is fairly characteristic of the race which this assemblage celebrates to-night.

The President :—

GENTLEMEN :—One strong point of the Scotch-Irish mind is its love of theology. It loves doctrine—long drawn out, abundant, clearly formulated, with no point left unstated. Dean Ramsey tells a story of a half daft fellow who appeared before the church session for admission to membership. The session were desirous to receive him if they could, and so asked him, as the very simplest question they could think of : " How many commandments are there?" " Aiblins a hunner!" was his reply. So they were obliged to turn the poor fellow away. As he went out he met another man going in for examination. Said he to the newcomer : " Ye'll never win in." " Oh, I hope so," he answered. " Na, ye'll not. How many commandments would ye say there are, now?" " Why, ten, of course." " There, now," said daft Jack; " I telled ye sae. Why, I tried them wi' a hunner, an' they werena' satisfied!" You see, the Scotch-Irish love of theology is insatiable. I therefore have much pleasure in calling that distinguished divine, who knows more about the history and the temper of the race than any man living—the Rev. Dr. MacIntosh.

Dr. MacIntosh spoke as follows :—

GENTLEMEN :—I thought I could trust my friend, the President, up to this point. I don't know how it is about our works, but my faith in him has been staggered. I understood when Mr. McKeehan and I made up that slate—to which our President referred so pointedly and pleasantly, and passed so approvingly, for he seemed to find it strong and satisfactory—I made a bargain with Brother McKeehan that I was to be allowed this evening to enjoy my dinner in peace. I thought it was about time I got one pleasant Scotch-Irish meal without having to talk for it, and here suddenly I am pounced on in this way. It reminds me of the condition of old Margery Johnson, in my

Scotch-Irish parish on the other side of the water. The parish minister who preceded me was in her cottage one day talking to her earnestly, and urging her to prepare for her long, last journey, and all the while he was talking he observed that she was inattentive and was "fisting" with her left hand. At last he jumped suddenly from his chair and seized her hand and said: "What have you in your hand?" "Nothing." "Margery, don't lie; what have you got?" "Mr. M——, I'll just tell you the truth. The last time I was in the church you told me that the call to me to gang forth would come suddenly; so I thocht I had better be ready, and I have saved a wee handful of Bank of England notes, for I have been telt that fowk canna gang anywhere that a pickle of notes would not help ye through." Alas, for me! I have not got my notes with me to-night.

The President has merrily twitted us with our fondness for taking off our hats to ourselves. Who is more worthy of the recognition? I feel inclined not only to take off my hat to ourselves, but to carry it under my arm all the way home, when I think of the progress of a few years. I remember when I went to see my friend Colonel McClure whether the time had not come this State should organize a State Society, and as I look around these tables, see these men of force and hear these burning words, I think we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon that which was done from a small beginning.

I was struck with the clear statement and thorough sense of the peculiar powers of this race as presented in that philosophical and charming address to which we listened with delight as it came from the lips of the honorable judge. I thought that instead of the method cited by him, presenting our race as one of pugnacity and veracity and tenacity, there is another which I prefer and sometimes use—"the race of potentiality, vitality, and actuality." It is the race of all others that has in it the potentiality which is ready for every new emergency, and ever dares to put one niche higher than any other in the arch of bold struggles. It has marvelous vitality. It grows as it lives, and it grows continually, and it continually proves its

actuality—its force to realize its aims by doing great things and living up to them, and aspiring to still higher ones. I have sometimes thought that the finest manifestation of the Scotch-Irish race, apart and alone, was seen on the other side of the water in a growing city of Ulster. Do not imagine that I do not know of very many societies in this broad country, and indeed many States, showing the impress of our sires and race, and these societies are daily multiplying. It is only a few days since I got a letter from a friend in Chicago about a Scotch-Irish Society there to be formed, and he asked me how we proceeded here ; and later I got another from him saying he was surprised to find that a large number of those in the leadership in that State belonged to that race. I also got a letter from a distant Western city, and it was there the same. But whatever may be the fact, there is in old Ulster a city that is the most pronounced and strongly-marked of all Scotch-Irish towns, and that is Belfast, a city to which, as my American friends came, made itself felt by them as the typical American city of Great Britain, while intensely Scotch-Irish. Now, what has the Scotch-Irishman done there ? He has done the three things which I think are among the three chief things for us to do here. He has solved the question of municipal reform ; and it is the peculiar qualities of our race that have enabled the citizens there to settle how they will have the community cared for and the law observed, and the names of those who are administering it lifted so high that no one will dare to question their purpose and purity. And the second thing our Scotch-Irish friends have settled is the question of education ; and they have united secular education and separate religious instruction, and also the question how there can be a broad Christianity, self-respecting and mutually respectful.

I recollect how in Belfast under the leadership of three great churchmen great temperance reform and kindred social reforms were started and carried nobly forward. My friend Bishop Robert Knox, and Bishop Dorrian, and Bishop John Edgar—Episcopalian, Roman Catholic, and Presbyterian—these three men, heart in heart and hand in hand, co-workers, solved to a great extent the difficulties under which the city

and the country were laboring, and laid the foundation for later advances in the temperance movement. I think as we look to that city we can see what in the future may be done by this Scotch-Irish race in solving the questions of our great cities ; and these are among the very hardest problems we have to face ; and in binding together heart and soul, as we are doing here, Episcopalian, Methodist, and Presbyterian, and all brothers in the common race to grander goals and the common struggle for higher privileges. We are only at the beginning of this movement.

I should like to add one word to the appeal of the Secretary. We do hope you will help us to enlarge our circle, and to this end make nominations and hand in the names of your Scotch-Irish friends. We want to have our brothers all together. We look at no distant time to see a great society on the western side of the Alleghenies, and in two, three, or five years the union of these branches. Now what is the reason this race of ours finds itself in so close kinship to the others here ? How has it come that we have been at once the solvent and the bond, making this conglomerate of which we have heard ? Because we have not only the power of doing our own best, but of stirring up others to do their best. We provoke to better works and faith unfeigned in the things that are more lofty, more patriotic, and worthy of God and man.

The President :—

GENTLEMEN :—Two hundred and fifty years ago a company of Scotchmen went to visit Ireland. They were so pleased with what they saw that their visit has been prolonged even till now. But I suspect that if we had the candid opinion of the people among whom they have dwelt so long we might be wiser, even if humbler. I call upon the President of the Hibernia Society, Mr. Brice.

Mr. Brice asked to be excused on account of his health.

The President :—

GENTLEMEN :—There are certain unwritten laws in Philadelphia which we have no choice but to observe. One of them is that on all public occasions Colonel McClure shall be called upon to speak. It would be well if all customs rested upon so substantial and reasonable a basis as does this one. The reason of it is that Colonel McClure always has something to say. I therefore present him with sincere pleasure.

Colonel McClure spoke as follows :—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN :—I certainly expected not to be one of the speakers to-night, but I was much impressed while thinking of our very estimable President who has passed away. He was a typical Methodist Scotch-Irishman. I remember dining with him in December just before the outbreak of the civil war, when we were all greatly concerned as to the country. He relieved my mind by telling me that war was a physical impossibility. I said, why? He answered, because there is not a single man in the South who can build a locomotive. It seemed to me the best reason I had heard from any one as to the improbability of war. After the war began he reminded me that he had forgotten that the Scotch-Irish occupied every State in the South as well as every State in the North. They filled nearly every professor's chair and pulpit. In every element of progress the Scotch-Irishmen were there and performing their part and ready to meet the emergency.

War came, and I need not tell how the South adapted itself to the new necessities.

It recalls to me another occasion of which I am reminded by the distinguished soldier who sits by my side. There was a time when communication between Washington and the North was severed. Treason had broken out in Baltimore, and for several days it was impossible for any communication between Harrisburg and Washington. For the better part of a week the entire North was ignorant of the affairs of the Capital. A consultation was called at Harrisburg. It was the gravest council of war ever held in the history of warfare. Great

generals on a battlefield would know what to do and know their strength. In thinking over the men who were present, and who decided what should be done for Pennsylvania, I remember that every one was a Scotch-Irishman with the single exception of a German, Secretary of State Slifer. The Governor himself was of that type. General Patterson, who was in command, was himself of that type. Colonel Wright, our late president, whose name is revered, was a volunteer aid and a Scotch-Irishman. By his side were Thomas A. Scott and John B. Parker. All of those present of Pennsylvania were of that race, with the exception of the Secretary of State, and I shall never forget one Scotch-Irishman, Fitz John Porter, who sat in that council, a picture of manly beauty. When the experienced General under whom he was serving had spoken with great caution as to the wisdom of passing troops through Baltimore, this gallant young Scotch-Irish officer, with eyes flashing, said, "I would march the troops through Baltimore, or over its ashes, to the nation's capital."

Remember, civil war was entirely new to us. We did not know whether there were a thousand or ten thousand hostile forces against us. We did not know to what extent Baltimore was controlled by disloyal armies. We knew nothing. All was dark as the starless midnight; and it was there decided without authority, being unable to advise with the National Government, by unanimous vote, that Pennsylvania should call for twenty-five thousand additional troops to serve for three years or during the war.

That requisition was drawn up by General Patterson and given to the Governor. His proclamation appeared the next morning, and long before the sun was setting in the west, from every part of Pennsylvania the offer came of thousands and thousands of men in response, to the defense of the Republic. Soon after communications were opened with Washington by a circuitous route, and when this action was communicated to the General Government, we were all appalled at the notification that the troops were not needed, and the language was, "that the Government would prefer to accept less rather than more." When this information came fifteen thou-

sand men were on their way to Harrisburg. Senator Sherman was a volunteer aid, and was sent to Washington to appeal to the authorities to accept these troops, and he performed his duty and reported back that the Government could not and would not accept these men. The legislature had been summoned by the Governor a few days before, and the appeal was made, after consultation with the same council, to the legislature to accept these troops as a State force, and that was done, and this is in brief the history of the famous Pennsylvania Reserves. Fifteen regiments were organized. Before thirty days the Government called for two of them. Three days after it called for another. After a few days it called for a fourth, and finally, three days before the battle of Bull Run, the troops were offered again to the Government, and then they were accepted, and ordered to be marched to Washington. The most frantic appeals I ever read during the war came to the Governor's office on the night of that fated day, when the battle of Bull Run was fought, and the army was retreating towards Washington. "Send the troops at once, to-night; to-morrow will not do. We must have the troops to-night." Message after message came from the same authority which had rejected the Scotch-Irish council of war, and when Washington was terrorized lest it might be captured by the enemy, confidence was restored as the tread of the Pennsylvania Reserves was heard on Pennsylvania Avenue. It was that council of war that gave to the Government fifteen thousand well-organized troops, and by my side is the great warrior (General Crawford) who led them not only at Round Top, but until the last gun was fired at the surrender at Appomattox.

I have told this story to illustrate the men who were charged with the greatest responsibility in early war times, and the character of our President who has passed away, and to pay a tribute to one of the few surviving warriors of Pennsylvania.

The Secretary, Mr. McKeehan :—

Reference has been made to the decease of our President. I know that our friend Mr. Fisher has prepared a resolution, and I ask that it be read.

Mr. Fisher :—

There was a committee appointed to prepare a resolution, and I drafted this on behalf of that committee:—

WHEREAS, Since the last meeting of this Society death has removed from our councils, in the midst of his term of office, our late President, Col. John A. Wright, who displayed throughout his life, as a man of force and integrity in business, and as a public-spirited citizen, the most sterling characteristics of the Scotch-Irish race;

Resolved, That this minute be made upon the records of the Society as a token of our appreciation of his interest in our organization, and an expression of our devotion to the principles of character and conduct which have made our race so potent a factor in securing for the nation the highest blessings of civil liberty.

On motion, the resolution was adopted.

The President :—

We hope we are able to perpetuate the merits and qualities of our ancestors to the edification of those who succeed us, and that can be done by the increase of the Society.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

In Memoriam.

JOHN ARMSTRONG WRIGHT.

BORN IN PHILADELPHIA OCTOBER 7th, 1820.

DIED IN PHILADELPHIA NOVEMBER 2d, 1891.

ALEXANDER BRADY SHARPE.

BORN AUGUST 12th, 1827, AT OAKVILLE, CUMBERLAND Co., PA.

DIED IN CARLISLE, PA., DECEMBER 25th, 1891.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

I. NAME.

The name of the Association shall be the "Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society," and it shall constitute the Pennsylvania branch of the Scotch-Irish Society of America.

II. OBJECTS.

The purposes of this Society are the preservation of Scotch-Irish history; the-keeping alive the *esprit de corps* of the race; and the promotion of social intercourse and fraternal feeling among its members, now and hereafter.

III. MEMBERSHIP.

1. Any male person of good character, at least twenty-one years of age, residing in the State of Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish descent through one or both parents, shall be eligible to membership, and shall become a member by the majority vote of the Society or of its Council, subscribing these articles, and paying an annual fee of two dollars: *Provided*, That all persons whose names were enrolled prior to February 13th, 1890, are members: *And provided further*, That three officers of the National Society, to be named by it, shall be admitted to sit and deliberate with this Society.

2. The Society, by a two-thirds vote of its members present at any regular meeting, may suspend from the privileges of the Society, or remove altogether, any person guilty of gross misconduct.

3. Any member who shall have failed to pay his dues for two consecutive years, without giving reasons satisfactory to the Council, shall, after thirty days' notice of such failure, be dropped from the roll.

IV. ANNUAL MEETING.

1. The annual meeting shall be held at such time and place as shall be determined by the Council. Notice of the same shall be given in the Philadelphia daily papers, and be mailed to each member of the Society.

2. Special meetings may be called by the President or a Vice-President, or, in their absence, by two members of the Council.

V. OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

At each annual meeting there shall be elected a President, a First and Second Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and twelve Directors, but the same person may be both Secretary and Treasurer.

They shall enter upon office on the 1st of March next succeeding, and shall serve for one year and until their successors are chosen. The officers and Directors together shall constitute the Council. Of the Council there shall be four Standing Committees.

1. On admission; consisting of four Directors, the Secretary, and the First Vice-President.

2. Of Finance; consisting of the officers of the Society.

3. On Entertainments; consisting of the Second Vice-President and four Directors.

4. On History and Archives; consisting of four Directors.

VI. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

1. The President, or in his absence the First Vice-President, or if he too is absent the Second Vice-President, shall preside at all meetings of the Society or the Council. In the absence at any time of all these, then a temporary Chairman shall be chosen.

2. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Society and of the Council.

3. The Treasurer shall have charge of all moneys and securities of the Society; he shall, under the direction of the Finance Committee, pay all its bills, and at the meeting of

said committee next preceding the annual meeting of the Society, shall make a full and detailed report.

VII. DUTIES OF COMMITTEES.

1. The Committee on Admission shall consider and report, to the Council or to the Society, upon all names of persons submitted for membership.

2. The Finance Committee shall audit all claims against the Society, and, through a sub-committee, shall audit annually the accounts of the Treasurer.

3. The Committee on Entertainments shall, under the direction of the Council, provide for the annual banquet.

4. The Committee on History and Archives shall provide for the collection and preservation of the history and records of the achievements of the Scotch-Irish people of America, and especially of Pennsylvania.

VIII. CHANGES.

The Council may enlarge or diminish the duties and powers of the officers and committees at its pleasure, and fill vacancies occurring during the year by death or resignation.

IX. QUORUM.

Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum of the Society; of the Council five members, and of the committees a majority.

X. FEES.

The annual dues shall be two dollars, and shall be payable on February 1st in each year.

XI. BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the Society shall be held on the second Thursday of February, at such time and in such manner, and such other day and place, as shall be determined by the Council. The costs of the same shall be at the charge of those attending it.

XII. AMENDMENTS.

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

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

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

APPENDIX A.

C. W. McKeehan, Treasurer of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society, in account with said Society.

1891.

DR.

Feb. 1—To balance from last year	\$83 95
Dues for 1891 received from 127 members	254 00
Subscriptions to second annual dinner	296 00
	<hr/>
Total	\$633 95

CR.

By bill Hotel Bellevue for second banquet . . .	\$282 85
Dakin & Petry, menus	20 00
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing	73 00
Stationery, stamps, &c.	36 10
	<hr/>
	\$411 95
Balance	222 00
	<hr/>
	\$633 95

C. W. McKEEHAN,
Treasurer.

We, the undersigned committee appointed to audit the account of C. W. McKeehan, Treasurer, hereby certify that we have examined said account with the vouchers and find it to be correct

Signed,

D. RAMSAY PATTERSON,
JAMES S. WILLIAMS.

List of subscribers to the second annual dinner, on February 26th, 1891 :—

W. W. Porter	\$8 00	Rev. William A. Patton	\$4 00
Alfred L. Elwyn	4 00	William H. McFadden	4 00
A. K. McClure	8 00	Edward Campbell	12 00
Judge James G. Gordon	8 00	Judge James A. Logan	16 00
Judge Thomas K. Finletter	4 00	William H. Scott	4 00
William A. Patton	4 00	John Dalzell	4 00
Dr. E. E. Montgomery	8 00	James B. Steele	4 00
Dr. D. Hayes Agnew	4 00	Rev. L. Y. Graham	4 00
John Field	8 00	D. A. Orr	12 00
John McIlhenny	4 00	James S. Williams	4 00
Gen. D. H. Hastings	12 00	Seth Caldwell	8 00
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C. Stuart Patterson	4 00		
John W. Echols	4 00	Total	\$296 00

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FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING

AND

BANQUET

OF THE

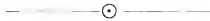
PENNSYLVANIA

SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY.

AT THE

HOTEL BELLEVUE, PHILADELPHIA,

FEBRUARY 9th, 1893.



PHILADELPHIA :

PRINTING HOUSE OF ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT,

Nos. 229-233 SOUTH FIFTH STREET.

1893.

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FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING.

THE fourth annual meeting and banquet of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Hotel Bellevue, Philadelphia, February 9th, 1893.

The meeting was called to order by the Rev. Dr. McConnell, President.

C. W. McKeehan, Secretary, read his report for the year, which, upon motion, was accepted. His report as Treasurer was also read, and, on motion, was approved. (See Appendix A.)

The following officers and Board of Managers were then elected to serve for the ensuing year:—

President, C. Stuart Patterson; *First Vice-President*, Mr. W. W. Porter; *Second Vice-President*, Mr. W. A. Herron, of Pittsburgh; *Board of Directors*: Col. A. K. McClure, Hon. Joseph Allison, Rev. Dr. MacIntosh, Rev. Dr. McCook, Hon. R. M. Henderson, Mr. William Righter Fisher, Mr. James Pollock, Mr. John Mundell, Hon. James A. Logan, Hon. James Gay Gordon, Rev. S. D. McConnell, D. D., Mr. Robert Pitcairn; C. W. McKeehan, *Secretary*.

T. Elliott Patterson, Esq., offered the following resolution, which was adopted:—

Resolved, That the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society recommends and urges the passage of the proposed legislative bill making an appropriation of \$30,000 for the purchasing by the State of two hundred and fifty acres of land comprising the campgrounds of General Washington at Valley Forge.

Upon motion, the business meeting was then adjourned, and the company proceeded to the banqueting-room, the Rev. Dr. McConnell, President, in the chair.

Covers were laid for more than one hundred members and guests, the largest number ever attending the annual banquet of the Society.

Among the distinguished guests were Robert Bonner, Esq., of New York, President of the Scotch-Irish Society of America, and Col. Thomas T. Wright, of Tennessee, who first conceived the idea of an association of the Scotch-Irish.

The speaking was introduced by the Rev. Dr. McConnell, the retiring President, who, after a statement of the prosperous condition of the Society, made a feeling reference to the distinguished members who had died during the year, namely, Dr. D. Hayes Agnew and Gen. S. Wylie Crawford, and then introduced the President-elect, C. Stuart Patterson.

C. Stuart Patterson spoke as follows :—

When I look around this room to-night I realize how great an honor it is to be President of this Society, and I thank you for having conferred this honor upon me. I came here to-night prepared with a lengthy discourse upon the characteristics of Scotch-Irishmen. I intended to remind you of all that the representatives of our race have accomplished in the council chamber and upon the field of battle, but, as I arose to speak, I saw the warning eyes of Colonel McClure, he who makes and unmakes Mayors of Philadelphia, Governors of Pennsylvania, Presidents of the United States, and Presidents of the Scotch-Irish Society, and I remembered that some time ago he had said to me, "Young man, you have some qualifications for the office of President of the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania. In the first place you are an Irishman, and, there-

fore, necessarily modest, and, in the second place, you are a lawyer, and, therefore, necessarily reticent. The time may come when I will permit you to be elected President of the Scotch-Irish Society, but, if that time does come, remember that you are not to yield to the temptation to make a speech."

If it were not for that injunction I should to-night speak to you for hours.

I have said that Scotch-Irishmen have done much in the council chamber. That reminds me that we are so fortunate as to have with us to-night a gentleman who has served his country well in the House of Representatives, and whose services to the State are not yet ended. I have the great pleasure of presenting to you the Hon. John Dalzell.

Mr. Dalzell spoke as follows :—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA :—I count it a pleasure to have a seat to-night at this hospitable board. I congratulate myself that my parents had the good sense to be Scotch-Irish, and that Providence gave me the inestimable privilege of having been born an American. I know of no place where one can more fittingly discuss our Scotch-Irish ancestry than here in Pennsylvania. There is no single epoch in the history of the dedication of this continent to the principles of Saxon liberty that has not a monument on Pennsylvania soil. There is no such monument to whose erection the character and courage, the blood and heroism, of Scotch-Irishmen have not contributed. The milestones in the march of Pennsylvania history from early settlement, through British colonization to American independence, are Fort Duquesne, Fort Pitt, Hannastown, and Independence Hall.

Whether our point of view be that of early settlement, the Colonial period, the Revolutionary period, the Constitutional period, or the succeeding years of prosperity and advance in all that makes our present civilization, the historian can never lose sight, if he would, of the Scotch-Irishman as a potent factor therein.

At the headwaters of the Ohio, Latin and Saxon met in a wrestle for the lordship of a continent. There the Frenchman planted Fort Duquesne, and held for a time the gateway of the great West. There the Scotch-Irishman came, from across the mountains, to fight and to pray. There he conquered the wilderness, cut down trees, and, as the need was, like Paul at Ephesus, fought with men and with beasts. There he illustrated the virtues of his pioneer character. "But," you say, "there have been other pioneers than Scotch-Irishmen; there is no particular glory in that;" and I answer, "yea, there have been many pioneer races, at many times and in many places, but the glory of this one is, that while it carried the axe for trees and the musket for savages it had a Bible in its pocket and a primer beside it."

Amongst its household gods was John Knox, and upon its household altars was written the truth three centuries old in its proclamation:—

"The authority of kings and of princes was originally derived from the people."

The Scotch-Irishmen that rescued Western Pennsylvania from savagery and from the primeval wilderness blazed their way to a civilization in which God was supreme, and man, made in his image, supreme also in his individual right to worship.

This is the glory of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irishman that he was the herald and champion of civil and religious liberty. There was no bar sinister on his escutcheon; his banner bore the simple motto "Freedom in Church and State."

The crucial point in early Pennsylvania history was the taking of Fort Duquesne. When it dipped its French colors to the royal banner of England and was rebaptized Fort Pitt it became and continued to be the centre of a triumphant Scotch-Irish community. And when, later on, British rule ripened into British tyranny, none so soon resented it as the Scotch-Irish of Pennsylvania. As Mr. Bancroft, the historian, has said, "The first public voice in America for dissolving all connection with Great Britain came, not from the Puritans of New England, the Dutch of New York, nor the planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians."

But, gentlemen, I am not here to-night to indulge in historical reminiscences. This is not the time or place for that. I prefer to say a few words as to Scotch-Irish characteristics.

An intense love of liberty, and courage in its defense; an enthusiastic love of home and of kindred, coupled with the possession of domestic virtues; aggressiveness, industry, thrift, the desire to excel—these are the virtues of Scotch-Irish character as exemplified in our history. Upon them have been built substantial communities; from them have blossomed our civilization. These are the virtues that have made their possessors conspicuous. When leaders—of great ability, brilliant, courageous, self-reliant; when followers—steady, helpful, reliable. Who shall say that it was not the blood of the Scotch-Irish Gillespies that stimulated the ambition, stirred the purpose, and fired the energies of that dashing leader of heroic mould, who for thirty years of our history was ever at the front in national affairs; who bound men and women to him with the cords of love—yea, as with hooks of steel; who filled one after another every place of honor and power within the people's gift, save one only; and who was laid to rest a few days ago—too soon for his country's good—amid the tears, and followed by the mourning, of the whole American people—I hardly need even to whisper his name—James Gillespie Blaine.

But it is not necessary to spoil a good cause by claiming too much. Our Scotch-Irish ancestors were not perfect—you would not believe me if I told you that they were. They were hot-headed, excitable, full of strong prejudices, and not overly tolerant.

Their side was always the right side; the other fellows the wrong side. You will recollect that it took the militia of three States, under the command of George Washington himself and aided by Alexander Hamilton, to put down the whisky insurrection. The Scotch-Irishman believed that to kill an excise man was to do no murder. But, on the whole, perhaps, we may say of them as Emerson said of the Abolitionists: "They might be wrong-headed, but they were wrong-headed in the right direction."

According to ex-Chief Justice Agnew, the common school system of Pennsylvania owes its origin and development in large part to its Scotch-Irish citizens. We are accustomed to associate it with the name and fame of Thaddeus Stevens, our great commoner, and so we must; but the counties that stood behind him in his championship of the measure were conspicuously the Scotch-Irish counties, whilst the others held back. Our ancestors knew that the foundation upon which such a Government as ours is must rest in the intelligence of the people. Where the citizen is supreme, and governmental policies, and institutions even, are dictated by individual voters, the health of society and the safety of the State alike plead aloud the cause of education.

So that there is no greater bulwark of liberty than the common school system; that system which throws open wide the door of advantage to rich and poor alike, which lays the foundation of American citizenship, and teaches the way to bright American homes in the culture of the minds and the encouragement of the aspirations of American boys and girls.

Here is an institution worthy of the fostering care and the intelligent study of all Americans. I would make our common schools nurseries not of learning alone, but of patriotism. I would not only have the stars and stripes to wave over every school building, but I would have the principles that they symbolize deep graven in every scholar's heart. The curriculum of every American common school should embrace everything necessary to a thorough education of the head and heart, the morals and the patriotism, of American citizens. Any movement, any suggestion even, of a system, or of a course of action, or of any influence looking to a limitation of the sphere of our common schools, means danger to liberty, and should awaken the fears and arouse the resistance of every true lover of his country.

I do not know whether it was a Scotch-Irishman that drafted the Act or not; whether it was Scotch-Irish votes that carried it or not; for it matters little, because, beyond all question, it was a dominant Scotch-Irish influence that almost a century ago put upon our statute-book the beneficent provision which

sets apart one day in seven for rest. It was the same influence that during all these years has kept unchanged upon the statute-book the Act of 1794, to the moral and physical health and well-being of the individual citizen, and to the security of the peace and good order of society. It was the same influence that wrote into our jurisprudence—as declared by our highest tribunal—the maxim that Christianity is a part of the common law of Pennsylvania. To these doctrines we adhere to-day.

Personally, I care not on what ground you may justify your defense of Sunday laws and Sunday observance. I care not whether you call the Sabbath a divinely-appointed institution, or whether you deny it is so appointed; I care not, personally, upon what ground you put it, this fact remains, that it earns its right to be in the needs of man's nature, and that as a civil and political institution within the conceded powers of Republican government to regulate it has found and justified its place in our American system. I trust the place is a permanent place.

If it be in danger at all we must not forget that such danger may possibly be as readily found in the mistaken zeal of overzealous friends as in the opposition of foes. It is the *institution* whose preservation is of supreme importance to society, not this or that belief as to the nature of its origin, not this man or that man's notion as to the proper details of its observance.

I am one of those who believe that while the Puritan Sabbath and the Scotch-Irish Sabbath of one hundred years ago may fail to appeal to all of us to-day, there is yet an *American Sabbath* absolutely essential to the health of society and worthy of the protection of the law. And I am one of those who would make that Sabbath an exhibit at Chicago in this present year of our Lord.

My countrymen, the necessity has not ceased to exist for the cultivation of the virtues of Scotch-Irish character. We are in the midst of stirring times. Many and grave are the problems that face us for solution. Warring factions make noise and turmoil in the advocacy of their varied theories. New

men are constantly coming to the front. Strange doctrines as to the relations to each other of different elements in society and in the State make themselves heard. Great questions of finance, of economics, of the proper boundaries of power, questions as to immigration, as to quarantine, questions local and questions national, present themselves as the Republic crosses the threshold of its second century. Our growth has been so steady, so natural, so tremendous, that before we knew it we have taken a position among the nations of the earth that brings us into relations and suggests to us possible obligations to others and to ourselves of which we have never dreamed.

Shall we continue to exercise authority only within the bounds over which our flag floats, or shall we carry the stars and stripes to the northward and to the southward? In a word, shall we dominate this western continent and the isles of the sea, or shall we shut ourselves up within our present limits to be surrounded by other and possibly hostile powers?

This question is a serious one and has two sides; but I believe I speak the sentiments of the great American people when I say that that policy must be the true one—whatever may be its details, and therein lie the difficulties—which shall give this side of the Atlantic to Americans and not to Europeans, to republican and not to monarchical control.

I said we needed the cultivation of the virtues of the Scotch-Irish character. We need more than that. We need the virtues of all the races—Puritan and Cavalier and Northman—that like our own sought here on the soil of this virgin continent freedom through trial. And, thank God, we have them all in the composite American, heir of many houses, with added virtues of his own, developed and ripened in the rich sunshine and the bracing air of American freedom.

The President:—

GENTLEMEN:—The Scotch-Irish in the past and in the present have devoted much study and thought to the science of theology, but even the Shorter Catechism and the Westminster Confession of Faith have not eradicated Irish humor.

We have with us to-night a clergyman who has somewhat to say to us of that Scotch-Irish vocabulary in which are combined earnestness, and pathos, and humor. I now present to you the Reverend Dr. McCook.

Dr. McCook spoke as follows :—

TRANSPLANTED SCOTCH-IRISHISMS, THEIR OUTSHOOTS
AND TRANSFORMATIONS.

The influence of the Scotch-Irish dialect upon the prevalent speech of Americans has never been traced. So far as I know no serious effort has been made in that direction, and the purpose of the address which I am presently to make is not to enter upon a serious study, but rather to break the ground, and, if possible, open up some lines along which those who have the leisure, opportunity, and mental furnishings may push the subject to a ripe conclusion. It is, surely, a matter of great interest from the standpoint of the historian, if not of the philologist, to know that dialect of the English language which our Scotch-Irish ancestors brought to America, and to trace the changes wrought upon it by the conditions of their new life. The problem becomes even more interesting when we seek to determine to what extent that dialect has controlled, by modification or addition, the vulgar tongue of our people. That its influence has been large can easily be shown; and it will probably appear that it has been far greater than even Scotch-Irishmen would suspect.

We may consider that two principal centres of distribution of the Scotch-Irish element in America existed a hundred years ago. One was Philadelphia, whence the tide moved along the Delaware River and Atlantic Coast southward through Virginia and the Carolinas, and westward along the mountains of Tennessee, and so onward to the Gulf States. The other centre of distribution was the region lying around the headwaters of the Ohio River. Indeed, all along the trail from Philadelphia to the Ohio River the Scotch-Irish were scattered, occupying the fertile and beautiful valleys and mountain slopes

of the Alleghenies, pushing thence southward along the Cumberland and Shenandoah Valleys, and occupying Maryland and Tennessee.

But the western counties of Pennsylvania formed the most important distributing point. Large numbers of Ulster emigrants followed the Irish insurrection known as the Oak Boy rising, and subsequently that of the Steel Boys. Many of these drifted westward to the counties of Allegheny, Westmoreland, Fayette, and Washington, then the extreme border of western occupation. Here many of the Scotch-Irish Revolutionary veterans settled upon the bounty lands provided by the Government and State, and, together with descendants of earlier migrations, united with the newcoming immigrants to people that fertile section. A hundred years ago perhaps nine-tenths of the entire population occupying the western counties around the headwaters of the Ohio were immigrants from Ulster, or descendants therefrom. Thence the Scotch-Irish settlers moved westward along either bank of the Ohio River, forming the chief factor in the earliest populations of Kentucky, Ohio, Southern Indiana, and Illinois. They were the packmen of the pioneer days, and their descendants became the keel-boatmen and flat-boatmen of the first decades of the nineteenth century. The most vigorous characters both in virtue and vice among the Western pioneers were derived in large proportion from this stock.

Thus arose the Ulstro-American, and, as a matter of course, he impressed his language, as well as his character, religion, and civil ideas upon the new-formed communities of the West. The vigorous character of that language is seen in the many survivals that may be traced along all the lines of distribution, among the immigrants of all nations and sections, including the negro race. The warp and woof of the Ulstro-American dialect is, of course, the Scotch, and many words, phrases, sayings, and proverbs of pure, or nearly pure, Scotch have been preserved in those sections as archaisms, just as New England Americanisms, or "Yankeeisms," are now seen, after many years of ridicule by Anglican purists, to be simply archaic Anglicanisms that have survived in the isolated

centres of America, while they have undergone a process of decay or obliteration in the land of their origin.

It so happened that my birthplace in Eastern Ohio, in one of the counties adjoining the Pennsylvania border which was first struck by the tide of Western migration, was a remarkably interesting and fruitful field for studying the elements out of which the Western and Southwestern American dialects have been formed. The dominant population was Scotch-Irish. With these were intermingled large numbers of Pennsylvania Germans of the old Palatinate or German Reformed stock; a few New Englanders, who had filtered downward from the Connecticut Reserve just north of us; a colony of Highlanders with their Scotch ways and Gaelic tongue; and a large and important element of Quakers from Eastern Pennsylvania. Thus the population of Columbiana County, Ohio, in which I was born, brought up, and married, was a curious conglomerate, and the elements were constantly fusing by marriage and intermarriage, so that current customs and language have traces of all these elements. To show how the various populations interblended I may say that my father, though a Washington County Pennsylvanian by birth, was the son of an Ulsterman from near Belfast and a Scotch woman from Glasgow. My mother was a Connecticut lady, whose ancestors came to America in 1630. The lady whom I married in our native county is of pure German blood, her forebears for at least a hundred and seventy-five years having dwelt among the Palatinate Germans of Pennsylvania. It could not but be, under such admixture of nationalities, that dialect would be more or less influenced thereby.

Nevertheless, such is the vigor of the Scotch-Irish dialect that it easily mastered and absorbed the others. I feel warranted in saying this from material in hand. I have for several years, in a quiet way, amused myself by preparing a list of colloquial words and phrases, sayings and proverbs, with a view of forming a vocabulary which would fairly represent not only the current speech of the Ulstro-American population at the close of the last century, but the gradual changes in the dialect which appeared at the close of the first

quarter of the present century. I have drawn most largely from memory, although I have also consulted native Americans of Scotch-Irish stock, as far as possible from the regions alluded to. The material that has already accumulated is of the most interesting character, and will form, I venture to hope, a basis of studies for some one who will be willing to seriously undertake the task.

As the matter now lies in my mind, what is required is, first, to collect all the colloquialisms that can possibly be obtained, before the work of the schoolmaster, the editor, and the preacher has entirely obliterated them from American speech. In the second place, to hunt down every one of these words to its origin, tracing it as far as possible through its changes, and thus determine the evolutionary processes by which it has been formed. Third, simply as necessary to accomplish the purpose in view, it will be required to study somewhat carefully the original Ulster dialect itself, in order to decide what words have directly sprung therefrom and what are due to the influence of other sources of American migration. At all events, and I would like to impress that especially upon those who now hear me, I am not attempting a vocabulary of the Ulster dialect as it obtains in the North of Ireland, but rather of a dialect such as I know and believe to have prevailed in America during the early part of this century, and which in greater or less degree, and in one form or another, still will be found in the current tongue of the people.

We ought heartily to concur with our honorable Secretary in the wish that our Society may undertake more serious work than a yearly banquet and its post-prandial oratory of wise and witty laudations of ancestors and congratulations of ourselves, and all in the most general terms. Such speeches are of necessity ephemeral. I offer myself to-night as a sort of free-will sacrifice to our Secretary's wise policy and take the risk of your disapprobation by eschewing my invitation to make a speech, and submitting to you instead a few extracts from my Scotch-Irish American vocabulary. Before reading I earnestly request all fellow-members to co-operate with me in this work, by rummaging their own memories, catechizing their

older kindred and friends, and forwarding to me such approved Scotch-Irishisms as they may gather together. If this work is ever to be done it must be undertaken soon. Time and Young America won't wait for us. The schoolmistress and college professor are abroad; and ere long, unless a healthy reaction set in, the dear old dialect, so sappy and melodious, and fragrant in our memories with the associations of auld lang syne as the words fell from the lips of boyhood's lovers and friends, will be lost beyond recovery.

All this by way of introduction. And now to my speech! I have tried to increase the interest of these samples from my vocabulary and somewhat diminish the natural dryness of such work by rudely classifying the words into several groups whose contents are more or less related.

I. TERMS EXPRESSING STATES OF MIND AND EMOTIONS.

The vocabulary is rich in words and phrases expressing conditions of mind and the state of the emotions. If one were cross or out of sorts he was described as "crabbed;" as "glum," gloomy or morose; or as "grumpy," that is, grumbly or grumbling. If angered, he was "riled;" if confused, he was "flustered;" and if in the extremity of confusion, he was "all through other." A sensitive or irritable condition was described as "techy" (touchy), and one in pursuit of a fad, in the old Scotch phrase had "a bee in his bonnet." If a subject were regarded in a doubtful light it was spoken of as "jубous," or, again, as "juberous," obviously forms of dubious, though as used in the West they have a wider meaning. "Afeared," for afraid, was used alongside of "feared."

If one were in a generally disagreeable state of mind he was feeling like "all possessed," and was described by his neighbor as "lookin' like all possessed," and in a little more advanced state of aggressiveness was described as "actin' like all possessed," terms easily traced to the demoniacal possessions of Scriptures. A pert person was described as "brash," or "smart," thus: "Don't you think yourself smart?" or simply by the expletive, "smartie." A "smart" young woman was well dressed, and so by gradual evolution anything in

good condition was "smart," or "right smart," and the term at last came to apply to quantity as well as quality. A clever or bright-minded person was either "smart" or "cute." A stubborn man was "contrairy," an impudent man was "sassy," his outgivings were "sass," and he himself was a "sass-box." These terms were in use among the descendants of the Scotch-Irish, though they are probably New England derivatives for "sauce."

If a man was bashful he was described as "sheepish," and if silly he was known as "daft." A lumbering, awkward fellow was "gawky," or a "gawk;" a very talkative man was a "blatherskite," or simply a "blather;" while a flatterer was a "blarney;" a stupid lad was a "numskull;" a cunning maid was a "sly puss;" a worthless fellow was a "ne'er do weel," or "no good," or "doless;" an awkward lad a "hobbledehoy," or a "lout;" a slow-going chap was a "poke;" and one who was inclined to be "fast" was "a limb."

"Canny" had a varied use, sharing with "close-fisted," "stingy," and "near" the designation of an economical or penurious person. A clever person was "canny," a pretty lass was "canny," a tricky fellow was "canny," while a person or object of doubtful or weird character was "uncanny." When a man rued his bargain he was an "Indian-giver," a phrase which gives good evidence that certain characteristics of Indian agents and of the Indian Department originated at an early period of our history.

A somewhat sickly person was a little "brash," or he was "porely," or "out of sorts," or "rather frail," a dubious phrase when applied to womankind in current English. Again, he was "pawky," or "failing" (in failing health), a word of doubtful import in business circles, but which, like "frail," had a physical sense alone. An Ulstro-American of the fourth generation remembers that his grandfather at family worship always spoke of man's perishing nature in the phrase, "we're frail an' decrepit creaturs." The terms "slazy" and "slimsy," derived from (or shall we say imparted to?) the dry-goods trade, and expressing lack of body in the material, I remember as used to express that weak condition which all new settlers

in malarial regions have learned to know so well. "Limpsy," from limp, was used in the same sense.

When one felt finely he was "tip top," or was "right smart," or simply "smart." Sometimes he was "peart," or "right peart," or "mighty peart," or "chipper;" and in a further stage of happiness was "chuck full an' runnin' over," or "tickled to death." If his health or spirits were not positively satisfactory, he was "only so-so," or "middlin'."

When the Scotch-Irishman thought, he "opined;" when he speculated, he "reckoned." If he was ignorant of a thing it was "unbeknownst" to him;" what he doubted, he "mis-doubted;" what he suspected, he "suspicioned;" what he disliked, he "misliked;" and what he recollected, he "minded;" what he longed for, he "hankered after;" when he pretended, he "let on;" when he concealed his thoughts, he "never let on;" when aught was to be avoided, he "gave it the go-by;" and on the few occasions when he recognized that he was fairly beaten, he declared "it was no go."

The complimentary phrases were significant, if they were not numerous. A "brave" fellow was not necessarily a courageous one, but a "good looking one," and to do a thing "bravely" was to do it well. So a "brave" action was a good or commendable one. A very good thing was "powerful" good, and equally might be "powerful" bad, and "powerful weak" was as prevalent as "powerful strong." A "rare" object or quality was not unique or scarce, but was simply valuable or intense, as a "rare good meal." The word "mighty" was constantly used as a sort of superlative degree to take the place of very in the high degree of "veriness," as "mighty good," or "mighty poor," or "mighty fine," or even, quite regardless of consistency, "mighty weak."

A promising object was a "likely" one; a thing in a good condition was in a "likely" condition; a fine maid was a "likely lass." The Scotch word "douce" was prevalent in the original Scotch sense, but was usually explained by the additional "fine," as a "douce fine fellow," or a "deuced fine girl." Pretty was "purty," and the lasses were as "purty as a pictur," or as "purty as a posey." The Scotch "wee," for little, had a pet

diminutive, "weenie," which has passed into nearly universal use, and the stem word survives in the not very creditable phrase, "a wee drap," in which connection it was like Rory O'More's dreams, that "always go by contrairies, my dear!"

Terms of combativeness or expressions of anger are not so numerous as one would expect, considering the character which the Scotch-Irishman has made for himself as a burly antagonist, and ready to fight at the drop of the handkerchief. Nevertheless, one who would challenge another to controversy could "banter" or "dar" (daur) him. The last word, a genuine Scotch importation, had a varied differentiation into such forms as "darst," "dast," "durst," together with their negatives, "darsent," "darstent," "dassent," and "dursent." A more sounding challenge was "You're afeard to knock a chip off my shoulder," and a fellow who was in an especially combative mood and "spoiling for a fight" was described as "runnin' around with a chip on his shoulder." If one were angry with his neighbor so as not to be on speaking terms, he was "at outs" with him, or simply "mad;" "Tom and Bill are mad" was a common expression among school-boys, and when they became reconciled they "made up." When one's temper was aroused he was "disgruntled," or his "dander was up."

II. TERMS OF DIRECTION, SIZE, QUANTITY, &c.

A number of characteristic words were used to express direction, size, quantity, &c. "Furder" and "farder," with their superlatives, "furdest" and "fardest," are examples; and equally so was "nearder" for nearer, with no apparent reason except analogical sympathy. Forward had two pronunciations, one dropping the "w" became "for'ard," and the other dropped both "w" and "r" and became "forad." When a man crossed on a diagonal he went "cat-a-corner." The distance of a mile was the "len'th of a mile." Opposite a thing was "fernenst," or "ferninst," or simply "fernent" it; and when near by a thing, or just over against it, he was "anent" it.

The prefix "be" in such words as between, behind, and before was changed into "a," becoming "atween," "ahint," and "afore," the latter expression having an allowable survival in the dignified circumlocution "aforetime." The vowel "a," as a prefix to the present active participle, by the way, was frequently used; as, for example, "a-going," "a-coming," "a-reading," &c. In these positions it was apparently equivalent to the preposition "at," as "at-reading," &c. The word "along" had a curious diversion, to mean on account of, as when one would say that such and such a thing happened "all along" of this or that, meaning thereby that it happened on account of this or that. Time was measured by "agin," as "I've been in the country sax months agin Aprile."

Terms of size and quantity have already been referred to, as "wee" and "weenie;" but "weenie bit" was a diminutive, and "weenie, teeny mite" an intensive diminutive for the least possible morsel. "Lots" was a word in frequent use, and also "heaps," and an odd and curious combination was "lots an' gobs," a prevalent expression for a great quantity or a great number; a "gob" was a mouthful, perhaps from the Gaelic for mouth; and "none of your gab," was equivalent to "shut your mouth." "Stop your gab," was our Americanized form of the Scotch saying "hand your gabs!"

III. VERBAL PECULIARITIES AND TRANSFORMATIONS.

There was a tendency to convert certain irregular verbs into regular, by rejecting the ordinary past form and adding "ed" to the present. For example: "drawed" for drew, "telled" for told, "knowed" for knew, "hurted" for hurt, "teached" for taught.

The word "to," whether used as a preposition or as a verbal particle, appears to have been rather unpopular. The common word "to," for example, was "til," and "into" was "intil." Such expressions as "ought to," "ought to do," became "oughter," "oughter do;" "mind to" became "mindter," or "mineter;" "mean to," "meanter." On the other hand, "to" had its innings in such an idiom as "here's a dollar to you!"

One might note here a strange preference for the final "r,"

instead of other consonants, as "childer" for children, "hunder," for hundred. The same tendency appeared in the construction of such words as "kinder," and "sorter," which originally were "kind of," "sort of;" thence the Scotch o' for "of," "kind o'," "sort o'," and so by gradual development, "kinder" and "sorter." The variation is still common as "kindeh," "sorteh," a closer survival of the original.

A strange preference was shown for adding a final "t" to words, particularly those ending in "s" or "d" sounds, as "oncet," for once, "twicet," for twice, "acrost," for across, "chanet," for chance; "helt," "kilt," "ast." The Irish "t," by the way, is of special interest. Nothing could be more unlike the original than the manner in which it is rendered by certain persons who give character recitations. Who, for example, ever heard "wahter" called "wather," by the Ulstrian? The Irish "t" was, and still is, pronounced very much like our ordinary "t," except that the tip of the tongue is pushed upward against the roof of the mouth and the teeth of the upper jaw, so that the sound is somewhat prolonged when it is expelled, and is then thrown out with decided force and aspiration. I remember that the boys of my age and set had a popular shibboleth for testing a genuine Irish tongue, which was the phrase "thunder, thumb, and thump." The native "sodder" was always sure to pronounce it "ttunder, ttumb, and ttump."

IV. PLEONASTIC AND REDUNDANT TERMS.

The Ulstro-American dialect gives some striking examples of elisions, with the idea doubtless of making a compact and forceful expression. For example: to "fall to" or "set to" or, as sometimes, to "turn to" or "turn in," were phrases having a varied meaning, but always expressed more than could ordinarily be put within the compass of two words. At table "fall to" meant to begin to eat; in the field or forest "set to" meant to begin to do the work in hand; in the school-boy's fistic ring it meant begin the fight, and was, indeed, the name of the fight itself.

A curious elision occurs in the use of "from," as in the phrase "from he came," instead of "from the time that he

came ;” “ their lone ” meant “ by themselves. ” “ Through other ” was a brief expression for an inextricable state of confusion. “ Agin, ” derived from against, was used for “ by the time of, ” or “ at such a date. ” “ The critturs ” included all the stock, and “ lookin’ after the critturs ” was caring for all the domestic quadrupeds and fowl of the establishment. The word “ like ” was used with apparent redundancy, but it always gave some shade of limitation or qualification to the sentence, meaning “ as it were ” or “ in a manner ; ” for example : “ this vocabulary is a-gettin’ a little prosy-like ! ”

On the other hand, certain circumlocutions prevailed, and have kept their place in many sections even to this day, in the teeth of the American tendency to abbreviate. For example: the American Ulsterman would say “ fer til do ” a thing instead of simply to do it ; “ fer til’ go, ” instead of “ to go ; ” “ inunder ” was circumlocution for under. A comb was a “ reddin’ comb, ” a curious redundancy indeed, although a good woman at my side has suggested that there was a marked distinction here, as a “ reddin’ comb ” was a coarse-toothed comb intended to “ red (redd) out ” the hair, as distinguished from a fine comb for smoothing down the hair—and so forth. By the way, “ to comb one’s wool ” was to give him a thorough scolding or punishment, and the peculiarity of one who seldom punished but did it thoroughly when he got at it, was ominously described in the proverb : “ comb seldom, comb sore ! ”

A striking circumlocution was shown in the unwillingness among certain classes to use the name of the Deity, who was spoken of as the “ Goodman, ” and an expression of thankfulness to Him was not “ thank God, ” but “ thank Goodness. ” A similar diffidence sometimes marked allusion to Satan as the “ badman. ” The last-named person, by the way, was usually called “ Sattan, ” as in the rhyme : “ God made Sattan, Sattan made sin, God made a pit and put Sattan in ! ”

V. LOVE-MAKING PHRASES.

The few prevalent courting phrases were odd and rather picturesque. Young people beginning love passages were

“casting sheep’s eyes;” when a little further advanced they were “sparkin;” and in a serious state of progress they had “taken up” or “tuk up” with one another. A bashful gallant would be admonished to “spunk up to” his “gial,” and when “he would a wooing go” he went to “set up with” his Jean. Time forbids more than a mention of that mysterious method of courtship known as “bundling,” which certainly prevailed in Scotch-Irish communities in Western Pennsylvania.

VI. EXPLETIVES AND INVECTIVES.

One of the most interesting and curious studies is furnished by the expletives and invectives prevailing throughout the entire region most influenced by the Scotch dialect. It seems impossible in many cases, at least it is for the present speaker, to find any reasonable origin for them. Here are some of the expletives: “geewhillikins,” “jiminny,” “gosh,” “gosh-a-mighty,” “golly,” “dearie me,” “sakes alive,” “land sakes,” “my fathers,” “goodness,” “declare to goodness,” “thank goodness,” “goodness gracious me,” “I’ll be bound,” “I’ll be blowed,” “my crackies,” “deed and double.” “Cross my breast” savors evidently of the relics of Popery, which we would hardly expect among Ulster Presbyterians. “Good land” and “land o’ liberty” smack of the American soil, and are probably survivals of the spread eagle period of our oratory.

The invectives are even more characteristic: “Dang it,” “dod rot it,” “drat it;” “bad cess,” for bad luck. “Shame a haet” is a pure Scotch expression, no doubt meaning (very positively) not a bit! The word “haet” is Scotch for “bit,” and one finds it in the stories of Sir Walter Scott. “Not a haet” was a common phrase in my time, though “shame a haet” was more rare. Another Scotch expletive is “dawg-on it,” and “I’ll be dawg-oned.” I am informed that this term is still used, at least in the neighborhood of Edinburgh, where it sometimes has the form “dawgs-on it,” or “dogs on it!” Edward Eggleston, in the last edition of his “Hoosier Schoolmaster,” has called attention to the fact that Barrie, in his “Little Minister,” places the word frequently in the mouth

of some of his Scotch characters, in precisely the above invective use. It is spelled there "dagon," and "dagont," although the first syllable has the broad Scotch sound, quite equivalent to our Southwestern "dawg-on." Indeed, I have been struck, in reading that story, with the number of words upon the tongues of the natives that I remember as in current use among the Scotch-Irish of Southeastern Ohio.

VII. WORDS OF SCOTCH ORIGIN.

Many of the above words, and others in my vocabulary, are so manifestly of Scotch origin that they are at once recognized by any one familiar with the Scotch dialect. Such, for example, are "atween," "anent," "ding," "dang," "fetch," "nor" for than, "juke" (jouk), "whiles," "feared" for afraid, "differ" for difference, "het" for hot, "beeta"—you had beeta do so and so, meaning "you'd better do it;" or "you be to do it," that is, "you ought to or you must do it;" "posey" for flower; "duds," in common use, from the Scotch "duddies;" "you'uns;" "baubee," a term one hears to-day from the little Scotch beggars who run alongside one's carriage. It still survives here in the saying: "I don't care a baubee."

The widespread "gimme" is simply a contraction of the Scotch "gie me" for "give me." "Whar" for where, so widely used in the Southwest, is the Scotch "whaur;" so, also, "jist" is the Scotch "juist," slightly modified. "Haen't" (haint) is the Scotch "hae' not," for have not, though the ungrammatical use of the word in the third person is not a Scotch characteristic. But "I hae' not, you haen't, they haent" are not intolerable colloquials. The Scotch "wap," a fling, survived among us as "wipe"—"I gave him a wipe," that is, a swinging blow.

The President:—

As a professor in the University of Pennsylvania, I am happy to welcome here to-night the President of Washington and Jefferson University, that college which has played so important a part in the intellectual development of Western

Pennsylvania. I now have the honor of introducing to you the Reverend Dr. Moffat.

Dr. Moffat spoke as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—Using some of the Scotch-Irish terms to which Dr. McCook has just referred, I may say that I feel very “poorly.” You will observe that my voice is “powerful weak.” I am not sure that I shall be able to make myself heard on account of a severe cold, which I have been endeavoring to shake off, but it hangs on to me with Scotch-Irish pertinacity.

When I think of myself apart from the position which I occupy, and without regard to the part of the State from which I come, I feel that I have only a half right to be here, for while I am Scotch I am not Irish.

I have looked into my ancestry to see if I could find a trace of Irish blood, but without success, and shall feel that I am not one of you to-night, unless you will allow me to inherit Irish blood as a good many men inherit their fortunes—from my father-in-law. (Applause.) I am glad you do. When I go home I will tell my wife she has rendered me another valuable service.

I come from the southwestern part of the State, which may be said to be overrun and underlaid by Scotch-Irish. They have always been there since the Indians were driven out, and they were Scotch-Irish pioneers who got rid of the Indian. They are there to-day in strong numbers.

I want to tell you, at the request of your late President, about some educational work. It will probably seem to you that I am trying to magnify my own position when I tell you the history and work of Washington and Jefferson College, but I shall take refuge in this thought, that whatever the college has been able to accomplish must be reckoned to the credit of the Scotch-Irish. That, as I understand it, is one of the purposes of your Association—not merely to have temporarily a good time, but to collect the history of the past.

The Scotch-Irish, as you have been told, were strong friends

of education. Wherever they have gone in this country they have looked after education. One branch of the Scotch-Irish settling here in Eastern Pennsylvania established the Log College, out of which Princeton grew. Another laid the foundation of Dickinson College, while others; going down into the Valley of Virginia, laid the foundations of Washington and Lee College. Others in North Carolina founded Davidson College, and still others passing into Tennessee and Kentucky founded Scotch-Irish institutions there. In like manner the first settlers of Western Pennsylvania had in their minds higher education for their young people. They did not begin to settle that part of the country until about 1780. Among the first settlers were three preachers, and I want them to have the credit for what they accomplished. Before the earliest settlers had completed the work of driving out the Indian and cutting down the forest the Scotch-Irish preacher was among them founding a college.

The Rev. Thaddeus Dod, a graduate of Princeton, settled at Amity, about ten miles south of the town of Washington, and before his people could build a church for him he had founded a classical school. His preaching was in the fort, where the danger of sudden incursions of Indians compelled the people to hold their meetings. But by the side of his own log cabin he had erected another, where he began teaching the boys of the neighborhood mathematics and Latin to prepare them for the study of theology. The Rev. John McMillan, also a recent graduate of Princeton, settled at Chartiers, seven miles north of Washington, and he also built a log cabin school near to his own cabin, and gathered together a company of young men for classical study, as early as 1780. About eight miles west of Washington, at Buffalo, another school was started, as early as 1785, by Rev. Joseph Smith, who also had graduated at Princeton. These were not rival schools. Each of these ministers believed that educational institutions must be founded in the new country, in order that the gospel might be preached by men in sympathy with pioneer life, and each one started to do what he could to carry his convictions into practice. Accordingly we find these three ministers uniting with

others to found one academy for the newly-organized county of Washington, to be located at the county-seat, to which their pupils were to be transferred. The Washington Academy was chartered in 1787, and it is worthy of mention here that the first contribution to the founding of its library was one of fifty pounds by Benjamin Franklin of Philadelphia. Not many Scotch-Irish have followed his example. This academy was not opened until 1789, when Rev. Thaddeus Dod consented to act as principal for one year. About eighteen months later the court-house, in which the academy was conducted, burned, and the trustees not finding another suitable place the academy was suspended indefinitely. Then it was that another academy was started at Canonsburg, seven miles to the north and near to Dr. McMillan's log school. This starting of another academy in a rival town stirred the people of Washington to renewed activity; a lot was secured, and a stone building (still standing) was erected in 1793, and the academy reopened. These two academies prospered, the rivalry between them being stimulating to both of them, and in due time they grew into colleges, the Canonsburg Academy becoming Jefferson College in 1802, and the Washington Academy becoming Washington College in 1806. If now you should ask me how there came to be two colleges so near together, how it came they continued to be rivals in the same territory for sixty years, and why it was impossible to unite them and put an end to a ruinous rivalry, I shall have to answer, the people on both sides were Scotch-Irish. Some got their Scotch up and some got their Irish up, and of course both kept it up. It was only the sure prospect of the death of both colleges that brought them together in 1865. A Scotch-Irishman must have either porridge or "praties," and possible loss of both will bring him to terms. But here again I must give credit to another preacher for this union. It was the offer of \$50,000 by the late Rev. Dr. Beatty, on condition of union within a year, that effected what frequent negotiations had failed to effect.

Allow me now to tell you a little about what these colleges have done for Church and State, and I will do it briefly. I am

persuaded there are many Scotch-Irishmen present who do not know how much has been done by these two institutions in their separate and united states. Thirty-six hundred men have been graduated and have gone all over this country and the world, and have carried their education with them, and have become units of influence wherever they have settled.

Out of these thirty-six hundred graduates sixteen hundred have entered the ministry. There are one or two colleges having one or two hundred years start that have done a little more for the Church, but some colleges with one hundred years start have not done so much. To show you that they are not men of mediocre ability I find that eighteen of these men have been in the Moderator's chair in the Presbyterian Churches, North and South. I cannot prove it to you, but I am firmly persuaded, until I am convinced to the contrary, that there is no other institution that has such a record as that. It would be still more apparent to you that the kind of men that have gone from that institution have been men of influence and of power if I should mention the names of prominent pastors from Boston to San Francisco, but I think that will not be proper for me to do, because I should leave many out just as worthy to be named. But let me speak of what has been done for the State by that institution. One hundred and sixty-nine have occupied professors chairs in colleges and professional schools, and sixty-four have been called to preside over colleges and universities. Ninety-five graduates have occupied the judges' bench and twenty have reached the Supreme Bench of their respective States. We have almost always had representatives on the Supreme Bench of Pennsylvania. For many years we had three there, Justices Mercur, Sterrett, and Clark, and the last addition to your Supreme Bench, Justice Dean, was educated in Washington College. In our part of the country our judges are quite numerous. In the city of Pittsburgh, six out of the eleven judges of Allegheny County are alumni, and to these six the names of Judge Acheson, of the United States Circuit Court, and of Judge McKennan, his predecessor in office, should be added as residing in the same city. I am glad to say here that that judge who has

been laying it down with Scotch-Irish emphasis that no Anarchistic talk shall be allowed in his court is a graduate of Washington College.

In the Legislature there have sat one hundred and eighty-two graduates, and six of these have occupied the Speaker's chair. In Congress there have been over sixty—fifty-six graduates and a number of others who did not complete their course in college. In the Senate of the United States there have been ten. It is not very often that any institution in this land has two or three representatives in the United States Senate, but we had for several years two representatives there, Mr. M. S. Quay, of Pennsylvania, and the late Mr. E. King Wilson, of Maryland. Ten have become Governors of States, and there were several others who just failed because they did not get votes enough. Five have occupied chairs in the Cabinet of the President—two Attorney-Generals and one Secretary of the Treasury, one Secretary of the Interior, and one Secretary of State. To have done this much for the country is something, I think, of which we may be proud. And when you consider that the whole number of lawyers among the alumni is only eight hundred and fifty, and that these cabinet officers, governors, congressmen, and judges have been selected almost exclusively from the lawyers, this record appears more noteworthy. You may say these men reached distinction because of their own ability and labor, and ask how the college can claim credit for their services to the country. It is true no college can supply men with brains, and their success in life depends on the use they make of their knowledge and on their character? Our college claims no more credit than colleges generally claim and are entitled to. The college helps men in their mental and moral development, and universally the college graduate appreciates that help. The most grateful words I have heard were uttered by Mr. Blaine, in the last interview I had with him, two years ago. He said, "I feel that I can never repay the debt I owe Washington College." It was not said in the spirit of flattery, but seemed rather the spontaneous expression of his heart. It is something to have had anything to do with the making of James G. Blaine. The college, when he was a student, had

not many buildings, nor a colossal endowment, nor an overpowering faculty, as many of our colleges now boast of, but its few professors came into personal contact with each one of its small number of students, stimulating him in the class-room to thorough and faithful study. It is, after all, the smaller colleges which are to-day doing the most effective work in our country. In a speech made in 1886, during a visit in his native county, Mr. Blaine said: "My attachment to Pennsylvania and Maine can no more conflict than does the attachment a man has to his wife and his mother. To-day I revisit my mother, and I am sure I bring a heart full of kindly recollection to all with whom I was associated, and their descendants, and to this venerable institution of learning, for which I have a feeling of reverence dear to memory. Having in other relations in life had experience of colleges that in the world's reckoning are more famous, I have met none that for thoroughness and utility of instruction have gone beyond my own recollections of the College of Washington. I never doubted, and I doubt now less than ever, that in the end the true merit of this institution would place it alongside of these greater institutions in point of endowment and prestige, and would give the college of Washington and Jefferson united, with their joint memories and their united traditions, an equal *status* in the country with that of the colleges to which I have referred."

Gentlemen, I hope you will pardon me for saying so much about the institution with which I am identified. I have had in view the glory of the Scotch-Irish, as well as the glory of the college, for whatever this educational movement in Washington County has accomplished was started and promoted by Scotch-Irish. But I am particularly anxious due credit should be given to the Scotch-Irish preachers. In estimating the forces which promote civilization and a nation's growth and prosperity the influence of clergymen is apt to be overlooked or underestimated. They do not seem to be dealing with such problems, but to have as their objective point the other and higher world. But, after all, indirect efforts may often prove more effective than direct efforts, and men who labor in obscurity and soon cease to be remembered, may have far more to do

with the abundance of the harvest than the reapers who bring in the sheaves rejoicing. Foundations are out of sight. The preachers who taught religion and morality, and the educators who laid deep and broad the foundations of both popular and higher education, did not occupy such a prominent place in the public esteem in the early history of our country as Indian fighters, warriors, legislators, and statesmen; but no account of the present condition of our country and our civilization can be regarded as approximating completeness which fails to assign to them a most important place. I feel, therefore, that I am justified here in the presence of the graduates of other institutions in telling how this one Scotch-Irish college, through its sixteen hundred ministers, eight hundred lawyers, four hundred physicians, and eight hundred alumni engaged in other honorable pursuits has contributed to our country's welfare.

The President :—

Your President is expected to know something on every subject, and as Dr. Moffat has told us that he is suffering from a cold, I venture to prescribe for him a medicine whose virtues are not unknown in the north of Ireland. The prescription is this: "Hang your hat upon the bed post and drink Irish whisky until you see two hats." It is for him to say whether or not he will take it.

It is right that we should recognize the close ties which bind our Society to our sister societies. We are fortunate tonight in having with us the President of the Netherlands Society, one of the distinguished judges of the Common Pleas. I now present to you Judge Pennypacker.

Judge Pennypacker spoke as follows :—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN :—When I made my appearance amid this worthy assemblage an hour or two ago, I was confronted by one of my confreres upon the Philadelphia bench, who said to me with that earnestness for which he is remarkable, that he congratulated me upon being at last and for once in good company. This bland remark was not intended

as a reflection upon my friend Colonel McClure, with whom I dined, or tried to dine, at the Clover Club a week or two ago, nor as a display of disrespect to His Honor Mayor Stuart, now sitting at the head of your board, with whom I actually dined quite recently, but it was meant, in the innocence of his heart and in dearth of knowledge, as a compliment to me. We Scotch-Irish are everywhere known as a sensible and hard-headed race. I want you to understand that I use the word "we" advisedly, and for the information and instruction of my colleague I announce that my associations with this people began not to night, but in the remote past. One hundred and twenty-five years ago there lived upon one bank of the Pickering Creek, in the good old county of Chester, where I was born, a Scotch-Irishman who, with that instinctive love for a fight which is characteristic of his race, busied himself in helping to bring about the Revolutionary War, and upon the first call to arms went away as a major in the regiment of Wayne. After the battle of Long Island, where Colonel Atlee was captured, and Lieutenant Colonel Parry was killed, he commanded the Pennsylvania Battalion of Musketry. When in the fall of 1777 the British Army marched through northern Chester County they ransacked his house, burned his furniture, killed his beeves, and left his place desolate. On the other bank of the creek lived a Dutch Mennonite Bishop, who sternly frowned upon the waste and wickedness of war. He stayed at home, and looked after his herds, and gathered in the tolls at his mill. He served the Lord and grew in substance until his lands were over six hundred acres, and all went well with him. And in the home of the Scotch-Irishman was a comely maiden, and in the home of the Dutchman was a sturdy youth—and here am I to answer for them both. I repeat, therefore, that we Scotch-Irishmen are a hard-headed and sensible race; and nowhere do we show that good sense to greater advantage than when, after having gathered unto ourselves most of the good things that are lying around in life, and after having gained that reputation for persistency and prowess which I am bound to say we deserve, we stop for a moment to offer our tribute to the manifest superiority of the Dutch. We concede,

as we must, that in the development of Pennsylvania life and institutions the Dutchman has played a great part. There was a marked difference between William Penn and his father, both in opinion and in character. Had there not been that difference, had Penn adopted the career selected for him and become an English naval officer instead of a Quaker, how would it have been with the colonization of Pennsylvania? In what way do we account for this difference in character? Frank old Samuel Pepys in his admirable journal gives the explanation. He says of the mother of William Penn that she was a fat, short, old Dutch woman, and he says further, and more to the point, she had "more wit than her husband." We concede that through the beautiful Cumberland Valley, where once the Presbyterian parson preached his fiery sermon and John Armstrong gathered together the men whom he led against the heathen and the savage, the slogan sounds no more and the thrifty Dutchman follows his peaceful plow. Within the last year there has appeared a book written by Douglass Campbell, a Scotchman, and it may be a Scotch-Irishman, which, in the language of the reviewers, is likely to work a revolution in our views of American history. In it he tells that the English of the time of Elizabeth were uncouth and uninformed, and that American institutions, and American ideas of civil and religious liberty, were in the main, along with the name of the United States, derived from Holland.

If societies like those of the descendants of the Scotch-Irish and of the Netherlanders do nothing more than appeal to our vanity, and have nothing better to offer than the gratification which comes from the consciousness that we have ties of race in common with men who have borne themselves bravely in the conflicts of the world, they will prove to be of little benefit; if, on the other hand, as indicated by the speeches of Drs. Moffat and McCook here this evening, they lead us to look more closely into historical facts, to endeavor to study existing institutions and conditions in their causes, they cannot but be productive of excellent results. Permit me, in pursuance of this thought, forgetting for the moment the achievements of such distinguished Scotch-Irishmen as John C. Calhoun,

Andrew Jackson, and James G. Blaine, to call your attention to the neglected book of an almost forgotten author. In the year 1801, in the town of Washington, in western Pennsylvania, there was published "Poems chiefly in the Scottish dialect originally written under the signature of the Scots-Irishman." These poems, while they may not equal in merit those of Burns, are very much superior to the versification of Timothy Dwight, who holds a place in American literature, and are more worthy to be remembered. Along with political squibs upon Gallatin, Brackenridge, McKean, Thomas Paine, and other Democrats of the period, are to be found bits of description or of pathos which give evidence of real poetic capacity. The poet, David Bruce, sings:—

"I aften wish, when in my mirth,
My grandsire ne'er had crossed the Firth
That rows its flood between the earth
Of the twa islands.
Ware that the case, I'd had my birth
In the Scots Highlands."

And again, when looking back with fond recollections to the old home:—

"But's nae your fau't my canty Callan,
That ye fa' short o' the Auld Allan;
There's neither Highland man, nor Lowlan'
That's here the same;
But finds him scrimpit o' the talen'
He had at hame.

"What's mair expected here i' the west;
Sae near where night taks off his vest
And his grey breeks, and gaes to rest,
And the lang day
Is dock'd o' several hours at best,
Sic as on Tay."

Bear with me also, in conclusion, while I endeavor to paint for you a picture. In the course of one of the nights in the early part of April, 1775, a young man mounted his horse and rode from the town of Boston to the village of Concord. Since that time historians have not ceased to tell the story and eminent poets have wrought it into attractive verse, so that

every schoolboy in the land is familiar with the features and has heard the tale of Paul Revere. And yet his way lay through a peaceful country. He fired no shot and he encountered no foe. He rode among friends, away from the enemy and not toward them. The picture which I shall endeavor to limn is of a different tint—has a deeper color. On a summer night, in the year 1779, upon a height one hundred and fifty feet above the Hudson River, up and down which rode the British fleet, inside of strong fortifications were six hundred of the best disciplined troops of the bravest people in Europe. Outside of these fortifications and assisting in their defense was an abattis, two-thirds of the way down the height was another, and these were protected by fourteen guns fully manned. At the foot of the hill ran a stream of water two feet deep with a swamp, where was a picket guard. On the other side of that stream stood sixteen hundred men, under the command of Anthony Wayne, mainly volunteer soldiers from the State of Pennsylvania, who proposed to take those fortifications by assault. So desperate was the attempt regarded that Wayne sent his watch to a friend, with a letter expressing his expectation of death, from which he fortunately but narrowly escaped. Twenty men were selected to lead the assault, and were called the Forlorn Hope. When the lieutenant, who was at the head of them, had crossed the stream and the two abattis, and the first of all, had reached the top of the fortifications and looked down into the eyes of the British beneath, seventeen of those twenty men had been killed and wounded. He wrote no book of memoirs. Historians who burden their pages with the achievements of men who in disguise destroyed property upon undefended merchant vessels do not mention his name. No poet has sung his story. In this city of his home he is unknown and forgotten. But I say to you to-night, that not the Greek who defended the pass, not the Roman Horatius who maintained the bridge against false Sextus, not the Dutch burgo-master Vanderberg who saved Leyden from the Spaniard, is more worthy to be enrolled among those heroes whom the whole world honors than that young Scotch-Irish lieutenant, James Gibbons, of the city of Philadelphia.

Mr. McKeehan, Secretary :—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN :—I do not rise to make a report as Secretary—which will be very short when it does come—which will be after the distinguished eloquence yet to be heard.

We have for years had the pleasure of the presence of the distinguished Chief Justice of Pennsylvania at these reunions. He accepted the invitation this year on the understanding that he should have his dinner in peace and not be called upon to make an address. He said he could not prepare what he should like to for such an occasion, and I gave him our promise, for I thought that if there were any people who ought to be willing to relieve the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania from extra work it is the Scotch-Irish, because I believe that if it were not for the Scotch-Irish the judges of the courts would have a comparatively easy time of it. We have always been a pugnacious race and much given to litigation. The Chief Justice has written me the following letter :—

2016 WALNUT STREET,
Thursday, 2/9/93.

My Dear Mr. McKeehan,

I regret to inform you that I cannot attend the dinner to-night. I have a bad cold and am feeling generally unwell, and while I shall manage to take my seat in court this morning I do not feel equal to going out this evening. I assure you it is a great disappointment to me, as I am half Irish myself and take great pride in my ancestry. I beg you will make my excuse to the powers that be, and allow me to propose the following toast, which I shall drink at nine o'clock, standard time :—

“ The true Irish gentleman,”

and to quote in support of this sentiment the following portrait of an Irish gentleman as drawn by the great Irish orator, Mr. Curran :—

“ The hospitality of other countries is a matter of necessity or convention ; in savage nations, of the first ; in polished, of

the latter. But the hospitality of an Irishman is not the running account of posted and ledgered courtesies, as in other countries. It springs, like all his qualities—his faults, his virtues—directly from the heart. The heart of an Irishman is by nature bold, and he confides; it is tender, and he loves; it is generous, and he gives; it is social, and he is hospitable.”

I doubt if all the eloquent speeches to-night will more accurately portray the character of an Irish gentleman than this brief description from one of the most illustrious of his race.

Yours,

EDWARD M. PAXSON.

The President:—

I ask you, gentlemen, to join in drinking the health of the President of the Scotch-Irish Society in the United States, the Honorable Robert Bonner.

Mr. Robert Bonner spoke as follows:—

I am not much of a speech-maker. Besides, I did not expect to be called upon. John Van Buren, the great wit, once remarked, in addressing a public meeting in Tammany Hall, “I sat up the greater part of last night to prepare a few extemporaneous remarks.” I have not had that preparation.

John Stuart Mill once remarked, “Much yet remains to be said on all great subjects.” I think much yet remains to be said about the Scotch-Irish. One reason for organizing such societies as this is the great ignorance that exists among the American people about the Scotch-Irish race. The first communication I ever wrote for the press—it was in 1842—I sent to the *Hartford Courant*. It was signed, “An Irish Protestant.” The editor, when he read it, said he was not aware there was such a person in existence, and yet that man was a graduate of Amherst College.

In 1839 I sailed from Londonderry for New York on my way to Hartford, Connecticut. Two days before I left the Presbyterian clergyman spent the evening at my father’s

house. He was a highly educated man. Notwithstanding that, however, when he found I was going to Hartford he wanted to know if there were any churches there.

Such is the ignorance among some otherwise well-informed people on both sides of the Atlantic of the condition of things outside of their own countries, and that is one reason why, when the formation of this Society was suggested by Colonel Wright, and the presidency of it was offered to me, I thought I would do what I could to help it along; and as General Jackson once said, after he became President, to an old friend who had known him when a boy in North Carolina, "Yes, I was a raw lad then; but I did the best I could." That is the leading characteristic of the Scotch-Irish.

I was reminded, while listening to the eloquent address of Mr. Dalzell, of a little incident which illustrates the tenacity with which the Scotch-Irishman holds to his opinion. Rev. Dr. John Hall was invited, about twenty years ago, to address a Sunday-school of the Covenanter Church, in New York. It was one of the rules of that church not to allow members of the General Assembly to speak in their pulpits. I said to an aunt of mine, "Well, you had Dr. Hall over in your church." "Yes," she said, "but *it was on a week-day that he spoke.*"

The President:—

Scotch-Irishmen owe much to Colonel Wright, of Tennessee. I should fail in the performance of my duty if I permitted him to remain silent upon this occasion. I cannot introduce him, for all Scotch-Irishmen know him, but I can insist upon his speaking.

Colonel Wright thanked the President, but requested to be excused from making a speech.

The President:—

I desire to inform my friend Judge Pennypacker that poetry has not departed from the Scotch-Irish, and in order to prove that I call upon Mr. Woodside to read his poem.

Mr. Woodside read the following :—

THE SCOTCH-IRISH RACE.

Back in the centuries of the past
There came from many a mountain fast
Of fair old Scotia's land,
Some pilgrims, leaving homes awhile,
To settle in the Emerald Isle—
A True Blue *Stocking Band*.

There, after years of toil and care,
The English Crown denied their prayer,
Long leases to extend.
Again they bid their homes adieu,
To find a land of promise new,
And adverse fortunes mend.

Again they left the family tree,
To sail across a stormy sea,
This band of gallant men,
And found a home and welcome here
Where freedom's laws were plain and clear,
On lands of William Penn.

They scattered on Atlantic's shore,
And the colonies were dotted o'er
With this Scotch-Irish race.
However rough the spot they chose,
The desert blossomed like the rose
As in no other place.

Their preachers, men of culture rare,
Believers in the *strength* of prayer
And sermons *extra long*,
Came with their flocks to share their toil,
To help to cultivate the soil,
And preach damnation strong.

Where'er these people settled down,
Before the forests fell around
They built the meeting-house;
Two sermons heard each Sabbath Day,
And sang, to some old-fashioned lay,
The Psalms by Watts, or Rouse.

It was with them a standing rule
To send their boys and girls to school
To learn of things untold,
And the Catechism sorely vexed,
Along with many a Bible text,
These boys and girls of old.

Each mother of this sturdy stock,
Picked out the brightest of her flock,
And gave him to the Lord.
'Twas family custom of the time,
To furnish forth one good *divine*
To preach the *living word*,

The good old Presbyterian creed,
Their hope in every time of need,
Nor sought for doctrines rare.

On family worship they were sound,
An altar in each house was found,
So strong their faith in prayer.

Strong in their love of freedom, too,
To King and Prince they bid adieu
When left *old Ireland's sod*;
The Revolution found them strong
In hate for every British wrong,
And hate for tyrant's rod.

They shouldered up the flint-lock gun,
And it was said by Washington
The end would be disgrace,
And he must soon give up the fight
Unless supported by the might
Of this Scotch-Irish race.

In council chamber, we are told,
They for "the rights of man" were bold,
And first in each good cause;
Such stubborn fighters in the field,
The milder warfare would not yield
In framing of our laws.

The century that has passed and gone
Is a tribute to the work they done
For all the rights of man;
This country towers in strength to-day
To show the world in every way
The wisdom of their plan.

Their hearts burned with that patriot fire
Which their descendants still inspire,
'Gainst wrongs to quick rebel,
And through the century we can trace
The impress of this sturdy race,
Who served their country well.

We find them leaders known afar,
In pulpit, rostrum, bench, and bar,
Through all the years that's fled,
Moulders of thought in times of strife,
Heroes in all the walks of life,
And honored when they're dead.

Then we who gather here to-night
Can realize that keen delight
Of true ancestral pride.
Our fathers, back throughout the years,
Were in the walks of life the peers
Of all who famous died.

This rich inheritance is ours,
And gifted with transmitted powers
Our duty's clear and plain:
Let us so live in word and deed,
That our last epitaph may read,
"He did not live in vain."

The President :—

We had expected to have with us to-night the President of the Union League, the Honorable John Russell Young, but he has, to our regret, been unavoidably prevented from coming.

We all know that our Society owes much to its Secretary; he has for years faithfully labored in its interest, and to him we owe our present prosperity. I now present to you Mr. Secretary McKeehan.

Mr. McKeehan spoke as follows :—

MR. PRESIDENT:—I thank you, sir, for your very handsome introduction, but it is embarrassing to a modest man to speak after being thus eulogized.

We have received courteous letters of regret from a number of very distinguished gentlemen who could not be present. I will not detain you by reading them. I received to-night a telegram from Mr. Depew, of New York, regretting that he could not be here. I have also a dispatch from Mr. Harrity that he has been unexpectedly detained.

Our Society during the past year has made progress. I desire to thank all the members personally for the very cordial way in which they have seconded the motion I made last year, requesting them to send me the names of those whom they knew who are eligible to membership in the Society. As a result of your cordial response to my request, we have during the past year added over fifty to our list of members, and we now have a membership of over two hundred, and if you will scan the list you will see that we have kept up the high standard which our distinguished President, Dr. McConnell, has suggested—that is, that we place quality before quantity.

We are now in a very happy condition. We are not seeking for members to join our Society. We gladly welcome all who are worthy, but we are now upon so substantial a basis that those who are entitled to membership will be happy to seek us.

While a large number of the distinguished gentlemen that we invited have been unable to be present to-night, it is with great pleasure that I call your attention to the fact that we have with us Mr. Robert Bonner, of New York, President of the National

Scotch-Irish Society of America, and Colonel Wright, of Tennessee, who was really the founder of our Society; also the Mayor of the city, and other distinguished guests. We are happy to see them here to-night.

There is another matter of which I wish to speak. We have organized our Society for the purpose of gathering and preserving the records of the Scotch-Irish in Pennsylvania. We have a committee on history and archives which has never made a report. Why, I cannot understand. It seems to me that we should now, in this fourth year of our existence, be able to exhibit something more valuable and substantial than we yet have in the matter of gathering and preserving the history of our race.

We have not only increased in numbers, but we have shown the characteristics of our race by living within our income; and we are able to show a considerable surplus in our treasury.

I have a suggestion to make: that out of the funds in our hands the Society should offer a prize of say \$100 for the best essay on Scotch-Irish History, to be competed for by all who may choose to enter the contest, on the condition that all the essays shall be the property of the Society. The prize shall be awarded by a committee of gentlemen entirely disinterested, who shall pass upon the merits of the essays. It seems to me that this might stimulate a number of men interested in research to produce something that would be of value to us. While the prize would be small, the gentleman who should secure it would gain a reputation for research and literary work which would be of much more value to him than the \$100 prize. If this suggestion should meet your approval I should be glad to have some one make a motion to refer the matter to the Council of the Society.

Upon motion the Council was instructed to consider the suggestion of the Secretary and act thereon.

The President :—

I am so fortunate to-night as to speak in the presence of the Justices of the Supreme Court, who have no power here to tell

me that my time has expired. I have heretofore listened to words of these justices with hearty approbation when they have decided in my favor, and with as much resignation as I could demand when they decided against me. To-night it will be my pleasure to listen to a representative of the court when not delivering judgment. I now present to you Mr. Justice Williams of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

Justice Williams spoke as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT:—You quite surprise me! I certainly will not undertake to decide against you at this time, and for that reason, in obedience to your command, I stand now upon my feet. But I have no special message for the Society of Scotch-Irishmen at this hour. I have been greatly interested in the addresses to which I have listened, and am glad of an opportunity to express my gratification at being able to be present and enjoy with you the many good things which have been said. I feel a strong interest in, and admiration for, men who have positive qualities; who are sturdy and self-reliant; who do not quail at the presence of danger, but are ready to grapple with it. Such were the pioneers of whose work we have heard to-night, the early Scotch-Irish settlers who planted the Church and the school wherever they opened the forest and made homes. It was not the school alone, nor the house of worship alone, to which they turned their attention, but they planted both side by side. Both are necessary to the proper development of our natures. I believe that a man who has cultivated one side of his nature only is, to use the figure of the Irish poet Moore,

“Like a wounded bird that has but one
Unbroken wing to sail upon.”

I cannot better illustrate my idea of the relation of the school and the Church to each other and to the progress of the race than by referring to a curious mechanical device for marking the hours which is attached to a clock on a tower overlooking the square of Saint Mark in the city of Venice. As I was passing through the square one day my attention was

drawn to it by my guide. The hour of twelve o'clock, noon, was approaching. I stopped to watch the clock. The great bell stood out in plain view on the top of the tower. On each side of it stood a giant iron figure holding a hammer. When the hour of twelve was reached one of these figures raised the hammer it held and struck the hour on the bell so that its tones were heard over the city. Then the other figure roused itself, raised its hammer, and struck in like manner the hour on the same bell. So the hours of progress in the social and political growth of our people will be, as they have been, marked truly by two giant forces. The Church and the school have successively sounded the hour upon the moral and the intellectual sides of our nature.

All honor to our fathers that they forgot neither, but provided with equal care and with equal zeal for both. They built often with logs, for they were poor; but with the best material they could command they raised side by side the house of learning and the house of worship. From some of their log school-houses great colleges, like that of which we have heard to-night, have grown. On the site of their humble houses of worship stand great temples of brick and stone and marble. The towns they planted, the regions they opened, are filled with an intelligent and a religious people well fitted for both the privileges and the duties of citizenship in the freest and grandest nation the sun has yet shown upon.

The President:—

I have reason to remember a certain hot night in July, 1863, when, with my comrades, I was engaged in assisting to prevent the capture of Carlisle by the army of Northern Virginia, and that reminds me that we have with us to-night Judge Henderson, who will have somewhat to tell us of the Scotch-Irishmen of the Cumberland Valley. I now present Judge Henderson of Carlisle.

Judge Henderson spoke as follows:—

I am hardly in a condition to make a speech. When I came here it was with an express understanding that I was to

do nothing but pay attention to *the inner man*. At the same time I am sensible of the honor in being asked to say a word at this late hour, for now there is very little left for me to *clean up*, and when I came here it was with the understanding that I was to come purely to enjoy myself and not to entertain others. *Your Secretary is a clever fellow*.

I very early learned that man consisted of three *persons*, the head, heart, and stomach. I only attend in the one person to-night, and that is full, too full for utterance. There is no room for anything more. I left the head and heart *at home*. One of our former Presidents made a promise that at future meetings we should have not only the Scotch men but the *Scotch lasses* with us. At Pittsburgh some of them were admitted, and if I had anything to say here it would be to the Scotch lasses. To them I can always talk.

It is rather cruel in our President to ask me to speak while Colonel McClure is so near and *so silent*. I think we should have heard from him. He cannot only entertain the company, but it would be very gratifying *to himself to do so*.

The President:—

As I entered upon the duties of my office I said to my predecessor, “is there any way to prevent it?” “No,” he said, “it is impossible, they all will insist upon hearing him. If you do not voluntarily call upon him, Judge Henderson will render it impossible to keep him silent.” I have done all I could for you, gentlemen, but you must hear that eloquent speaker, whose silence would deprive our annual dinner of its chiefest pleasure. I now present Colonel McClure.

Colonel McClure spoke as follows:—

I will say a few words about our organization. We have little conception of what has been done by the Scotch-Irish people. Much has been said, and very justly said, as to what they have accomplished, but how few consider the limit of time in which these great achievements have been attained.

I remember very well, when only a young man in public

life, talking with a man in Harrisburg who was the first white child born west of the Alleghenys. A little more than thirty years ago I met him at Harrisburg, in full vigor, active and energetic, and a fit representative of the class so well described to-night, whose achievements have been simply incomparable. No one could listen to-night to the president of Washington College and not appreciate the power of the Scotch-Irish. And it has all been done within the memory of living people. When, as I have said, I talked with the first white man born west of the Alleghenys, no one could be more impressed than I was upon hearing the address of the president of Washington College. It shows how the Scotch-Irish work; how well directed are their efforts, and how they look not to gathering in to-day, but they sow their seed and gather in of the fullness of the harvest.

There is one thing I regret to hear from the Secretary, and that is in reference to the preservation of the records and history of our people. I must say, in justice to Colonel Wright of Nashville, that I believe this movement is due to his personal and almost unaided efforts. He was the man who first conceived and put in motion this organization, enlisted the interest of men throughout the nation, and gathered us together at Nashville, Tennessee. One of the most earnest co-operators in that work was Dr. MacIntosh.

I remember that I was invited to deliver an address before that Congress, and I said I will do so, as it will not take much time to prepare it. I supposed I could in a few hours get together enough history to tell the whole story. It never occurred to me that the Scotch-Irish had written their records only in deeds, not in books. I supposed that a race so conspicuous in Church and State, and all that makes men noble and better, had its history preserved everywhere.

A few days before I started South it occurred to me to give some attention to this subject, and I inquired where I could get some standard works to guide me. Imagine my surprise when I was told there was not one in existence. I went to the Presbyterian Board of Publication and said, is there no history of the Scotch-Irish? Not one. In the New England Library

you will find hundreds of volumes recording the story of Puritan achievements, and here was the race that was first in all great works, and without a written history. The race that gave the Nation its independence; that first conceived and expressed the determined purpose to dissolve the relations between the Colonies and the Crown, and it did it on three different occasions in three different States, before it was assisted by any other race, or seriously thought of by any other people. In Mecklenberg, Virginia, and the Cumberland Valley you will find the cradle of American Independence. They did what no other people did, and in the battles that followed there is but one record in all our history of Scotch-Irishmen not taking part in the struggle for American independence. That was a little band in North Carolina, that had left their country upon the condition that they should not oppose the Crown. Fidelity to their pledge made them neutral, and that and that alone furnished the single exception to the Scotch-Irish people who were faithless to the liberty of this country.

I had to gather up the history for a little speech before the Congress. I knew it all in a general way. I knew what the Scotch-Irish had done as well as anybody could tell me. I had read of them in every history, yet when I came to summon them together I had to take hold of every book that told of American achievements to find what the Scotch-Irish had done.

There is no such people in any country who have achieved so much and have recorded so little. They are the greatest of men in aggressive good work, and have the least to say about it, and this organization was conceived by Colonel Wright, and the reasons given so impressed me that I heartily joined in the movement.

The purpose of the original movement is to gather the traditions of the Scotch-Irish people. Here in Pennsylvania, the State of all States of the Nation, where Scotch-Irish achievement has been most illustrious, there is not a single library that tells the story of the Scotch-Irish. Let no man consider that it is for somebody else to do. We have offered prizes for essays. That is well. Let those who will compete for it,

but the one thing I want to impress upon the members of this Society is that there is hardly a member who could not himself, in his own neighborhood, or among his own family, find some valuable story or history worthy of preservation. Let us do this work ourselves, instead of inviting others; let us all inquire about it, and let us try and preserve that which has been so long and so unfortunately excluded from the history of the founding of the noblest and grandest Commonwealth of the Union.

The President :—

A friend of mine once dined with a Scotch-Irishman. The dinner had been good, and as the guest was about to depart, the host, who had done full justice to his own dinner, said to him : “When you get to the door you will find two carriages; take the first, for the second is not there.”

It is certainly not necessary that I should give this injunction to any one of you to-night.

It only remains for me to express the hope that we may meet next year with full ranks, and that during the year prosperity and happiness and success will attend every one of you.

APPENDIX A.

C. W. McKeehan, Treasurer of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society, in account with said Society.

1892.	Dr.	
Feb. 1—To balance from last year		\$222 00
Dues for 1892 from 162 members		324 00
Subscriptions to third annual dinner		284 00
		<hr/>
Total		\$830 00

	Cr.	
By bill Hotel Bellevue for third banquet . . .		\$287 50
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing		88 75
Stenographer and clerk hire		28 00
Stationery, stamps, &c.		43 40
		<hr/>
		\$447 65
Balance		382 35
		<hr/>
		\$830 00

C. W. McKEEHAN,
Treasurer.

We, the undersigned committee appointed to audit the account of C. W. McKeehan, Treasurer, hereby certify that we have examined said account with the vouchers and find it to be correct.

GEORGE GLUYAS MERCER,
JAMES S. WILLIAMS.

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FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING

AND

BANQUET

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA

SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY

AT THE

HOTEL BELLEVUE, PHILADELPHIA,

FEBRUARY 8th, 1894.



PHILADELPHIA :

PRINTING HOUSE OF ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT,

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1894.

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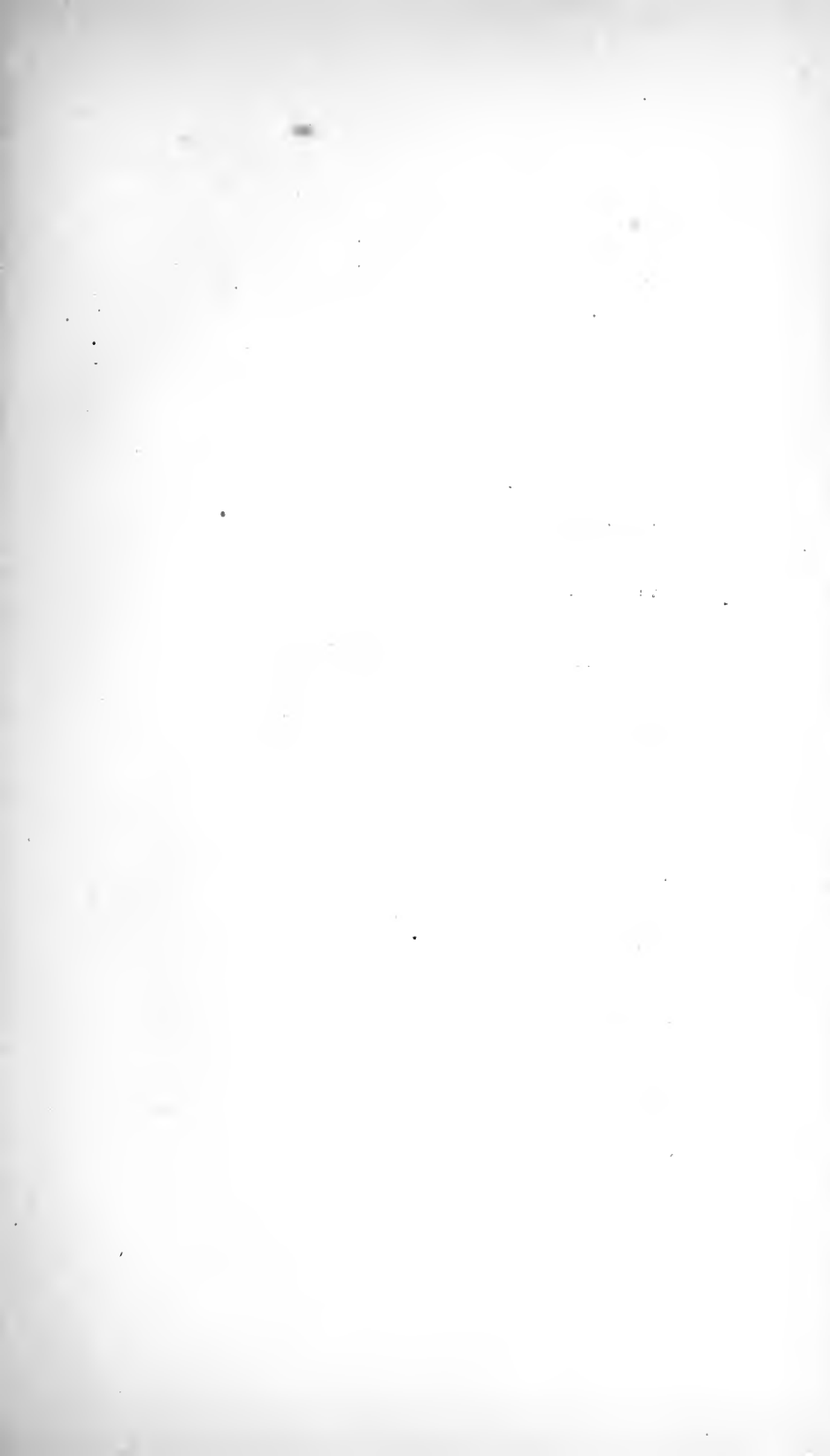


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			X		X		X		X		X		X		X		X
Hon. J. D. Campbell.	X		X	4	X	X	X	3	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
						Rev. Dr. Cathcart.									X		W. Wig
						Maj. Hastings.				X					X		W. R.
J. F. Campbell.	X		X		X	Prof. Thompson.									X		J. H. C
						Dr. Keyser.				X					X		T. Hog
Judge Gordon.	X		X		X	C. E. Bushnell.									X		J. A. M
						Alex. Adams.				X					X		W. H.
A. H. Harris.	X		X		X	T. E. Patterson.									X		D. M.
						W. J. Adams.				X					X		J. A. S
Judge Ferguson.	X		X		X	Mr. Wise, Jr.									X		P. P. I
						J. K. McLanahan.				X					X		W. J. J
W. A. Patton.	X		X		X	J. A. Develin.									X		M. W.
						R. L. Wright.				X					X		
Hon. G. F. Huff.	X		X		X	Sam'l Rea.									X		
						Hon. R. Snodgrass.				X					X		
Prof. Rice.	X		X		X	F. J. Geiger.									X		
						J. M. Guffey.				X					X		
Maj. McLean.	X		X		X	C. D. Simpson.									X		
						J. Pollock.				X					X		
R. S. Reed.	X		X		X	A. H. Christy.									X		
						C. H. Harrah.				X					X		
						T. H. Watkins.									X		
			X												X		
				X													
					X												

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	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
ver.	X		X	Sam'l G. Scott.					X Judge Logan.
McElhenny.	X		X	Rev. Dr. Munro.	X				X W. L. Elkins.
McElhenny.	X		X	Rev. T. McB. Nichols.					
on.	X		X	Dr. Willard.	X				X Col. Cassels.
Merrill.	X		X	Wm. H. Scott.					
ively.	X		X	John Field.	X				X H. H. Houston.
Kelway.	X		X	E. D. Faries.					
Donaldson.	X		X	W. M. Field.	X				X Henry D. Welsh.
ay.	X		X	Sam'l F. Houston.					
g.	X		X	J. Bayard Henry.	X				X Chas. W. Henry.
lor.	X		X	John Graham.					
y.	X		X	Rev. J. D. Steele.	X				X Rev. Dr. Gill.
pinkerton.	X		X	M. S. McCullough.					
	X		X	Rev. D. Conway.	X				X J. W. Logan.
	X		X	J. C. McCurdy.					
	X		X	Dr. Alex. Wilson.	X				X Rev. G. B. Stewart.
	X		X	Rev. O. B. McCurdy.					
	X		X	Dr. Dercum.	X				X Rev. Dr. Skilling.
	X		X	G. B. Bonnell.					
	X		X	Dr. J. M. Wilson.	X				X H. W. Lambirth.
	X		X	W. H. Barnes.					
	X		X						X Theo. Graham.

Capt. J. P. Green.

S. F. Givin.

FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING.

THE fifth annual meeting and banquet of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Hotel Bellevue, Philadelphia, February 8th, 1894. In the absence of C. Stuart Patterson, Esq., the President, at the business meeting, upon motion the Rev. Dr. McConnell was called to the chair.

The report of the Secretary and Treasurer for the year was read and approved. Dr. McConnell, the acting President, upon the motion of Mr. Fisher, appointed Mr. James Pollock and Mr. J. A. McDowell a committee to audit the accounts of the Treasurer for the past year. (See Appendix A.)

The following officers and Board of Managers were then elected to serve for the ensuing year:—

President, W. W. Porter; *First Vice-President*, Rev. Henry C. McCook; *Board of Directors*: Col. A. K. McClure, Hon. Joseph Allison, Rev. Dr. MacIntosh, Mr. C. Stuart Patterson, Hon. R. M. Henderson, Mr. William Righter Fisher, Mr. James Pollock, Mr. John Mundell, Hon. James A. Logan, Hon. James Gay Gordon, Rev. S. D. McConnell, D. D., Mr. Robert Pitcairn. Mr. C. W. McKeehan was re-elected *Secretary* and *Treasurer*.

Upon motion the business meeting was then adjourned, and the company proceeded to the banqueting room, and C. Stuart Patterson, Esq., President, having arrived, took the chair.

As soon as the company were seated at the tables Mr. C. Stuart Patterson, the retiring President, at the request of the Society, sent the following letter to Col. A. K. McClure:—

THE BELLEVUE, February 8th, 1894.

Dear Colonel McClure :

I am directed by the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society, in annual meeting assembled, to convey to you their hearty congratulations upon your recovery from serious illness, and their sincere regret for your absence to-night. Each and every member of the Society hopes that when we meet next year to call to mind the achievements of our race, you will be with us to cheer us by your presence and your words.

I am, faithfully yours,

C. STUART PATTERSON,

President of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society.

The speaking was introduced by the reading by Mr. C. Stuart Patterson of the following letter from Colonel McClure, received in response to the above:—

1828 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. C. Stuart Patterson, President Scotch-Irish Society, Philadelphia :

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Of the many kind expressions I have received during five months of confinement to a sick room no one was more grateful than the congratulations just at hand from the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society. The Scotch-Irishman always means what he says, and therefore his expressions of friendship can ever be taken at par.

I wish, indeed, that I could be with you to-night, but man proposes and God disposes, and as I have not yet been able to get out of my sick room, the question of mingling with you to-night could not be entertained.

It is especially a pleasure to meet the Scotch-Irish when they themselves are the dominant theme. They have such grand

faith in themselves, such heroic fidelity to conviction, such determination in having not only their own way, but their own way of having their own way, that it is lovely to hear them on the rare occasions when they come to respond to the sentiment of "Ourselves." They are of the one race on our continent that has written its history solely in deeds, and the organization of the National and State Scotch-Irish Societies was conceived only when it was found necessary to make some organized effort to preserve the history of the race that has been foremost of all in the greatest and best achievements of our country.

Thanks, and good-night.

Yours truly,

A. K. McCLURE.

FEBRUARY 8th.

Mr. Patterson then spoke as follows :—

GENTLEMEN :—At the outset of my remarks I can relieve you from a natural anxiety by telling you that this is positively my last appearance as your President. We are told that the dying song of the swan is his best, and I suppose it may also be said that the last speech of a President ought to be his best. I relieve you also by telling you that my speech will be brief, and I feel sure that whatever exception you may take to my premises, and however much you may cavil at my argument, you will, nevertheless, speedily rejoice in my conclusion.

It is my pleasant duty to congratulate the Society upon a year of great prosperity, and to join with you in regretting the absence of Colonel McClure, and in rejoicing that were he with us to-night we would appear at this, our annual dress parade, with full ranks and with an unbroken front.

I had intended to say much to-night of the achievements of our race. I had ransacked histories. I had pored over encyclopedias. But in a moment that was fortunate for you, but unfortunate for me, I met my friend Mr. Pollock. I was about to communicate to him my purpose, when he informed me that he had satisfied himself and convinced the Holland

Society that William the Third was a Scotch-Irishman, and that any man who had ever achieved anything good and great must necessarily have been, or be, a Scotch-Irishman.

Nothing, therefore, remains to me but to lay down in due course the trust you have committed to me. It would, of course, be agreeable to me to give way to any successor of your selection, but it is most agreeable to me to have as my successor the gentleman upon whom your choice has fallen. It happened to me in the year 1862 to begin the study of the law in the office of one of the most learned, most able, and most upright men whom the bar of Philadelphia ever knew. There is nothing I can say in eulogy of Judge Porter that he would not truly merit. It is to me a great gratification that his son is treading with high promise in the path in which his father won fame and success, and it is to me a happiness to surrender to that son the great honor of the Presidency of this Society.

William W. Porter, the President Elect, then took the chair and spoke as follows:—

GENTLEMEN:—I am much touched by what has just been said. It gives me a great deal of satisfaction to know that the friendship borne by Mr. Patterson for him to whom I owe so much is continued to the son.

Gentlemen of the Scotch-Irish Society, I warmly appreciate the distinction which you have conferred upon me by making me President. The Scotch-Irish Society believes in rotation in office, therefore the First Vice-President has in rapturous contemplation the honor of being elected President the year following. For some three hundred and sixty-five days and nights (more or less) I have had under the profoundest consideration the question why so humble and so private a citizen as myself should have received this honor. I have never held public office, but I am a Scotch-Irishman, and I have no doubt that I would like to. The result of my reflection was the solution of the question why the honor had so fallen. I have attended the banquets of this Society ever since I became a

member. I have been, as it were, on deck the whole voyage and have not "lost a meal." On more than one occasion it has been intimated to me that if I felt under very great movings of the spirit I might be permitted to make a speech. On each occasion I declined, until it became the conviction of the powers that be that they had found that rare bird a lawyer who could be trusted never to make a speech. Herein you find the reason for my elevation to office. I do not intend to mar the reputation so hardly earned by long taking your attention to-night.

There is a thought suggested to me in some measure by an address by one of our younger but already one of our most brilliant local judges, in connection with the Irish race in this country. If we look at the list of members of the so-called Anarchistic societies and the names of those connected with deeds subversive of good government, we will find some names full of consonants and ending with the "ski" of the Russian, others full of vowels showing that the blood came originally from Italy, other names indicating German origin. We find few English names, fewer from the Irish nation, and absolutely none at all indicating Scotch-Irish blood. The people of Ireland have felt the iron hand of a superior power, but when they come hither they not only appreciate our liberty, but there is no desire on their part to make it license. With love of native land smothered at home, the moment their feet are set upon our shores they take our soil as theirs and our land as the land of their adoption. I am inclined to think it would not be difficult (if the gentlemen had sufficient education) to believe that there are not a few Scotch-Irishmen who have devoted part of the time of their passage here to the preparation of their naturalization papers. Scotch-Irishmen have an abnormal appetite for control. They have no desire to pull down our governmental homes, but they do accept our hospitality with cheerful alacrity and proceed to run our governmental household for us. While they are reported to be sportmanlike and accurate of aim in gunning for landlords at home, we do not find them making a target of our chief of police, doubtless because every man of them expects to be sooner or

later on the force. I am reminded of an illustration in one of our comic papers of an English tourist in New York City, in which he was represented as saying, "I beg pardon, but I understand that a considerable number of policemen here are Irishmen." Whereupon he was received with a smile by the gentleman in uniform to whom he was speaking, who replied, "Faith, there's not wan; we're all Americans." It may be said with great truth that our good Irish blood brings us into touch with this kind of government. And now, in soberness (I think we are still in a state of sobriety), we have to-night a large number and more distinguished guests than at any of our meetings of the past. It would be a task grateful but prolonged to detail the distinctions and achievements of the gentlemen with us to-night. Any attempt to enumerate them would involve comparison, and in that connection I am warned by a story which taught me a lesson. He was a youth of tender years, who wrote a composition on the question, "Which was the greater general, Julius Cæsar or Napoleon?" The result, whether born of ignorance or discretion, was something like this: "When we attempt to consider the greatness of the generals Cæsar or Napoleon, and when we ask ourselves the question which was the greater, we must invariably answer in the affirmative."

We have with us to-night one whom it gives us great pleasure to welcome—a gentleman who has not only filled a seat in the highest legislative body in the country, but one who, in 1876, by his untiring efforts, added to the greatness of our city and assisted as one of the Centennial Commission to make her known to the world. I take pleasure in presenting the Hon. Joseph R. Hawley.

(NOTE.—General Hawley made a most interesting address, but he did not furnish it for publication.)

The President:—

I have the honor to present to you as the next speaker a gentleman who has served his country in the National Legislature for many years as the Representative of the State of

Michigan, but we Pennsylvanians will lay some claim to him as one of the sons of the old Commonwealth, inasmuch as his birthplace, I am credibly informed, was within the boundaries of Pennsylvania. I have the honor to introduce to you the Hon. J. C. Burrows.

Hon. J. C. Burrows spoke as follows:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH CLUB:—
 I was seduced into coming here to-night by my friend Colonel Cassels, whose request is always a command. I do not regret, however, having yielded to his solicitations. I do not know that I have any Scotch or Irish blood in my veins. I know, however, I am an American, and I am sure that will put me in harmony with this gathering. (Applause.) The Colonel promised me if I would come over I should not be called on to make a speech; and I really think I should be excused, under the circumstances, not only on my own account, but more particularly on yours, as a speech from me would mar the pleasure of the occasion. I feel something like the fellow who attended the funeral of his wife. It was insisted, as a matter of propriety, that he ride to the cemetery in the carriage with his mother-in-law. He protested against it, but finally, in obedience to repeated requests on the part of friends, he yielded, but said it would destroy the entire pleasure of the occasion. But while I must be excused from a speech I desire to say I am delighted to meet, hear, and know gentlemen around this board who are the descendants of that illustrious band of Scotch-Irish who once occupied Ulster, and who, in their heroic defense of Londonderry, made themselves and the history of that time immortal. I am very glad to learn, through our friend General Hawley, that the Senate of the United States is made up in a large part of representatives of Scotch blood and Scotch grit; and let me suggest to him that the time is near at hand when that Scotch grit will be put to the test in the defense of American industries and American labor. I never read the history of the Scotch-Irish in Ireland, and the chapter written by Macaulay descriptive of the defense of Londonderry, that I am not proud of that race, and

wish I could trace my lineage back to that people—a people who, for one hundred and fifty-five days, defended their city and their homes, their wives and kindred, against the aggressions of a despotic king, and set an example of self-sacrificing devotion in the cause of human liberty which will be an inspiration for all time. The Scotch-Irish have impressed themselves upon the history of this country. Coming to New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, and Tennessee, they bore a conspicuous part in the great battle for national independence and became the leaders in public thought and patriotic action. I was surprised in looking at a history I took up this morning to find that the Scotch-Irish wrote the first declaration of independence; that Jefferson, after all, was not its author, but it emanated from the Scotch-Irish, May 20th, 1775, when they declared, among other things: “We do hereby dissolve the political bonds which have connected us with the mother country, and hereby absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British Crown, and hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people, who of right ought to be a governing association under the control of no power except our own and the general government of the congress; to the maintenance of which we solemnly pledge to each other our united efforts and our lives, our fortunes, and our most sacred honor.” That sounds quite familiar, and very much like the Declaration of Independence of July 4th, 1776. But this was written a year before the Declaration of Independence. Bancroft well says: “The first voice to be raised in America to dissolve all connection with Great Britain came from the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians.”

Colonel Cassels said to me, “If you are called on to make a speech speak of the men of the Northwest.” Although such a theme has not been announced, yet I may say the Scotch-Irish have, in the whole history of the Northwest, exerted a most potent influence in the shaping of public sentiment and directing public action. The descendants of the Scotch-Irish naturally drifted to the old Northwest, for, under the Ordinance of 1787, that territory was pledged to civil and religious liberty for all time, and the Scotch-Irish found there their

natural home. The Northwest has grown from fifty thousand people to thirteen millions and a half. The foreign population of the Northwest—the old Northwest—is to-day two millions and a half of the thirteen and a half millions. One quarter of the entire population of the country of foreign birth is found within the limits of the Northwest. They have occupied and improved its broad acres, aided in building up its manufactories, and contributed to the marvelous development of the country in every field of human enterprise. The development of the Northwest is due in no small degree to the sturdy foreign population settling within its limits, among which there is a liberal sprinkling of the Scotch-Irish. Within the boundary of the old Northwest twenty-two cities have risen, each containing a population of more than twenty-five thousand, and in what is popularly known as the Northwest there are thirty-five cities having each a population of more than thirty-five thousand. The people of the Northwest, comprising so large a proportion of our foreign population, have been prompt to respond to the demands of our country in the hour of its peril; and the five States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan put into the field nine hundred and fifty thousand armed men to defend the integrity of the Union and the perpetuity of free government. That was one-third of the entire Union army. But if I had been called upon to respond to the sentiment, “The People of the Northwest,” I would have proposed a broader sentiment: The people of our whole country, divided by birth and blood, but indissolubly united in a common desire to promote the glory of a common country.

The President:—

Gentlemen, there is a town in an adjoining State that has a way of poking fun at Philadelphia. It is called New York. Sometimes we admit that this chaff makes us a little irritable, and we have come to view New York as not much of a place after all. It therefore does us good to hear a return fire. There was one of our little Quakeresses who was being entertained there, and she was “taking it out” of a New Yorker a

little about New York, and he replied by that dreadful chestnut, "There's no grass growing in the streets of New York as there is said to be in Philadelphia;" to which she replied, "It must be the effect of the climate; the soil of your streets seems good enough."

New York town has, however, a way of drawing to herself people she perhaps could not produce. She has drawn from Virginia one of our most distinguished lawyers. He has been assigned a topic for his address, but as I have no confidence that he will devote himself to it, I will leave him announce it. I have to ask for him a hearty welcome and present to you the Hon. John S. Wise.

Mr. Wise spoke as follows:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—I was in hopes that our Chairman would overlook me and not call upon me at all. When I received the invitation to be present no mention was made of a speech and I sincerely hoped I was going to be allowed to have a good time and a good dinner and not be called up. When day before yesterday I was asked by telegraph to state the subject on which I would speak, I answered truthfully that I did not know I was expected to speak and had no subject. However, if I must I must; and, probably, nobody believes all this. Most of the entertainments I have attended in Philadelphia have been in this room, and as it suggests Clover Club dinners I shall feel grateful if, for my very bad speech, I am not pelted with cabbages. So I hope I shall get along.

What Senator Hawley, and aspiring Senator Burrows, have said interested me exceedingly, especially as they state they have learned it all so recently from dear old Librarian Spofford, who furnished the books. He has, to my certain knowledge, been performing this function for lazy and ignorant Congressmen for many years. But I have heard enough from them to satisfy me that these two, in the slang of the day, "are not in it" on this Scotch-Irish question. It is not a subject which can be mastered in so short a time by a little reading. The Scotch-Irish history and character is a curious

and intricate study, and to be master of the subject one must have watched and read and listened to the old folk-lore stories of this very aggressive and peculiar folk for a long long time. (Turning to Congressman Burrows.) My dear old colleague in the House, you come from a section where these Scotch-Irish are almost unknown. Michigan, and indeed the whole Northwest, is peopled by a later race of immigrants, the Norwegians, Swedes, and other Scandinavians for the most part. Now I have the genuine Scotch-Irish stuff in me, and come from the home, in America, of this sturdy race. Feeling that it was a good breed to have about the house, I was not content with my own stock, but I married a pure Scotch-Irish-woman, filled with the blood of the Douglas', the Hamiltons, the Guys, and the Kinkeads, and have brought a red-headed son of hers along with me to make my claims manifest and now present him to you as voucher and ask that he be marked as "Exhibit A," with the bill of fare, and, as the lawyers say, prayed to be taken as part thereof. (Applause and cheers for Mr. Wise, Jr.)

I have a better reputation as a judge of dogs than of men, and our friend Mr. Cassatt, who sits near me, knows a horse thoroughly. In both horses and dogs there are certain well-known sires who are famous for what is known as the "prepotency" of their blood. Mr. Cassatt will tell you that whenever he sees a strikingly handsome thoroughbred, with quivering nostril, gleaming eye, pointed ear, curved crest, straight on the back, sloping shoulders, limber pasterns, clean legs, straight in front and bent behind, cup hooped, springy in movement, and filled with quality in every line and movement, he never doubts that the horse has in him one or more crosses of the blood of grand old Leamington.

Just so when I see a setter move out into the stubble field, cold nosed, bright eyed, lean necked, with flat sides, arched back, tail set on low, legs bent behind and wide apart; when I see in him a certain undefinable energy and push that goes from rosy morn till dewy eve, I may safely calculate he has a good infusion of the blood of Gladstone, greatest of sires among American sporting dogs.

Just so among American men, there is a strongly prepotent strain of blood unmistakable in its characteristics, and that is the strain of the old Scotch-Irish who first settled in your own State from Philadelphia to Carlisle, and thence spread southwardly through the Shenandoah Valley, through Western North Carolina, and on until they reached and named the counties of York, Lancaster, and Chester in South Carolina, and turning westwardly from Virginia, through Cumberland Gap, they settled the blue grass region of Kentucky. In all these places they are still the predominant race and in many of them are as distinct and well defined in their characteristics as the earliest settlers.

Whenever I see a man who believes in and relies upon himself—a fellow who, like Frank Ruffins' darkey, "Don't never skacely say no harm agin hisself;" a man who has opinions he is not afraid to express, some right and some wrong, but who never doubts that all are right, and who will live and, if need be, die for those opinions—whenever I see a quiet earnest man, filled with energy and resolution, sometimes fanatical, but always dead in earnest, and afraid of nobody; generally honest, generally frugal, generally undemonstrative, but always true—I say, whenever I meet with a man like that I think I discover in him the Scotch-Irish cross, whose merits and glories we are met to celebrate. (At this point Mr. Wise told an anecdote which elicited considerable applause, but as it was in the Scotch dialect, and depended for its point on the reproduction of the dialect, it is omitted.)

Brother Burrows talks about the Scotch-Irish of New Hampshire. They were latter-day saints. They were the overflow of the Pennsylvania settlement. No people were ever worse treated than these Scotch-Irish. Although residents of Ireland they were really Scotch in everything but the mere circumstance of residence. When the struggle which convulsed the British realm came on between James II. and William of Orange, all Ireland besides espoused the cause of James. The Protestants of Ulster declared for William. The glorious stand they made for liberty, at Londonderry, is among the most interesting episodes of English history. Never were

their qualities of endurance and valor more conspicuous than there. Yet neither under William nor his successors were their loyalty and devotion recognized as they deserved to be. Being nonconformists they could hold no commission in the service of the king; their children were, under the law, bastards.

Under the sting of laws like these they expatriated themselves and came to America, seeking here the freedom and religious and political liberty they had been denied in the land they had saved to their monarch. That was a hundred and fifty years ago. Many other races of people who came here even later than that have become blended and so incorporated into the general mass of our people as to be no longer distinguishable. Not so with the Scotch-Irish. Time has not touched their separate and distinct identity.

Some laws of Pennsylvania, which were obnoxious to many of both the Scotch-Irish and Dutch Protestants, caused a migration of both beyond the Potomac, but they did not intermingle. The Dutch stopped in the lower Shenandoah Valley, and there they are to-day. The Scotch-Irish moved up the valley to Staunton, Lexington, and beyond, and there they are to-day. Tar, smeared on newly-painted boards, is not more distinct or harder to remove than is this Scotch-Irish blood wherever it appears and settles itself down. It is a prayerful, pugnacious, and prolific strain wherever it appears.

If you will go with me to the upper valley of Virginia, among the people that produced Stonewall Jackson, and the soldiers who followed him, to that West Augusta to which Washington said he would retire if the worst came to the worst, I will show you the homes and the names of the Scotch-Irish, just as they came a hundred and fifty years ago.

If you will pass over the route they traveled and go with me into the beautiful blue-grass region of Kentucky you will find them still there, a distinct, well-knit, homogeneous stock of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, little changed by lapse of time. The Prestons, the Lewises, the Hamiltons, the Kinkeads, the McDowells, the Breckinridges, the Alexanders, and all the rest; holding fast to their old faith, to their old habits, to their old

traditions, with the tenacity and simplicity that is so characteristic of the blood.

(Here Mr. Wise told an incident of a recent visit to Lexington, Ky., which is omitted at his request.)

I heard what General Hawley said about Grant and McClellan. I, as you know, was on the other side. There was fighting blood in the Confederacy as well as on the Union side.

My earliest recollection of actual war is of seeing a Scotch-Irishman in action, Major McLaughlin, then in command of a battery of artillery, now a distinguished judge. He sat his horse side-saddle fashion, I think, and smoked his pipe quietly, giving commands to the gunners as if he was planting spring flowers in his garden, and paying no more heed to a storm of shot and shell than if there was no such thing. The Cid never rode more fearlessly than did that Scotch-Irish Confederate, John C. Breckinridge, and nobody can doubt the genius or the valor of that other great Scotch-Irishman, Stonewall Jackson.

But, gentlemen, this is all as disconnected and as desultory as possible. I am merely rambling. I told you I had no speech, and, really, I have none.

I must say good-night, and thank you for your most excellent dinner, and your most admirable patience——

(Cries of "Go on! Go on!")

I have told you all I know——

(A voice: "Tell us something you don't know.")

I have not time for that. My train leaves at 7 A. M. It is now near 11 P. M. If I begin to tell you what I do not know I will not finish in time to catch my car.

(Cries of "Go on!" So he proceeded.)

Very well; if you can stand it, I can.

It is a most interesting study to watch the impress and the influence of this strain of blood. I am not saying this in mere folly; I am serious. Its influence in my State was immediate and very great. Up to the time the Scotch-Irish came the settlement of Virginia west of the Blue Ridge was almost nothing. The Blue Ridge was her frontier; Indian incursions into the Piedmont section were not at all uncommon. The advent of the Scotch-Irish interposed a barrier that was

never crossed. Thenceforth the Alleghenies were the frontier, and the Scotch-Irish were the pioneers. Not only the pioneers of Virginia, but of the Kentucky settlement, and later on Andrew Lewis, a pure Scotch-Irishman, descendant of John, the earliest of all the settlers, led the famous explorations out to Vincennes and Kaskaskia, and beyond as far as Pike's Peak.

It is your fault, gentlemen, that I am talking again. I don't know now whether you'll be able to stop me. I am somewhat of a crank on this subject of studying the early settlements; a man does not really become interesting until he gets to be a crank.

Ohio is the only State in the Union the history of whose settlement is as interesting as that of Virginia. It is, as its sons claim, one of the greatest States in the Union. It is in shape not unlike a shield, and its position on the map is right over the heart of our country. Its settlement was at three distinct times, and by three distinct breeds of people. The army, after the War of the Revolution, was at Newburg. They came near revolting because of the neglect of Congress. General Washington pacified the army by the promise that Congress would pay them, and he procured their pay for them by inducing Virginia to cede her claims to the northwest territory to the Union, and then inducing Congress to pay the Revolutionary officers and soldiers in military land grants. Gen. Rufus Putnam, of Connecticut, Paul Carrington, and Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, were leaders of this movement, and the result was the settlement of Southern Ohio by a very high and refined class of old Revolutionary soldiers and their descendants. The Pennsylvania Dutchman moved westward, and took possession of Central Ohio; Northern Ohio was settled by the Yankees, the genuine old wooden nutmeg Yankees. This population is laid on in Ohio in three distinct layers, like the red, white, and blue bars of a national shield.

Virginia was settled much in the same way. Along the lower James and in tidewater the early English settled. Above Richmond settled the Huguenots. On the upper Rappahannock old Governor Spotswood planted his colony of German

ironworkers. In the Shenandoah Valley settled the Scotch-Irish in the upper portion and the Dutch Protestants in the lower portion. And there they all are to-day, almost as distinct as ever.

Now, Brother Burrows talks of the Scotch-Irish in the Northwest. Of course there are some of them there. They poke their noses almost everywhere. But when one begins to examine the population of Michigan and the northwestern States other than Ohio he finds a sort of funny-bag of humanity. There is no telling what you will pull out when you put your hand in. Shooting in Minnesota, as I have done for many years, it is surprising to see the sources of her population, and the juxtaposition and, at the same time, the perfect separation of all the races of Europe. The settlers bought the lands of these prairies by lines running east and west, north and south, in perfect squares. One will be hunting at one moment in a settlement of Russians and see and hear nothing but Russian; crossing an imaginary line he finds himself in a settlement of Norwegians or of Swedes; passing thence by a "United States Corner," which is nothing but a pile of rocks dumped to show the line, he may find himself at Avoca, or Iona, or what not, among Irishmen who are as typical representatives of the Emerald Isle as the others were Slavs or Scandinavians. I have often wondered how long it will take these neighbors now so distinct, so ignorant of and oftentimes so inimical to each other, to mingle, and what will be the result of the composite humanity which will be the product.

But, strange and heterogeneous as are these elements of settlement, they are scarcely more distinct or different than were the original settlers in the other colonies above referred to.

There seems to be something in our American Republic which fuses all mankind in the crucible of Liberty, and produces a manhood only the better for the distinct elements which were blended in its composition.

And now, my friends, good-night. I am exceedingly grateful to you for your repeated evidences of your appreciation of this most wandering and inconsequential talk.

The President :—

We expected to have with us to-night Mr. Allen, of Mississippi, but he is prevented from coming. General Hastings was also expected, but he is indisposed.

The President of the National Scotch-Irish Society is here, and I know that I express the wishes of all those present when I ask Mr. Bonner to say a few words.

Mr. Bonner spoke as follows :—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—As President of the Scotch-Irish Society of America, I congratulate you on having such a powerful local organization here in Pennsylvania. It is natural that this should be so, for, as we all know, the leading element in your population is Scotch-Irish. The credit, however, of building up your Society is due in no small degree to the energy of your accomplished Secretary, Mr. McKeehan.

Recently, in looking over Reid's History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, I saw it stated that in the year 1760 the Rev. Charles Beatty, a member of the Presbytery of Philadelphia, was sent over to Ireland to make known to the people of that country the impoverished condition of Presbyterian ministers and their families in the New World. On that occasion the Irish Presbyterians, although poor themselves, contributed for that praiseworthy object upward of £400—a large sum in that day and in that country. A quaint old character, an elder in the Presbyterian Church, remarked that Philadelphia was a good place for Presbyterians to go to, for the reason that the people there seemed to be somewhat like the Quakers, who expected their ministers to live on next to nothing. But it is gratifying to know that that state of things has been reformed altogether.

Governor McKinley, last May, in addressing the Scotch-Irish Congress at Springfield, Ohio, after complimenting our race on their love of freedom, referred to the Scotch-Irishman as a natural theologian. I think I can mention a little instance in my own experience that will tend to corroborate the Governor's statement. In the year 1838 there was only one

Presbyterian church in the little town in the North of Ireland that I came from. In that year the clergyman died. There was a fierce and bitter struggle as to who should be his successor. Finally the leading landlord of the locality used his influence among his tenants in favor of one of the candidates, and he was elected by a small majority. The minority, however, concluded to secede and build a new church, and the result was that the second Presbyterian church was erected. There was a parish school connected with the old church which the children of both churches attended. One day, after school was dismissed, we boys, for I was one of them, whose parents were connected with the new church, took the pious notion into our heads of stoning the boys who were connected with the old church. If you had witnessed that battle I think you would have come to Governor McKinley's conclusion that *the Scotch-Irish are natural theologians*.

But, seriously, while we very properly and gladly recall the achievements of our Scotch-Irish ancestors, let us not be content to rest satisfied with merely chronicling what they accomplished, but let us, while we admirably dwell upon their heroic deeds, be sure to do our part toward perpetuating the free institutions which, in great part through their efforts, have been bequeathed to us. In a word, whether we were born in America or not, let us live as Americans, and, if necessary, be as ready to die for American institutions as were the brave men of our race during our Revolutionary days.

The President:—

There is a letter here addressed to the ex-President, which incloses another from Col. Thomas T. Wright regarding the presentation to the Secretary of this Society of a historic cane. I will ask Mr. Fisher to read these letters to us.

Mr. Fisher read the following letter:—

NASHVILLE, TENN., February 5th, 1894.

Col. A. K. McClure:

MY DEAR SIR:—I regret that a pressing business engagement at New Orleans will prevent my attending your Scotch-

Irish banquet on Thursday evening. I send you by express a hickory cane, the last one used by Gen. Andrew Jackson in his earthly walk. Kindly present same to your honored Secretary, Mr. C. W. McKeehan, as a reminder of my personal esteem for him as a gentleman and appreciation for the splendid service he has rendered the Scotch-Irish race, by the admirable management of his important office as Secretary of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society.

In tendering to Mr. McKeehan this precious relic of the old hero who sleeps beside his beloved Rachel on the nearby hillside, I feel assured that it is placed in good hands.

Scotch-Irishmen should revere the name of Andrew Jackson as they do that other great Scotch-Irish American, Abraham Lincoln. No more loyal patriot has lived than Andrew Jackson. His slogan, "The Union must and shall be preserved," will never die. Were he living to-day he would advocate less of senseless prattle about human rights, but more of human duties.

General Jackson may have made mistakes. Who has not? When we consider the conditions of the times in which he lived and his advantages, a poor, unlettered, backwoods, bare-footed boy, without friends and influence, unaided and alone, elevating himself to the highest office in the land, who, we ask, would have done as well?

Andrew Jackson was not learned in the classics. He was not an orator. Creators seldom are. The men who have made history, wiped out boundaries, and changed the destinies of nations were never gifted with a silver tongue.

Andrew Jackson, though coming from the common people, was a born gentleman, chivalrous and just to his fellow-man. Not the coarse, rough man as pictured by his traducers. He had enemies, as have all aggressive creators. When the conservative, ignorant, arrogant class asked: "Who is this fellow, Jackson?" the battle of New Orleans answered their question and silenced these know-it-all obstructionists.

All honor to the patriot hero, Andrew Jackson! When time has blown away the mists of prejudice, justice will be done the memory of this illustrious Scotch-Irishman and devout

Christian, who honored his own faith, but never despised that of his neighbor.

Permit me to tender you, sir, my grateful thanks for your aid and encouragement when first starting the movement to gather the scattered Scotch-Irish clans of America. You have stood by me like a "stone wall." I can never forget your friendly support.

Wishing you and your honored Society and its members success and happiness, I am, dear sir,

Very truly yours,

THOMAS T. WRIGHT.

There was a call for Mr. McKeehan, who responded as follows :—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN :—My surprise is only excelled by my pleasure in receiving such a handsome testimonial and recognition from our distinguished friend Colonel Wright of Tennessee, in the presentation to me of a cane which was wrought and used by the great Andrew Jackson. The high character of our friend, Colonel Wright, and his intimate connection with the Hermitage Association, which has for its object the purchase of the old home of Andrew Jackson, that it may be owned and maintained as a shrine of American patriotism, certifies this cane thus sent to me as a veritable relic of one of the most distinguished men of America.

Very few of the Scotch-Irish of America fully appreciate the debt which they owe to our friend, Colonel Wright, who has thus honored me upon this occasion. About seven years ago the Scotch-Irish of the United States were aroused to recollect their ancestors by announcements in the newspapers, and by circulars, stating that a convention would be held at Columbia, Tenn., of the Scotch-Irish of America in order to organize themselves into an association. With these announcements there were letters from Governors of many of the States, and others, and distinguished men in Scotland and Ireland proclaimed their interest in the approaching convention, and it was a surprise to every man of Scotch-Irish descent that

such an enormous amount of interest should be awakened in so short a time on this subject. The meeting was held at Columbia, Tenn. Mr. Bonner, our distinguished guest from New York, Colonel McClure, and the Rev. Dr. MacIntosh, of this city, and many men of equal standing in the various States, assembled in response to this call in the little town of Columbia, Tenn., and held a meeting, which was most notable. Rarely has a town of this size had at one time within its limits a more distinguished and able body of men. This convention resulted in the organization and establishment of the Scotch-Irish Society of America. The man to whom this convention was due, who by his persistent efforts, by his ingenious methods, by his wonderful talent and ability in interesting the people of his race in this movement, and who deserves the chief honor for whatever results have come from this meeting, was Col. Thomas T. Wright. He deserves the honor of having originated the idea, and by his fertility of resources he brought together the influences which have established the great national Society of which our guest, Mr. Bonner, is President, and through that the establishment of the Pennsylvania and other State Societies. We all realize our chief indebtedness to Colonel McClure, Dr. McConnell, and Dr. MacIntosh for the success of our Pennsylvania Society.

We have to-day two hundred and twenty members in the Pennsylvania Society, and it is now simply a question of whom we will take and whom we will not. The Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania is progressing, I am sure, to the satisfaction of every member. We have now reached the point when it is only a question of a short time when every Scotch-Irishman in Pennsylvania who is worthy to be a member, and who realizes the distinction of his ancestry, will come to our doors and ask to be admitted.

Pride of ancestry is an ancient and honorable sentiment. It is very proper within proper limits. To be the illustrious son of a worthy sire is an additional honor to him who achieves success. To be the degenerate son of a worthy sire is an added weight to bear the reprobate down to infamy. You have all no doubt heard the story of the distinguished

Irishman who was twitted by a noble lord in Parliament with being a man of no ancestry. "Yes," said he, "the honorable lord is the last feeble survivor of an illustrious house. I am the first of a distinguished line." And there is another story told of a young man who was reminded in debate of his plebian origin. He answered, "Yes, the family of my honorable friend is like a field of potatoes, the best of the crop is under ground."

Ancestry and history mean achievement; and he who is descended from a race which has achieved something important in the progress of modern times has somewhat to be proud of. And I have often thought, as I have seen men apparently of obscure origin, whose birth was in the rugged mountains, and whose parents recorded naught but "the short and simple annals of the poor," but who, in spite of these disadvantages, have risen to positions of distinction and honor, and have well served their day and generation; that the families of these men were, no doubt, like some of those wonderful rivers which are found in some parts of the globe. They flow along with majestic sweep and current and then suddenly disappear in the earth and are not seen for hundreds of miles, when again they emerge and flow on, refreshing and beautifying all the land, until they reach the sea. So I think that the illustrious ancestry of these men who thus spring, as it were, from the earth to serve and bless their times, must not be looked for in their immediate past, but that somewhere, away back in the ancestral mountains, a sturdy and vigorous race, full of labor, capacity, and achievement, has been borne down for some generations beneath the earth to emerge in full vigor in the persons of these men, many of whom we may all have in our minds to-night.

I have great faith in the royal blood of capacity and achievement. Wherever it is found it quickly proclaims its quality. When I see a young man begin as an office boy and rise in life, conquering a high place in a profession, elected to the head of a great corporation, swaying and directing great interests, financial, political, or religious, I believe there flows in that young man an ancestral blood which, if you cannot trace

it to its immediate distinguished source, will be found to have, further back in the generations past, the qualities which make for achievement and leadership.

One more word and I have finished. I desire to call your attention to the fact that we owe to our friend, Judge Logan, the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, and to Colonel Cassels, of Washington, the presence of the distinguished speakers from Washington who have addressed us to-night, as they have been secured through their interest and exertion.

The President:—

There are, as you know, societies based on principles similar to ours, and, indeed, there seems to be a community of interest on the basis of births, since most of us have had more or less of it.

We have some sister societies represented among us to-night, and we invariably have one of their officers to respond to the toast "Our Sister Societies."

We have with us this evening General Wagner, the President of the German Society, and would be pleased to hear a few remarks from him.

General Wagner spoke as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—Somebody suggests that I should speak to you in Dutch; the gentleman evidently missed the point in the President's introduction, when presenting me as the spokesman for "Our Sister Societies," he did so as the "President of the German Society."

If I had been requested by Colonel Cassels to come here to-night with the assurance that I should not be called on for a speech, I should at once have done as the speakers of the evening all admitted they did under similar promises, gone to the nearest library and read up on Scotch-Irish history; but being invited simply as the President of the oldest of these "Sister Societies," with the expectation of nothing to do but come, partake of your magnificent hospitality, and listen to some of

the best speeches it has been my good fortune to hear, I never dreamt that I would be called upon to speak.

Mr. President, I am lost in this presence. It is unnecessary for me to assure you that there is not a drop of Scotch-Irish blood in my veins, and if there was, I would not let it out after what we have been told here.

It has been my privilege to assist at the banquets of the St. George's Society, and I always came away oppressed with the thought that the English were the greatest nation on earth.

The speeches made at the dinners of our German Society would convince you, did you understand them, that they were of the greatest people on God's footstool, and that much of the greatness of America must be attributed to their coming here.

The eloquent orators at the gathering of our Irish fellow citizens on St. Patrick's Day never fail to assure us that they are abreast with us all in our claims for greatness, and the Scotchmen on St. Andrew's Day would indignantly repudiate even the hint that they are last in the race for what contributes to the success of our nation.

The task to properly represent all these greatnesses in reply to the toast of our "Sister Societies" at this gathering of Scotch-Irishmen is beyond my capacity.

Any man who should attempt to dispute the Scotch-Irish ancestry of Senator Hawley, who should try and swap Scotch-Irish stories with General Burrows, or who should deny the fact that Colonel Wise is of the very blue blood of Scotch-Irish descent, even if he did have to take the moccasin off the foot of an Indian girl to prove the truth of his assertion, would ingloriously fail.

And so for this occasion—and, sad to say, for this occasion only—we are all Scotch-Irish, either by birth, by descent, or by adoption, proud of what our predecessors have accomplished in Church and State, anxious to share in the glories and advantages of their achievements, but still more proud of the fact that we are one and all citizens of a great nation, whose success is to be ascribed to the fact that all nations and peoples gather in her borders and under her banner, and that no matter where we or our fathers were born we are all Americans.

Let us be careful, however, to remember that here we have no aristocracy, of either birth or money, of nationality or family. The poet says:—

Your family thread you can't ascend
 Without good reason to apprehend
 You will find it waxed at the other end
 By some plebian vocation.
 Or your boasted family line
 Will end in a rope of stronger twine
 That plagued some worthy relation.
 So don't be proud and turn up your nose
 At poorer people in plainer clothes,
 For proud flesh, wherever it grows,
 Is subject to irritation.

Let us strive to establish an aristocracy of character and of brains, and to make our adopted country even greater than the countries from which we or our forefathers came.

Let us be proud of our ancestors and of their achievements, but only for the purpose of urging us to greater deeds of good citizenship in this, the greatest country on earth.

Again, gentlemen of the Scotch-Irish Society, I thank you in the name of our "Sister Societies" for the honor of this toast, and wish you a long and prosperous existence as an organization.

The President:—

Two Irishmen went to church, and, after listening to a magnificent oratorical effort on the part of the minister, one said to the other, "Tom, he does bate the devil." To which the other replied, "Sure, that's his business." I fear this is not a respectful introduction for a gentleman of the cloth, but I am sure it will give us pleasure to hear from Dr. Gill.

Dr. Gill:—

MR. CHAIRMAN:—The strong point of some men is their ability to conceal their weak ones. My strength would be to sit still; for in responding to your call for a speech I give myself away, seeing that post-prandial oratory is not one of my strong points, if, indeed, I have any strong ones. And

this you will be likely to discover for yourselves. It will be with me as it was with a certain Congressman, who, on making his maiden speech in the House, expressed much apprehension that his hearers would think him hardly sufficient calibre for the subject, to whom a friend sitting near said, "Pooh! They will be sure to find you bore enough." (Laughter.)

I cannot, however, refrain from expressing the pleasure I have enjoyed in being permitted to share with you in the festivities of this occasion, and especially in listening to the mirth-provoking eloquence of the honorable gentleman (Mr. Wise) from our neighboring suburb of Gotham, and who, had we not been otherwise informed, we might have supposed was that distinguished denizen of our own city of brotherly love, a gentleman, however, with whom I have not the honor of being acquainted, whose wife, it is said, makes all the butter for the family from the cream of her husband's jokes. (Laughter.)

Mr. Chairman, I always entertained a very high regard for the Scotch-Irish, and very rightly, since I myself am one of them, but I never knew, until this Society was formed, how very many distinguished relatives I had, men famous in every walk of life, showing that the Scotch-Irish is that mysterious and magical amalgam of races that makes them the pert-athlete and prize-winner all the world over. It seems as though, when we look over the list of our distinguished "kinsmen according to the flesh," everybody that has been or is anybody was or is of Scotch-Irish descent. Of all the famous Americans, the only unfortunate one was "the father of his country," the immortal George himself, who was neither a Scotchman nor an Irishman, nor a Scotch-Irishman, but only English, you *know*.

We hear a great deal about Ward McAllister's band, and other similar coteries in the various cities of the land; but what are Gotham's four hundred, or Philadelphia's blue-bloods, or the *elite* of Boston, or the nabobs of Chicago, compared with such a glorious company of Scotch-Irishmen as is assembled here to-night? And such an assemblage is not confined to our own fair city, but may be found in every other city of the land and all the world over.

Dean Swift once wrote a Meditation on a Broomstick, after the solemn style of Hon. Robert Boyle, in which he says: "When I beheld this I sighed and said within myself: Surely mortal man is a broomstick!" When he said this, however, Swift certainly could not have had in mind the Scotch-Irish; for, so far from being broomsticks, they answer to the description of Lowell's man, who was composed of three-fifths genius and two-fifths sheer fudge—there being just about enough levity in his make-up to render him enjoyable, seeing that "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men." Considering the record of our race, Mr. Chairman, we can hardly be accused of vannting ourselves overmuch, if we say with the murderer in Macbeth, "We are men, my liege," and not as the response came from Macbeth, "Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men." The Scotch-Irish appear to have shown themselves *men* everywhere and upon all occasions.

As a race we cannot lay claim to that antiquity of which our brethren the Hibernians boast. Brethren, did I say? If they be brethren, then they too must be Scotch-Irish. Cousins shall I call them? That would not help the matter much; for if they be cousins, the Hibernians must be of the same stock with ourselves. Compatriots then let us call them. Brothers, cousins, compatriots or what, the Hibernians boast that they are the aborigines of Ireland, and that they have been there since "Adam was a boy." On hearing this claim set up on one occasion an unbeliever said to Pat, "If you are as old as you say you are, how does it happen that no Irish were found in the Ark?" To which Pat with characteristic wit replied, "Be jabbers, sor, the Irish were rich then and had a boat of their own." (Laughter.)

Now, Mr. Chairman, we may have to yield the palm to our Hibernian compatriots in point of antiquity; but we can at least hold our own with them on the score of productiveness. The Scotch-Irish is a ubiquitous man. He is everywhere. There is no place where he is not found, save in the poor house and the penitentiary (laughter), and no position of prominence he cannot, and, I may add, does not, fill, with credit to himself and to his ancestry. (Laughter.) The Scotch-Irish are equal

to all emergencies. They could furnish monarchs for all the thrones in Europe, and presidents for all the republics in the world, Brazil and Hawaii—if that is how you say it—included; and you would not have to Dole them out in any very parsimonious manner, either. (Laughter.) They could furnish representatives for every Congressional District in America, and brains enough to enact all the legislation necessary to destroy the infant industries of a whole hemisphere. (Laughter.) And speaking of legislation recalls to my mind a conversation which took place on an occasion like this between Lord John Russell and Mr. Hume. Said Russell to Hume, “What do you consider the object of legislation?” “The greatest good to the greatest number,” was the response.

“What do you consider the greatest number,” continued his lordship. “Number one,” was the commoner’s prompt reply. (Laughter.)

Now, Mr. Chairman, it seems to me that this truth is finding illustration in what is going on in our national halls of legislation at the present time. The cry of “The greatest good for the greatest number” is all very well as a theory, and on the stump to catch votes; but when it is proposed to give it force and effect in legislation, the theory dissolves into moonshine, and the declaration of Hume is seen to be right, that the greatest number is number *one*; verifying also the saying of the late lamented Hancock, that “the tariff is a local issue;” as also of that member of Congress who had lost his seat, and who gave it as his solemn conviction that the larger part of political capital is made up of private interest. (Laughter.)

Of the Scotch-Irish as a prolific people I was speaking. They can furnish lawyers enough to set all the best-behaved communities by the ears, and doctors enough to keep all the undertakers and grave diggers busy, McKinley bill or ‘no McKinley bill, tariff or no tariff. (Laughter.) And this reminds me: A lawyer and a doctor were once walking up the street arm in arm when a wag remarked to his companion: “Those two men are just equal to one highwayman.”

“How so?” said the other.

“One is a lawyer and the other is a doctor, and between

them it is your money or your life," was the quick and keen response. (Laughter.)

Not only can our prolific race furnish monarchs for all the thrones, presidents for all the republics, representatives and senators for our great legislatures, but it can supply all the pulpits of Christendom with preachers also, provided, of course, that there is a fine fat salary attached to them, for the Scotch-Irish verify the truth of Pope's saying, "A minister, but still a man." (Laughter.) But why enumerate? There is no post they cannot fill; but most of them are like their countryman, who, when smothering under the burning sun of a midsummer's day, sighed and said he wished that some one could find him an easy, well-paying job in a cool place. For all such soft snaps there are abundance of our kinsmen everywhere. (Laughter.)

When I think, Mr. Chairman, from whom we are descended, who our relations are, what they have achieved in the world, and all they propose to accomplish, I feel in sympathy with the little boy of whom the following story is told. It was during the celebration of the tri-centenary of the death of John Knox, Scotland's great reformer and redeemer, here in this city of Philadelphia. The Presbyterians owned the town, and everybody seemed to be overflowing with enthusiasm. During the noon intermission a little boy, a bootblack, I believe he was, went and sat down on the steps of the church where the exercises were being held, and where he was found sobbing and weeping, when this colloquy took place:—

"What is the matter, my boy? Are you sick?"

"No."

"Hungry?"

"No."

"Are your father and mother dead?"

"No."

"Well then, my boy, what is the matter that you are weeping so?"

"I'm crying because all our folks ain't Presbyterians." (Laughter.)

So, Mr. Chairman, I am sorry that everybody has not, like

ourselves, the good fortune to be Scotch-Irish. A Scotchman and a Frenchman were once talking together, discussing the merits of their respective races. The Scotchman, in admiration of his Gallic neighbors, said: "If I was not a Scotchman I would want to be a Frenchman." To which the Frenchman replied, "Well, if I was not a Frenchman, I would want to be a Frenchman." And in that respect I am like the enthusiastic Gaul, insomuch that, if I were not a Scotch-Irishman, I would want to be a Scotch-Irishman.

And now, Mr. Chairman, thanking you for the honor you have done me in asking me to address you, and for your patience in listening to what I have had to say, I will conclude by an anecdote that is told of Andrew Jackson, the mention of whose name here to-night recalls the story. "Old Hickory" was making a stump speech out West in a small interior village in Indiana, I think it was. Just as he was about to conclude, a friend of the general, who sat behind him, whispered, "Lip 'em a little Latin, general, they won't be satisfied without it." Collecting himself, the man of iron will instantly thought of the few phrases he knew, and in a voice of thunder, amid the roars and shouts of his Hoosier auditors, he wound up his speech, shouting at the top of his voice, "*E pluribus unum! Sine qua non! Ne plus ultra! Multum in parvo!*" (Laughter and applause.)

The President:—

I believe no one would think this meeting complete without a word from another gentleman of the cloth who, as his name implies, might be said to be of the water-proof cloth—a friend to this Society in sunshine and no less its defender in time of storm, Dr. MacIntosh.

(NOTE.—Dr. MacIntosh made a brief speech, full of the wit and wisdom which always characterizes his words, but he failed to furnish it to our reporter.)

The President:—

Gentlemen, I appeal to your sympathies. There is a gentleman here who throughout the evening has evinced so strong

a desire to address you that I cannot let the occasion go by without giving him the opportunity. If he will give me his word of honor that he will not transgress as to time I will, with your permission, let Mr. Pollock make a speech.

(NOTE.—Mr. Pollock made a humorous address, which was received with applause, but he has not furnished it for publication.)

The President:—

Gentlemen, on behalf of Mr. Pollock, I desire to thank you for listening to him so patiently.

And now that the evening is drawing to its close I desire, on behalf of the Society, to thank the gentlemen who have spoken the words we have listened to to-night, and to declare the meeting adjourned.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

I. NAME.

The name of the Association shall be the "Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society," and it shall constitute the Pennsylvania branch of the Scotch-Irish Society of America.

II. OBJECTS.

The purposes of this Society are the preservation of Scotch-Irish history; the keeping alive the *esprit de corps* of the race; and the promotion of social intercourse and fraternal feeling among its members, now and hereafter.

III. MEMBERSHIP.

1. Any male person of good character, at least twenty-one years of age, residing in the State of Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish descent through one or both parents, shall be eligible to membership, and shall become a member by the majority vote of the Society or of its Council, subscribing these articles, and paying an annual fee of two dollars: *Provided*, That all persons whose names were enrolled prior to February 13th, 1890, are members: *And provided further*, That three officers of the National Society, to be named by it, shall be admitted to sit and deliberate with this Society.

2. The Society, by a two-thirds vote of its members present at any regular meeting, may suspend from the privileges of the Society, or remove altogether, any person guilty of gross misconduct.

3. Any member who shall have failed to pay his dues for two consecutive years, without giving reasons satisfactory to the Council, shall, after thirty days' notice of such failure, be dropped from the roll.

IV. ANNUAL MEETING.

1. The annual meeting shall be held at such time and place as shall be determined by the Council. Notice of the same shall be given in the Philadelphia daily papers, and be mailed to each member of the Society.

2. Special meetings may be called by the President or a Vice-President, or, in their absence, by two members of the Council.

V. OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

At each annual meeting there shall be elected a President, a First and Second Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and twelve Directors, but the same person may be both Secretary and Treasurer.

They shall enter upon office on the 1st of March next succeeding, and shall serve for one year and until their successors are chosen. The officers and Directors together shall constitute the Council. Of the Council there shall be four Standing Committees.

1. On admission; consisting of four Directors, the Secretary, and the First Vice-President.

2. Of Finance; consisting of the officers of the Society.

3. On Entertainments; consisting of the Second Vice-President and four Directors.

4. On History and Archives; consisting of four Directors.

VI. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

1. The President, or in his absence the First Vice-President, or if he too is absent the Second Vice-President, shall preside at all meetings of the Society or the Council. In the absence at any time of all these, then a temporary Chairman shall be chosen.

2. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Society and of the Council.

3. The Treasurer shall have charge of all moneys and securities of the Society; he shall, under the direction of the Finance Committee, pay all its bills, and at the meeting of

said committee next preceding the annual meeting of the Society shall make a full and detailed report.

VII. DUTIES OF COMMITTEES.

1. The Committee on Admission shall consider and report, to the Council or to the Society, upon all names of persons submitted for membership.

2. The Finance Committee shall audit all claims against the Society, and, through a sub-committee, shall audit annually the accounts of the Treasurer.

3. The Committee on Entertainments shall, under the direction of the Council, provide for the annual banquet.

4. The Committee on History and Archives shall provide for the collection and preservation of the history and records of the achievements of the Scotch-Irish people of America, and especially of Pennsylvania.

VIII. CHANGES.

The Council may enlarge or diminish the duties and powers of the officers and committees at its pleasure, and fill vacancies occurring during the year by death or resignation.

IX. QUORUM.

Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum of the Society; of the Council five members, and of the committee a majority.

X. FEES.

The annual dues shall be two dollars, and shall be payable on February 1st in each year.

XI. BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the Society shall be held on the second Thursday of February, at such time and in such manner, and such other day and place, as shall be determined by the Council. The costs of the same shall be at the charge of those attending it.

XII. AMENDMENTS.

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

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

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

APPENDIX A.

C. W. McKeehan, Treasurer of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society, in account with said Society.

1894.	Dr.	
Feb. 1—To balance from last year		\$382 35
Dues for 1893 from 165 members		330 00
Subscription to fourth annual dinner		372 00

Total		<u>\$1,084 35</u>

Cr.	
By bill Hotel Bellevue fourth dinner	\$349 75
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing	100 25
Stenographer and clerk hire	30 00
Invitations and <i>menus</i>	30 50
Stationery, stamps, &c.	33 66
Balance	540 19

	<u>\$1,084 35</u>

We, the undersigned committee appointed at the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society held at the Hotel Bellevue, February 8th, 1894, to audit the account of C. W. McKeehan, Treasurer of the said Society, do hereby certify that we have examined the account of the said Treasurer, together with the vouchers, and find it to be correct as above stated.

(Signed) JAMES POLLOCK,
 JNO. A. McDOWELL,
 Committee.

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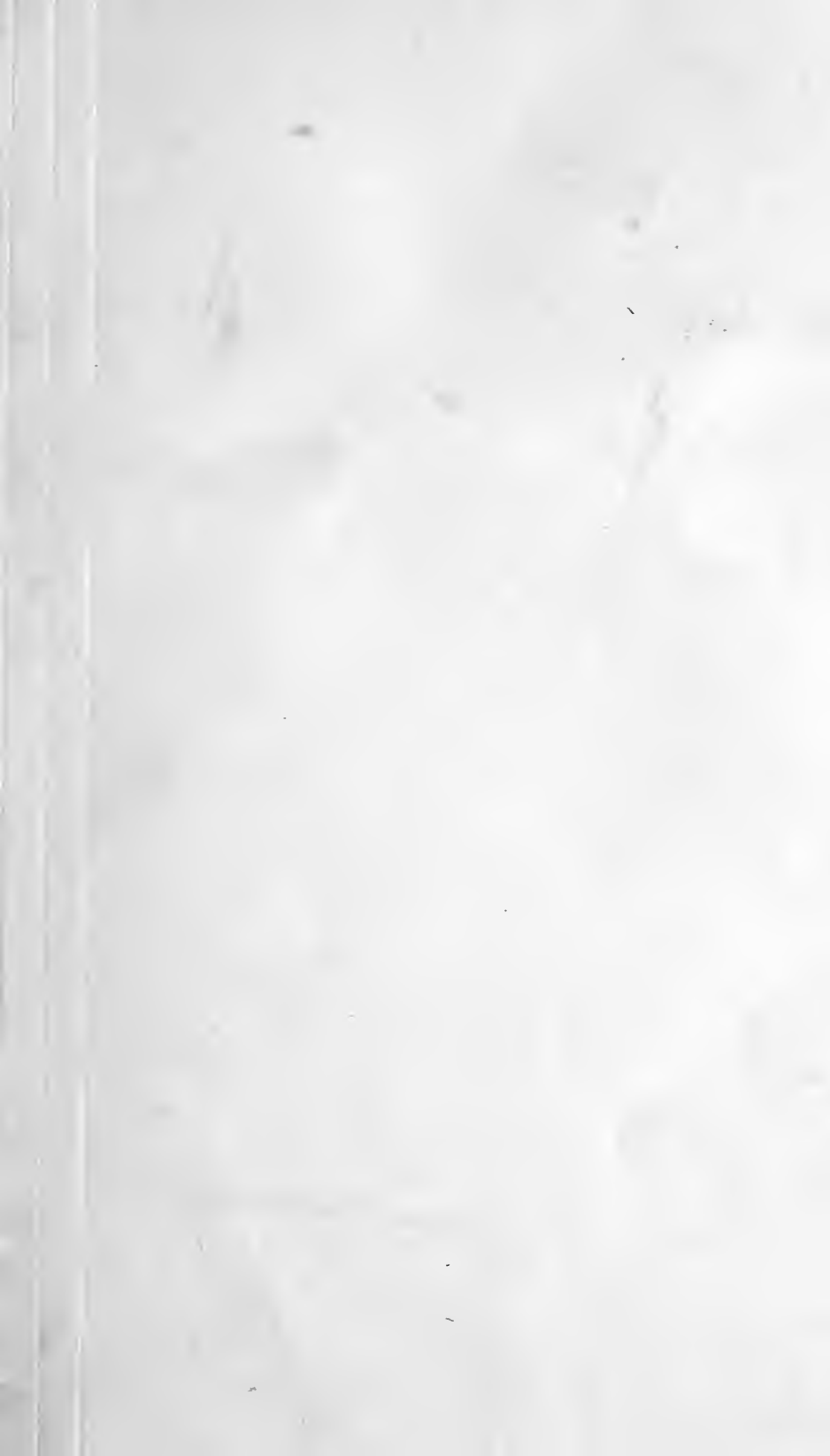
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	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
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Mr. McMaues.	X	X	Guest of Mr. Wigton.			J. D. Mellhenny.			G. McKeown.	X		X	C. E. Bushnell.					X H. H. Houston.
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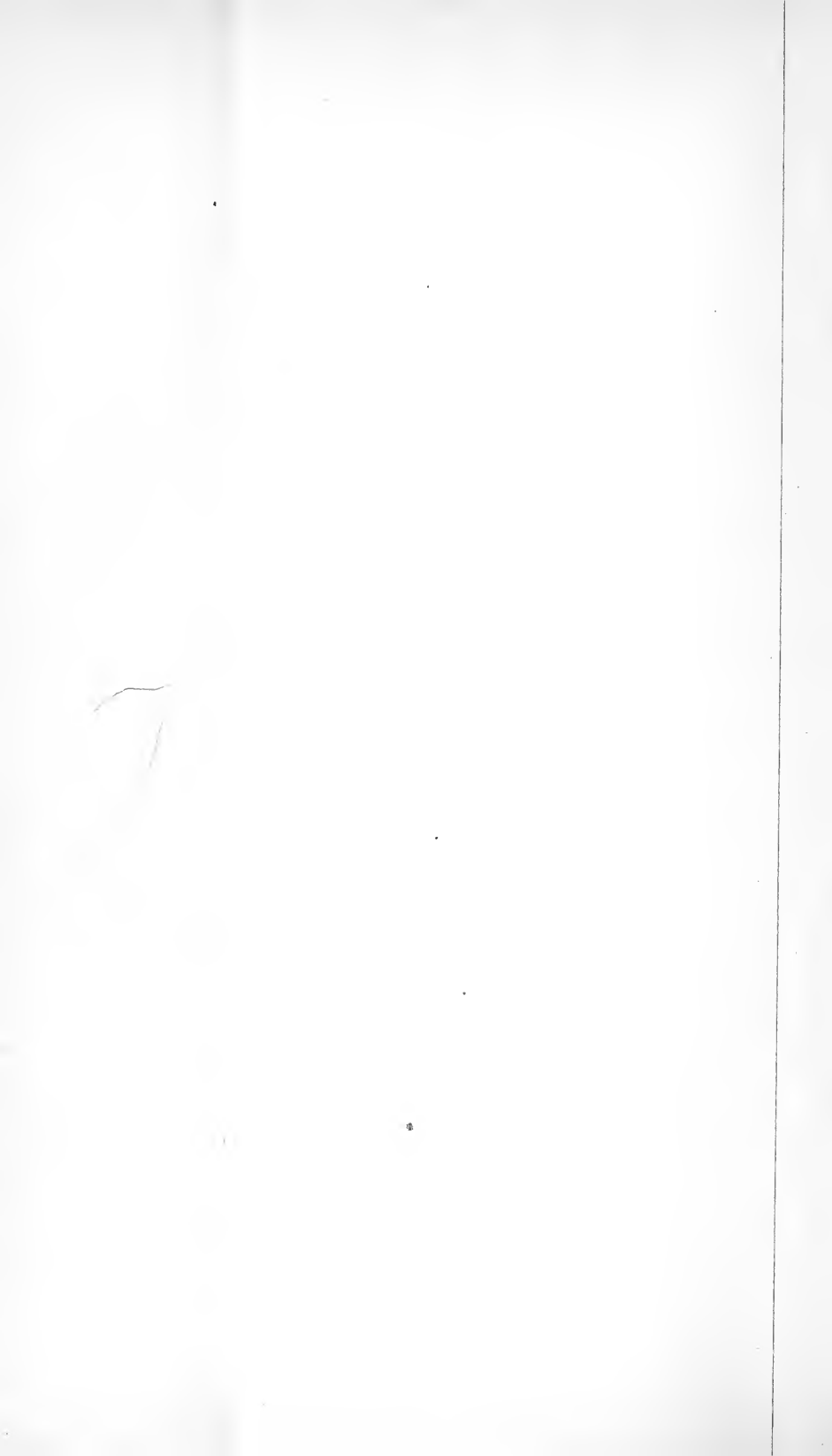
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SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING

AND

BANQUET

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA
SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY,

AT THE

HOTEL BELLEVUE, PHILADELPHIA,

FEBRUARY 15th, 1895.



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1896.

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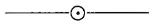
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SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING.



THE sixth annual meeting and banquet of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Hotel Bellevue, Philadelphia, February 15th, 1895. W. W. Porter, Esq., President, in the chair.

The report of the Secretary and Treasurer for the year was read and approved.

The following officers and Board of Managers were then elected to serve for the ensuing year:—

President, Rev. Henry C. McCook, D.D.; *First Vice-President*, Hon. James A. Logan; *Second Vice-President*, Mr. William Righter Fisher; *Board of Directors*: Col. A. K. McClure, Rev. J. S. MacIntosh, D.D., Mr. C. Stuart Patterson, Hon. R. M. Henderson, Mr. T. Elliott Patterson, Mr. J. Bayard Henry, Mr. Samuel F. Houston, Mr. W. W. Porter, Rev. S. D. McConnell, D.D., Mr. Robert Pitcairn, Mr. James Pollock, Hon. James Gay Gordon. Mr. C. W. McKeehan was re-elected *Secretary* and *Treasurer*.

Upon motion the business meeting was then adjourned, and the company proceeded to the banqueting room, where the President, W. W. Porter, Esq., took the chair.

Before the serving of the individual ices Mr. W. W. Porter, the retiring President, spoke as follows :—

GENTLEMEN :—It has been my instruction from the Committee to at this time interpolate my valedictory. The time has come for me to lay down this office, which I have held with so much satisfaction to myself. The duties, I beg you will note, have been extremely onerous. The familiar illustration of the gentleman who carried all the bricks to let the man at the top do all the work is applicable here. Mr. McKeehan does nothing but carry all the bricks up and the President does the rest. There is, however, one duty imposed upon the President of your Society which is, indeed, onerous. You have no conception, until you get here—as I trust all of you will in time, under our rule of rotation in office—of the laborious character of the duty of attending dinners. You have digestive organs that are indeed abnormal if you do your duty at all of them, and during the past year mine have been tested to an undue degree. Among the dinners which I have, as your representative, had the pleasure of attending was that of the German Society of Philadelphia, presided over by our friend, General Wagner. I am sorry he is not here to hear me say that of all the banquets I ever attended it was, without exception, the most beautiful by far. Every German gentleman had his German wife with him. And not only that, but they had another unusual custom—the responses to the toasts were intermingled with the viands as they were served in courses. Our Committee have concluded to follow their lead in this, and thus it is that you are having to listen to your retiring President before you are through with the viands.

I may add that at the German Society banquet there was a peculiar feeling of modesty manifested. You know how, at our dinners, every speaker who omits to tell us we are the greatest people in the world is held at a very low level, whereas at the German dinner, as half the speeches were entirely in German, I heard scarcely a word of encomium on the German race. True, I did not understand a word of the language, and possible there may have been some remarks of eulogy which my ear did not catch.

I found that the persons present at that German dinner did not know clearly what a Scotch-Irishman is. In their ignorance they are not alone. I have been asked what a Scotch-Irishman is innumerable times during the past year, and—with shame I confess it—I have been asked by more than one of the Scotch-Irish Society. It is, somehow, a prevailing idea that a Scotch-Irishman is the descendant of a Scotchman who married an Irishwoman, no matter what part of Ireland she came from.

Under these circumstances I think you will pardon me for the minute or two that I will detain you by telling you what these questions have driven me to in the way of investigation. I confess myself to have been, up to a comparatively recent date, quite ignorant of what a Scotch-Irishman is, and I therefore read with much interest that we were a people five hundred years before the Christian era, and that the Scotch-Irishman was not a man that came from Scotland to Ireland, but the Scotch-Irishman settled the north of Ireland long before he crossed over into Scotland. After, say, 330 B. C., or thereabouts, the Scotch-Irishmen of Ireland, in the north of Ireland, flowed over, as it were, into Scotland, intermarried there with the Caledones and the Picts, and, with that peculiar trait that we all have, every man of them that married out of his race immediately took his better half into his race, the consequence being that the entire land of Scotland is Scotch-Irish, as well as the north of Ireland.

Then, after the Scotch-Irishmen had jumped over into Caledonia, the time came when the fellows that went there thought they were a bit better than the people they left behind, and they flowed back again as missionaries. Among the missionaries of that people was a gentleman who bore the name, somewhat familiar to us, of Patrick. This man went from Scotland, as a Scotch-Irishman, over to Ireland to reconvert the Scotch-Irish to their ancient faith of "Culdeeism." (He is known to some of the Irish people of the south as Saint Patrick.) This statement demonstrates to my mind satisfactorily that Saint Patrick was certainly a Protestant, and very likely a Presbyterian elder.

I read in the meagre researches of the past year a statement, published apparently by authority, that the Scotch-Irish were, after their adoption of the Christian religion, said to possess a high Christian character, an elevated moral sentiment, and that they were *peculiarly honorable in politics*. You will easily understand why a people possessing the latter characteristic should be welcomed with open arms in America, where it is highly appreciated, not only in national but in municipal politics.

Now, gentlemen, I do not think that we have ever properly realized in what great company we are. You know that James the Sixth of Scotland was James the First of England, and that Queen Victoria is his descendant, which clearly proves that Queen Victoria is to-day a Scotch-Irishman. The only reason that she happens to be a queen, and therefore a woman, is because she takes her descent *through the female line*.

We have a long pedigree. It is said that the ancient tribe that settled the north of Ireland originally, and were the original Scotch-Irishmen, were descended from Gomer. Gomer was the fifth son of Japheth. Japheth was the third son of Noah. *Ergo*, Noah was a Scotch-Irishman *by ascent*.

Noah had some peculiar traits of character. He is said—and it is not a peculiar trait of Scotch-Irishmen—to have, at times, overindulged in spirituous liquors, but he is also proven to have *risen above the immoderate use of water*. He has also shown that which *is* one of our traits, namely, that he was a man of peculiar courage. Now the point of what I am about to say I do not understand. It is said to demonstrate courage, namely, that after the play commenced Noah didn't go out when he found he had drawn only two of a kind.

Gentlemen, one matter has been a source of much comment and the subject of considerable reflection. How is it that the Scotch-Irish people, not only in America, but apparently elsewhere, have so wonderfully increased in numbers? I have ascertained how that is. Whenever a Scotch-Irishman marries a woman of other blood he makes her a Scotch-Irishman. Whenever a Scotch-Irish woman marries a man of other blood

she makes him a Scotch-Irishman. In either case the gentleman's family becomes Scotch-Irish, and they proceed to go forth and multiply. It is equally applicable to the Scotch-Irish as to the Italians—that by their fruits ye shall know them.

Finally, gentlemen, I have occupied this high office with great satisfaction to myself, and, being a Scotch-Irishman, I relinquish it with great reluctance. You have as my successor a gentleman who, I see, is absent. Dr. McCook—whether to congratulate him or not I know not—has not lost his grip, and is still unfortunately not able to be present with us.

If you will recall our banquet of a year ago you will remember that many of us felt genuine sorrow and disappointment that there was one absent from among us that we think highly of as a Scotch-Irishman, and otherwise. That gentleman, in the absence of Dr. McCook, is to be the toastmaster of the evening after you complete the next course. I refer to that giant in physical and mental stature, our good friend, Colonel McClure. (Applause.) I have now the honor of handing the gavel to Colonel McClure, the toastmaster of the evening. (Applause.)

Colonel A. K. McClure then took the chair, and after dinner spoke as follows :—

GENTLEMEN AND GUESTS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—In common with all of you I sincerely regret the absence of the distinguished minister of this city who should be now taking the chair that I am just about to occupy—one of our most genial, delightful, and intellectual members. It is always embarrassing to be compelled to take the place of one who would fill it with such conspicuous dignity and intelligence. I may say, by way of outstart, that the address delivered by the retiring President of this Society will be not only printed *verbatim* in the report of this dinner and speeches, but also illustrated with diagram. A number of suggestions and points that he made were not adapted precisely to the intelligence of his audience, not because the general standard of

intelligence was not quite up to anything, but because it was out of their line. For instance, when he told about a gentleman who didn't stay out because he had only two of a kind, you may have observed that not a single member of the Society understood it, most of them assuming, that this being a sort of Presbyterian occasion, that must be a Biblical reference. Rev. Dr. McConnell and Dr. MacIntosh have been pressed by a vast number of the members privately to know what it meant, and they in turn have come to me, and of course I did not know what it meant. (Laughter.) And therefore, as I happen to be in a position to have some control over the printed proceedings of this occasion, I have given positive instructions that ex-President Porter's address, when printed, shall be printed with explanatory diagrams.

I hardly know what to say about the Scotch-Irish people. I think one of the best expressions of the general character is in two resolutions that were once adopted in a Scotch-Irish community, where they resolved, "first, that the land and the fullness thereof belong to the saints; and, second, we are the saints."

My friend, Dr. MacIntosh, once gave you what I thought one of the tersest illustrations of the Scotch-Irish character when he said they kept God's commandments and everything else they could get.

Now, I certainly shall not take the time of this Society in any eulogy upon the Scotch-Irish character when we have so many distinguished gentlemen present to address you. You cannot call a meeting of one hundred Scotch-Irishmen without having vastly more speakers than you can possibly accommodate, for they not only, many of them, will be very able speakers, but all of them fully appreciate the fact themselves, and therefore it is always a little difficult to get away from it. And therefore my position is one of peculiar delicacy to-night, having a great many more pins than holes, as it is common, I am told—not knowing anything about it—it is very common in political affairs.

I have great pleasure in presenting to you as the first toast—the first sentiment—of the evening a distinguished

guest who, I know, will be more than welcome, not only to Philadelphia, but to the members of this Society, a gentleman from the sunny South, a man who in time of war was not our friend, but in time of peace as loyal as any of the North, a man who has proved it by his devotion to every interest of the entire nation as a Cabinet officer, in making our navy equal to any navy of the world (applause), a man who believes, not in sectional progress, but distinctly in national progress. I present to you Secretary Herbert, of Alabama. (Applause.)

Hon. Hilary A. Herbert, Secretary of the Navy, then spoke as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—A very clever society woman in Washington recently, recounting to me her experience as one of a receiving party, said she found herself somewhat at a loss for topics with which to interest her callers, until, in a conversation with a Representative from Iowa, she disclosed the fact that she herself was born in that State. Iowa became at once a bond between her and her caller. Then with a New Yorker she talked of New York, her father's native State, and with a Connecticut man she conversed about the glorious old State of wooden nutmegs and steady habits—

HON. CHARLES H. GROSVENOR:—Where I came from.

MR. HERBERT (continuing)—where her mother first saw the light, and where our friend Governor Grosvenor says he is proud to hail from, and such was her success with these gentlemen that she deeply regretted she wasn't born in every State in the Union. When I received the kind invitation you sent me to join you in this dinner I was very glad to accept it, for there is a bond between us, a smart strain of Irish blood in my veins, and a somewhat smaller of Scotch, and I feel that I can "claim kindred here and have that claim allowed."

If I may do so, Mr. President, let us consider for a moment, before we speak of why we came together, who we are. I am a little muddled on that question since the retiring President

spoke. Our friend over here, Senator Manderson, said to him in a sort of whisper that I happened to overhear, that he could not tell where his facts left off and where his imagination began. I was under the impression myself that one was a Scotch-Irishman if he had Irish blood in his veins, and Scotch blood, too, but before our retiring President got through I about came to the conclusion, at one time, at least, that one whose ancestors were not at Londonderry was not really a Scotch-Irishman, but when the genial President broadened out and took in Noah, then I came to the conclusion that possibly I might be in too. (Laughter.) If, to be a Scotch-Irishman, it is sufficient to be descended from Irish ancestors, and from Scotch ancestors, too, then as a matter of course, if you will only make a little mathematical calculation, it is very easy to prove that we were kin, any of us, either by ascent, to borrow from the retiring President, or by descent, to Wallace or Bruce, or Lochiel, or Emmet, or St. Patrick. They are our kin-people. We can trace our kinship easily enough without going back to Adam. Just think of it! Each of us had, back to and including the tenth generation, just exactly, if there were no intern marriages, twenty hundred and ten ancestors in a direct line. Then count in the collaterals of every one of these twenty hundred and ten, and do you not see what the chances are in favor of our having in us the same blood that coursed through the veins of Robert Bruce, of Lon McNeale, or any other "real ould Irish jintleman."

It is an actual fact that as we came along from Washington one of our party now sitting at this table traced his lineage back directly both to William the Conqueror and Alfred the Great. I can prove that by Senator Manderson. There are some of us who cannot do that, but, gentlemen, dining as we have dined to-night, and feeling as we do now, each one of us knows beyond any doubt, at this present moment, that all his ancestors were of the cream of the earth. It is a fact sustained by all the laws of natural history that every one of those twenty hundred and ten ancestors of ours was good enough or lucky enough to escape the halter, at least for a

season. Otherwise this Society would be mourning for some of us now because we were not.

Not only, Mr. President, are we descended from the very best stock, but we are improvements on that stock, King Alfred and William the Conqueror included. Every mother's son of us feels now in his heart that this is true, especially if he has been paying sufficient attention to the "Hot Scotch" and "real Irish stuff" that our hosts have provided for us. Natural history, as expounded by Darwin, tells us that every one of the ten hundred and five couples that make up our aforesaid twenty hundred and ten ancestors came together according to the law of natural selection, that is to say, the strongest and the bravest men won the loveliest and purest of women; and that is why we are here to-night, we, the last, the best, the crowning products of the laws of nature. We are here to make proof of ourselves and show that Darwin was right. We have the right, every one of us, as we listen to the recital of the deeds of Scotch-Irishmen which is to come this evening, to be as proud as Mrs. Poyser's cock George Eliot tells about in *Adam Bede*. This cock, you will remember, was a Scotch cock, fed on pure Scotch oats, and his motto was, as you would understand from the way in which he stepped around among his hens with his spurs, the motto of Scotland, "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*" That old cock, Mrs. Poyser said, "thought all the world got up in the morning just on purpose to hear him crow."

Gentlemen, aristocracy, as it is understood in Europe, is contrary to the letter and the genius of our institutions, and no man here would have it otherwise, yet there is a pride of race, a pride of ancestry and of lineage that is laudable, ennobling, that lifts men up to be, oftentimes, but little lower than the angels are, that is the very breath and life of republican institutions, which exist and can exist only when founded upon the virtue and conservatism of the people who sustain and administer them. Show me the man who is not proud of the pious mother at whose knee he was taught to follow the right and shun the wrong, whose father was a

justice-loving, law-abiding, God-fearing man, and who, if he is fortunate enough to know that such as his parents were so were their parents, yet takes no pride in those ancestors, and I will show you one upon whom his fellowman cannot rely in the hour of distress, and upon whose arm his country cannot count in the day of peril. Patriotism begins, no doubt, around the fireside. It is a love of home, of kindred, of neighbors, and then of one's country.

When I was a boy in the South, and the institutions underlying social life, North and South, were so widely dissimilar, the doctrine was familiarly taught that a line separating America into two peoples had been drawn by the surveyors, Mason and Dixon, across the continent from east to west; but that line, as a line of demarcation, exists no longer—it has been wiped out forever. The present generation knows no more about it than about the line that once ran from our southern to our northern boundary, dividing the Louisiana territory from the United States.

Slavery, the occasion of sectional strife, thank God perished forever in the heroic struggle that took place between the manhood of the North and the manhood of the South from 1861 to 1865, and now American patriotism is bounded only by the limits of the American Union. The heroes of the North in that struggle, many of them Scotch-Irish, are now the heroes also of the South, and the heroes of the South, many of them, too, like Stonewall Jackson, of Scotch-Irish blood, are claimed now by the North; they are passing into history as Americans all, illustrating in their careers the courage, the devotion, the genius, the self-sacrificing spirit of our countrymen. Witness the union of the Blue and the Gray on so many occasions, and especially last night at a Grand Army Post in Chicago, a gathering I deeply regretted not to be able to attend. Witness also the respectful and affectionate greetings recently of the ex-Confederates in Atlanta to the widow of the hero of Appomattox.

I do not think there is any more striking illustration of the real sentiment in the South to-day than the affectionate and continually growing reverence in that section for the memory

of Mr. Lincoln, who, I believe, was of Scotch-Irish descent, as is Grover Cleveland, and as were so many of our other Presidents. Born in a slave State and reared in a free State, Abraham Lincoln was the spirit incarnate of the struggle for the preservation of the Union, slavery or no slavery. "If," he wrote to Horace Greely, "to preserve the Union it is necessary to abolish slavery, I am for the abolition of slavery; if to preserve the Union it is necessary to preserve slavery, I am for the preservation of slavery." Fortunately it was ordained that slavery was to go down, although with Abraham Lincoln the Union was, in deed and in truth, "the paramount object of patriotic desire."

I heard recently an anecdote which I do not remember to have seen in print. It is attributed to ex-Senator Henderson. Very early in the civil war extremists began to urge President Lincoln to issue a proclamation abolishing slavery. Mr. Lincoln was slow in making up his mind. At first he doubted the expediency of taking such a step; then he doubted whether public opinion was ripe for so radical a measure. While the matter was still under consideration the present ex-Senator Henderson went to see the President at the White House just as Mr. Sumner was leaving. Mr. Lincoln said, "Henderson, did you meet Sumner out there at the door?" "Yes, sir." "Well, that man comes here once a day. There are three of them who have entered into a combination to compel me to issue a proclamation emancipating the slaves. They want it done now, whether I think the time has come or not. Ben Wade comes early in the morning, Sumner comes at noon, and Thad. Stevens comes at night. I've gotten so I hate the sight of them. Every time I lay eyes on one of them I think about the boy who was put to reading his Bible at school and got stumped when he came to the names of the men who walked through the fiery furnace. He read along glibly enough until he came to these names, then he halted. The teacher scolded him, but it was of no use. He trounced him, and still the boy could not get out the names. Then the teacher shouted, 'Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, you dunce; skip them and go along;' and the boy read along very smoothly for a

page, and then, all at once, broke out crying. 'What's the matter now?' said the teacher; and the boy blubbered out, 'Here come them infernal three fellers again.'" Lincoln was patient and kindly, and broad-hearted enough to do justice to the motives and to the valor even of his enemies when they had arms in their hands. It was on looking over the battlefield of Gettysburg that he said, in reply to an officer who had remarked that the Americans who had held those heights would live in history, "That is true, but the Americans who charged these heights will also live in history." Our country is coming to look at the history of those days through the eyes of Abraham Lincoln. Who is there that does not feel like a hero himself at thought of the heroism, the devotion, the readiness everywhere of Americans to die for their convictions?

Mr. President, I was about to say that I am talking too exclusively of Americans; but, sir, the Scotch-Irishmen I am speaking to to-night are, if I understand them, above all things, Americans. Their statesmen, their soldiers, their men of letters, and their divines have illustrated every page of American history; but they have never forgotten the blue bells or the shamrock, and no American would ask that they should. If there be one among you who has himself come over the blue waters to seek his home in this land of liberty whose heart does not swell within him at the thought of his native land, of its orators and its poets, its sages and its heroes, that man is unworthy of the privileges of American citizenship. Loyalty to his new home does not require that the immigrant shall forget the motherland that bore him. Let him bring as he comes a heart teeming with memories of glorious struggles for liberty in the land he leaves behind him, and if he be broad-minded enough, as Scotch-Irishmen usually are, to profit by the lessons he has learned, he is, in some respects, better prepared to grapple with the problems of American life and to appreciate the glorious opportunities of American citizenship than he who is to the manor born. It is sometimes objected that immigrants come to America, and that the Irish especially do, predetermined to control it po-

liticaly. An anecdote is told of a Hibernian who asked his friend why he decorated more on Columbus Day than on St. Patrick's, and the answer was, "Sure Mike, and why not? Columbus was a better friend to Ireland than St. Patrick. St. Patrick discovered a country that the Irish couldn't rule, and Columbus discovered one that they could."

Gentlemen, if it were the underlying design of this Society to bring together for political purposes and personal ends all who are of Scotch-Irish descent, I should not be with you here to-night. If such were the purpose of other similar organizations, whether German, Scandinavian, or of other nationality, the sooner these societies were all put under the ban of enlightened public opinion the better would it be for our country. But I do not so understand it. Germans, when they gather in America to sing the "Watch on the Rhine" and recount the achievements of the Teutonic race, or Scandinavians, when they come together to recall the heroic deeds of their hardy ancestors, like the citizens of Scotch-Irish descent who assemble here this evening, are met to drink from the fount of patriotic memories draughts that shall refresh and energize them anew for the performance of the duties that lie in the immediate future before every American citizen. It is perhaps true that the immigrant, newly clothed with the rights of an American citizen, is often more active in the performance of his political duties than his neighbor who is a native. In so far as this is true it is not to the discredit of the newcomer, but to the shame of the native American. (Applause.) In a government by the people no man has a right to immerse himself in his own private business and give over the business of government to others. (Applause.) Eternal vigilance is the price at which order, law, and justice are to be maintained in cities and states and throughout the nation. New problems are perpetually confronting us. Liberty, if not guarded by laws sanctioned by intelligence, will beget anarchy; the appeals of demagogues, if not silenced by public opinion, will beget communism. Honest debts must be paid in honest money (applause); labor must not be cheated of its reward by a depreciated currency (applause); conscience must assert itself in

city, in state, and in national government. The time has passed when might makes right, whether for individuals or for nations. Our National Government must dare to do that which is right unto all its people and to all the nations and all the rulers on the earth, great and small (applause), and thus will that Government be like a city set upon a hill—fair to see, an example to all the world of the wisdom, the justice, and the boundless beneficence of free institutions. (Applause.)

The Toastmaster :—

Many years ago, when I was a boy at a country school, where the usual routine was, in the morning, to have prayers and then whip Aleck McClure (laughter), I remember the first time that I was given the study of geography. It was very interesting to me, and one of the things that arrested my attention in the course of its study was the map of the western part of this land, on which was marked the Great American Desert—a country that nobody knew anything about, supposed to be entirely inhospitable, incapable of sustaining population, and it was therefore set aside as the desert of the Western Continent. Since then I have lived to see great States, sovereign in their power, and to-day jewels in the galaxy of the States of our Union, peopled continuously from the Father of Waters to the Pacific Ocean. Those States are now largely populated, advancing in intelligence, in education, in thrift, in everything that makes a people great. We have from them a number of our ablest statesmen, and I am proud to-night to present to you as the United States Senator from Nebraska, one of those States, a high school boy of Philadelphia—Senator Manderson. (Applause.)

Senator Manderson spoke as follows :—

MR. TOASTMASTER AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA :—From the remarks made by your President I presume I come in as one of the individual ices that President Porter said would follow after he was through

with his speech. The suggestion gives me a chill, but I assure you, to drop into language that you will all understand, with the exception, perhaps, of Toastmaster McClure, I do not propose to "pull" on you a "cold deck." (Laughter.) I certainly have no manuscript to pull and no notes of a speech or preparation upon any topic, and feeling somewhat abused that such is the fact, I blame Judge Logan for this uncomfortable result. When I received the invitation to present myself here tonight and partake of this your plenteous bounty, in the letter inviting me was the suggestion that I select some toast or sentiment to which I should speak. I did not know what might be acceptable to this Society as a topic for remarks, and in my confusion over the thought and disturbance of mind I wrote Judge Logan asking him to select a sentiment for me, saying that while I might not be able to hit the mark that he would set for me, I would at least make an effort to strike in its neighborhood, but he declined to give me a toast or make any suggestion. So I am here without either sentiment, topic, speech, or toast. And I fear that if I was to present a sentiment to which I would address myself, when I was through you would feel that I had not hit the mark, and now that I shall speak without one you will hardly know yourselves, when I am through, how to name the child that will be born. I will myself have the same difficulty and feel the same sense of disappointment, and be somewhat in the condition of the man who owned a favorite cat, for which he had a hearty affection, and expressed the degree of his love for it by calling his pet "Ben Harrison." After a time the cat disappeared and was gone for several days, after which the cat turned up with a litter of kittens, and, in the owner's disappointment over this marvelous change of expected conditions as to sex, he immediately changed the name of the cat from "Ben Harrison" to "Ben Hur."

It is nearly forty years since I left, a youth of eighteen years, the city of Philadelphia as a place of residence, and during all that time I have lived, as was suggested by my friend, Colonel McClure, in the West. I stopped, that I might graduate properly in politics, for a time in the State of Ohio, and

became the oft spoken of "Ohio man," and then, going towards the setting sun, the golden West, located west of the Missouri River, where I have lived for twenty-five years. I never refuse an invitation to come to Philadelphia. I will never cease to have pride in my birthright, and rejoice that I was born here in the city of "Brotherly Love"—in that community which in its original settlement and dealing with the Indians set to the world an example of fair dealing and honesty. (Applause.) That city, the pride and the boast of Americans of to-day, that even commanded from Dr. Conan Doyle, the Englishman, not usually apt in praising things American, the compliment of saying that it was the best of all American cities. I believe that much of its merit as a municipality comes not only from the Quaker virtues that it possessed and inherited from Penn and his brethren, and still possesses, but that it comes from the sturdy honesty and sincerity of purpose of the Scotch-Irish element that forms so large a portion of its people. (Applause.) And if I have pride in being a Philadelphian by birth, how much greater should be my pride that I was born in this great Commonwealth—the Keystone State? (Applause.) I do not believe that you who live here appreciate the respect and the admiration that this noble State demands and receives from all the citizens of this great Republic—with its wonderful resources of all kinds, with its prominence in peace and its leadership in war—this State that was the scene during that great conflict in which my friend Secretary Herbert and I took part on opposite sides, the soul-stirring scene of the culminating conflict of the war, where Scotch-Irishmen of the Confederacy charged with Pickett's Brigade on Scotch-Irishmen of the Union, who held their ground at Little Round Top and hurled back the invading host. The field of Gettysburg makes this, the State of Pennsylvania, sacred soil dear to the heart of every true American, no matter on which side he fought. (Applause.)

I feel then, my friends, that I have a right to accept your invitation and to be here, and I do not know but that I might even claim the right to membership in the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania, not only by reason of being born in

this State, but from the fact that my father was a Scotch-Irishman, born in the County Antrim, Ireland, who came to this city in the early part of this century a mere child, and who lived as one of your citizens, in humble station, but loved and respected, for eighty years.

I believe in blood, in pride of family, and in pride of descent. And as one of mixed ancestry I feel sometimes that I am the creature of a strange internal conflict, for while Scotch-Irish on my father's side, I am German on my mother's, and there is within me a constant warfare of predilection, disposition, and taste. I find I hesitate frequently at table in choice between the potato of the Irishman and the kale and cabbage of the German, and usually end the conflict by taking both; and when there is abundant variety to drink I hardly know whether to confine myself to whisky or take beer, but usually settle that controversy by indulging in neither or drinking both. (Laughter.) And this battle goes on constantly, and believing as I do that there are merits in both of these beverages, so do I believe there are merits on both sides of my ancestry, and good in the impetuosity of the Scotch-Irishman as there is also in the stolidity of the German.

I have been thinking, while sitting here and wondering to what I should address myself, that this great country of ours can consider itself much blessed that there came to it for its first settlement men from the north of Europe rather than from the south; that the sturdy German, the industrious Scandinavian, the reliable Englishman, the active Irishman, and the dominating Scotchman laid deep the foundations and built up this splendid Republic of ours, rather than that the Latin or Southern races came for its forming and development. And I consider it most fortunate (and I make this suggestion not desiring to offend the sensibilities of anybody) that there came, as the predominating power in the organization and the building up of this country, Protestantism rather than Catholicism. I believe in that straight-laced, self-sacrificing, liberty-loving Scotch Presbyterianism that led to honesty of purpose and devotion to duty. (Applause.)

As I cogitated, two reasons suggested themselves to me as

to why these Northern races have been so much more fortunate in their development and growth here and elsewhere as compared with those of the South. Spain, Italy, and France can be taken as fair examples on one side of the proposition, and Scotland, England, Germany, and Scandinavia can be taken on the other. Presbyterianism and Protestantism of all sects in the North did not make the waste or mean that sacrifice that was demanded by early Catholicism of the nations of the South. The Protestant preacher not only married, but, fortunately for humanity, he was usually prolific after he married. Those who were of the Catholic clergy were condemned to a life of celibacy. Yet they were undoubtedly, in these southern nations, the leaders, the natural and forceful leaders of their kind. They were the men who were the farthest advanced in intelligence, in culture, and in thought. Those of the gentlest and noblest natures, both of men and women, those who were naturally disposed to deeds of charity and kindness, who were devoted to literature and to art in the early days, were condemned or were permitted to voluntarily condemn themselves to the monastery and the convent, and they ceased to produce those well-bred men and women that would have been the natural and desirable increase of their union. Not so with the countries that were under Protestant domination and control. Another thing worthy of thought occurs to me. Not only did this condition of things in the South and in these lower countries compel this life of celibacy and forbid the increase of the best, the production of the most valuable, but there came in Spain, France, and Italy the terrible destruction and dreadful waste incident to the Inquisition, and in France particularly the wholesale losses incident to the religious wars, where the Huguenots were murdered by thousands and tens of thousands. The result of all this was that while the monastery and the convent prevented the progeny from those who were the gentlest, these persecutions and incident slaughterings destroyed those who were the most virile, the most aggressive, and the more advanced of their species, with the natural consequence that the race was brutalized rather than ennobled.

The doctrine of nature, of the survival of the fittest, ceased to be. It seems to me that in these two suggestions can be found the reason for the fact that the Scotch-Irishman, the Englishman, the German, and the Scandinavian have been what they have been in the virile organization and the phenomenal growth of this country. (Applause.) You find these sturdy people and their descendants everywhere, not only in this the older settled portion of the United States, but all through the Northwest they exist, and the aggressive portions of communities are those that came from these northern races and are of the northern blood.

I say this not wanting to offend, and referring to times long ago, for which no one now living is responsible, and am simply trying to draw the lessons that come from history and that naturally flow from these causes.

In the State where I now live (Nebraska), with its population of about a million and a quarter, I believe that the main portion of those who are of foreign ancestry are of the north, and I am glad to say and proud of the fact that the largest number of them are of the race to which we are so content to belong. They are among the most aggressive and progressive of our citizens. They fill our churches. They teach our schools. And they are, as they always have been, an element that believes that the most precious thing in the human heart is devotion to the teachings of religion and to liberty. (Applause.) The human heart reaches its highest pulsations when it beats for liberty of conscience and freedom of thought.

Secretary Herbert has well said that no matter what we may be, or what may have been our ancestry, we are to-day Americans. Nothing can be more truthful than that forcible statement. While we have pride in races from which we sprang, the greatest boast that all of us can have is that we are to-day American citizens. And it is as true to-day as it was when Scotch-Irish Abraham Lincoln spoke at historic and glorious Gettysburg, that the determination of all true Americans, no matter whence they came or what their ancestry, is that this government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth. (Applause.)

The Toastmaster :—

In the early days in the settlement of Pennsylvania in this city of Penn the Scotch-Irish were anything but popular. A memorial was addressed to the Council of the Colony, signed by a number of Penn's followers, declaring that the Scotch-Irish were a turbulent and pestiferous sect, and asking that their further emigration be interdicted by statute. That was the dominant sentiment of this city at that day. But Philadelphia has been spoken of, and very justly, as the great American city of the Union; in fact, gentlemen, the only thoroughly distinctively American city on this continent. (Applause.) Philadelphia has advanced far beyond the narrow lines of that day, and is as broad in her liberality now as she was narrow in her bigotry then, and I think that Philadelphia should be heard to-night in welcome, not only to the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania, but in vindication of her progress. We have one here to-night who can well speak for her people, not only as their official representative, but as one who does truly represent them—Mayor Stuart. (Applause.)

Hon. Edwin S. Stuart :—

MR. CHAIRMAN :—In calling upon me this evening Colonel McClure surprised me as much as he has upon some other occasions lately, as I had not the remotest idea of being called to speak until he mentioned my name, and therefore in lieu of any excuses or apologies as a preliminary precaution I will quote from what the Colonel said in an editorial only the other day: "Don't shoot the professor, because he is doing the best he can." (Applause and laughter.) I am sure that the Society has here many distinguished gentlemen who have come prepared to speak, and who I know can talk in a manner both entertaining and instructive, but I do desire to say that I am much pleased to hear Colonel McClure speak of Philadelphia as he has, knowing that he feels, and knowing that every other citizen of Philadelphia feels, that this is the one great city—American city—not only on this

continent, but in the world. (Laughter and applause.) I have never, at any time or in any place, been ashamed to acknowledge that I was a native-born citizen of Philadelphia, and while we may all at times differ regarding matters pertaining to Philadelphia, we always agree and proclaim, whenever opportunity affords, that we are proud of the city of "Brotherly Love."

It is not my purpose to detain you any longer, because as I said to you that when my friend Colonel McClure called upon me it was the first intimation that I was on the list of speakers. However, I want to thank him very kindly for the opportunity he has given me, and then sit down and listen to the gentlemen who are to follow, and who I know you are all anxious to hear. (Applause.)

The Toastmaster :—

GENTLEMEN :—We have a distinguished member of Congress with us to-night from a State where every man who holds public office expects to be President of the United States some day. There is not one gentleman here who does not know the State to which I refer, and I need only say that we have one of its most brilliant sons here to-night in General Grosvenor, of Ohio. (Applause.)

Hon. Charles H. Grosvenor :—

MR. TOASTMASTER AND GENTLEMEN :—There can be nothing more incongruous, I imagine, in the matter of blood and ancestry and pedigree and all that sort of thing than my presence at the celebration of the glory and honor and praise and power of the Scotch-Irish. If there is any Scotch blood in me I do not know it; if there is any Irish blood in me I have never found it out. I am here to-night as a grateful guest of your Society. I came here in the company of one of your most lovable members, who has a great deal of influence in one of the great departments of your Commonwealth—Colonel Cassells, of Washington—whom we, all of us in Congress especially, are very fond of, and who has a great

deal of influence in a certain direction in which we are all greatly interested, and that is in the cheap, speedy, and equal distribution of the powers of transportation of the country.

I want to speak a word or two about the greatness of our own country before I emigrate to Ireland. It is a pretty large country that we have, and a glorious country.

I was struck to-night, while I listened to the eloquent and able and interesting speech of the distinguished Secretary of the Navy, with the fact that I had served in the House of Representatives with him, when I understood—and I had abundant opportunity to understand it—that he was a partisan Democrat; and yet I reflected that for almost two years he has administered one of the great departments of the Government under my close observation—because I have very little to do in the minority down here, except to observe what is going on (laughter), and with all the ability that I am master of—and it is not very great, but active always—in observing his administration of a great bureau of this Government—a great department of this Government. You could not prove by me to-night by any act of his whether he was, from 1861 to 1865, on my side or on his side, or whether to-day he is a Democrat or a Republican. Now, as a demonstration and illustration of civil service reform that is a pretty high testimonial, especially coming from me. (Applause.) It is a great Government, a magnificent country, a splendid condition, when a great department of the Government is run in the interest of the whole country, always, from start to finish (laughter), when you cannot trace the taint of politics nor the stigma of partisanship anywhere along the line. (Applause.) It is a great thing that he who was wrong, in my humble judgment, once is so magnificently right to-night. (Applause.)

The Scotch-Irish people, it seems to me, are an enigma. (Laughter.) I thought about it coming up from Washington, and wondered what I should say and how I should best try to mask my ignorance, and when I heard the address of your distinguished President I learned that he did not know very much more about it than I did. (Laughter.)

There are one or two things about this race—this amalgamation of races—that I have learned. Races of men run out, I imagine. I imagine that, because I do not think that the human race is very much lifted, in a physical point of view, from animal races, and it is a great thing to be crossed on to a better race, or even an equivalent race. Now, to this stigma on Ohio which the distinguished gentleman here, your great editor, your distinguished representative of the great press of the United States, who stands to-day upon an eminence so high and so unassailable that he can hurl his little shafts against the State with absolute impunity, because we dare not answer back, the answer to it is that Ohio is great because she has an amalgamation of races. Look at her position on the map. You envy that position sometimes, and you well may. It is the citadel of her strength. It is the Gibraltar from which she hurls her Olympian thunderbolts, as a friend of mine once said, against her enemies everywhere. What makes Ohio so great? It is because a great tide of immigration came over the mountains, coming from New England (I speak enthusiastically upon this subject, for I was born there myself, and I came over the mountains, and settled in Ohio), encountered another race, another stream, another tide of immigration that came from Virginia and from the Carolinas, and crossed the Ohio, and commingled the blood of the two races, the Cavaliers and the Puritans, and the outgrowth of that commingling of races is the power of Ohio in national politics and in national civilization. (Applause.) We cannot help it, Mr. Toastmaster. It is not our fault. We are charged with a destiny (laughter), and we should fall short of our duty if we were anything else than the aggressive people that we are. We catch the drift that comes from Pennsylvania. We hold it in solution in Ohio, as we did in the case of the Senator from Nebraska. Then we send it forward and people the Northwest. How are we to accomplish the great destiny that Providence has forced upon us if we are not aggressive and progressive and great, and hence we are great? So the commingling of these two strains of blood, the Scotch and the Irish, has become great, and you cannot suppress, in this

generation or while we live, the aggressive power and force of this magnificent race.

You may talk about their provincialism; you may talk about their eccentricities in Scotland—and they have eccentricities. Traveling up upon the Caledonian Canal only a few years ago I encountered a thoroughbred Scotchman—he was not a Scotch-Irishman, but he was a thoroughbred Scotchman—and he told me—let me fix the date and you will appreciate it. It was in the early days of 1891, it was not long after a political event in the United States which happened in the early days of October, 1890, and he told me that we were an immoral and a God-defying country. “Well,” I said, “my friend, we are certainly not very moral, but how are we a God-defying race?” He said, “You are trying to resist the eternal decrees of God Almighty by law.” “Well,” I said, “if that be so I think we shall fail.” (Laughter.) “My teaching—the teaching of my childhood—and my best impressions from experience are that while we are very powerful by law in the United States we cannot do that.” I said, “Wherein do you locate your criticism?” “Why,” he says, “you have put a tariff upon linen production, and you are trying to resist the decrees of Almighty God.” Now, my friends, as sure as I am alive he was in dead earnest about that. He was belligerent—I was almost afraid of him. (Laughter.) And I said, “Wherein; please make a specification?” “Why,” he says, “you are trying to manufacture linen in the United States, and God never intended you should do it. The climate is against you. You cannot raise flax.” Now, that is a pretty strong position for a man to plant himself in, isn’t it? Now, if you can percolate that blood through the aggressive channel of the Irishman, and finally develop him into an American citizen, proud of the American flag, isn’t he a splendid fellow anyhow? (Laughter.) The man that will invoke God on one side to denounce tariff laws on the other side, I tell you that is a character that if you can only cross it on the aggressive Irishman and get him over on this side, he is a bully fellow. (Laughter.) An American traveling up through Ireland, crossing the line of the Ulster country, and

going to Belfast, and all the way around, will not be surprised that that race that has made a line of demarcation between desolation upon the one hand and prosperity upon the other; conscience suppressed upon the one hand and conscience free and glorious upon the other should be a grand race upon this side of the water. (Applause.) Give to the race that can encounter the obstacles of British oppressive legislation, that spreads itself like a mantle—like a curse—upon all the generations of men, whether in Ulster or in the other counties of Ireland, yet can make one county blossom like the rose—transplant that race, that influence, that spirit, that inspiration to a great free country like ours, and what can you expect for it, what can you hope for it, what will limit the possibilities of a race like that?

Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen, I accord to the men of this race, to the combination of this blood, to the spirit that has inspired your people in this country, I accord to it a great meed of thanksgiving and praise as an American citizen, and I stand here to-night to say that the highest development, the grandest hope of human possibility in the future lies in the fact that we have upon this continent an open door, an open field, a splendid opportunity for all conditions of men, without condition, without previous conditions of race, blood, religion, or any other condition except that they are true, unfaltering, splendid citizens of the great American Republic. (Applause.)

The Toastmaster :—

It is one of the oldest customs of the Scotch-Irish to hear the preacher. We know exactly what Scotch-Irish born Dr. McConnell or Dr. MacIntosh would say upon this occasion, and therefore I will call upon a Methodist brother—Dr. MacMullen.

Rev. Mr. MacMullen :—

MR. TOASTMASTER AND GENTLEMEN :—I want to speak my satisfaction at being present to-night. There is a good deal of

gratitude mingled with the feeling, for there has come to me a revelation of ancestral greatness which is decidedly inspiring. I feel that there is not any particular need for enlarging upon the subject of Scotch-Irish greatness. I am reminded by the attempts in that line of the introduction to Max O'Rell's latest book, which perhaps you have read, entitled "John Bull & Co." Max starts out with telling us of the greatness of the British Empire—writes out a catalogue of the possessions of that great empire, on whose dominions the sun never sets—tells us about her European possessions, such as Great Britain and Gibraltar, of India as the part of Asia belonging to her, of Cape Colony in Africa, of Australia and New Zealand in Australasia, of British America and British Guiana in the Western World, and then he says, "Why go farther; why spend any more time in emphasizing the fact of England's greatness, since England herself admits it?" I feel that it is utterly unnecessary to enlarge upon the topic of Scotch-Irish greatness since we ourselves admit it, and even if it were necessary I feel that I am not at all fitted for the task, for I have not any such perfect memory of our history as our retiring President. I am here as a learner. I have already learned a lot. I have been thinking along the lines that have been spoken to by some of the speakers whose addresses I have so greatly enjoyed.

When ex-President Seeley, of Amherst College, took the chair of that institution in 1877 he gave an address which made a great stir. In the address he denied the theory of evolution, and he supported his denial of it by citing from history certain cases of national decay, which cases he thought were contradictions of the theory of a steady progressive development of the race; and he asserted that enduring civilizations were due to the intervention of supernatural power, and not to natural development. Now, while we may be disposed to question and deny that conclusion, at least in the form in which it was stated, it is nevertheless a very significant fact that a truth closely related—vitaly related—to that conclusion of President Seeley's has been recently emphasized by a scientific student of social progress. Mr. Benjamin Kidd holds

that religious beliefs are not merely necessary, but highly important in human dignity ; that these religious instincts and religious beliefs are not the expression of the childhood of the race, but that they are the characteristic feature of the social development of the race. Entirely aside from that, though, aside from the question of the place that our religious instincts and belief have, whether we regard those things important or unimportant, nobody can possibly deny the influence of religious movements on the general life of the world. Reference has been made to that to-night.

Carlyle, as a practical student of history, said that the truth of the Church was treasure greater than gold and the treasures of the world ; that a true *credo* was worth living for and worth dying for ; that ages of unbelief were ages of trickery, and darkness, and failure. And whenever we study history we are always disposed to confirm the judgment of that keen old Scotch philosopher. It is a very significant thing, I think, that what we call our modern life dates back to a religious movement—the Reformation. That which divides the modern from the mediæval world is a religious event ; the inauguration of the latest and best development in human history was in a religious upheaval. It is a very striking thing to me that wherever and whenever we find that men are compelled to give a fresh obedience to the deepest instincts of their lives ; that when truths that have been forgotten and neglected have been rubbed bright once more, and men come out of the caverns of their skepticism and their formalism to stand in the glory of those bright truths, that nations as well as individuals are changed by the process. That is true. Out of a great religious movement there came the free Netherlands. That religious movement was a mighty factor for the preservation of the constitutional liberties of old England. In that religious movement there was the guarantee that the new and great nation of the new Western World would be a Republic. In that religious movement there were more or less of the elements in force of the Republican France of to-day. Generally speaking, it is true that that religious movement was the creator of the widespread liberty sentiment that

is everywhere in all modern life, and of which there are so many applications to so many departments of human energy. We in our own land are accustomed to think, perhaps, that our religious liberty, our untrammelled conscience—about which we boast a good deal, and of which we have a right to boast—that this is due, in large degree, to our peculiar political institutions; that our religious life has been touched and has been shaped by the fair spirit of our government. And that is undoubtedly true. But we ought to remember this, that originally the obligation was on the other side; that our civil liberty—the spirit of our government to-day, with its great freedom—is the inevitable outcome of the religious liberty that was sought for and enjoyed here by those who braved the dangers and the privations of the new land in order to escape from ecclesiastical *dés*potism.

It is a very significant thing that the early settlers of Plymouth, of Massachusetts Bay Colony, of Rhode Island, of Connecticut, of Pennsylvania, of New Jersey indirectly, of Maryland, of Georgia, had as their prominent motive—as the prominent object of their search—Religious Liberty. That is a most striking thing to me. And now because that thing was true, those who braved the seas and conquered the forests and the wilderness and the savages, were not disposed very long to endure political tyranny; and they were not apt to have a special enthusiastic love for royal tyrants. Dispossessed Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, who were practically exiled from the home of their choice by the poverty that was forced upon them, brought with them deep-seated prejudices against England—prejudices and hatreds that turned out to be powerful factors in the Revolution. Despised, persecuted Methodists, who were forced out into the fields of England to find a pulpit for the speech of their zeal, developed thereby an itinerant habit that was to send them into this new land close upon the heels of the adventurous emigrant, and kept them steadily and manfully toiling on the ever receding frontier line, making them splendidly useful in the development of the new nation. The influence of religious movements, they are mighty forces that affect, in a vital way, and will always continue to so affect,

every department of human life. Our religious life is, and ought to be, the rallying point, the unifying force for all our diverse energy.

I heard last night from one that was in one of the battles of our late war this story : A certain Connecticut regiment had a Christian band—a band that was always present at its religious services—in which every piece seemed to have in it religious music—and in a certain battle that regiment got scattered, and they hardly knew how to call it together again. At last the colonel summoned the band, not to play the general roll, for that might be mistaken for the call of some other regiment in the confusion, but the band struck up “Balerma,” and then it played “Boylston,” that tune to which we sing “A charge to keep I have. * * * Arm me with jealous care, as in Thy sight I live.” Then it played “America,” “My country, ’tis of thee,” and all the scattered sections of the regiment rallied to that music and formed again in symmetrical ranks. It seems to me that in the battle our nation is making, and must continue to make, against the forces that threaten her well-being, and even her life, that it is the natural thing that the music of our religious life should be the call that should gather together and hold in a symmetrical form, for the most powerful usefulness, all her true, worthy, noble energies. We represent here to-night, I think, in a striking way, that religious force ; and in all our pride of ancestry we will not forget to have a little pride in our religious ancestry, for I know I am proud of it and expect to so continue. (Applause.)

The Toastmaster :—

There is one quality in the Scotch-Irish that has never been diminished by the progress of time or education. That is, they always know they are right. But with all that they are very liberal—very liberal—indeed to-day the leaders in liberal progress. We have in this city a number of sister societies, representing different races, and the distinguished President of one of them is with us to-night. Mr. Converse, of the New England Society, will now be heard.

Mr. J. H. Converse :—

MR. TOASTMASTER AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY :—There is one habit of your Society which I cannot say I am very enthusiastic about, and that is the little idiosyncrasy that you have of inviting a guest here with the expectation that he is going to indulge in the various viands that form so conspicuous a feature of your menu, and then, without any previous notice, making him get on his feet and make a speech. Your retiring President, near whom I had the honor to sit at the banquet of the German Society of Pennsylvania, to which he has referred, has reminded you of a peculiar custom which that Society indulges in, of calling on the different speakers early in the course of the banquet. Immediately after the blue points, perhaps, or after the soup, at least, somebody would be called upon to make a speech, and so on all through the menu. I agree with him in commending in the highest manner that policy. You feel then that you have gotten your duty out of the way and that you can settle down to the enjoyment of the Roman punch and of the salad and of the coffee, without any disquieting fears as to your future.

I would suggest to the Scotch-Irish Society that they go one step farther. This practice of after-dinner speaking is most enjoyable to those of us who are permitted to sit still and listen to it, but when you feel that you are liable to be called upon to get upon your feet and make a speech all flavor disappears from your fillet, from your fish, from your ice cream, and from everything that you have. Why shouldn't you adopt the commendable practice, which I presume can be testified to by many of the distinguished gentlemen here this evening as existing in Congress—why cannot you have leave to print your remarks in advance, or as our legal friend here would certify is the rule, why cannot you have permission to file your brief and then sit here and enjoy your dinner as you ought to, or, as my friend on the right suggests, “file a bill of exceptions,” or put in a “plea of confession and avoidance” as to the whole business? Your practice is a good deal in the spirit of the epitaph which I am told exists on a gravestone in Eng-

land, where the disconsolate widow of the manager of a certain hostelry put an inscription upon the stone which certainly was thrifty to the extent of doing justice to the Scotch-Irish character. She had it read as follows :—

“Here lies, in hopes of reaching Zion,
The landlord of the Royal Lion ;
His wife, resigned to Heaven’s high will,
Continues the same business still.”

I do not see, Mr. Toastmaster, but what you continue the same business still, of calling upon a man to make a speech without any previous notice.

But I am constrained to tender my thanks to you for the honor which you have done the New England Society of Pennsylvania in calling on me, as their representative, to respond to that sentiment. I feel a sympathy with you in your objects and in your aims. I feel that it is good for us to be here. It is no idle sentiment that we have in common of reverencing a worthy ancestry. It detracts in no measure from our position and from our loyalty as true American citizens. We are a composite race, and the strength of our race comes from the mingled blood that flows in the veins of all of us. We can look back with pride to the fact that constitutional government in this country more than anything else is due to the conscientious regard for right which characterized not only the Scotch-Irish ancestors, whom you delight to honor, but the Pilgrim Fathers, to whom we look back with so much interest and so much pride. (Applause.)

I think it is not too much to say that a century and a half before freedom was declared in this country in front of Independence Hall, and in the presence of the Old Liberty Bell, which we all reverence so much, free government on this continent was made possible in the cabin of the “Mayflower ;” and that “government of the people, by the people, and for the people” was instituted by those men who landed at Plymouth Rock in December, 1620.

I thank you, Mr. President, for the honor that you have done me in calling upon me to respond for the New England Society, and I hope that on a future occasion we shall have the

pleasure of welcoming to our board many of those whom we delight to honor in your membership.

The Toastmaster :—

The Scotch-Irish race of this continent have been guilty of one very strange omission, and it is indeed a very grave one. The race that I think has been unequalled, certainly not surpassed, by any race upon the continent in the aggressive efforts for the advancement of civilization, and the very best civilization, is the only one that has written its history only in deeds—only in deeds. There is to-day no connected history of the achievements of the Scotch-Irish people, yet they have been in the forefront of every battle for enlightened progress, for religion, and for the advancement of civilization. I wish, indeed, that our race had imitated the race for whom Mr. Converse has just spoken, for their history is complete. There is no achievement of the Puritan that is not of record and in the library of every intelligent member of that race. It not only tells all they did achieve, but in some instances, perhaps, a little more. But they certainly had not to draw largely upon the imagination to prove how greatly the Puritan aided in the advancement of everything that was noble and grand in the development of the American people. There is one gentleman here to-night who has given that subject much study, and one who, I believe, is better informed upon the subject than any of the intelligent gentlemen present. I refer to Mr. Merrill, who will now be heard.

Mr. Jno. Houston Merrill :—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN :—I assure you that after such an introduction as that my embarrassment at being called upon at all is very much increased. I had hoped that your Toastmaster had found some other peg to fill the hole which had been reserved for me. But since the duty has been assigned to me I shall perform it as briefly as possible.

It seems to me that you could not possibly have better evidence of the necessity for this Society perpetuating the deeds of

its ancestors than the very interesting speeches we have heard to-night. I know that the distinguished guests we have with us will not misunderstand me when I say that with pardonable ignorance of the subject they have made the crucial mistake about the Scotch-Irish people which it would be very easy for you gentlemen to correct. There is scarcely a particle of Celtic blood in any Scotch-Irishman who is before me to-night. That is a fact which is not understood, and one of the reasons this is so was shown in the address of your distinguished President, who said that the Scotch-Irish race originated in Ireland, and went thence to Scotland. You will find that statement repeated in Scotch-Irish speeches, I regret to say, but it is not true, I believe. It is true that about the year 800, when Ireland was in her prime, filled with universities and with priests, and with people educated to a degree we can hardly comprehend, the Irish people crossed over and conquered a certain part of Scotland, and, of course, mingled with that race. The return emigration of the Scotch to Ulster did not begin until 1605, eight hundred years later, and, for one, I can see no historical connection between these two events, especially because, in the meantime, the lowlands of Scotland, from which our people almost exclusively came, had been divided up among Norman followers of William the Conqueror, who had pushed northward into Scotland during the reign of King David. It is a striking fact that among the Scotch-Irish surnames which are most familiar to you to-day a large proportion are known now to have been of Norman origin. For example: Baliol, Bruce, and Stewart, three of the royal families of Scotland, are now acknowledged to have been of Norman descent. Among the nobility, lower in rank, such surnames as Montgomery, Hamilton, and Boyd can be traced to the same source. The Wallaces and Livingstons came from the south somewhere, it is not entirely certain where, but probably they were Normans too. All these names are known to you, and many others might be mentioned along with them, which appear more prominently in Scotch-Irish history, perhaps, than any others, not only in the deeds their owners performed, but in the number of their descendants. Long before the Scotch colonization of Ulster

began Ireland had fallen very low, and Scotland and England had advanced rapidly in civilization. You all know the history of the Scotch in Ireland. I need not attempt to go into that any further than to draw one or two illustrations from it which seem to me to show why it is important that this history should be preserved.

The Scotch-Irishman was a Scotchman. He was also a Presbyterian, and could not mingle in the slightest degree with the Celtic Irishman, who was a Catholic. The latter, at this time, was a mere herder, tending his cattle, half civilized, wholly uneducated, and hundreds of years behind the Scotchman in all sorts of progress. If you ask proof that there is practically no Celtic blood in a Scotch-Irishman, a census of the Catholics in Pennsylvania was taken by the Provincial Governor about the year 1760. The reason for it was that the Catholics were accused of having joined with the French in encouragement of the Indians in their wars. That census proved that there were thirteen hundred Catholics in the Province of Pennsylvania at that time. Pennsylvania's whole population at this date was at least two hundred and fifty thousand. You all know what proportion of Scotch-Irish there must have been in that population, for Pennsylvania was the parent State from which, practically, all the Scotch-Irish in this country came.

Another fact, which is little dwelt upon, demands illustration and arises in the same connection, is this, that wherever you find a Scotchman in America in these days you find the Scotch-Irish people locating beside him. Before the Scotch-Irish came there were Scotch in South Carolina, no doubt many of them the overflow from the Darien Expedition of 1695, of which you have all read. There were other Scotch settlements on the eastern coasts of Virginia, Maryland, and New Jersey, made up largely of people driven out of Scotland by religious persecution, and as high a class of colonists in character and standing as ever came to America. Among them were James Alexander, father of the Earl of Stirling, who was a general in the Continental Army, and another was the ancestor of a distinguished Philadelphian, with whom

probably many of you were acquainted, who was the undoubted heir to the—I have forgotten the Scotch title—his name was Montgomery—he was heir to the Earldom of Eglinton. The Scotch-Irish people are found coming among these, and so associated with them as to show at once that the affiliation of the Scotch-Irish was solely with the prior colonists among the Scotch.

There is another feature of the subject which unquestionably demands careful examination, and that is the relation of the Scotch-Irish to New England. Probably the distinguished gentlemen who has addressed you to-night, representing that educated class of New Englanders who, as Colonel McClure says, are perfectly familiar with their own history, is unaware of the fact that a large number of Scotch-Irish people arrived in New England about 1718, some of whose descendants still remain there, while probably a majority afterwards came down to Pennsylvania. We have heard much of the settlement at Londonderry in New Hampshire, and know that many Scotch-Irish located on the southern coast of Maine, reproducing there the Irish city of Belfast; but the part of it which has been least illustrated in the various addresses you have heard is that which relates to settlements in the western part of Massachusetts and in Connecticut, where numbers of these people located and took a prominent part in their Colonial history. I say that it is requisite that this history should be developed, because wherever these people appeared they at once identified themselves with public affairs, and while in New England they met with the hostility of the Puritan, founded on religious differences, just as in Pennsylvania they excited that of the Quaker, their share and that of their descendants in the events in which the New Englander still takes pride was very great. General Stark, a Scotch-Irishman himself, commanded a regiment of New Hampshire Scotch-Irish who were among the first at the battle of Bunker Hill, and whose share in that battle was most important. A Scotch-Irishman by the name of Maxwell planned the earthworks which were thrown up on Bunker Hill, and his brother followed him and joined in the building of those works. Many similar instances might be cited.

But of course that part of it which is of most interest to us, and more directly within the line of our ordinary reading, is the relation of these people to the history of this State. Nearly all that you will find to read on the subject has been prepared by those who were best informed as to that for which Pennsylvania is most distinguished, namely, as the home of the Quaker. It is singular to find that the effect of this has been a practical ignoring of the part of the Scotch-Irish in all that we hold most dear here. It is only since the organization of this Society that anything approaching a correct statement of what these people did in the Revolutionary War has been produced.

But to go back further than that, as I said, about 1718 they began pouring into this colony at the rate of ten thousand to twelve thousand a year. They filled the interior counties almost to the exclusion of all other races. When the immigration began the Quakers were entirely in control of political affairs, and the results were natural enough. A Quaker Assembly and a more or less Quaker Provincial Council regulated public matters, determined the number of representatives in the Assembly, and managed things generally to their satisfaction. When the Indian war broke out, and especially immediately after Braddock's defeat, such a scene existed on the frontier as can hardly be imagined today; houses burned, men murdered on every hand, women and children carried away captives, until the frontier inhabitants, the Scotch-Irish of this State, were worked up to a pitch of furious passion, which led to the Paxton boy massacre of those Indians at Lancaster, to which you will find every book of Pennsylvania history referring, and always alleging or implying that it was because the Scotch-Irishmen had encroached upon the Indian's land, and because of their heartlessness in the Paxton massacre that the cruel Indian war began. How absurd that is. The Indian war began in 1744 up in New England. It existed along the whole frontier line down to Florida; and to allege that the peaceful government of the Quaker, his theory of the rights of the Indian, and his impracticable and impossible method of dealing with Indians

was the only one that was right, is not true in fact, and therefore is not history. And yet because the Scotch-Irishman, in his manliness and vigor, with broader and more sensible views about a condition of affairs for which he was not responsible, but the burden of which he was compelled to bear, stood up for his rights and insisted that this Government should provide protection for its frontier, it is recorded as history that he was turbulent and cruel.

Not long after the Paxton massacre the Scotch-Irish marched to Philadelphia in a body to insist upon their rights being respected. It is amusing to read the history of those times as it appears in the Colonial Records and Pennsylvania Archives; how the whole city of Philadelphia turned out *en masse* to resist this body of men known to be approaching, and how they were peacefully met at Germantown by representatives from the Quakers, who discussed the matter with them, and finally the Scotch-Irish agreed to leave two representatives to state their grievances while the main body returned to their homes. Their case was stated and it is on record among those documents. It may prove to the accurate and just historian to be a case so strong as to be unanswerable. The first grievance which they pointed out was the fact that of the counties then represented in the Provincial Assembly, the three counties of Philadelphia, Bucks, and Chester had twenty-six representatives, while the five interior counties, containing in the aggregate certainly as large a population, had ten. This, as can readily be seen, was the key to the whole situation, and shows why, for some time afterwards, as well as for a long time previously, the Scotch-Irish were compelled to suffer much at the hands of their Quaker rulers.

Of course this is the merest outline of several lines of investigation, a study of which seems likely to correct erroneous impressions. Within the limitations of after-dinner remarks nothing more could be attempted or would be listened to with patience.

It seems to me that if this Society would perform what is a plain and simple duty, it would provide in some way

for the collection of such historical material as will enable those who will take the trouble and time to look into the matter to study and investigate for themselves. How simple a thing it would be, with the surplus which I am told you now have, to buy the books out of which this information can be obtained. As Colonel McClure said, it lies scattered, not through a few volumes, but through hundreds of volumes. Most of them are accessible; most of them can be purchased, and it is high time, it is most important that this duty be properly performed. (Applause.)

The Toastmaster:—

GENTLEMEN:—There is one distinguished member of this Society, and its first President, who is best fitted, I think, to supplement the address as to the historical events of the Scotch-Irish, and that is Dr. MacIntosh.

Rev. J. S. MacIntosh, D. D.:—

MR. TOASTMASTER AND GENTLEMEN:—I can hardly say with what extreme joy I have listened to the plain, racial, historic, and absolutely provable statement of my friend here to my left—Mr. Merrill. It is not necessary that I should repeat anything that he has said; but in regard to the first part of our history, let me say: the peculiar Scotchman, from whom we Scotch-Irish came, did not really exist in Scotland until a little time before the advent of John Knox. He did not exist. That is to say, the Dumfriesshire Scot—the lowland Scot along the stretch of Port Patrick and the Strathclyde—simply did not exist. He had to develop, and he became a new man in the lowlands of Scotland. Now, that is a thing that is absolutely provable, and is very little known. If you go into the ethnic evolution of the lowland Scotch, I do not know how many different strains of blood you will have to pour into him. I have spent several years in investigating that subject, and I am not yet satisfied as to how many distinct strains have combined inside that peculiarly new man—the lowland Scot; but you will find him a very distinct type after a certain historic point.

Now, it has been very clearly stated to you, and with absolute accuracy, that in the days of the Ulster Settlement there was no commingling of the Ulster Scot with the Ulster Celt, and here is a point that I want to add to what our friend has said: Not only is it entirely true as he has put it, but I have got the documents wherein are the penal enactments forbidding, under the most extreme penalties, the marriage of the transplanted Scot with the Irish Celt, or the "Red Shank," as he was then called.

Passing these matters, let me say that I am at present engaged in the investigation of one of the most interesting finds that I have yet got in all American history regarding our people—that is the Casco Bay Settlement. I wonder if there are any gentlemen here—probably Dr. McConnell may have come on the trail—but I wonder if there are any gentlemen here that know anything about the Casco Bay Settlement. I wonder if they know how it took place. I have got at last the ships' lists of the three or four ships that came into Casco Bay, and I have been following down the line, and I have found that the most distinguished families in New England at the present day are bound by the closest possible ties to the three or four shiploads of Scotch-Irish that came to Casco Bay. I do not know whether or not my dear friend of many years, Mr. Converse here, is one of the Converses that I have struck down that line, but if he is he has more Scotch-Irish blood in him than he has found out yet.

There are few things more remarkable than that Casco Bay Settlement. They came into the bay in the Winter time; and one of them, fortunately, came in just at the beginning of that very Indian war to which allusion has been made, and he was the man, under Providence, who helped the Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony to arrange the plan and carry out the whole line of defense that preserved those colonies in that tremendous struggle. After some time part of that Casco Bay Settlement of Scotch-Irish stretched over into New York State—and I have not been able yet to find out how they got there—but they got all down the Sound, and a large amount of the civil and religious movements that took place along the

Long Island Sound and down into New York State is traceable to a portion of that Casco Bay Settlement. As I have been rumaging through old documents—for that is really the proper title—it has to be done, as Mr. Merrill says, a little pick here and a little pick there, and the probability is that you cannot now get hold of the needful books; but searching thus I find that part of these immigrants came by a circuitous route into Pennsylvania and made the trend through the Cumberland Valley and over the mountains. They joined the Scotch-Irish that were landing at the forks of the Delaware and elsewhere; there was a body of them that clustered around Staunton, Va., then divided again, and some went down and met the old Scotch in Georgia, to whom belong the MacIntosh families of Georgia, for the first of my name had to get out of the road of the Hanoverian troops after the battle of Preston Pans, and get down into Georgia, and there there was the fusion. And I will take leave to say that when the time comes, and we get down to the bottom facts, my good friend, the President of the New England Society, may possibly find that there is a vast deal more of this aggressive blood in them than they have yet realized. I think the time will come when Mr. Merrill or others will have access to the necessary books. I have been trying for some time to get at the original documents out of the English Record and Munitment Rooms and other such collections, by which I could link on what I have discovered in Dumfriesshire and Ayrshire and along there. Of what I say my good friend, Mr. Manderson, is a living illustration. Why, sir, I struck a whole squad of Mandersons in the County Antrim, about three miles from Ballymena; and to-night in talking with our honored guest I found that they were his own kith and kin. So that wherever you go you spot these great colonies who have been intermingling with the best blood of New England, and the best blood of the Palatinate, and the best blood of the Huguenots, and have been thus combining into that new phenomenon, the composite American, who has made our country what it is. (Applause.)

Our country has done many things, but under God I think the biggest thing it has done has been to make men, and

there are three proofs of it. There is the New England Puritan, there is the Palatinate German, and there is the Scotch-Irishman. And how did she make them? She made them by giving them an opportunity. And I have felt for some time that the day has struck and the hour has come when we are to turn over a new leaf, and instead of talking about what the Scotch-Irishman has done for America, the time has come to talk about what America has done for the Scotch-Irishman (applause), in giving him the opportunity to show what God had poured into his splendid, rich, aggressive blood by that marvelous combination that he had formed in the days of storm and stress. (Applause.)

The Toastmaster :—

I understand that the Secretary of this Society has a letter from Senator Gordon, and perhaps from one or two others, which I should be glad to have read, when I will call upon some gentleman to close the entertainment of the evening.

The Toastmaster :—

We have here, gentlemen, one who certainly can speak for the Scotch-Irish people of Pennsylvania, and who has done honor to his State, both as a most efficient and intelligent legislator at Harrisburg and also in the councils of the nation; one who through the most trying times this State has ever had—the beginning of our Civil War—was one of the men who guided and moulded events of those appalling times. I call upon Hon. William H. Armstrong.

Hon. William H. Armstrong :—

I do not know that I have ever been more surprised than by this most unexpected call——

The Toastmaster :—

Scotch-Irishmen should not be surprised in duty.

MR. ARMSTRONG (continuing) :—I do not know what to say nor what to think under such a sudden call. I have been

much impressed with the able and appropriate remarks made by the gentlemen who have spoken here to-night. Not one of them but has struck some vein of thought which appropriately recalls the conditions of our earliest history and which have kept pace with the progress and development of our civil and religious liberty. It is, perhaps, an error, into which we are all liable to fall, to attribute excessive power and merit to the earlier colonial influences to which we may be, ourselves, most partial. It is not easy to discriminate and impossible to apportion to any potential influence the share which it may justly claim in shaping the destinies of the nation. The Puritans of New England, the Scotch-Irish and the Quakers of Pennsylvania, the Dutch of New York, the Cavaliers of Virginia and the Carolinas, the Presbyterians of Georgia, each in their place exerted an influence, impossible to measure, but each unconsciously making to the final consummation of the combined National and State Governments under which we live. Nor in such connection may we overlook the destructive influences of the religious sects—the Methodists, the Presbyterians, the Baptists, the Episcopalians, and the Catholics, each jealous of encroachments by any other, and all united in demanding universal freedom of worship and exemption from religious proscription and persecution. Neither can we overlook, in such connection, the intense hostility of the Indian tribes which hung in perpetual menace upon the frontier from Massachusetts to Georgia, and compelled the union of the Colonies for mutual defense, and which familiarized them with that broader sense of union which the necessities of the Revolution compelled.

It is undeniably true that the foundations of the liberty we enjoy were laid in the resistance to tyranny, both civil and ecclesiastical. We cannot go far in tracing the early history of modern civilization in any direction without finding that the seed out of which true liberty has grown was in the early struggles of religious liberty against the tyranny of the church; it has grown and multiplied until everywhere, in every civilized nation of the world, the same aspirations, the same desires, the same struggle of the people is felt in their

increasing demand for the right of every individual to be secure in his person, his property, and in the pursuit of happiness.

We have chosen, in the United States, a form of government which governs the least that is consistent with good order, and it has been a shining light and an example to every nation of the world. The French Revolution in its inception, and to the present day, may be considered as a part of the ripened fruit of the American Revolution. That Revolution, with all its atrocities and its unrealized aspiration, was just as much the crop that grew from the seed that was planted in unhappy France as any crop that was ever harvested from the field. The abuses which characterized the condition of the people at that early day were those of the privileged classes of France, and nowhere are they better portrayed than in the "Tale of Two Cities," familiar to every gentleman, perhaps, in this assembly, showing how men, made in the likeness of God, were harnessed and driven with whips around the pleasure grounds of the aristocracy. And we, springing from like conditions, differing only in degree, came from that to what we are, the grandest and, I believe, the greatest nation of the earth. It is hard to define what civilization is. If it means pictures and statuary and works of art, we are far behind the highest of our European contemporaries; but if true civilization means the highest good to the greatest number, the least oppression, and the greatest development, then we, the people of the United States, have the grandest civilization of the world. It is not admissible that any people, part of this great nation, whether they be the Scotch-Irish, the Puritans, the Cavaliers, or whoever they may be, shall appropriate to themselves an undue share of the credit for the high civilization we enjoy. We have been brought together as a people; from every land and from every condition of life and by causes wholly beyond our control, but which have persistently worked in the same direction and towards the same end, and as a result of it all the people of the United States have grown to be self reliant, self supporting, and independent in thought and action, and with supremest confidence in the strength and

stability of our government. The union of the States began in the conscious necessity of self preservation. The Revolution accomplished independence from Great Britain, but did not accomplish government; we were as widely separated from any positive and fixed form of government at the end of the Revolutionary War as we were at its beginning. But we grew and grew rapidly, conforming from necessity to the exigencies which environed us.

All precedents of government were opposed to a divided sovereignty. Yet our condition imposed the necessity of national union and the equally imperative necessity to maintain every essential sovereignty of the several States. Separated as colonies from the parent governments of Europe by three thousand miles of water and scarcely less than three months of navigation, the people became accustomed to some forms of self government, and familiar from the beginning with independent legislation for the regulation and control of their own affairs.

Emerging from a struggle which had taxed the resources and the patriotism of the entire country to their extremest limit, overwhelmed with debt, distracted by the clamor of discordant advocates of impracticable schemes of government, ranging from the earnest advocacy of a restored monarchy to the absolute independence of the several States from all Federal control, the young and untried nation stood perplexed and confounded, yet compelled to go forward in the work of reconciling the discordant views so persistently advocated by men of unquestioned ability and patriotism. A government which could accomplish this was without precedent in all the world. Its first necessity was to harmonize the independence of each separate State with a Federal power which dominated the whole. The first experiment was the confederation of the States under a constitution, which was little more than a league of friendship for defense against external attacks. Its Congress was practically without power. It could not levy or collect taxes, duties, or imports. The treasury was to be supplied solely by requisitions upon the States. There was no President, no Supreme Court, and no

mode of enforcing measures which Congress might adopt for the general welfare. No wonder that it was abandoned as wholly inadequate after an unsatisfactory experiment of only nine years, to be finally superseded by the present Constitution of the United States, which has proved itself, with few amendments, equal to every demand of government in peace and in war.

But this is a theme too large to dwell upon upon such an occasion and at so late an hour of the night. The Scotch-Irish had a large and potential influence in every good word and work that aided the achievement of our independence and the establishment of our government, but we desire to detract nothing from the just meed of praise which has been so fairly won by every other influence which aided in this grand national consummation. We want only what belongs to us, and no more.

As I listened to the remarks so happily made, extolling the achievements of the Scotch-Irish people, it reminded me somewhat of an incident which occurred some years ago to a friend of mine in Pennsylvania. Mrs. Land lived upon a farm, and had a great many pet animals and fowls, and among others a very beautiful peacock. She hired a little colored girl who had never seen a peacock. The little girl went out one morning and found the peacock with its tail magnificently spread, and she became alarmed, and running in to Mrs. Land, exclaimed, "Mrs. Land, Mrs. Land, come out here quick; our peacock's got its tail up and can't get it down." (Laughter.) I began to wonder a little whether our Scotch-Irish friends may not have got their tails up so high they will have difficulty to get them down. (Laughter.)

Well, gentlemen, it is too late to talk further. I confess to a very great surprise in this most unexpected call, and I beg to be further excused. (Applause.)

Justice Henry W. Williams :—

In order that some practical end may come of this most excellent discussion I desire to move that the surplus funds of

the Society be devoted to the purchase of the necessary documents to enter upon the work to which Mr. Merrill has referred this evening.

Mr. McKeehan :—

I would suggest an amendment under the direction of the council of the Society.

Justice Williams :—

I accept the amendment.
(Motion agreed to.)

The Toastmaster :—

The meeting is now adjourned.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

I. NAME.

The name of the Association shall be the "Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society," and it shall constitute the Pennsylvania branch of the Scotch-Irish Society of America.

II. OBJECTS.

The purposes of this Society are the preservation of Scotch-Irish history; the keeping alive the *esprit de corps* of the race; and the promotion of social intercourse and fraternal feeling among its members, now and hereafter.

III. MEMBERSHIP.

1. Any male person of good character, at least twenty-one years of age, residing in the State of Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish descent through one or both parents, shall be eligible to membership, and shall become a member by the majority vote of the Society or of its Council, subscribing these articles, and paying an annual fee of two dollars: *Provided*, That all persons whose names were enrolled prior to February 13th, 1890, are members: *And provided further*, That three officers of the National Society, to be named by it, shall be admitted to sit and deliberate with this Society.

2. The Society, by a two-thirds vote of its members present at any regular meeting, may suspend from the privileges of the Society, or remove altogether, any person guilty of gross misconduct.

3. Any member who shall have failed to pay his dues for two consecutive years, without giving reasons satisfactory to the Council, shall, after thirty days' notice of such failure, be dropped from the roll.

IV. ANNUAL MEETING.

1. The annual meeting shall be held at such time and place as shall be determined by the Council. Notice of the same shall be given in the Philadelphia daily papers, and be mailed to each member of the Society.

2. Special meetings may be called by the President or a Vice-President, or, in their absence, by two members of the Council.

V. OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

At each annual meeting there shall be elected a President, a First and Second Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and twelve Directors, but the same person may be both Secretary and Treasurer.

They shall enter upon office on the 1st of March next succeeding, and shall serve for one year and until their successors are chosen. The officers and Directors together shall constitute the Council. Of the Council there shall be four Standing Committees.

1. On admission; consisting of four Directors, the Secretary, and the First Vice-President.

2. Of Finance; consisting of the officers of the Society.

3. On Entertainments; consisting of the Second Vice-President and four Directors.

4. On History and Archives; consisting of four Directors.

VI. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

1. The President, or in his absence the First Vice-President, or if he too is absent the Second Vice-President, shall preside at all meetings of the Society or the Council. In the absence at any time of all these, then a temporary Chairman shall be chosen.

2. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Society and of the Council.

3. The Treasurer shall have charge of all moneys and securities of the Society; he shall, under the direction of the Finance Committee, pay all its bills, and at the meeting of

said committee next preceding the annual meeting of the Society shall make a full and detailed report.

VII. DUTIES OF COMMITTEES.

1. The Committee on Admission shall consider and report, to the Council or to the Society, upon all names of persons submitted for membership.

2. The Finance Committee shall audit all claims against the Society, and, through a sub-committee, shall audit annually the accounts of the Treasurer.

3. The Committee on Entertainments shall, under the direction of the Council, provide for the annual banquet.

4. The Committee on History and Archives shall provide for the collection and preservation of the history and records of the achievements of the Scotch-Irish people of America, and especially of Pennsylvania.

VIII. CHANGES.

The Council may enlarge or diminish the duties and powers of the officers and committees at its pleasure, and fill vacancies occurring during the year by death or resignation.

IX. QUORUM.

Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum of the Society; of the Council five members, and of the committees a majority.

X. FEES.

The annual dues shall be two dollars, and shall be payable on February 1st in each year.

XI. BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the Society shall be held on the second Thursday of February, at such time and in such manner, and such other day and place, as shall be determined by the Council. The costs of the same shall be at the charge of those attending it.

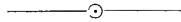
XII. AMENDMENTS.

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

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

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

APPENDIX A.



REPORT OF C. W. MCKEEHAN, TREASURER PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, MADE FEBRUARY 15th, 1895.

1895.

DR.

Feb. 1—Balance from last year	\$540 19
Dues for 1894 from 149 members	298 00
Subscription to fifth dinner	396 00
	\$1234 19

CR.

Hotel Bellevue, fifth dinner	\$381 85
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing	101 50
Stenographer and clerk hire	36 00
Menus	28 75
Music	15 00
Hoskins for invitations	11 75
Car fare, guest	5 00
Stamps and stationery	31 75
	\$611 60
Balance	622 59
	\$1234 19

C. W. MCKEEHAN,
Treasurer.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

HON. JOSEPH ALLISON	4207 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. DANIEL AGNEW	Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
HON. J. SIMPSON AFRICA	Union Trust Co., 719 Chestnut St., Phila.
W. J. ADAMS	Harrisburg, Pa.
ALEXANDER ADAMS	1621 Derry St., Harrisburg, Pa.
REV. C. W. BUOY, D. D.	1334 Arch St., Philadelphia.
SAMUEL R. BROADBENT	3431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
J. C. BLAIR	Huntingdon, Pa.
JOHN W. BUCHANAN	Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
R. T. BLACK	Scranton, Pa.
SAMUEL BRADBURY	Wayne Ave., Germantown, Phila.
CHARLES ELMER BUSHNELL	S. E. cor. 4th and Chestnut Sts., Phila.
JAMES M. BARNETT	New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
HENRY CARVER	Harrison Building, Philadelphia.
HON. J. DONALD CAMERON	U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.
A. H. CHRISTY	Scranton, Pa.
SETH CALDWELL, JR.	1939 Chestnut St. (Girard Bank, Third below Chestnut), Philadelphia.
J. ALBERT CALDWELL	902 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
THOMAS COCHRAN	4200 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
ROLAND G. CURTIN, M. D.	22 South Eighteenth St., Philadelphia.
EDWARD CAMPBELL	Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
ROWAN CLARK, M. D.	112 Logan St., Tyrone, Pa.
JAMES CLARK	Harrisburg, Pa.
ALEXANDER CROW, JR.	2112 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.
HON. J. D. CAMPBELL	P. & R. Terminal, Philadelphia.
REV. DAVID CONWAY	Mount Joy, Lancaster County, Pa.
REV. WILLIAM CATHCART, D. D.,	Hoyt, Montgomery County, Pa.
COL. JOHN CASSELS	1907 F St., Washington, D. C.
JOHN H. CHESTNUT	508 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
A. J. CASSATT	Haverford, Pa.
GEORGE CAMPBELL	Washington Ave. and 21st St., Phila.
GEORGE CAMPBELL	Hotel Hamilton, Philadelphia.
REV. J. AGNEW CRAWFORD, D. D.,	Chambersburg, Pa.
A. W. DICKSON	Scranton, Pa.
S. RALSTON DICKEY	Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
JAMES P. DICKSON	Scranton, Pa.
J. M. C. DICKEY	Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
HON. JOHN DALZELL	House of Representatives, Washington.
J. P. DONALDSON	Manhattan Life Building, Fourth and Walnut Sts., Philadelphia.
JAMES AYLWARD DEVELIN	400 Chestnut St., Wood Building.
E. B. DAWSON	Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
ROBERT DORNAN	Howard, Oxford, and Mascher Sts., Phila.

- JOHN B. DEAVER, M. D. . . . 120 S. Eighteenth St., Philadelphia.
 REV. EBENEZER ERSKINE, D.D., Newville, Cumberland County, Pa.
 HON. THOMAS EWING Pittsburgh, Pa.
 SAMUEL EVANS Columbia, Pa.
 DANIEL M. EASTER, M. D. . . . 1516 Christian St., Philadelphia.
 HON. T. B. ELDER Elders' Ridge, Indiana County, Pa.
 REV. ALFRED L. ELWYN 1422 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 HON. NATHANIEL EWING Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
 HON. THOMAS K. FINLETTER . . 500 North Fifth St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER . . . 750 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM N. FERGUSON, M.D. . . 116 West York St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN FIELD Young, Smyth, Field & Co., 816 Market
 St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM M. FIELD 5600 Lansdowne Ave., Philadelphia.
 HON. JOSEPH C. FERGUSON . . . 1423 North Broad St., Philadelphia.
 SAMUEL W. FLEMING 32 North Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.
 D. FLEMING 325 North Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.
 HUGH R. FULTON Lancaster, Pa.
 EDGAR DUDLEY FARIES 308 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 HON. J. MILTON GUTHRIE Indiana, Pa.
 JOHN GRAHAM Wilkesbarre, Pa.
 DUNCAN M. GRAHAM Carlisle, Pa.
 J. M. GUFFY 43 Sixth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 HON. JAS. GAY GORDON 1628 North Thirteenth St., Philadelphia.
 REV. LOYAL Y. GRAHAM, D.D., 2325 Green St., Philadelphia.
 SAMUEL F. GIVIN 2116 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 CAPT. JOHN P. GREEN Pennsylvania Railroad Office, Broad and
 Market Sts., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM B. GIVIN 204 Locust St., Columbia, Pa.
 THEODORE R. GRAHAM 1917 Wallace St., Philadelphia.
 REV. S. A. GAYLEY Wayne, Pa.
 HON. R. M. HENDERSON Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.
 HON. DANIEL H. HASTINGS . . . Harrisburg, Pa.
 A. G. HETHERINGTON 2049 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 COL. W. A. HERRON 80 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 REV. I. N. HAYS, D. D. 117 Sheffield St., Allegheny, Pa.
 JNO. J. L. HOUSTON 814 North Twenty-first St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN HAYES Carlisle, Pa.
 REV. JOHN HEMPHILL, D. D. . . 2220 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 JAMES W. HOUSTON 27 Seventh Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 SAMUEL F. HOUSTON 308 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 HON. WILLIAM B. HANNA 110 South Thirty-eighth St., Philadelphia.
 CAPT. JOHN C. HARVEY Harrisburg, Pa.
 JAMES HAY 25 South Water St., Philadelphia.
 GEORGE HAY 25 South Water St., Philadelphia.
 J. BAYARD HENRY 701 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
 GEO. JUNKIN 532 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

- B. K. JAMISON 137 South Fifth St., Philadelphia.
 JOSEPH DE F. JUNKIN 532 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN W. JORDAN 1300 Locust St., Hist. Soc. of Pennsylvania.
 WILLIAM J. JORDAN 804 North Twentieth St., Philadelphia.
 COL. THOS. B. KENNEDY Chambersburg, Franklin Co., Pa., President of Cumberland Valley Railroad.
 GEORGE C. KENNEDY 38 North Duke St., Lancaster, Pa.
 HON. JAMES KERR
 JOHN A. LINN Radnor, Pa.
 HON. JAMES A. LOGAN Penna. R. R. Office, Broad St., Phila.
 REV. SAMUEL C. LOGAN, D.D. Scranton, Pa.
 HARRY V. LOGAN, M.D. Scranton, Pa.
 JAMES LONG 203 Church St., Philadelphia.
 WM. P. LOGAN 826 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
 JOHN P. LOGAN 826 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
 HON. JAMES W. LATIMER York, York County, Pa.
 REV. WM. LAURIE, D.D. Bellefonte, Pa.
 H. P. LAIRD Greensburg, Pa.
 WILLIAM J. LATTA Broad St. Station, Penna. R. R., Phila.
 REV. HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D., 3700 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 REV. J. S. MACINTOSH, D.D. 1070 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.
 ALEXANDER K. MCCLURE "The Times," Eighth and Chestnut Sts.
 REV. S. D. MCCONNELL, D.D. 1318 Locust St., Philadelphia.
 C. W. MCKEEHAN 634 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
 THOMAS MACKELLAR 612 Sansom St., Philadelphia.
 HON. H. J. McATEER Alexandria, Huntingdon County, Pa.
 CHAS. H. MELLON 1734 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 HON. A. D. MCCONNELL Greensburg, Pa.
 JOHN MCILHENNY 1339 Cherry St., Philadelphia.
 REV. O. B. MCCURDY Duncannon, Pa.
 JAMES E. MCLEAN Shippensburg, Pa.
 WM. F. McSPARRAN Furniss, Pa.
 GEORGE GLUYAS MERCER 738 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
 S. A. MUTCHMORE, D.D. Eighteenth and Montgomery Ave., Phila.
 REV. J. H. MUNRO 714 North Broad St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM H. MCFADDEN, M.D., 3505 Hamilton St., Philadelphia.
 EDWARD E. MONTGOMERY, M.D., 1818 Arch St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN M. McDOWELL Chambersburg, Pa.
 JOHN D. MCCORD 2004 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D. President of Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.
 ROBERT H. MOFFITT, M.D. 200 Pine St., Harrisburg, Pa.
 M. W. McALARNEY "The Telegraph," Harrisburg, Pa.
 JOHN C. MCCURDY 2200 North Front St., Philadelphia.
 DANIEL N. MCQUILLEN, M.D. 1628 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 J. KING McLANAHAN Hollidaysburg, Pa.
 HON. SAMUEL J. M. MCCARRELL, Harrisburg, Pa.

- R. S. McCOMBS, M.D. 648 North Eleventh St., Philadelphia.
M. SIMPSON McCULLOUGH 1717 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.
JAMES F. MAGEE 114 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia.
GEORGE D. MCCREARY 3301 Arch St., Philadelphia.
J. A. McDOWELL 1727 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
HON. JOHN B. McPHERSON Harrisburg, Pa.
REV. H. W. McKNIGHT, D.D. . . . Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa.
HON. WILLIAM McCLEAN Gettysburg, Adams County, Pa.
HON. THOMAS MELLON Pittsburgh, Pa.
A. W. MELLON Pittsburgh, Pa.
J. P. McCASKEY "Penna. School Journal," Lancaster, Pa.
DR. J. ATKINSON MCKEE 1628 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
JUSTICE J. BREWSTER McCOLLUM, Girard House, Philadelphia.
EDWARD B. McCORMICK Greensburg, Pa.
W. H. McCREA Carlisle, Pa.
JOHN HOUSTON MERRILL 625 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
DR. GEORGE I. MCKELWAY 255 South Seventeenth St., Philadelphia.
DR. WILLIAM McCOMBS Hazleton, Pa.
ROBERT McMEEN Mifflintown, Juniata County, Pa.
HON. ROBERT MCCACHRAN Newville, Cumberland County, Pa.
GEORGE MCKEOWN 506 Library St. (care of E. H. Bailey).
HON. HENRY C. McCORMICK . . . Harrisburg, Pa.
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A. WILSON NORRIS No. 5 North Market Sq., Harrisburg, Pa.
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WILLIAM CROSSLEY	Philadelphia, Pa.
WILLIAM HOLMES	Pittsburgh, Pa.
H. H. HOUSTON.....	Philadelphia, Pa.
HON. R. A. LAMBERTON.....	Harrisburg, Pa.
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HON. DAVID WILLS.....	Gettysburg, Pa.
COL. JOHN A. WRIGHT.....	Philadelphia, Pa.

SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING

AND

BANQUET

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA

SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY,

AT THE

HOTEL BELLEVUE, PHILADELPHIA,

FEBRUARY 13th, 1896.



PHILADELPHIA :

ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT'S PRINTING HOUSE,
1211-13 Clover Street.

1897.

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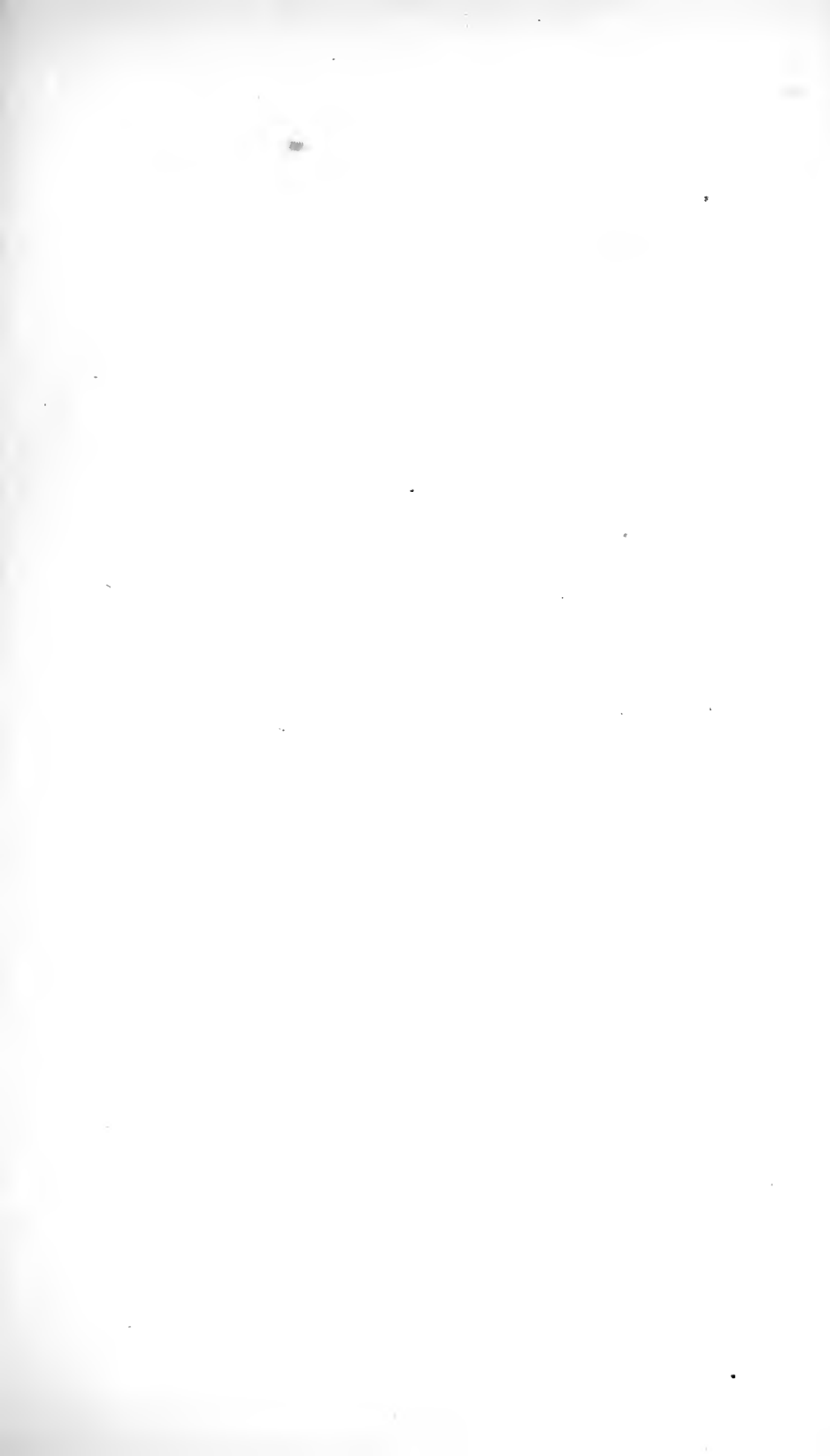
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Rev. Alex. Henry.	X								
Prof. J. C. Rice.	X	X	J. M. Barnett.			John Mellhenny.			X
Jos. Cousins.	X	X	T. H. Patterson.			John D. Mellhenny.			X
John H. Merrill.	X	X	J. H. Chestnut.			Oliver Bradin.			X
E. D. Faries.	X	X	George Hay.			John W. Woodside.			X
Geo. B. Bonnell.	X	X	James Hay.			Hon. R. L. Wright.			X
J. D. Campbell.	X	X	H. Holmes.			J. F. Magee.			X
Wm. R. Fisher.	X	X	G. McKeown.			G. G. Mercer.			X
J. Bayard Henry.	X	X	M. W. McAlarney.			Rev. Jas. D. Steele.			X
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Rev. Dr. J. H. Munro.	X	X	J. A. McDowell.			W. P. Sanderson.			X
F. J. Geiger.	X	X	Chas. T. Schoen.						X

James Pollock.

IRISH SOCIETY.

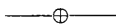
TABLE, FEBRUARY 13th, 1896.

	Hon. J. A. Logan.	Senator Lindsay.	C. S. Patterson.	Geo. V. Massey.	Justice Williams.	Col. A. K. McClure.	Hon. J. C. Burrows.	Hon. E. S. Stuart.	John H. Converse.
	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X	X
									X Chas. L. McKeehan.
X	Jas. A. Stranahan.				Rev. D. O. Moffitt.		X	X	Rev. O. B. McCurdy.
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X	R. S. Reed.				H. S. P. Nichols.		X	X	W. H. McCrea.
X	W. S. Wallace.				J. F. Magee.		X	X	John S. Lloyd.
X	John C. Harvey.				J. R. Young.		X	X	John Graham.
X	S. G. Scott.						X	X	W. N. Heulings.
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X	W. W. Hanna.				Dr. Wm. Thomson.		X	X	Wm. A. Patton.
X	R. A. Patton.				John P. Green.		X	X	A. B. Rorke.
X	Rev. Dr. Duncan.				Geo. F. Huff.		X	X	L. S. Bent.
								X	

1

Col. John Cassels.

SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING.



THE seventh annual meeting and banquet of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Hotel Bellevue, Philadelphia, February 13th, 1896, Rev. Henry C. McCook, D. D., in the chair.

The report of William Righter Fisher, temporarily acting as Secretary and Treasurer in place of C. W. McKeehan, deceased, was presented and approved.

On recommendation of the Council it was unanimously resolved that Article V. of the Constitution and By-Laws be amended so as to read as follows :—

“At each annual meeting there shall be elected a President, a First and Second Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and twelve Directors, but the same person may be both Secretary and Treasurer.

“They shall enter upon office on the 1st of March next succeeding, and shall serve for one year and until their successors are chosen. The officers and Directors, together with the ex-Presidents of the Society, shall constitute the Council. Of the Council there shall be four standing committees.

“1. On Admission, consisting of four Directors, the Secretary, and the First Vice-President.

“2. On Finance, consisting of the officers of the Society.

“3. On Entertainments, consisting of the Second Vice-President and four Directors.

“4. On History and Archives, consisting of four Directors.”

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

President, HON. JAMES A. LOGAN.

First Vice-President, WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER.

Second Vice-President, JUSTICE HENRY W. WILLIAMS.

Board of Directors and Members of Council :

COL. A. K. McCLURE,	MR. JAMES POLLOCK,
MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,	MR. W. W. PORTER,
HON. R. M. HENDERSON,	REV. S. D. McCONNELL, D. D.,
REV. J. S. MACINTOSH, D. D.,	COL. JOHN CASSELS,
MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	MR. ROBERT PITCAIRN,
MR. J. BAYARD HENRY,	HON. JAMES GAY GORDON,
MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	REV. HENRY C. McCOOK, D. D.

On motion, it was resolved that the election of a permanent Secretary and Treasurer be referred to the Council for their action, and that Mr. Fisher be requested to continue to serve the Society in that capacity until the place shall be permanently filled.

On motion, the business meeting was then adjourned, and the company proceeded to the banqueting room, where the President, Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook, took the chair.

Rev. Alexander Henry invoked the Divine blessing.

During the progress of the dinner Rev. Henry C. McCook, D. D., President, arose and spoke as follows :—

GENTLEMEN :—One purpose of our existence as an organization is to keep green the memory of the distinguished persons who have the honor of being our ancestors, and to do what we may, through the influence of this Society, on each meeting thereof, to set some one feature of the honorable service of our ancestors prominently before guests and members. You may

remember that this was one of the favorite ideas of our late Secretary. Instead of giving an address to-night, as has been the custom of our Presidents in vacating office, it has seemed to me that the best service I could render would be to contribute an historical paper, and the Committee has fixed upon this particular point in the order for the introduction of this paper. I have chosen for my subject "Stephen Collins Foster, the Scotch-Irish bard and balladist." The address will be interspersed with a few of his favorite songs, and the Council has had printed and placed before you this souvenir book of words that you may intelligently follow the trained quartette of singers who have been engaged for the occasion. Perhaps some of you will feel like joining in the songs.

PENNSYLVANIA'S SCOTCH-IRISH BARD AND BALLADIST,
STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

There is one department of activity in which the mental vigor and quenchless energy of the Scotch-Irish race has but scant representation. However we may account for it, the fact is that Ulster men have rarely broken forth into song. The minstrels of the early era of their origin have not transmitted their genius through their Ulstrian line of descent. By some inexplicable sport of destiny it seems to have been shunted upon other ethnic side tracks.

It is more difficult to understand this fact in view of the genius of our Scotch ancestors for song. There are Fergusson, Buchanan, James Bailie, Horatio Bonar, George MacDonald, Sir Walter Scott, the Wizard of the North, and "aboone them a'" Robbie Burns, whose matchless ballads voiced so sweetly Scotland's poetic genius, and are ringing still among the heathered hills of Caledonia and wherever her sons wander and dwell.

At all events, Ulster Americans can point to one scion of their race in whose breast the old bardic fire broke forth into a flame that is burning still in the hearts of Americans. The songs of Stephen C. Foster marked an important era in the development of the American ballad.

FOSTER'S BIRTH AND BIRTHPLACE.

If there is any spot in America that by especial eminence may be held to be the head centre of Scotch-Irish habitation and influence it is that hilly tongue of land that lies at the forks of the Monongahela and Allegheny Rivers, commonly known as Pittsburgh. There Stephen Collins Foster was born, July 4th, 1826, in a suburb known as Lawrenceville, which now forms part of the Sixteenth Ward of the city. At that time there was no dwelling, except a farm house or two and the Brick Tavern on Two-Mile Run, between Grant Street and the place of Foster's birth. The house in which he was born was a white cottage, with a broad central door with rounded top and narrow side windows, leading into a spacious hall that parted the building into equal halves.

It stood upon a slight elevation overlooking the Allegheny River, and commanding an unobstructed view of that stream and the beautiful hills that rolled beyond. Back of the house and descending to Two-Mile Run, and stretching thence to the Monongahela River, was an almost unbroken forest, divided by what was then called the "Old Road," cut by General Forbes' army when it marched to the capture of Fort Duquesne. Just in front lay the island upon which General Washington, then a hardy young surveyor, was cast from his raft at the close of a dark December day in 1753. Over the ground on which the white cottage afterward stood Washington pursued his way when he made his historic visit to Queen Allequippa's wigwam.

It was the custom of Major William B. Foster, Stephen's father, to celebrate the Fourth of July by a "bowery dinner," in modern phrase "a lawn party." On that eventful anniversary of Independence, when Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died, a company of two hundred men and women, culled from the best society of the vicinity, were gathered upon the grounds and under the shade of the wide-spreading oaks upon Mr. Foster's estate. Tables were spread upon the green underneath the trees.

Intermingled with the dark coats of civilians and the bright

gowns of the women guests were the uniforms of a number of officers from the arsenal just over the hill from the grove and from the barracks where Old Fort Pitt stood. Pittsburgh was then an important point for supplying government posts in the West with men and munitions of war, and thus the soldier element formed relatively an important part of the social life of Pittsburgh.

At twelve o'clock, when the guests were being gathered to the tables, according to the custom then prevailing, the arsenal guns thundered forth their national salute. Several field pieces that had been placed in Foster's grove answered the salute, and the great hills around echoed with a mighty uproar.

It was on this gala day, in the midst of this rejoicing and noise, that the future singer insisted upon lifting up the first wail of his infant voice. It is sometimes inconvenient—to others at least—to be ahead of one's time. We may well imagine the uneasiness with which the gentlemanly host greeted the guests who had come at his bidding, and how great was his relief when his bowery dinner was ended, amidst the congratulations of friends that another son had been born into his household. Small wonder, indeed, if those who trod the paths and roads along the hill slopes to their various homes that day had caught the spirit of ancient oracles and augurs, and predicted for the child whose birth had been attended by such martial and patriotic scenes a future of stirring activity in camp and field or in the halls of State. Yet nothing could have been further from the facts, for the ambition of the man was as far removed from the prognostications of his birth as is the Star of Bethlehem from the fires of Moloch.

HIS ANCESTORS.

Here we may pause to point out Foster's claims to a place among the distinguished sons of the Scotch-Irish stock. About the year 1728 Alexander Foster removed from Londonderry, Ireland, to America. In 1740 we find him settled in Little Britain Township, Lancaster County, Pa. His son, James Foster, of this pure Scotch-Irish stock, was married to

Anne Barclay, of the same unmixed blood. This young wedded couple removed to Berkeley County, Va., and, with the patriotic and belligerent instincts of his race, James took part in the Revolutionary War as a member of the Virginia Line, and was present at the closing scene, the surrender at Yorktown.

Shortly afterward he removed to Washington County, Pennsylvania, and settled in the vicinity of Canonsburg. He was one of the six first trustees of Canonsburg Academy, established in 1791, out of which subsequently grew Jefferson College. His son, William Barclay Foster, was born in Virginia, September 7th, 1779, and afterwards migrated with his parents to Washington County. He studied in the famous Log School of Dr. John McMillan, the pioneer teacher and preacher of the West. In 1796 he removed to Pittsburgh, and was associated in business with Major Ebenezer Denny, and in 1807 was married to Eliza Clayland Tomlinson, whose ancestors had removed from the West Riding of Yorkshire to the eastern shore of Maryland.

These were the parents of Stephen C. Foster. The father was a sterling patriot, and proved his fidelity by his deeds. In 1814 he was appointed Commissary and Quartermaster of the United States Army. At that time the Government was well nigh bankrupt and without credit, and Major Foster sacrificed the most of his fortune and, with his own money, supplied the Northwestern Army under "Old Tippecanoe," General William Henry Harrison, and Jackson's army at New Orleans. He loaded the steamer "Enterprise" with supplies and munitions of war for Jackson's army, and dispatched her from Pittsburgh under the command of Capt. H. M. Shreve, on the 15th of December, 1814.

The boat arrived at New Orleans the 15th of January, 1815, just in time to allow the skipper to serve at the sixth gun in the American batteries, and contribute to the one great land victory of the war of 1812 which helped somewhat to brighten the unfortunate record of that conflict with Great Britain.

Thus we see that there was good blood in Stephen, with a strong Scotch-Irish tone, and enough of the softer blood of

Yorkshire to temper and perhaps to tune his nature, and give it the cast and bias which set this scion of a warrior stock among the sweet singers of the land.

STEPHEN'S HOME LIFE.

These parents gave to Stephen a happy, cultured, and pious home life, and one of his strongest characteristics was his passionate love of home and his loyal devotion to his parents. His mother was a beautiful woman, wise, gentle, and loving. She was brave and consistent in her dealing with her large family, and firm in the administration of discipline and the guidance of her children. Her influence over her home was a continual blessing. She was a woman of large culture, a reader in all lines of useful literature, but was especially versed in the Holy Scriptures, and a faithful follower of its precepts. This trait Stephen inherited, for he had strong religious convictions, and an unquestioning, childlike faith in the Scriptures and in his Redeemer. He was a constant and interested reader of the Old and New Testaments, and delighted to discourse upon them with those who sympathized with him. However, he never could be drawn into controversy, which he avoided by the simple expression of his belief in the Bible, or by a quotation that expressed the limit of human ability, such as, "Who by searching can find out God?"

Stephen's father was of Presbyterian ancestry and faith, but his mother was a devout member of the Protestant Episcopal Church; and although not a member of that venerable communion himself, Stephen's sympathies and preferences were for his mother's church. It was largely due to the influence of this strong and saintly character that the Foster household was a peaceful and happy home.

ORIGIN OF SOME OF FOSTER'S SONGS.

Stephen's tender love of his home and his parents directly or indirectly influenced the form of some of his most beautiful and popular songs. In the Spring of 1852 he and his wife and brothers, with a party of friends and neighbors, took

a trip to New Orleans, down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, on a steamboat belonging to his elder brother, Capt. Dunning McNair Foster. At that time his father was well advanced in life, and was an invalid confined to his room. After the return of the party from New Orleans, where Stephen obtained his first and most complete observation of negro life in the far South, he wrote the song, "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground." This seems to have been suggested by thoughts of his father's failing years, and of the obtruding shade and sorrow of his approaching death.

In the following lines especially he expressed the sympathy and grief stirred within him as he heard the feeble voice of his venerable parent asking aid of the devoted wife and children who waited around his couch.

"When Autumn leaves were falling,
When the days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear Ole Massa callin'
Kayse he was so weak and old."

The best and most popular of Foster's songs, perhaps, is "Old Folks at Home," more generally known as "Suwanee River." This ballad was written in 1851. It was the product of peculiar circumstances. He had gone to New York to live, tempted by flattering assurances from his publishers, which were largely realized. He first had lodgings on Greene Street, and afterwards kept house in Hoboken. But no consideration of pecuniary advantage could recompense Stephen for the pain of separation from his home. He suddenly broke up housekeeping and returned to Pittsburgh and to the arms of that mother whom he loved more than life. While she lived he never left home again. It was out of this experience that he evolved the ballad which is known and sung wherever the English tongue is heard, and which the Swedish nightingale, Jenny Lind, once declared to be the sweetest ballad ever written in any language.

The incidents connected with the writing of "Old Folks at Home" are worthy of notice. A casual reader of the ballad would think that the writer must have been upon the Suwanee River, as many of you have been in these latter days, and

that the words that flowed from his pen were tempered by a thorough knowledge of negro life in the embowered cottages and cabins of the Land of Flowers. On the contrary, Foster never saw Florida. While the piece was humming in his head he sought for the name of some Southern stream that would rhyme in melodiously with his thought and theme. He consulted a brother, now the Hon. Morrison Foster, who still lives in the vicinity of Pittsburgh, and this gentleman took down an atlas, and after searching along the Southern belt of States found thereon a small stream in the western portion of Florida called Suwanee River.

That is it! Just what the bard wanted! And so the mellifluous name flowed into the composer's song, and thus that little stream won its immortality. The song was written in the Summer of 1851, and was first rendered by the noted Christy Minstrels of that time, whose leader, E. P. Christy, paid Foster \$500 for the right to use it.

How many men have heard it or sung it when far away from scenes of early life and from the paternal home, and have felt their hearts stirred and melted by memories of the past, and drawn with quenchless yearning towards that "dearest spot on earth—Home, Sweet Home!"

It is to the credit of the home builders of our Republic, to the sweet and strong home influence of mothers, wives, and sisters, and equally creditable to the domestic nature of American men, who are habitually "true to the kindred points of Heaven and home," that the greatest ballads of home in the English tongue, "Home, Sweet Home" and "Old Folks at Home," were written by two Americans, John Howard Payne and Stephen Collins Foster. (Applause.) Still as we sing and hear sung these strains we feel the unutterable yearning of homesickness.

"All the world grows sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roam;
Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home!"

"Old Dog Tray," which was written in 1853, was one of Foster's most popular songs. It is not written in the negro

vernacular, but has the peculiar elements of the negro melodies. It was suggested by the writer's friendly relation to a setter, presented to him by his friend, Mr. Matthew J. Stewart. This dog was a most intelligent and affectionate fellow, and delighted in the society of his master and his master's friends. He would lie on the floor while these gentlemen were engaged in conversation, and gaze from one to another as they severally took up the conversation, as though he were listening with as keen interest and understanding as his human friends.

Foster was a lover of nature in all its varied moods; outdoor life had great charms for him, and he was never lonely when he could go forth into the woods, or along the banks of the river, or through the meadows in companionship with his dog, and in close and sympathetic fellowship with the works of the Divine Creator. This was his habit from childhood, and often when he should have been at his books he was finding more agreeable, and perhaps more helpful and wholesome, companionship in communion with nature.

"Old Dog Tray" has struck a responsive chord in many breasts. Who of us has not had a dog friend in boyhood days, if not in manhood's years? Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe once remarked, "that since she had learned more of men, she had a higher respect and affection for her dogs." (Laughter.) No doubt that is an exaggeration; nevertheless, it has its side of truth. Certainly there are men in plenty, whose society would have for us no charms at all as compared with the silent, intelligent, devoted friendship and companionship of some of the dogs we have owned and loved.

Foster introduces the same sentiment that pervades "Old Dog Tray" into one of the most touching of his plantation melodies: "O Boys, Carry Me 'long."

"Farewell to de hills, de meadows covered with green,
 Old Brindle Boss, an' de old gray hoss,
 All beaten, broken, and lean.
 Farewell to de dog dat always followed me 'round,
 Old Sancho 'll wail an' drop his tail
 When I am under de ground."

We wonder, did the bard share the hopes of those who believe, with the aborigines of our own continent, that the dog and horse, with whom man has shared the conflicts and comforts of life, will share with him the felicities of the Happy Hunting Ground? There is much to be said in favor of animal immortality. Certainly, at least, if the eternal fitness of things and the principles of justice are to prevail beyond the limits of our terrestrial horizon, these dumb creatures, the domestic animals, who have been man's helpers in every step of his advancement toward higher civilization, may still be permitted to share with him the immortal conclusions of his imperishable being. (Applause.) Be that as it may, our memories and hearts alike respond gratefully to Foster's sentiments:—

“Old Dog Tray's ever faithful,
Grief cannot drive him away;
He's gentle, he is kind, I'll never, never find
A better friend than old Dog Tray.

“When thoughts recall the past
His eyes are on me cast;
I know that he feels what my breaking heart would say.
Although he cannot speak,
I'll vainly, vainly seek
A better friend than old Dog Tray.”

“OLD KENTUCKY HOME.”

One of the sweetest and one of the best of Foster's plantation melodies is “Old Kentucky Home.” Indeed, there are those who find in it greater attraction and merit than even in “Old Folks at Home.” Both the words and the music appeal to the tenderest feelings of the human heart. They strike a chord of longing for home, which so frequently and effectively Foster has touched, and from which he has evoked his most pathetic and popular strains.

Like “Old Folks at Home” and “Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground,” the ballad known as “Old Dog Tray” gets much of its pathos and hold upon the heart from the manner in

which the home sentiment is interwoven therewith. Mark, for example, the first verse:—

“The morn of life is past, and ev’ning comes at last,
It brings me a dream of a once happy day,
Of merry forms I’ve seen, upon the village green,
Sporting with my old Dog Tray.”

As one sings this verse, does he not see coming out of memory the shadowy forms of the boys and the girls that he loved in childhood, and with whom he played? They troop across his fancy, and bring with them recollections, affections, and incidents that awaken the smile and the tear, and mellow the heart into that strong tenderness which only comes with thoughts of “the days of Auld Lang Syne,” with its “auld acquaintance” which ne’er can be forgot.

“My Old Kentucky Home” was written in Cincinnati while Foster was residing there, making an effort, which proved to be futile, to adopt a business life. His brother, Capt. Dunning McNair Foster, was then engaged in business, and it was while he was a resident in that city that he made his first successful efforts in writing music and songs, and gave them out for publication. Across the Ohio River on the Kentucky side, about two miles from Bardstown, lived a relative, Judge Rowan. His residence was known as Federal Hill, and Foster often visited it. He loved the family and loved the place. This appears to have suggested to him the words of “Old Kentucky Home,” at least the title thereof. The picture which he gives in his song perfectly presents the life on a plantation in the border States, as many of us remember it in the days “befoh the wah.”

We see the bright sunshine of the American atmosphere gilding the mansion and the cabin, the ripening corn, the blooming meadows; the birds making music all the day; the cute, wee pickaninnies rolling like kittens on the naked floor, often *in puris naturalibus*, one of the prettiest sights that a man has ever seen, your speaker thinks. We see the full moon shining upon the negro quarters; we hear the tum, tum of the banjo, and the mellow voices of the colored folk as they sing their songs rise through the silent night. Far away on

the distant hills the baying of dogs, the shouting of men, and perhaps the sound of the horn are heard where the darkey is hunting the 'possum and the coon. Then, with that pathos of which Foster is a master, the scene changes. Old age has come. The pleasures of life are gone. We behold the vanishing of all these happy scenes, and the sweetness and hope of those happy hearts, as the curtain falls and the lights are turned down, and all is ended.

“ They hunt no more for de 'possum and de coon
 On the meadow, the hill, and the shore,
 They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon
 On the bench by the old cabin door.

“ The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
 With sorrow where all was delight ;
 The time has come when the darkies have to part,
 Then, my old Kentucky home, good night.”

THE CHARACTER OF FOSTER'S MUSIC.

It is the fashion of the cultured musicians to look upon Foster's music slightly. His works have little or no place in the historical records of musical achievements. The masters of melody look down from their lofty height upon them as unworthy of notice. Olympian melodies are for themselves alone. The negro melodist, the singer of folk songs, what is he compared to these demigods of the celestial heights? Yet Foster was not ignorant of the most scientific music. He was thoroughly acquainted with the works of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber, and these were his constant themes. He loved to play and hear played the works of these great masters. He made an especial study of harmonies as well, and was by no means ignorant of what musical specialists regard as the only worthy forms in which to give melodious utterance to human sentiment.

Nevertheless, the people, at least, have not been convinced that the masters are right. With them Foster's songs have a higher place and value than the most artistic music, because they belong to nature. They are born of the deepest feelings of the human heart. They well out of the primary rocks, the very core of human sentiment. They reach depths of feeling

and heights of fancy which no mere artificial music can attain. They lie, like the poems of Burns, close up to the broad bosom of our Mother Nature. They have been adopted by the people, for they were born out of the homely, yet divinely natural, sentiments which are the basal structure of the human heart. The man who produces songs like these, though he may not be an expert from the standpoint of a technical composer and performer, is nevertheless a genius, and is entitled to recognition as a sovereign in his own sphere.

We have no word to say derogatory of the masters. In their place they are supreme, and are to be honored and heard. Foster belongs to the same order indeed, but to a different genus; and we are here only expressing the popular protest against that narrowness of vision with which men from the altitudes of scientific music survey all that seems to be beneath them. The musical laymen at least think that their altitude should have given them a wider horizon and a clearer view. But whether the masters applaud or disapprove, our Scotch-Irish bard and balladist from his own particular point of vantage shall, no doubt, keep his hold upon the hearts of men in the future as he has done in the past. Songs like "Old Folks at Home," "Old Kentucky Home," and "Old Dog Tray" never can perish while man retains the constitution which God has given him.

The verses of Foster are of unequal merit from a literary standpoint, though none of them can be given a high place simply as poetry. His negro songs are perhaps the best. But whatever defects or merits may be allowed, one must admit that the words have been wedded to the music with masterly felicity. Of course, such "catch songs" as "Nelly Bly" and "Oh, Susanna!" must be counted among the ephemera of the current time; yet even these have renewed their youth in selections of college songs, in nearly all of which they have a place.

ANTI-SLAVERY INFLUENCE.

There is one point in connection with the history of Foster's productions which, as far as I know, has never been publicly

referred to, and which certainly has never been generally considered. They had a great influence in moulding the political future of our Republic. We all know the saying of the song maker, "Let me make the ballads of a nation and I care not who makes its laws." Sentiment is one of the mightiest forces in shaping human destiny; and sentiment lives and finds utterance in popular songs. It can hardly be questioned that Foster's negro melodies had as much to do as any other instrumentality in preparing the way for emancipation and the events which attended it.

It would be impossible to estimate the influence which his negro melodies exercised, throughout the whole country, in bringing the thoughts and feelings of the people into strong sympathy with the colored race as men and women. The idea of their being chattels was simply sung away by the sweet and sympathetic strains of Foster and his associates and imitators in the field of negro minstrelsy.

The slaves' essential humanity, their common inheritance of all the tenderest ties and loves of life, were presented in such an inimitable, irresistible, and insinuating way that opposition was disarmed and the heart of the nation was captured. Before men knew it, before the slaveholders had suspected it, the work was done. Negro minstrelsy undermined the system of chattel bondage, and made it impossible for slavery to maintain its position in this continent. (Applause.)

It tempered largely the feeling of the slaveholders themselves, and strengthened the strong affections and convictions of that large and better element among them which was always mindful of the human feeling, aspirations, and necessities of their bondmen, and sought to make the best of the social conditions into which they had been born. It prompted and encouraged them to sweeten the bitter cup of slavery with the milk of human kindness. (Applause.) This was especially true throughout the border States, where domestic slavery took upon itself, more largely than in the Gulf States, the form of a domestic institution, in which servants were regarded less as chattels than as human friends and helpers and members of the common household.

I have heard these negro melodies of Foster and others sung in the very heart of slave-holding districts by the ladies of the plantation mansion, while men, young and old, stood around listening to or sharing in the music and the singing. The servants heard the songs and caught the words and music, and Foster's melodies might have been heard ringing, not only in the mansion of the white master, but in the humble cabin of the black slave, in the days before the Rebellion.

Imagine, if you can, what must have been the influence under such circumstances of the singing of such a verse as this:—

“Oh, carry me 'long, dere's no more trouble for me,
I'se gwine to roam in a happy home,
Where all de niggas am free.”

Or such a verse as this:—

“The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go ;
A few more days and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugar canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days will we totter on the road,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night!”

What must have been the effect, though the singers were not conscious thereof, of the popular use of such a song as B. R. Hanby's “Darling Nelly Gray”?

“One night I went to see her, but ‘she's gone!’ the neighbors say,
The white man bound her with his chain ;
They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life away,
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

CHORUS.

“Oh! my darling Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more,
I am sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.”

I have heard that song sung in a slave-holding community in a border State wherein, but a few days before, I had seen the breaking up of a large plantation and the sale of individuals at public auction, the most of them purchased by the dreaded trader for the distant and more Southern section. They

who sung and heard the same seemed oblivious of the fact that they were uttering in song the condemnation of the social system under which they had been bred, and that they were surely establishing within their own hearts, or at least the hearts of their children, a sentiment of comradeship, of brotherhood, of equality in human rights to the fundamental loves, sympathies, and sentiments of humanity, before which inevitably the chains of the bondman must melt away.

No doubt Foster's songs helped to create the sentiment which united the Northern States against the establishment of a Republic whose "corner stone should be slavery." But it is just possible for us to conjecture that the same sweet yet potent influences might have so wrought upon the hearts of the slaveholders themselves that they would have been led in the end to emancipate their own slaves. However we speculate upon this we can hardly deny, speaking from an historical standpoint, that Stephen Foster was the instrument, perhaps the unconscious instrument, of summoning forth one of the mightiest forces that brought about the political revolution that resulted in the emancipation of American slaves.

In politics Foster, like his father, was an old-fashioned Jackson Democrat (applause), as was my own father, and indeed myself (renewed applause), until I got my eyes opened. (Laughter and applause.) But during the war against the Rebellion he was a devoted patriot, and his zeal for the preservation of the Republic was expressed in several Union songs. Among the best known are: "We are Coming, Father Abraham;" "We've a Million in the Field;" and "For the Dear Old Flag I Die."

FOSTER'S EDUCATION AND MUSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

As a boy Stephen attended the school of "Old John Kelly," in Allegheny, where so many Pittsburghers received their early instruction. At the age of thirteen he visited Towanda, the home of his elder brother, William B. Foster, then State engineer, and afterwards a vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. While a member of his brother's family he

attended college at Athens, Pa., and here his first musical composition was made public. It was a quartette for flutes, known as the "Tioga Waltz," and which was performed at the College Commencement in 1840.

At the age of fifteen Foster returned to his native city, and shortly thereafter entered Jefferson College at Canonsburg. He is described at this time as a slender, dark-eyed lad, self-poised, gentle, and thoughtful. He had few close friendships, and was more devoted to music and nature than to the dead languages. Nevertheless, he acquired a fair knowledge of Latin, and was a good French and German scholar.

He left Jefferson College without graduating, and after a brief stay at home in Pittsburgh made the effort to engage in business in Cincinnati, which has already been alluded to. After two years spent in his brother's office as a bookkeeper he abandoned business and gave full play to his musical genius. While in Cincinnati he met Mr. W. C. Peters, a leading music dealer and publisher of that city, to whom he presented the manuscript of "Old Uncle Ned" and "Oh, Susanna," which proved a valuable gift to the publisher, for the two songs are said to have realized \$10,000.

At the age of twenty-one we again find Foster in Pittsburgh, devoting himself wholly to song writing, having made an arrangement with the New York house of Firth, Pond & Co. to bring out all his compositions. In 1849 he wrote "Nelly was a Lady," and a number of works of lesser merit.

The most fertile period of Foster's musical life was between the years 1854 and 1860, and it was during that time that he attained his wide reputation. In all, one hundred and fifty pieces bear his name as author, and of these a half score or more, at least, are as popular to-day as they ever were, and are known in wider circles, and bid fair to achieve musical immortality.

Foster never sang in public, and never had ambition for distinction in that line. When he sang his own pieces in private, however, he rendered them with a depth of feeling that commanded rapt attention, and evoked the responsive sympathies of his hearers. His voice was a baritone, pleasing, but

weak. He was fond of family singing, and some of his songs were written for use in the circle of friends and kindred who frequented the old home in Pittsburgh.

In 1850 Foster was married to Miss Jane McDowell, the daughter of Dr. A. N. McDowell, a leading physician of Pittsburgh. Shortly after this he removed to New York, but after a short residence in that city returned to Pittsburgh. In 1860 he once more took up his residence in New York, where he remained until his death.

THE UNTIMELY END OF LIFE.

While staying at the American Hotel, in New York, he was attacked with fever and ague, but seemed to be in no serious danger. On the 12th of January, while engaged in dressing, he fainted and fell, but recovered consciousness thereafter, and on the following day peacefully fell asleep. He died on the 13th of January, 1864, before he had reached his thirty-eighth year. His remains were taken to his beloved Pittsburgh for interment. On the 21st of January the funeral services were held in Trinity Church and were conducted by Rev. E. C. Swope, then the rector.

The church was crowded to its utmost capacity with his mourning fellow citizens, who took a just pride in his genius and national reputation. He was buried in the old Allegheny Cemetery, not far from the spot where he was born. As the remains passed through the gate a group of musicians sang, "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming." When the brief burial service was ended and the coffin was lowered into the grave the musicians present joined with those at the tomb to sing the strains of that immortal melody, "Old Folks at Home."

There Stephen C. Foster lies beside the mother that he so loved in life. A simple gravestone marks the place where he sleeps. As yet no monument has ever been reared to his memory in his native city or elsewhere. It is a duty which remains to be done and which ought to be done without more than needful delay. The Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania sends forth a voice this night to our brethren of West

Pennsylvania, where so many hardy scions of the race have their homes, invoking them to see to it that this noble son of our Scotch-Irish ancestors, this sweet American singer, shall soon have in some suitable place a fitting monument as a memorial of his services to humanity and the honor which he has conferred upon his beloved native city.

He has sweetened a multitude of lives; he has set in play influences that have brightened homes and hearts beyond number. His songs are ringing still wherever the English tongue is spoken. It is highly becoming that those whom he served so well should give expression to their gratitude by keeping his memory green forever.

The last negro melody which he wrote was "Old Black Joe," which appeared in 1861. This is one of the most beautiful and pathetic of his pieces, and stirs the heart with strong yearning for that blissful immortality upon which we may hope that the singer has entered. It happened to our Scotch-Irish bard somewhat as with the fabled outgiving of the dying swan, "whose sweetest song is the last she sings."

One item upon our menu requires a word of explanation. We have to introduce to you for the first time "Scotch-Irish Pioneer Porridge." You know it well, though not by that name. American Scotch-Irishmen of the old-time sort were brought up, in a large degree, upon mush and milk. Your Council has resolved to present it to you formally and ask you to acknowledge and adopt it as a national dish. What right have we to assume mush and milk—pioneer porridge—to be a typical Scotch-Irish dish? Just as much as New England has to lay a claim to "baked beans and brown bread!" (Laughter and applause.) We propose to have priority in this matter. If I may use a scientific phrase, we will pre-empt "Mush and Milk" as a Scotch-Irish pioneer dish. Mush and Milk forever! All hail, Pioneer Porridge! Gentlemen, rise and receive your racial dish with all the honors!

A procession of waiters here entered the banquet room bearing large bowls of mush and milk with

wooden spoons. The musicians struck up a lively Irish tune, and amid much merriment and applause the guests unanimously adopted "Pioneer Porridge" as the typical dish of our American ancestors of Scotch-Irish descent.

Now, gentlemen, as our old fathers used to say, "Fall to."

I think while we are eating the mush and milk we might have a song. We will have the first and last verses of "Nelly Bly."

The Apollo Quartette here sang "Nelly Bly," and also "Annie Laurie."

Col. A. K. McClure then spoke as follows:—

MR. PRESIDENT, MEMBERS, AND GUESTS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—Jostling along in the battle of life, with men falling around us upon every side from day to day, it is only now and then that we are called to take pause and remember that death brings to us at times blows from which we never shall entirely recover.

I rise to-night to announce to this Society that on the 14th of September last Charles Watson McKeehan, who has been Secretary and Treasurer of the organization from its beginning, passed away to join the great majority. There is not a member of this Society who could not rise and testify to the beneficent qualities of the man as he was known in his everyday life, as he was known in his profession, as he was known in all public affairs, in which he was ever public spirited, as one whose character stood without blemish before the world. All these things could be told by every member of this Society who has met him at this table from year to year since the Society was first organized.

But I speak of one of whom the word "friendship" has more than common meaning. Those in younger life attach little importance to it, for friends are made every day, and friendships are formed often speedily and as speedily forgotten. When you shall have reached near to the patriarchal age and given half a century of active life in association with men,

the word "friendship" has a meaning that others know not of. As friends have become feeble and fallen by the wayside, leaving pangs in the heart and sad memories of love, there is to all this one blessing, that among God's men are those whose friendship becomes brighter and brighter with each returning year, and who become nobler as you get closer to them and see them as they are.

I rise, not to speak of our fallen brother as all would speak of him, who knew him simply as a man of affairs and a man who honored citizenship and manhood. I speak of one whom I knew from boyhood; whom I knew in early life; whom I saw ripen in intelligence, influence, and power; and in whose career, that I have watched from day to day for forty years, I have never seen other than the highest standard of manhood and the grandest devotion to everything that made up the noblest character. And more than that, I can speak of him as others cannot. I saw his filial devotion when sorrow came to his household. It has been so for half his life. I saw the most beautiful attributes of that devotion every year, and I saw him where only you can learn the true value of a man; where you can only learn the highest and noblest and holiest attainments of human character; that is, at the altar of his own home, where purity and affection had their resting place in love and peace.

This is the highest tribute that can be paid to men after all. Without it the character is imperfect. Men may be great, and even achieve greatness; may write their names high up on the scale of fame; but the man whose life is not lovely at the altar of his home is a reproach to himself and his God. I desire to speak of him, of the things which may not be known to all, that his character may be not only understood as grand and noble, as all the world and all his associates viewed it, but as a life that was literally without a blemish, and a life that must live in sweet memories among his associates during their lifetime, like the soft strains of music in evening time upon distant waters.

I ask, Mr. President, that this Society shall make a minute of his death; and I present it that the Secretary may read it,

and that it shall be placed upon the records of this Society.
(Applause.)

The President :—

The Secretary will read the minute presented by Colonel McClure.

Mr. Fisher (reading) :—

CHARLES WATSON MCKEEHAN.

Charles Watson McKeehan, Secretary and Treasurer of this Society since its organization, passed away from earthly sorrows on the 14th of September, 1895. He was one of the most active of the men who organized the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania, and has been its most laborious official from its first meeting until his death. While well known and respected in the community in which he lived, there was no circle that so well understood and so highly appreciated him as this little assembly that now gives expression to its sorrow over the bereavement that has befallen it. He was a typical Scotch-Irishman; resolutely honest, broad, and progressive in intelligence, faithful in every duty to the public, to himself, and to home, and performed to the best of his ability every responsibility that was placed upon him. He stood high at the bar, alike in character and attainments, and was foremost among the best of citizens, public spirited in everything that pertained to the public welfare, and thoroughly conscientious in all things. Above all, he illustrated the noblest attributes of mankind in his friendships and in the holier duties of home and household. Wherever he was best known he was most beloved, and his memory will linger as sweet incense with all who knew him until their latest day. The loss of such a man is a loss to the community, a loss to the State, a loss to civilization, and there is eminent fitness in this expression of our sorrow for one so efficient and beloved, who fell in the race when in full mental and physical vigor, with every prospect of long-continued usefulness. To those who mourn him in his desolated home we send sincerest sympathy for their bereavement of one whose loss is keenly felt by all of his brethren in

this circle, and to all we can commend his high example as worthy of emulation.

The President :—

Gentlemen, you have heard this minute and the motion that it be spread upon our records. Is it your pleasure that it shall be adopted? If so will you signify it by a rising vote? (All rising.) It is so ordered.

After dinner the President spoke as follows :—

I do not want to interrupt the gastronomic and social exercises before me any more than is necessary. But the time has come when the speaking of the evening should begin; and I feel called upon, before introducing the first speaker, whom you will, I am sure, listen to with a great deal of cordiality, to explain the somewhat startling discrepancy between the promise of our programme and its fulfillment.

No guest this evening can feel more keenly the disappointment than your officers felt when we found this morning that all but one of our speakers had sent excuses. We were in a profoundly crushed condition. I have a ministerial friend, Dr. Poor, who for a long time was the Secretary of our Presbyterian Board of Ministerial Relief, who is an incorrigible wit. He enjoys a good joke even at his own expense, like a true wit. He was once traveling to New York, a commercial suburb of manufacturing Philadelphia of which you have heard. It was a warm day, and he put his silk hat in the vacant seat in front of him, and was soon lost in the contents of the morning paper. Presently along came a gentleman, the doctor busy with his paper, and edged his way into the vacant seat. Quite unobservant of the silent silken occupant he slowly sank down. There was a sharp explosion of crackling sounds. The stranger had sat upon the doctor's hat. He rose in consternation, and, seizing the wrinkled remnants of the tile, turn to the doctor and exclaimed, "Sir, sir, I—I—I beg pardon! Is this your silk hat?" "Well," says the doctor, drawling forth the words, and casting a droll look upon the flattened object, "it *was* my silk hat, but now

it is—sat in (satin).” (Laughter.) That was our condition this morning. We felt very much sat in, and sat upon. But we did the best we could under such short notice to get good substitutes for the absentees. We were gladdened to find that at the last hour Colonel Cassells had come in from Washington, bringing one trophy with him—“the noblest Roman of them all.” (Applause.) We can say that truthfully and also safely—inasmuch as the other fellows are not here.

Now, I think I ought to say with regard to the absent gentlemen that, with one exception, there were positive promises that they would speak for us this evening. It is due to your Council to say this much. It is due to our absent friends to state their reasons for absence. Senator Burroughs is lying sick with the grippe. We wish him a speedy deliverance from the same. Death in Mr. Allen’s family compelled him to leave Washington, and, of course, he could not come here. He has our cordial sympathy in his bereavement. The other gentlemen are staying away on account of the pending “Bond Bill,” upon which a vote is likely to be taken to-night. They are, like St. Paul of old, “ambassadors in bonds” (laughter), and their liberty is therefore abridged. Your Council was naturally inclined to think their absence a needless devotion to their country’s interests, when “pairs” can so easily be obtained. But we cannot in good conscience censure conscientious representatives for doing what they feel to be their duty. The only other gentleman not “present or accounted for” is Bishop Thompson, and it is proper to say concerning him that we only had a conditional promise from him.

One of the gentlemen who was to speak has redeemed his promise. He is the only “representative” from Washington, and he is a Senator. (Laughter.) We may hope that he comes with all the bottled eloquence of all the gentlemen who would or should have been here. I will waste none of your time in introducing him. He has a great many titles. He was a Captain during the “late unpleasantness” with our Southern fellow citizens. I was down in that direction myself about that time, Senator (addressing Senator Lindsay), and we

were all glad enough to get away. He has been a Judge, a Member of the House of Representatives, and he is now the successor in the Senate of Mr. Carlisle, who is known, perhaps, to some of you who are interested in the current bond sales. I have only this to say in high commendation of the qualifications of this gentleman who is to speak to us, that he has just told me privately that he takes our pioneer porridge, "mush and milk," every morning for breakfast. (Applause.) I do not wonder that, under such a Scotch-Irish diet, he has developed to such proportions, physically, intellectually, and politically. He is of the "blood royal," there is no doubt of that, and he comes from Kentucky, that dark and bloody ground, the home land of many great and gallant Scotch-Irishmen, and of fair and noble women without number. I have the honor and pleasure to introduce to you Senator Lindsay, of Kentucky. (Applause.)

Senator Lindsay :—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—By way of allaying apprehensions which may be very reasonably entertained, I wish to say at the outset that I am not the Senator who, on one occasion, spoke fifteen hours without cessation; nor am I the Senator who took eight days to tell the people how much he knew about silver coinage.

I speak here to-night, under great embarrassment, to an audience made up of citizens of a State which has three avowed candidates for the Presidency. I feel that I am not only in the land of greatness, but of Presidential possibilities.

I had the honor and pleasure, several years since, to attend a Scotch-Irish Congress, held in the city of Louisville, and I observed one peculiarity about that particular Congress, and that was, that during the four or five days of almost uninterrupted speaking, every man who spoke spoke well of himself and all his kindred (laughter and applause), and I suppose that it will be in order for me now and here to follow that most excellent sample.

I feel, here in Pennsylvania, that I am in the very seed-bed of the American Scotch-Irish. Tradition tells me that my

ancestry first found the United States somewhere in this vicinity ; that they looked around upon the rich lands of Pennsylvania, and then turned their eyes southward, between the Blue Ridge and the Allegheny, and made their homes in Virginia, in a land which flows with milk and honey. They looked across the Allegheny Mountains, and they heard the stories of what might be found in Kentucky, and immediately took up the line of march for the rich country in which they helped to lay the foundation for a future Commonwealth.

There are many reasons why we should be proud of our race. It was the progenitor of true Americanism. The early colonists clung to the Atlantic Coast, and looked longingly back to the flesh pots across the great water. Our Puritan people, who, like the Scotch-Irish, are inclined to speak well of themselves, remained truly British until the bad laws of the British Government converted them into American rebels. The Cavaliers (we call them Cavaliers because it seems to please them), who settled about the mouth of the James, never forgot to send their children home to England to be educated, until at last Patrick Henry, a Scotch-Irishman, pointed the road to liberty. (Applause.) But it was not so with the Scotch-Irish. After they had finished administering upon the estates of the Irishmen who owned Ulster, they took their way across the Atlantic ; and if a Scotch-Irishman ever looked back I have never heard of it. They did not stay by the Atlantic ; they took their line of march southward and westward. They settled the western valleys of Pennsylvania ; they settled the valleys of Virginia ; they poured over the mountains into western North Carolina ; before the first gun of the Revolution had been fired they were finding their way across the Alleghenies into Kentucky ; and on the day the first gun of the Revolution was fired a party of Scotch-Irishmen, in the middle of what is now the blue grass country, formed a settlement, and when the news came across the mountain that this gun, which sounded around the world, had been fired, they named that place Lexington in honor thereof, and it is called Lexington to-day. While Washington and the Pennsylvanians and the Virginians and the New Englanders

were struggling against the British Army along the coast, away off in Kentucky, five hundred miles from the borders of civilization, a Scotch-Irishman, George Rogers Clark, at the Falls of the Ohio, organized an expedition of less than one hundred and fifty men, took his way across the pathless wilderness, captured Kaskaskia and Vincennes, and held all the great Northwest; and it may be said that except for his success the Northwest might have remained a British possession. We held the Southwest by a thread that threatened to break at any time, but the Scotch-Irishman, Andrew Jackson, went down to that country and settled our title forever. (Applause.)

Sam Houston, another Scotch-Irishman (applause)—(I had the honor to be born within three miles of the spot where Sam Houston first saw the light)—Sam Houston, leading a band of Scotch-Irishmen, liberated Texas. Everywhere we find that Scotch-Irish enterprise, Scotch-Irish pluck, and Scotch-Irish prowess have made their mark. Lewis and Clark, who found the way up the Missouri and across the Rocky Mountains, were Scotch-Irishmen whose ancestors had fought in the Revolutionary war.

This much I feel I have a right to say, and am bound to say, in order to keep in the line of the Scotch-Irish oratory of these modern days.

Kentucky was a Scotch-Irish settlement. The Logans, the Todds, the Prestons, and the McClungs—all good Scotch-Irish names—led the way to that country. They took up all the good land they could find. (Laughter.) Nobody else was able to settle the question of the Indians' title, but they settled it by the good old Scotch-Irish plan. They found lands richer than their ancestors had found in Ulster, and their descendants hold them to this day.

Kentucky very early commenced enforcing the Monroe doctrine. As soon as the Scotch-Irish got a foothold there they declared that no part of Kentucky was longer open to colonization. You can come in if you come our way. And Kentucky has been following in that line ever since.

There was one break amongst the Scotch-Irish about thirty-

five years ago, and it was a bad break. Scotch-Irish from Pennsylvania went down to see their Scotch-Irish friends on the other side of the Potomac. They got receptions such as possibly they had not anticipated—at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and at other places. But it was Stonewall Jackson's way; we could not help it. Time, at last, set all things even, and the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish stayed with us until they were content to return home of their own accord; and here we are all together, still praising ourselves and still laying hands upon everything we can take without violating the law. (Laughter.)

I did not come for the purpose of taking up the time that ought to have been appropriated to the gentlemen who agreed to come and did not. I am satisfied, except for my coming, as a scalp hanging to the belt of my friend Cassels, he would not have been here. He showed a great deal of trepidation as we approached Philadelphia, and I could feel his heart beat as he came up the stairs in anticipation of a reception that might not have been such as he desired. But he is here, safe amongst hospitable people.

The President:—

He deserves a cheer.

Senator Lindsay (continuing):—

I wish to say in behalf of those gentlemen who did not come, and had no better excuse than that they remained in Washington from a sense of duty, that, in my opinion, not one of them is a Scotch-Irishman; there is not one of them who is a Scotchman or an Irishman either. In my opinion, they are all descended from the “blasted Britishers,” and are in sympathy with those people across the water who want to extend their boundaries in Venezuela in defiance of our American idea of the Monroe doctrine. I have listened to several Scotch-Irish speeches on that question, and every one of them breathed out threats of coming slaughter unless Queen Victoria and Salisbury should take the back track. I have no doubt

those speeches reached the other side. I have been much pleased in reading what Harcourt, Balfour, and others have had to say to find them moderate, conservative, good natured, and good tempered. They give every assurance that we shall not have to fight over Venezuela. I attribute all this to the bold way in which the Scotch-Irishmen have spoken upon the floor of Congress. Cleveland is a Scotch-Irishman, and Davis, who reported the resolutions which have not yet been voted upon, but which will settle our right to manage everybody's business on the face of the earth, is a Scotch-Irishman of the most undoubted type. Senator Lodge and others from New England were doing a good deal of talking, but when Davis got hold of the matter he put it beyond the region of talk. (Laughter.)

I wish to express my gratification at having the opportunity to meet this distinguished assemblage and to say that I have been more than repaid for my trip over from Washington. I shall bear in mind this evening so long as I live, and when I return to old Kentucky, where the sun still shines, notwithstanding some political complications we have on hand (laughter), I shall not fail to tell the people out there that Philadelphia, or at least the Scotch-Irish of Philadelphia, are good people to meet with and to be with. (Applause.)

Singing by the Apollo Quartette, "My Old Kentucky Home."

The President :—

Most of us date our claim to be members of this Society one, two, three, or even four generations from the present. But we have a gentleman with us to-night who has the honor—surely Scotch-Irishmen must think it an honor—of claiming by birthright upon the old sod membership in this Society. You will be glad to hear from him. He is one of the foremost of our Philadelphia divines and one of the most learned of those who have come to contribute to the best elements of American and Philadelphia life. He bears a name which has already been referred to in your hearing, and which is just now upon all tongues—Munro. Whether or no he is

of the same kin or clan with the original author of the "Monroe doctrine," he is certainly Dr. Munro, and he will speak for himself. (Applause.)

Rev. Dr. J. H. Munro :—

MR. CHAIRMAN :—I was brought up in the North of Ireland, where we were taught that good doctrine was the foundation of a good life and heroic character, and therefore I very naturally adopt the Monroe doctrine on this side of the water, believing that it is a doctrine which ought to be upheld in all its integrity. I regret very much that the other distinguished gentlemen who were to come from Washington did not appear with Senator Lindsay. After his delightful speech I have no doubt we should have been roused by still further eloquence. I regret it all the more because I am now standing here taking some of the time that the distinguished visitors would have occupied. Perhaps you will regret it still more when I have done, or, perhaps, before I have done.

We are very much, to-night, in the position of a priest who went into a Dublin restaurant a year or two ago on a fast day. "Waiter," he said, "bring me some fish." "I am sorry to tell your reverence all the fish are gone. It is a fast day, and there is a great demand." "Well," said he, "you will have to do the best you can, then; bring me some beefsteak; the Lord knows I asked for fish." (Laughter.) Our Chairman has done the very best to bring you royal fish from Washington, and he has landed one, but in the present case I fear you will have to be content with some beefsteak, perhaps a little tough and a little dry.

The brethren who were born on this side can tell you of the deeds of the Scotch-Irish in this country. Will you pardon me if I tell you one or two things about the state of affairs in the old home?

I visited Ireland two or three years ago, and was delighted to find that its prosperity, especially in the North, was just about as great as its hospitality. If any of you go there you will be almost killed with kindness. You will have to eat

your way through about six meals every day, and drink prodigious quantities of tea, and very strong tea.

Throughout the North the country has improved very much within the last twenty or twenty-five years. You will not see finer farming in any part of the world, not even in the famous lowlands of Scotland. The farm houses are much better than they were, and even the houses on small farms are now having wooden floors and carpets, where formerly they had only clay floors, stamped upon with the feet to make them hard enough. In the houses you will find evidences of comfort and of taste, all showing that the prosperity of the people is increasing. There is more money in the savings banks to-day in Ireland than there has ever been in the history of the past. One reason of this increased prosperity is found in the land laws which have been passed within the last twenty to twenty-five years, beginning with the great Act carried through Parliament by Mr. Gladstone. I think that the folk on this side of the water are not aware that Ireland at the present time has probably the best land laws of any country upon the face of the earth. That improvement was needed. They secured a law which was known by the name of "The Three F's"—fixity of tenure, free sale, fair rent. Now those three F's covered the great grievance that was known as the land question. First, fixity of tenure. About three-fourths of the farmers, up to the time this legislation was passed, could be dispossessed at the mere will of the landlord. These laws now give the farmer permanent tenure of his land, so that he can only be dispossessed either for non-payment of rent or for a destructive use of the farm. The second F was free sale. Under the former system the farmer could not sell to the highest bidder; he must sell to the person chosen by the landlord, and at a price fixed by the landlord. When my father sold a large farm that he possessed he was compelled to take £1000 less than he could have obtained. The law now allows a man to sell to a buyer of good character, and at the largest price he is able to obtain. Still more important is fair rent. In the old time, and in mine, many of the landlords raised the rent to the very highest sum that the land would

bear. The worst landlords were not the old nobles, but were the merchants who had become rich and who had bought the land merely as a speculation. If a farmer turned a piece of bog into a field he was charged high rent for his own improvements. Fair rent was one of the demands of that date. And how was this secured? A land court was created; composed of an attorney and two experts in land. Either the landlord or the tenant could appear before that court—the landlord if he thought the rent was too low; the tenant if he thought the rent was too high. The court heard evidence; they examined the farm; they took into account the average prices of produce for the last five or ten years; they fixed a rent, and that judicial rent, as it was called, was binding upon the tenant and the landlord for a fixed term of years. The result was that throughout the whole of Ireland the rents were reduced about a third, and in consequence the tenants have been prospering ever since.

And there is still another piece of legislation that was secured and is still being encouraged by both the great political parties. A bill was passed by which the tenants could buy their farms outright from landlords who were willing to sell. The value of these farms was usually from fifteen to twenty times the amount of the annual rent. The government advanced, if not the whole, at least three-fourths of the purchase money, at five per cent. interest. By paying interest for thirty-nine years the mortgage was declared paid off, and the farm becomes the property of the tenant. The government was able to carry through this financial transaction, because, Senator, they borrowed at two and a half per cent. over there, whatever the reason is, and used the other two and a half per cent. as a sinking fund in favor of the tenant, so that at the end of thirty-nine years the tenant enjoys the farm as his own and absolute property. And hundreds of tenants in the North of Ireland have availed themselves of this beneficent law. I question whether one item of that law could be passed in this country, because it would be pronounced unconstitutional. And therefore, gentlemen, I say that at the present time there is practically no land question in Ireland, and the few irritating

things that remain will very soon be settled. The English and Scotch farmers are complaining that Ireland is favored at the expense of the United Kingdom. So the land question that has been the great trouble in Ireland is now practically settled; and if you will go to the North of Ireland and the South, I will venture to say that you will see the country smiling and blossoming like the rose.

There is just one other thing I should like to say, and it was suggested by Dr. Patton and Judge Ferguson, who, I suppose, ran away lest they should be called upon to make speeches. When I was young we were all brought up to attend churches with great regularity. Those churches, of course, were very plain buildings; but if you went now to Ireland you would find that the churches are becoming very beautiful. You know they had great prejudices against singing anything like paraphrases and hymns, and it was a sin to sing anything but psalms. Not only that, but there were only twelve or fifteen "inspired tunes" which were proper to be sung in the presence of God. I may say, lest I forget it, that now both hymns and organs are tolerated in the Irish Presbyterian Church, although they are not sanctioned by authority. The Rev. Dr. Cook, who was one of the great champions of orthodoxy, actually cut the paraphrases and hymns out of his psalm book. The Rev. Dr. McNaughton went to a country church to preach a collection sermon (they are great there on collection sermons), and he unfortunately gave out a paraphrase—"Let us praise God by singing" such and such a paraphrase. The preacher was sitting below the box pulpit, like an egg cup, in which the ministers there preach, and he turned around and said: "Sir, we don't sing paraphrases here." "Very well, sir; let us sing to the praise of God the second version of the one hundred and thirty-sixth psalm." "We cannot sing that psalm here." "Well, since you won't sing paraphrases and can't sing psalms, let us pray."

Senator Lindsay has mentioned that in certain regions of Kentucky there is something stronger to be had than milk and honey. I think the Senator said that. I believe the same is true in the North of Ireland. On market days some very

worthy Presbyterians, even elders, would take a drop too much. Such conduct there, even now, is not considered a very heinous sin. We must make allowance for it as due to social customs. There was a very worthy man of this kind who sat three or four pews before my father's pew. The Rev. Dr. Johnson was preaching to our congregation that day, and at the close of the service he gave out the beautiful paraphrase:—

“O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who, through this weary wilderness,
Hath all our fathers led.”

Up rose this man, “Sir, Mr. Johnson, we don't sing paraphrases here.” “My good man, you might do something worse. We will sing the sixty-seventh psalm, ‘Lord, bless and pity us.’” And of course the congregation sang that in the most delightful style imaginable.

Senator Lindsay has well said that the Scotch-Irish had a part, and not the least honorable part, in founding this great Republic, and in fighting the battles of liberty. Gentlemen, many of their greatest battles were not fought in this country, but were fought upon the old sod. There, in times of persecution, our fathers remained true to their consciences and true to their God. Men were chained and lay rotting in prison for years on account of their religion; tender women were driven to the woods to escape the unchaste violence of their persecutors, but they stood firm, some remaining in the old home and others coming to this country, where they have acted as you have heard Senator Lindsay describe to-night.

I think that this is one of the greatest illustrations of the Word of our Lord, that they who suffer persecutions for His sake shall receive manifold more in this life. On account of what those old fathers suffered in Ireland we enjoy the manifold more in this country of freedom and unbounded prosperity. It was Scotch-Irish courage in the South as well as in the North that won freedom for this country; and what those old fathers had not, when they left their homes to found this Republic of ours, where the churches are larger than they are in the old country, and where we stand in the very front

van of Christian liberty, we have "manyfold." Now, gentlemen, I have done ; and I think you will feel very much as the Sunday-school scholars when they were reading of Philip and the eunuch, and were asked, " Why did the eunuch go on his way rejoicing ? " " Because Philip had a done preaching."

The President :—

I have heard of a certain statesman who bought a dictionary and afterward came to the storekeeper to complain about it. " Sir," he said, " this dictionary is defective." " Why, no ; it is not." " Yes, it is ! " " What is the matter ? " " Sir, I have looked all through the f's and I can't find ' fysician ' (physician)." We are glad to learn from our friend, Dr. Munro, and his report from the old sod that you *can* find the true " physician " for Ireland and under the f's—three of them ? And we will remember these three " F's " which he has brought to us. I think, too, that his allusion to the battles of the old country must have struck a sympathetic chord in the minds of our singers. Possibly it is a case of telephony, but I fancied that I heard the strain of " Boyne Water " gently breathing from the quarter where they sit, and if they can now give us a verse of that immortal, unmusical, and battle-provoking ballad, then they may sing after that No. 11 of our selections, " I'm off to Philadelphia in the Mornin'." Stephen Foster did not write that song, but it is a good one and a very popular one in England.

" Boyne Water " was then sung by a member of the Apollo Quartette amid much applause and laughter, after which the quartette sang " Off to Philadelphia in the Mornin'."

The President :—

Our Scotch-Irish ancestors had a proverb, " Comb seldom, comb sore ! " That is why we feel that on such occasions as these, when we get " into a corner," as it were, we may call on certain individuals more frequently than on others. They are so used to the " combing " that they do not get sore

under it. We have present one who, to quote another proverb, is "like cold souse, always ready." (Laughter.) He is quite able to take the absent bishop's place, although not himself a bishop—except *in futuro*. (Applause.) We know he will make a good bishop because he is a good Scotch-Irishman, whose ancestral ministers are all "bishops." In fact, I do not know what would have become of the Protestant churches of this country if it had not been for the Scotch-Irish who have enriched all denominations by the contributions of vigorous material, both clerical and lay. I have great pleasure in introducing to you our friend and ex-President, Dr. McConnell. (Applause.)

Dr. McConnell:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—The despotic habit of our presiding officer reminds me of a story that is told of a Scotch girl, who was an applicant before the Session, and was asked to recite the question in the catechism, "What are the decrees of God?" "Na, na," she replied, "He kens that best Himsel'." There is nobody kens the decrees of this Society as well as the President himself. (Laughter.)

Being asked at a moment's warning to say a word concerning the Scotch-Irish, it is indeed difficult to know what to say. It has been said here, or something like it, a moment ago that the Scotch-Irish in this country have been, in a certain degree, characteristically deficient in the arts and the belles-lettres. I think that the President was, perhaps, not well advised when he even intimated that the Scotch-Irish in America were lacking in poetry. Why only a few moments ago, without an instant's warning, an ex-President of this Society dashed off with his running pencil, without even taking time to think, such a verse as this:—

"Whether the dog was faithful
Is certainly doubtful to say;
For how could a dog that is faithful
Be truthfully said to be Tray (betray)?"

for which our friend, ex-President Porter, is responsible.

It is exceedingly difficult to say anything about the Scotch-Irish in America, because it is but another way of being called upon to speak for America itself. We are at a very serious disadvantage, our Scotch-Irish Society in Philadelphia and elsewhere, as compared, for example, with the New England Society. When there are but a few people, and when they are marked off from the great mass of the population, there is always a tendency in them to draw together, and there is some excuse for them to magnify their ancestry, their works, and their future. I think this is the reason why the New England Society and the New England Society's dinner in this and other great cities is always such a marked occasion. It is because there are so few of them. (Laughter.) Now, when it comes to speak of the Scotch-Irish, it is practically being called upon to speak for the whole United States, because, if you really come to consider it, the one ingredient which has entered into and constituted this magnificent blend which we call the American character, the one ingredient which dominates all others, is the Scotch-Irish. That is simply a matter of history. They began to make themselves felt at the mouth of the Kennebec, and their influence slowly ascended the great river; it crept away around to the north of the New Englanders, and unconsciously dominated even the Puritan. It made itself felt at the mouth of the Hudson, and from there traveled west across the great interior of the Empire State, and mixed itself with that stream of New Englandism which has propagated itself across the whole northern frontier of the United States. It planted itself at the mouth of the James and it spread over into Kentucky, and we have seen what it has done there in the production of Senator Lindsay. (Laughter and applause.) It planted itself on the coast of North Carolina and produced the first Declaration of Independence. It crossed over into valleys and troughs of the Allegheny Valley range, and it really dominated New Orleans. The truth is, the Scotch-Irish has dominated the whole United States, so that it has become difficult for us here or elsewhere to organize and maintain a Scotch-Irish Society; that is really the secret of whatever difficulty there may be in the mainte-

nance of an organization of this kind. There are too many of us. Our inheritance is shared by so many that that which is really so valuable, and which we are intelligent enough to refer to its real source, is simply the Americanism which has spread all over this country.

Now I, for one, am devoutly thankful for this. When they came here they were all Presbyterians and Calvinists. The wisest of them have got over that. (Laughter.) The people of this country have drifted away from that, but they have not moved from under its influence. They have carried with them all over the country certain characteristics which belong to that peculiar people for which three continents were sifted in order that it might be planted in this soil. The result of that sifting was not the New Englander, but was the Scotch-Irishman.

I cannot help but think, from reading the newspapers lately, and from looking at the movement of society, that maybe the thing which we speak of so little and treat with a jest, the characteristic quality of Scotch-Irishmen, which has come to be the characteristic quality of Americans, may be a quality which will be drawn upon more largely in the near future than ever before in the history of the United States or in the history of the world. As we are drawing to the close of the century which has included in it more changes, which has created more history than all the antecedent history of the world put together, there seems to be a sort of a feeling universally prevalent that we are standing at the gateway of marvelous things. I think we are. I do not think that any one can look over the situation of the world at this moment without being tempted to lay aside for a little his light and jesting mood, or avoid being compelled to think soberly of what may confront us in not only the generation that comes after this, but possibly in the generation of which we form a part.

There are great questions that have gradually been shaping themselves and are coming before the world for settlement. There are questions of government, of administration, of justice; questions of equity. The Old World has lamentably lately shown itself impotent to settle these great questions.

The fundamental, essential questions of principle, of right, and fair, and honorable, and just dealing between man and man will not be settled in England, nor in Germany, nor in Russia, nor in France. They will be settled in the United States. The people of this country have lately, in the Venezuela affair, it seems to me, shown a disposition to settle the fundamental questions of human society in a way which no other nation has shown itself ready to do. I believe in all sincerity that the disposition to settle questions upon right and equitable, conscientious and God-fearing principles is due, more than to any other one source, to those habits of thought and action which our God-fearing and thoughtful and canny ancestors imported to these shores.

I do not think we truly realize what the history of these United States of ours imports. There have been in the history of this Republic three great wars. During the same period there have been fifty wars on the other side of the water. On the other side of the water every conflict has revolved about some question either of self or national interest. In the United States every war that we have fought has revolved about a question of principle. The difference is radical. In the Old World every conflict has revolved about a question of advantage, the gaining of territory, the securing of indemnity, the securing of some political advantage. In this country every war that we have been engaged in has revolved about some question of abstract principle. It is true with regard to our original War of Independence ; it was true with regard to our War of 1812 ; it was pre-eminently true with regard to our great Civil War. It was a war of abstract principle ; and this could not be carried on in any nation whose antecedents had not been deeply grounded in that habit of thinking upon the principles of things and fighting for them.

Now, I cannot help thinking that we, in these United States, the people that we sometimes criticise, whose government we sometimes criticise, and possibly with justice, have a record which no other nation has. We have done things in this country that no other people in the history of God's earth have ever done. We have, with all our faults and defects,

kept more closely to what we believe to be the wish and law of Almighty God than any other people have ever kept.

A very distinguished citizen of Philadelphia called attention, in my hearing, not long ago, to the fact that in the only war for conquest, the only fight for aggrandizement, that this country has ever been engaged in, a very peculiar thing happened. Nearly fifty years ago these people (who are all Scotch-Irish) fought a war for conquest. The result of that war was the acquisition of an enormous extent of valuable territory—Texas, and the land lying westward and northward of it. We won it, it is true, at the mouth of the cannon, but having done so we did what no nation under heaven has ever done—we not only did not lay any indemnity upon the conquered foe, but we deliberately paid the conquered for the ground which we had taken. No other nation has ever done anything of the sort. Lately this country of ours has been challenged—some have said rudely, and some have said inadvisedly; I do not believe either of these accusations—they have been challenged to give their opinion upon the question of how the whole civilized world should be required to treat all questions of territory upon the American continent. Their answer was precisely in keeping with the quality and character that the people of these United States have inherited. The President has announced to the world, and in my judgment has announced rightly, and also in my judgment has timely made the announcement, that upon this American continent every question of territory shall be settled, not by force, but by legal right. I do not think that anything has occurred in the history of this country which ought to give a thoughtful man more hope for the moral soundness of the community than the way in which the people of these United States have responded to the challenge of the Chief Executive in the matter of the extension of British territory in Venezuela.

Now notice exactly what has occurred. I am not an advocate for the Chief Executive of this country, or for any other Chief Executive, but I wish to call your attention to this: The claim has been made that for this whole American continent the principle upon which questions of territory and extension

of empire are finally determined in the Old World shall not obtain. In the Old World it is solved purely by force. "Let him take who has the power; let him keep who can." We have said that in this country he shall not take who can; he shall take only after the serious, sober deliberate judgment of the civilized world upon the equities of the case. The Chief Executive has said so. Both branches of the legislative department have immediately given their universal indorsement to that; and the people of the United States, being taken off their guard, at once gave their unanimous consent to what is but the traditional way of looking at things—which we have inherited from our Scotch-Irish ancestors—that these questions shall be settled with the view to the intrinsic right of things, and not with sole reference to the power of the stronger. This does not involve any question of party politics. It simply seems to me to be the last and the most striking of the manifestations of that spirit in which, in the Scotch-Irish, takes a theological form, in some places a doctrinal form, but all over the United States takes a profoundly and unconsciously ethical form. We all believe in God; we believe in right; we believe in justice; we believe in it so much that we are willing to go out of our way to insist that justice shall be done. Now this quality in the United States is the same quality which insisted upon singing psalms and not paraphrases; which originally insisted upon being Calvinistic, but which has now grown broader, more liberal, more generous, and is willing to allow a wider difference of opinion among the children of the same ancestry, but which still insists that all the children of the same ancestry shall be faithful to what they believe to be the behests of Almighty God. (Applause.)

The President :—

We had with us a little while ago the President of that peculiar Philadelphia institution, the Clover Club (Colonel McClure). We have still with us as one of our guests a gentleman who is ranked as one of the bards of that institution. We will call on him for a song—Mr. Coussans. Then we will hear from another of our ex-Presidents, alluded

to by our last speaker as having disproved your present President's statement that the power of song writing has vanished from the Scotch-Irish population—Mr. Porter.

Mr. Coussans then sang "The Gypsy Fires are Shining."

The President :—

We will now hear "a word" from Mr. Porter.

Mr. W. W. Porter :—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN :—I saw in a paper the other day a toast that was new to me. It was, "To the ladies (God bless them) ; once our superiors, now our equals." The new woman is one of the moving questions of the day. Every man wants to keep in touch with the literature which bears upon current matter, so I turned with some interest to peruse recently a cook book. It had numberless recipes in it. One particularly caught my attention. After prescribing with medical accuracy the constituents of the viand to be produced, these instructions followed: "Sit on the stove." This alone, perhaps, might be thought to be irritating, but to this superfluous instruction was added, "Stir continuously." Ever since I dashed off that "gem of poetry" which Dr. McConnell has read I have felt in the condition of the cook. I have been stirring continuously in fear that I might be called on to speak.

Listening to Dr. Munro, I was much impressed by one fact. I think we all understood that if Irishmen, and especially the tenantry, are anything they are sportsmanlike, but judging by the present condition, as he depicts it, of the landlord law, half of the fun of the tenantry is gone. It was a bad day when a tenant could not go out over there and shoot a landlord or two, and now the sport seems to be over.

I find in this gentleman whom Dr. McCook has eulogized—Stephen Collins Foster—a most prophetic mind. You and I have observed in Philadelphia, as people elsewhere have observed, the passing of the darkey. We look upon our former

cobblestone streets, and we remember we saw there the ebony-hued laborer. He has been superseded, and we find there now the swarthy Italian. In these songs of Mr. Foster, a copy of which you have before you, that condition of things was prophesied. I ask you, brethren, to turn to hymn No. 4.

The President :—

Sing if you please.

Mr. Porter (continuing) :—

Look at verse No. 2. You find there the passing of the darkey and the oncoming of the Italian. Listen :—

- “They hunt no more for the ’possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
- They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
- The day goes (Dagoes) by like a shadow o’er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
- The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then, my old Kentucky home, good night.”

Thus we find that the genius of the Scotch-Irish contains not only the melody of verse, but prophetic vision. (Laughter.)

Finally, gentlemen, I have always felt, and I think most of us have felt, that this Society had a father. I regret that he has not been able to remain until this stage of our meeting. Colonel McClure, I think, is regarded (being the first President) as the father of this Society. I have been casting about as to what we shall dub our present acting President. He can’t be the father, but by looking at the theme of his discourse I find a suggestion which perhaps you will adopt—I pledge you Dr. McCook, our “Foster”-father. (Laughter.)

The President :—

Well, that is Irish wit for you! I have often heard of the men who could find the traditional “nigger in the wood pile,” but it is reserved for a Scotch-Irish ex-President to find a “Dago” in a negro minstrel’s song. I think I may venture to call on Mr. William Righter Fisher at this point; and afterward, before we have one or two short “spurts”

that are to follow, before we go home, I would suggest that we sing Foster's "Oh, Susanna." We have had a good many solemn songs to-night, and this rollicking piece may be an agreeable change. Now we will hear Mr. Fisher's report as Secretary and Treasurer.

Mr. Fisher :—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN :—I have but very few words to say, and they shall mainly relate to the general condition of our Society. When I came here the Treasurer's report was in my pocket, but I see it has disappeared during my rather free and unsuspecting circulation about these tables. (Laughter.) I assure you it is no great loss to the Society and no possible gain to him who may find it. You will be spared the infliction of its reading. We had, as I recollect, a balance in the treasury of \$507 on February 1st of the present year. This is a compact epitome of our financial condition well suited to the hour and to this occasion. It shows what we have to spend, which to most of us is always the item of greatest importance.

The membership of the Society is slightly in excess of two hundred. I had the exact figures on a paper which has disappeared with the report, so I am thrown back upon memory to replace them. In this connection I am reminded of what has been the subject of frequent remark by the members of your Council. It is important and desirable that the membership of this Society be greatly increased, indeed it ought to be doubled. It ought to be more than doubled. The New England Society rallies at its annual banquets in this city a much greater number than the Scotch-Irish have ever gathered about their festive board. It is thought that this should not be the case. The descendants of the Scotch-Irish vastly outnumber the New Englanders in this country, and they have rendered an equal if not a greater service in moulding the life and institutions of the nation, at least in this State, all along the slopes of the Alleghenies, and over the extended regions of the West. It certainly ought to be a matter of honorable pride to us all to have the membership of this Pennsylvania

Society of the Scotch-Irish commensurate with the rôle our ancestors have played in the life of the State. The only way in which such an end can be accomplished is by the members generally scattered over different sections of the State bearing it in mind and sending in nominees for membership. The Council hopes that all who are here will take this to heart, and that the coming year will witness a large increase in the Society's roll.

There is probably one other matter to which I ought to refer, and in doing so let me remind the members that I am only a temporary acting Secretary. I have simply picked up the ends of the work as it was left by our lamented friend, Mr. McKeehan. There is need of a service which the pressure of affairs will not permit me to give. It was suggested here last year that some systematic historic work should be done by the Society. That suggestion was referred back to the Council for their consideration and action, and there has been some little discussion of it. The fruition has been very meagre. The idea is that we ought to form the nucleus of a collection of pamphlets and books bearing on the history of the Scotch-Irish people in this country and abroad, from which the industrious historian may gather data for his work. If this is to be done a beginning must be made, and there is no more effective way of starting the work than for each member of the Society throughout the State to forward to the Secretary any literature of the kind which may fall in his way, and which his Scotch-Irish acquisitiveness will permit him to part with. It will be preserved for the common good.

I hold in my hand a letter from Judge Agnew and another from Dr. MacIntosh, both of whom have long been active and valued members of this Society, and who are too well known at these gatherings to need an introduction from me. They send their greetings, and regret their inability to be with us. I am sure we all share in that regret and heartily send our greetings in return to them.

Before closing there is one other duty I feel impelled to perform. Judge Joseph Allison, who has recently deceased, and who was so highly honored and esteemed in his lifetime as

a model member of the judiciary of the State, was one of the original members of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society. Although I have prepared no form of minute to present at this time in commemoration of our appreciation of his friendship and of his noble devotion to duty and right, I think all will agree that such a minute should be spread upon our records. He certainly honored us in his life, and his service and reputation as a judge in this city have been surpassed by none of his contemporaries.

The President :—

You have heard the motion, and it will be proper, perhaps, to suggest that Mr. Fisher and Mr. Porter be appointed a committee to draft the minute provided for. If that is your pleasure will you please signify it by a rising vote? (All rising.) It is so adopted.

We will suspend the singing of "Oh, Susanna," a moment, if you please, just to hear a word from the Committee who have in charge the local arrangements for the next Scotch-Irish Congress. We have with us a gentleman who, judging from his melodious name, ought to have come somewhere from the neighborhood of Castle Blarney, or from those far-famed "banks of Killarney" where once dwelt "sweet Kate Karney." His name is McAlarney, and I hope he will say a few words about the coming Scotch-Irish Congress which is to be held in Harrisburg.

Mr. M. W. McAlarney :—

When the President, Dr. McCook, requested me to extend an invitation to the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania to attend the approaching congress of the Scotch-Irish Society of America, I protested that I was not "a glib and fluent talker," nor accustomed to making speeches, and that I thought it was rather unfair that I should extend the invitation, considering that we had upon the floor four or five gentlemen from Harrisburg who were much better fitted to extend an invitation of this character than myself. But he,

being a Scotch-Irishman and a Presbyterian too, and thoroughly believing, as he said, in foreordination, he declined to accept my excuses and select some other person. I have but a few words to say.

The Scotch-Irish Congress, when it met at Lexington last Summer, asked the committee from Harrisburg sent there to extend an invitation to it to meet in Harrisburg, "Why do you ask us to come to Harrisburg?" I told them then, as I tell you now, that Harrisburg and Dauphin County, the upper portion of Lebanon Valley, the Valley of the Juniata, and the Valley of the Cumberland, were the very cradle of the Scotch-Irish people of the United States, or at least the largest cradle; yet in all the speeches that I have heard about this banqueting board I regret to say that I have heard little reference to anything that has transpired in the heart of Pennsylvania, the central part of our great State, from which nearly all of the Scotch-Irishmen present come. Your first President, Colonel McClure, was born on the Juniata; our lamented Secretary, Mr. McKeehan, was born in the Cumberland Valley; and I see before me faces of men in almost every walk of life who represent Scotch-Irish families on the west branch of the Susquehanna, some north as far as Great Island. Mr. Porter, who has just demonstrated the power of the Scotch-Irishman to write poetry, is a Huntingdon County man.

When I told them in Lexington that the first President of Washington-Lee University was born in Dauphin County, graduated from Princeton, and then studied theology under John Roan, one of the first Presbyterian preachers of the Paxtang Valley, many of them seemed not to know that fact in the history of the first President of Washington-Lee University. And furthermore, that the first man—the first minister—who preached the Gospel in the great Valley of Virginia was James Anderson, who went from Old Donegal, and while I know you have not forgotten the birthplace of your ancestors, I would most earnestly invite you to make the meeting of the Scotch-Irish Congress an occasion for revisiting it.

Let me urge you, then, to come back to your birthplace and the birthplace of many of your ancestors to help us celebrate

the glories of the Scotch-Irish race. We want you to come home. We shall endeavor to make it interesting to you.

The President :—

Well, we will all resolve to try to get to Harrisburg. That resolution will be seconded by a gentleman who hails from the Cumberland Valley, a beautiful and historic section, settled by our ancestral stock and still chock full of their descendants. We will hear from State Senator McCarrol.

Hon. S. J. M. McCarrol :—

MR. PRESIDENT :—The late lamented Thomas Nelson, who came from County Tyrone to Philadelphia in 1783, had very greatly the advantage of myself at this time. In one of the graveyards of County Tyrone there stands to-day a tombstone with this inscription :—

“ Here lie the remains of Thomas Nelson,
Who emigrated to Philadelphia in 1783.
If he had lived he would have been buried here.”

(Laughter.) Mr. Nelson evidently had notice from his friends in Tyrone that they intended to lay violent hands upon him and precipitate his early burial, and therefore he emigrated to Philadelphia with great promptness. If I had received a like notice yesterday I think I should have revised the song to which we listened with so much pleasure this evening, and have sung, “ I’ll get out of Philadelphia in the Mornin’.”

Some years ago a traveler stood in the beautiful Prince’s Gardens at Edinburgh, looking at the monument erected to the memory of Walter Scott. As he was admiring its beautiful proportions a little newsboy came along, and the stranger said to him, “ My boy, whose monument is this ? ” The little fellow said, “ That is Sir Walter Scott’s.” “ And what did he do, my little man, that led his countrymen to build this monument for him ? ” The little fellow, not being very well versed in the history of Sir Walter Scott, said, after a moment’s hesitation, “ He deed (died), sir.” The little fellow was not right. He did not state the true reason which led to the erection of that beautiful monument to Sir Walter. He had forgotten

that in his life Sir Walter had touched the hearts of his fellow men in such a way as to lead them, when he died, to raise that testimonial of their esteem and respect for him. And so we are here to-night to talk of our ancestors, not because they died, but because of the glory of their lives; because in their life they touched, and helped, and influenced, and lifted up their fellow men, and helped to make this great American nation what it is to-day.

I was greatly interested in listening, a few moments ago, to what was said of the condition of our countrymen on the other side, and the battle they are making for human rights. I listened with great interest to the reference which was made to that which has transpired on the banks of the Boyne. There is another circumstance in which I know you will be interested. It was my privilege, a little more than a year ago, to be in the city of Dublin. I visited what was once the Capitol of old Ireland, when she had her place among the nations of the earth; and I sat in what was the House of Lords in that day. The Houses of Parliament—the Capitol building—are occupied to-day by the Bank of Ireland. That which was the House of Lords is now the Directors' room of the Bank of Ireland; and it was a gratifying thing to me, a Scotch-Irishman, to find that Scotch-Irish still control and assert an influence that is potent in the city of Dublin, because upon the one side of that which was once the House of Lords there hung a tapestry portraying the deeds of the apprentice boys at Londonderry (applause), and on the other side there was a tapestry depicting William of Orange and his forces at the battle of the Boyne. That, in the city of Dublin, in good old Ireland, shows the influence which Scotch-Irishmen are exerting to-day for the principles for which the apprentice boys contended and for which William of Orange fought and won the victory at the battle of the Boyne. It is a matter of gratification, and we are all proud to-night of the fact, that upon every battlefield in this land, from Bunker Hill to Appomattox, the voices of the apprentice boys who fought at Londonderry, transmitted from generation to generation, rang out loud and clear above the din and conflict of the strife; and

in every struggle for liberty in this good land the same spirit which fired the hearts and nerved the arms of the men who stood with William at the battle of the Boyne has controlled and actuated and won victories for the cause of liberty. They have won much, they have done much for the cause of humanity. Let us, by our lives, touch, and help, and lift up, and influence for good the lives of our fellow men. Thus shall we make America what she is destined to be among the nations of the world; thus shall we make it the home of the free, the land of liberty, the land where justice and right are recognized, and where the doctrines of individual right and of individual responsibility shall be asserted and maintained and recognized by all.

Now, I hope you will all come up to Harrisburg to attend the meeting of the American Congress in May. My brother McAlarney, who came over from Blarney, will be there with welcome as sweet as ever Kate Karney gave to those who visited Killarney and the beautiful lakes.

The Apollo Quartette then sang "Oh, Susanna."

The President:—

We have with us to-night representatives of our sister clubs or societies. I am sure the pilgrims from Ulster, while they have a due appreciation of their own importance, not only individually, but relatively to the country and the world at large, are not so narrow as to deny or in any way belittle the work which has been wrought by those of other races. Among those who have been most closely allied with us, and who have had a great many, and who still have a great many common characteristics with us, are the Pilgrims of New England. We are glad to have their representative here to-night, and to have him speak a few words of greeting to us, representing the Society of which he is the honored President. I need hardly name him. There is no nobler name in this city of noble men and women, this city of Philadelphia of which we are justly so proud, than the name of John H. Converse, President of the New England Society. (Applause.)

Mr. J. H. Converse :—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY :—It is only a few weeks ago that you, Mr. President, did the New England Society the honor of filling, and filling most nobly, what otherwise would have been an aching void in our programme. You amiably criticised me for calling upon you forty-eight hours before the meeting, and not only informing you that you were expected to make a speech, but being so impertinent as to dictate the subject. But nobly did you discharge your duty. This, I suppose, is a species of retaliation. I, however, thank you for the compliment that you convey to me personally, and I thank you for it as a recognition of the New England Society. I cannot adequately respond, for “ I am no orator as Brutus is.” But, Mr. President, I must acknowledge the great interest which I feel in a gathering of this kind. It arouses my sympathies, it increases my appreciation, it enlarges my knowledge. I learn much which I trust will be of use to me in the future. I am particularly struck by the overwhelming modesty of the Scotch-Irish Society. I am especially impressed by the entire absence of any reference to ancestry, to heroic achievement, or to the part which your lineage is to bear in the future development of the country. Some of you whom we have had the pleasure of entertaining at our hospitable board (and I hope you may so call it) have noticed quite the reverse in our attitude. Although the Pilgrim Fathers are not often alluded to, and the term “ Yankee ” is only occasionally used, it is true we do sometimes say something about the Pilgrim Mothers. I remember that one of our speakers very appropriately remarked that they deserved more credit than the Fathers, for whilst they had to bear all the hardships which the Pilgrim Fathers had to bear, they had to bear the Pilgrim Fathers also. (Applause.)

Mr. President, I confess I feel to-night a great deal of embarrassment in sitting under your administration, for you occupy a very peculiar position—I think I might call you a sort of a triple alliance, perhaps a tripartite entity—you claim

to be Irish and you claim to be Scotch, and we have made up our minds that before another festival of the New England Society takes place you shall be enrolled as a New Englander, for we concede that you are abundantly entitled to it.

The embarrassment that I have in speaking to-night, which is a natural one, is the profound ignorance of what I am expected to speak about. I am not quite certain whether it is Scotch or Irish which is wanted most.

I remember in a play I saw in London that "Walker," who is a guest on a house boat on the Thames, finding that the maid servant is going to the city to get supplies for the family, mysteriously whispers a commission which he wishes to have her execute. It is admirably done, and none of the guests have an idea what that mysterious commission is; but a Hibernian servant is she, and as she leaves the room she turns and asks, "Scotch or Irish?" (Laughter.)

But, Mr. President, I suppose that all of these organizations are very much alike. Our object is to honor a worthy ancestry. If we haven't any ancestors of our own we will adopt them; we will be our own ancestors, if it is necessary. I had the satisfaction of hearing from my good friend, the ex-Mayor, a few moments ago, a little story which perhaps illustrates the position of these Societies. We are all pretty much alike; we are all in the same box. During the recent troubles of the Traction Company in Philadelphia, of which I presume some of you may have heard, and some of you who have had to wear out shoe leather in walking up and down the streets during that slight unpleasantness may remember, a new conductor was placed in charge of a car. I have no doubt he was a member of this Society, for I believe he was a full-blooded Irishman. As he went into the car to collect the fares he found a number of turbulent people there who had no disposition to pay in the prevailing state of uneasiness. He tapped one man on the shoulder and said, "Your fare, sir." The man said, "What do you take me for?" The conductor answered, "I take you for five cents, the same as everybody else." (Applause.)

The President :—

The President of the New England Society has disclaimed ability to speak eloquently, but having now heard him he will permit us to insist, at least, that he does *converse* mighty well. (Laughter and applause.)

We are drawing very close to the time when we ought to go home ; when we want to go home, anyhow. But before we separate we ought to hear from the Dinner Committee, which has served us so admirably. No one has been more efficient in that service than Mr. James Pollock. You recognize the name—whether James Pollock, of Philadelphia, or General and Bishop Polk, of the Confederate army, or James K. Polk, President of the United States, they are all of the same old Scotch stock—by way of Ulster. Shall we hear a word from Mr. Pollock ?

Mr. Pollock :—

MR. PRESIDENT :—While I thank you for your kindness in calling upon me at this late hour, I regret that my limited abilities will not permit me to reply in fitting terms to a subject that I know so little about. I find myself in the condition of the owner of some of the land in Ireland that our friend Dr. Munro was telling us about. The man happened to be slightly deaf, and was sitting upon the stone fence that inclosed a part of his farm, when a traveler approached him and asked him in a low tone of voice what kind of land this was. Not getting a reply he drew closer and asked him what he raised on this land. He replied to him, in a whisper, “ My friend, nothing. I cannot even raise my voice upon this land.” So it is with me. After the very able speeches that have been made to-night upon the subject of the Scotch-Irish I cannot raise my voice, but will defer my speech to a time when the members of this Society will be in a condition to appreciate a good speech when they hear it.

The President :—

If Mr. Pollock does not appreciate the feast, or has not ap-

preciated the speeches, we certainly have appreciated the dinner, and we are thankful to him for his services in providing it.

Now it is possible that before you go some of you would like to hear some more of these songs. "Old Black Joe" has been asked for. "Old Black Joe" was the last of the negro melodies that Mr. Foster wrote.

The Apollo Quartette then sang "Old Black Joe."

The President :—

I ask your attention one moment to a word from Mr. Porter suggesting a matter that will meet the hearty response of all present.

Mr. W. W. Porter :—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN :—We have had to-night a jovial meeting, and there have been some features of it which were extremely solemnizing. We have lost our Secretary, and we have recently lost a prominent member in Judge Allison. There was another member of this Society, a man who had identified himself with some of the greatest enterprises of the State of Pennsylvania, whose name was known, not only throughout this State, but throughout the broad land; a man who was as kindly at heart as he was great in mind; a man who was as quiet in his charities as he was in many of his other great deeds. This man has been taken from us, and I think it only proper that we should, at this time, enter upon our records some notice of the death of Henry H. Houston. I therefore ask that a proper minute be made of his death.

It was directed that the same gentlemen appointed to draft a minute as to Hon. Judge Allison should prepare a memorial as to Mr. Houston.

The President :—

Gentlemen, is there any other song you would like to have sung? Will you wait for another? No. 5 has been asked for before we separate—"Hard Times Come Again no More."

The Apollo Quartette then sang "Hard Times."

The President :—

Now, gentlemen, your Chairman has endeavored to carry out as best he could the order committed to him by your learned and efficient Council. I am sure that most of us have had a pretty good time—I may say all except those who have had to make speeches, and their good time did not begin until their speeches were safely over. I would like, before we go, to emphasize what our temporary Secretary has spoken regarding the increase of this Society. We have only about two hundred members. We have been extremely “select” in selecting our members. We do not wish to be any less select in choosing, but a little more diligent in obtaining. I am sure there is not a member here to-night who could not send to the Council for election half a hundred names of influential men. We want to have next year’s banquet spread for at least two hundred guests. Shall not we have it so? You have the material from which to choose, abundant and the very best, in all walks of life. If you men will see to it that a few of these are “corraled” for this Society there is not a doubt that you will succeed. I thank you most heartily for what you have done to-night to make this meeting a success.

Mr. Richardson L. Wright :—

MR. PRESIDENT :—Before we disperse I think there is something in the way of a tribute due to the retiring President of this Society. We have all been so much pleased at the evidence of his remarkable skill in managing a dinner such as we have had to-night, and in bringing to our notice and to our hearing so many good speakers, that I think some recognition of what he has done should be manifested by us. I therefore move that a vote of thanks be tendered the retiring President for the able and skillful manner in which he has managed the affairs of this Society.

The motion was unanimously carried.

The President :—

Gentlemen, I thank you. I was upon the point—indeed the gentleman took the words out of my mouth—of returning thanks to those who have so ably helped in the conduct of this dinner, and who, far more than your President, have made it a success under adverse circumstances. It shows what the Scotch-Irish can do when they put their minds upon a matter. There is an old proverb of our ancestors, “Praise the fair day at aven’.” Your Council did not feel this morning like praising the day, for in sooth it was sorely beclouded, but now that “the aven’” is over I think we can sincerely sing the long metre Doxology, and it is time for it ; but as this is not an ecclesiastical event, perhaps instead of that we may sing “Auld Lang Syne.”

All present arose and sang “Auld Lang Syne.”

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.



I. NAME.

The name of the Association shall be the "Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society," and it shall constitute the Pennsylvania branch of the Scotch-Irish Society of America.

II. OBJECTS.

The purposes of this Society are the preservation of Scotch-Irish history; the keeping alive the *esprit de corps* of the race; and the promotion of social intercourse and fraternal feeling among its members, now and hereafter.

III. MEMBERSHIP.

1. Any male person of good character, at least twenty-one years of age, residing in the State of Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish descent through one or both parents, shall be eligible to membership, and shall become a member by the majority vote of the Society or of its Council, subscribing these articles, and paying an annual fee of two dollars: *Provided*, That all persons whose names were enrolled prior to February 13th, 1890, are members: *And provided further*, That three officers of the National Society, to be named by it, shall be admitted to sit and deliberate with this Society.

2. The Society, by a two-thirds vote of its members present at any regular meeting, may suspend from the privileges of the Society, or remove altogether, any person guilty of gross misconduct.

3. Any member who shall have failed to pay his dues for two consecutive years, without giving reasons satisfactory to the Council, shall, after thirty days' notice of such failure, be dropped from the roll.

IV. ANNUAL MEETING.

1. The annual meeting shall be held at such time and place as shall be determined by the Council. Notice of the same shall be given in the Philadelphia daily papers, and be mailed to each member of the Society.

2. Special meetings may be called by the President or a Vice-President, or, in their absence, by two members of the Council.

V. OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

At each annual meeting there shall be elected a President, a First and Second Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and twelve Directors, but the same person may be both Secretary and Treasurer.

They shall enter upon office on the 1st of March next succeeding, and shall serve for one year and until their successors are chosen. The officers and Directors together with the ex-Presidents of the Society shall constitute the Council. Of the Council there shall be four Standing Committees.

1. On admission; consisting of four Directors, the Secretary, and the First Vice-President.

2. On Finance; consisting of the officers of the Society.

3. On Entertainments; consisting of the Second Vice-President and four Directors.

4. On History and Archives; consisting of four Directors.

VI. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

1. The President, or in his absence the First Vice-President, or if he too is absent the Second Vice-President, shall preside at all meetings of the Society or the Council. In the absence at any time of all these, then a temporary Chairman shall be chosen.

2. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Society and of the Council.

3. The Treasurer shall have charge of all moneys and securities of the Society; he shall, under the direction of the Finance Committee, pay all its bills, and at the meeting of

said committee next preceding the annual meeting of the Society shall make a full and detailed report.

VII. DUTIES OF COMMITTEES.

1. The Committee on Admission shall consider and report, to the Council or to the Society, upon all names of persons submitted for membership.

2. The Finance Committee shall audit all claims against the Society, and, through a sub-committee, shall audit annually the accounts of the Treasurer.

3. The Committee on Entertainments shall, under the direction of the Council, provide for the annual banquet.

4. The Committee on History and Archives shall provide for the collection and preservation of the history and records of the achievements of the Scotch-Irish people of America, and especially of Pennsylvania.

VIII. CHANGES.

The Council may enlarge or diminish the duties and powers of the officers and committees at its pleasure, and fill vacancies occurring during the year by death or resignation.

IX. QUORUM.

Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum of the Society; of the Council five members, and of the committees a majority.

X. FEES.

The annual dues shall be two dollars, and shall be payable on February 1st in each year.

XI. BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the Society shall be held on the second Thursday of February, at such time and in such manner, and such other day and place, as shall be determined by the Council. The costs of the same shall be at the charge of those attending it.

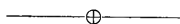
XII. AMENDMENTS.

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

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

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

APPENDIX A.

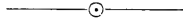


REPORT OF WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER, TEMPORARY TREASURER
PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, MADE FEBRUARY 13TH,
1896.

1896.	DR.	
Feb. 1—Balance from last year		\$622 59
Sale of Proceedings, 1890-4		18 00
Interest on deposit		15 05
Dues for 1895 and subscriptions to sixth annual dinner		456 00
		\$1111 64
	CR.	
Hotel Bellevue, sixth dinner	\$369 20	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing	116 75	
Stenographer and clerk hire	40 00	
Menus	23 00	
Music	15 00	
Hoskins for invitations	14 25	
J. L. H. Bayne, binding Proceedings 1890-4,	11 61	
Postage, stationery, &c.	14 44	
	\$604 25	
Balance	507 39	
		\$1111 64

WM. RIGHTER FISHER,
Treasurer.

LIST OF MEMBERS.



ALEXANDER ADAMS	1621 Derry St., Harrisburg, Pa.
W. J. ADAMS	Harrisburg, Pa.
HON. J. SIMPSON AFRICA	Union Trust Co., 719 Chestnut St., Phila.
HON. DANIEL AGNEW	Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
HON. WILLIAM H. ARMSTRONG,	Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.
JAMES M. BARNETT	New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
JOHN CROMWELL BELL	1001 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
R. T. BLACK	Scranton, Pa.
J. C. BLAIR	Huntingdon, Pa.
P. P. BOWLES	4041 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
SAMUEL BRADBURY	Wayne Ave., Germantown, Phila.
SAMUEL R. BROADBENT	3431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
JOHN W. BUCHANAN	Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
REV. C. W. BUOY, D. D.	1334 Arch St., Philadelphia.
CHARLES ELMER BUSHNELL	S. E. cor. 4th and Chestnut Sts., Phila.
W. J. CALDER	5 South Second St., Harrisburg, Pa.
J. ALBERT CALDWELL	902 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
SETH CALDWELL, JR.	1939 Chestnut St. (Girard Bank, Third below Chestnut), Philadelphia.
HON. J. DONALD CAMERON	U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.
HON. EDWARD CAMPBELL	Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
GEORGE CAMPBELL	Washington Ave. and 21st St., Phila.
GEORGE CAMPBELL	Hotel Hamilton, Philadelphia.
HON. J. D. CAMPBELL	P. & R. Terminal, Philadelphia.
ROBERT CARSON	Huntingdon St. and Trenton Ave., Phila.
HENRY CARVER	Harrison Building, Philadelphia.
A. J. CASSATT	Haverford, Pa.
COL. JOHN CASSELS	1907 F St., Washington, D. C.
REV. WILLIAM CATHCART, D. D.,	Hoyt, Montgomery County, Pa.
JOHN H. CHESTNUT	636 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
JOHN H. W. CHESTNUT, M. D.	1757 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia.
A. H. CHRISTY	Scranton, Pa.
JAMES CLARK	Harrisburg, Pa.
ROWAN CLARK, M. D.	112 Logan St., Tyrone, Pa.
CHARLES H. CLARKE	3943 Market St., Philadelphia.
THOMAS COCHRAN	4200 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
REV. DAVID CONWAY	Mount Joy, Lancaster County, Pa.
REV. J. AGNEW CRAWFORD, D. D.,	Chambersburg, Pa.
ALEXANDER CROW, JR.	2112 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.
ROLAND G. CURTIN, M. D.	22 South Eighteenth St., Philadelphia.

- HON. JOHN DALZELL House of Representatives, Washington,
D. C.
- E. B. DAWSON Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
- JOHN B. DEAVER, M. D. 120 S. Eighteenth St., Philadelphia.
- JAMES AYLWARD DEVELIN . . . 400 Chestnut St., Phila., Wood Building.
- REV. CHARLES A. DICKEY, D. D., 2211 St. James Place, Philadelphia.
- J. M. C. DICKEY Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
- S. RALSTON DICKEY Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
- A. W. DICKSON Scranton, Pa.
- JAMES P. DICKSON Scranton, Pa.
- DR. JAMES L. DIVEN New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
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In Memoriam.

C. WATSON MCKEEHAN.

For minute touching the death of Charles Watson McKeehan, late Secretary and Treasurer of the Society, see page 27 of this report.

HON. JOSEPH ALLISON.

The Hon. Joseph Allison was one of the original members of this Society, and to those of Scotch-Irish descent his life is a just source of ancestral gratification and pride. During a career of more than forty years as a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in the city and county of Philadelphia, he illustrated in his life the happiest characteristics of the sturdy race from which he sprang, and leaves a record of arduous and often perplexing duties always well and beneficently performed. He was at all times true to conscience, impartial in the administration of justice, courteous towards counsel and suitors, diligent in his search for the truth, and vigorous and just in his application of the law. In all the relations of life he ever manifested courage, fidelity to principle, a sterling love of truth, and great kindness of heart and disposition. He was only intolerant of wrong and oppression, and of that viciousness of mind and heart which leads to the degradation of mankind and the corruption of the pure channels of human life and affection. Towards these he displayed the irrepressible revulsion of a pure and benevolent nature. This Society lays upon his grave the chaplet of sincere affection and esteem, and finds in the example of his life a renewed impulse to faithful and upright living.

HENRY H. HOUSTON.

In the death of Henry H. Houston the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society has lost one of its most honored and valued members. He was a man of singular simplicity of character, coupled with great largeness of heart and capaciousness of mental grasp. Busied during the whole of his mature manhood with enterprises of great moment in the industrial development of the State and involving large investments of individual capital, he displayed a practical common sense, an accuracy of judgment, a comprehensiveness of view, and an integrity of purpose which made him an invaluable aid to his associates and a potent factor in the promotion and management of the most important lines of transportation in the Commonwealth and nation. His successes were achieved without the sacrifice of uprightness and truth or the loss of human tenderness. The wealth which came to him as the just reward of well-directed industry and clearness of foresight was held in obedience to the Divine injunction of stewardship, and he was at all times the sympathetic, unostentatious friend of the helpless and unfortunate, and gave liberally of both time and money for the advancement of education, religion, and humanity. This Society here records its deep sense of loss in his decease and its high appreciation of his character and works, which will long remain as an inspiration and a blessing to his fellow men.

DECEASED MEMBERS.

HON. JOSEPH ALLISON	Philadelphia, Pa.
JOHN BAIRD	Philadelphia, Pa.
HON. ANDREW G. CURTIN	Bellefonte, Pa.
WILLIAM CROSSLEY	Philadelphia, Pa.
WILLIAM HOLMES	Pittsburgh, Pa.
H. H. HOUSTON	Philadelphia, Pa.
HON. R. A. LAMBERTON	Harrisburg, Pa.
JOHN MUNDELL	Philadelphia, Pa.
C. WATSON MCKEEHAN	Philadelphia, Pa.
JAMES MCKEEHAN	Newville, Pa.
JAMES E. MCLEAN	Shippensburg, Pa.
JOHN P. RUTHERFORD	Harrisburg, Pa.
HON. WILLIAM A. WALLACE	Clearfield, Pa.
HON. DAVID WILLS	Gettysburg, Pa.
COL. JOHN A. WRIGHT	Philadelphia, Pa.

EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING

AND

BANQUET

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA

SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY,

AT THE

HOTEL BELLEVUE, PHILADELPHIA,

FEBRUARY 26th, 1897.



PHILADELPHIA :

ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT'S PRINTING HOUSE,

1211-13 Clover Street.

1898.



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S. F. Houston.	X	X	Thos. E. Baird. E. D. Faries. John Graham. G. B. Bonnell. Hon. B. F. Meyers. James A. Develin. J. A. McDowell. R. S. Reed. J. W. Woodside. P. P. Bowles. Rev. Dr. Robt. H. Fulton. Jas F. Magee. Charles Scott. Jos. M. Adams. Rev. J. D. Steele, Ph.D. Robert Carson. Rev. Dr. David Steele. John Hamilton. H. M. North. Wm. Henderson. Capt. J. C. Harvey. Geo. McKeown.				X	A. E. Hubl			
W. C. Houston, Jr.	X	X					X	X	X	X	W. H. McC
Dr. Geo. Woodward.	X	X					X	X	X	X	Robert Mc
Dr. John B. Deaver.	X	X					X	X	X	X	John H. G
Rev. D. B. McCurdy.	X	X					X	X	X	X	Dr. Wm. H
Dr. John C. Rice.	X	X					X	X	X	X	Dr. Geo. I.
J. A. McClary.	X	X					X	X	X	X	Rev. W. A.
Dr. T. C. Fulton.	X	X					X	X	X	X	Rev. Dr. S.
Henry Holmes.	X	X					X	X	X	X	John Hays.
Walter Scott.	X	X					X	X	X	X	Robt. Snod
John C. McCurdy.	X	X					X	X	X	X	J. D. Camp
William Johnston.	X	X					X	X	X	X	Hon. J. W.
	X									X	

R. H. Patton.

Wm. Righter Fisher.

TCH-IRISH SOCIETY.

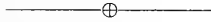
ABLE, FEBRUARY 26th, 1897.

Dr. Robt. E. Thompson.	Dr. Henry C. McCook.	Hon. John Stewart.	A. K. McClure.	Justice J. B. McCollum.	Dr. John S. MacIntosh.	Dr. James McAlister.
X	X	X	X	X	X	X
						X Edwin S. Stuart.
						X Chas. N. Mann.
Geo. Hay.	X	X	Chas. E. Bushnell.	X		X W. H. Stuart.
s. Ferguson.	X	X	John H. Chestnut.			X Hon. A. D. McConnell
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Jas. Hay.	X	X	Weston Donaldson.			X E. B. McCormick.
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ammersley.	X	X	John P. Logan.	X		X Fred'k J. Geiger.
Kelway.			T. Elliott Patterson.	X		X Sam'l G. DeCoursey.
ammersley.	X	X	John McIlhenny.			X Thos. H. Patterson.
ton.			John C. Bell.	X		X Jas. Slocum Rogers.
Pinkerton.	X	X	W. H. Hunter			X Talbot M. Rogers.
Snively.			Geo. G. Mercer.	X		X Chas. T. Shoen.
V. J. Latta.	X	X	Hon. Geo F. Huff.			
W. Henry.	X	X	J. B. Scott.	X		
s.			W. A. Patton.			
Sam'l Rea.	X	X	Chas. L. McKeehan.	X		
Thomson.	X	X	John Lloyd.			
nton.			John D. McIlhenny.	X		
eo. N. Ely.	X	X	Col. John Cassels.			
	X		James Long.	X		
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			Edgar C. Felton.			
			W. M. McAlarney.	X		
			W. H. Barnes.			

Capt. John P. Green.

James Pollock.

EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING.



THE eighth annual meeting and banquet of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Hotel Bellevue, Philadelphia, February 26th, 1897, Hon. James A. Logan in the chair.

The report of Charles L. McKeehan, Secretary and Treasurer, was presented and approved.

The following officers and Board of Directors were elected to serve for the ensuing year:—

President, WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER.

First Vice-President, JUSTICE HENRY W. WILLIAMS.

Second Vice-President, JAMES POLLOCK.

Secretary and Treasurer, CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

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MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,	HON. WM. W. PORTER,
HON. R. M. HENDERSON,	REV. S. D. McCONNELL, D. D.,
REV. J. S. MACINTOSH, D. D.,	COL. JOHN CASSELS,
MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	MR. ROBERT PITCAIRN,
MR. J. BAYARD HENRY,	HON. JAMES GAY GORDON,
MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	REV. HENRY C. MCCOOK, D. D.
	HON. JAMES A. LOGAN.

On motion, the business meeting was then adjourned, and the company proceeded to the banqueting room, where the President, Hon. James A. Logan, took the chair.

Rev. John S. MacIntosh, D. D., invoked the Divine blessing.

During the progress of the dinner Hon. James A. Logan, the President, arose and spoke as follows :—

GENTLEMEN:—Do not be apprehensive. It does not follow that because the speaking has begun that the dining is done. (Applause.) On the contrary, I assure you that it is our purpose to pursue the bill of fare down to the very dregs of the menu. (Laughter.)

I have the pleasure of reporting to the Society that we have had a year of unusual progress in its affairs. There have been added to the membership a very considerable number—quite as many as we feel we have the ability to accommodate up to this time, although we are open for as many more in the future as will feel it to be to their interest to give us the pleasure of having them part of us.

This table bears testimony, if nothing else does, to the good and progressive instinct of the Society. It is, if not the largest, certainly quite as large as any dinner this Society has yet given.

We have had in the past year several things to give us special comfort of the character I have indicated; and we have had others that were not quite as we would have liked. Notably among the latter is the project that was in the minds of some of the officers in connection with Robert Fulton. It was brought to the attention of the officers of the Society, during the early part of the year, that the homestead—the birthplace—of Robert Fulton, in the adjoining county of Lancaster, was about being offered for sale, and could probably be purchased for a comparatively small amount. The project was encouraged and the matter looked up, but so far we have not been able to consummate a purchase of the property. Indeed, for the present it seems to be altogether beyond the reasonable ability of the Society.

You all probably know a little of Robert Fulton, and the leading characteristics and incidents of his life. These do not seem to have been preserved with that detail and particularity that would be gratifying to the Scotch-Irish who admire that probably most marked man of their number.

Robert Fulton was born in the year 1765, in the neighbor-

ing county of Lancaster. He seems to have developed in his early life a fondness for portrait and landscape painting. He had so far progressed in that profession and obtained such confidence in his own power therein as to have led him, at the early age of twenty-one years, to go to London, where he desired to pursue the study of his chosen profession under another distinguished native Pennsylvanian, Benjamin West. Benjamin West did not have all the good fortune of Robert Fulton—not being a Scotch-Irishman. He was only a Quaker. Mr. Fulton remained in London, and there seems to have taken on his first impulse in the direction of mechanical engineering. His companion was the noted Watt, and he, together with certain members of the English nobility who had made a special study of mechanical art, diverted his mind in that direction, and we soon afterwards hear of him in Paris, where, about the beginning of the century, he succeeded in first having a boat propelled by steam. It will be observed that this was about an even century after Savery had made a commercial success of the application of steam. Fulton remained there until about 1807, when he returned to this country and successfully erected a very much larger boat than had been propelled on the Seine, and made a more distinct success of it. He then built the first war vessel propelled by steam, and became engaged in exploiting and perfecting a scheme for submarine torpedoes. We think of this generally as of something of to-day, but we thus find it to have begun in the beginning of the century. He died in 1815, with his submarine torpedo rapidly proceeding towards consummation.

I hope that this Society will be fortunate enough to procure and perpetuate much more in detail than I have been able to secure, or you would now care to listen to, the history of this most remarkable Scotch-Irishman.

You will all recollect how one year ago we were under a dark shadow, occasioned by the death of Mr. McKeehan. I need not attempt to add to what was then so well and eloquently said by Colonel McClure, descriptive of Mr. McKeehan's qualities, his geniality of manner and ability in all directions in connection with the Society. We felt at that

time that it was almost impossible to get along without Mr. McKeehan. The loss was sore and sad.

I have, however, the pleasure of saying—because after the darkness comes the light—that Mr. McKeehan's mantle seems to have well descended upon his son; and we have been fortunate in securing the services of that son as Secretary of this Society. (Applause.)

A distinguished member of the Society said to me some time ago that any one of our number would do for a president. That statement proceeded on the assumption that any Scotch-Irishman was willing to work in the lead. (Laughter.) He further said that it required very delicate and careful thought to secure from our membership one who would make a fitting secretary. That statement had as its basic fact this, that it is exceedingly difficult to drive a team with a Scotch-Irishman in the lead.

However, we have with us gentlemen whose special function it is to entertain us oratorically; and I am charged with the obligation, and favored with the honor, of being the presiding officer.

I shall now call for the report of the Committee on History and Archives, of which Dr. McCook is Chairman. (Applause.)

Rev. Henry C. McCook, D. D. :—

GENTLEMEN:—Before presenting the report on behalf of the Committee, one of our fellow members has a word to say, to which I am sure you will be glad to listen. I will call on Mr. Porter. (Applause.)

Mr. William W. Porter :—

MR. PRESIDENT:—Just before we entered this room two gentlemen approached me with this box, one having it under his arm. They had the cheerful demeanor and joyous air of a couple of surgeons on their way to remove somebody's vermiform appendix; but the operation that was impending was a much more severe one. They asked me to deliver a presentation address—an address which had not then been conceived. I feel, under these circumstances, that any re-

marks I might make will be as malapropos as those of the young gentleman who indited a poem to the daughter of an old clothes dealer, entitling it, "My heart's passionate pants." (Laughter.)

I hesitated about assuming this responsibility, but finally consented, and as the two gentlemen left me I opened the box and found that, sir (holding up a large wooden spoon, and addressing Judge Logan); and I heard Dr. McCook, as he was going away, murmur, "First he wood and then he wooden." (Laughter.)

This spoon which I, on behalf of the Society, am about to present to you is well worthy of preservation. Upon one end of it is depicted the head of an Indian, suggestive of this meal, or, at least, a portion of it—the Indian meal. I find next something inscribed upon it, which I believe to be the seal of the corporation with which you have the pleasure of being associated; also the flower of the Scotch-Irish. Next below upon it are the judicial scales, indicative of the title which you have the honor to bear. In the bowl of the spoon are carved the arms of the Scotch-Irish Society; and around the sides of the bowl the words, "Pioneer Porridge," "Mush and Milk." Whether that shall be your permanent diet hereafter, under this impulse, I know not, but when you become addicted to the habit you will, at least, have this implement to aid you.

When I was at college, many, many years ago, all through the college course there was an undercurrent of feeling, which only culminated when we came to graduate. There was something then to be conferred which, in the hearts of the students, was much greater in honor than sheepskin, which no money could buy, no effort attain. It meant that the man at graduation who got the wooden spoon was the man who held the hearts of his classmates. And when, to-night, this Society presents you with this emblem, I beg that you will receive it in the spirit of a man whom this Society delights to honor. (Applause.)

The President :—

It would be an affectation to say that this does not give me the most intense pleasure, but it is so personal (if I may

be allowed to put it that way) as to excuse me from more than saying that I am extremely obliged to the speaker and to the Society. (Applause.)

Rev. Henry C. McCook, D. D. :—

GENTLEMEN:—Before presenting these papers I beg the privilege of making an explanation.

The Council of the Society has resolved that its Committee on History and Archives shall present, at every banquet, one or more papers which may be read in part or in whole or by their titles, as circumstances shall warrant, with leave to print in whole in the report of the proceedings of the banquet. The purpose of this resolution will meet with the approval of all who are interested in the objects of this Society, one of which is to guarantee that there shall be printed in every annual pamphlet historical matter bearing on the Scotch-Irish and their achievements.

In accordance with this resolution, as Chairman of this Committee, I am now prepared to present by their titles, at least, two papers, as follows:—

I. "The Uniform and Equipments of Scotch-Irish Pioneer Riflemen."

II. "Marcus Alonzo Hanna and His Scotch-Irish Ancestry."

(See for historical papers presented by Dr. McCook page 50 of this report.)

The President :—

I have here a letter from the former Chief Justice, Daniel Agnew, expressive of his regret at his inability to be present at this dinner, a part of which I know you will listen to with pleasure. It is written from Beaver, Pa., February 5th, 1897, and is as follows:—

"Having reached the age of eighty-eight years I am too old to banquet in Philadelphia, but it would give me great pleasure to be there and to meet the distinguished gentlemen who will be present.

"I trust that all may meet in the spirit which belongs to the race of men who settled so largely Western Pennsylvania, and may all enjoy the pleasures of the fraternal banquet, going home duly sober, as a Scotch-Irishman should do."

Through the acquaintance, industry, and good intention of Dr. McCook this Society secured a promise from the distinguished Ohio statesman lately active in political affairs, Marcus A. Hanna (applause), to be present to-night. Dr. McCook, however, received this afternoon the following telegram:—

"I regret that important business prevents me from being present at the Scotch-Irish dinner this evening. If I have established my eligibility I crave fraternal recognition and send greetings to all.

"M. A. HANNA."

Rev. Henry C. McCook, D. D. :—

MR. PRESIDENT:—I think it will be quite appropriate, although Mr. Hanna is a citizen of Ohio, since his ancestors were of Pennsylvania birth, that we consider his eligibility to membership as established; and I take the liberty to move that he be elected an honorary member of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society.

The motion was seconded and carried.

The President :—

We had all expected great pleasure in hearing from Hon. John K. Cowan. Many of you have had the pleasure of listening to him, and know what a treat we would have had if he had been here. He, however, was compelled to send me this telegram:—

"My little girl, just recovering from an illness, suffered a severe relapse this morning. I regret, therefore, it will not be possible for me to be with you to-night. I send, however, my greetings to the Society organized for the purpose

of preserving the history and memory of those who, in the language of Fitz James Stevens, have formed 'the bravest and hardiest race of men that ever trod the face of God's green earth!'"

The Bar of Allegheny County has furnished probably as great legal strength as any other Bar of the State, relatively. Its Forwards, Hamiltons, and Hamptons of the earlier days stood second to no lawyers in the profession. That Bar furnished to this Commonwealth its present distinguished Chief Justice, than whom I think there is no more capable and able man. (Applause.) It furnished Judge Acheson, of the United States Circuit Court, who is a man of signal ability and great success in the administration of his office. It also furnished Mr. Justice Shiras, who is now serving with distinction on the Supreme Bench of the United States.

We have with us to-night a gentleman representing that Bar, whom it will be a treat to hear. I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. J. A. Langfitt, of the Bar of Allegheny County. (Applause.)

Mr. J. A. Langfitt:—

MR. TOASTMASTER:—I almost shudder when I think that but for the kind invitation of my friend, Mr. Justice Williams, I might have missed this banquet. The invitation was certainly as agreeable as it was unexpected. It came to me in the nature of a surprise. I felt something like Goliath did when David hit him with the stone. You know he was surprised; he said such a thing had never entered his head before; and it surely never entered my head that there was anything that I, of the West, could say that might interest the "Wise Men of the East." (Applause.)

The flattering introduction of the Toastmaster is as pleasant to me as though it were deserved, and I can readily forgive him because of his evident good intentions toward me and possibly toward you; and good intentions are creditable in this world, despite the claim that Moloch's dominion is paved with them, clear out beyond the city limits. (Applause and laughter.)

The "press of matter" and the "crowded condition of my columns," as the editors would say, remind me that I would do well (since for the last three hours or more I have lived, "not wisely, but too well") if I should now emulate the busy bee, which, when full, makes straight for home. (Applause.) Or, at least, should profit by the experience of the Sphinx, which secured the reputation for profound wisdom simply by keeping its mouth shut for several thousand years. James Whitcomb Riley, in one of his quaint dialect rhymes, makes one of his characters say something like this: "Ef I can't think o' somethin' good, I jest set still and chaw my cud." I should certainly chew the cud of bitter reflection and ill requite your courtesy and hospitality did I not express, however feebly, my appreciation of this banquet, of its members, and the cause that draws them together. To do this fittingly is no light work; but we Pittsburghers (if you will pardon the seeming vanity) are not ashamed to work—not even if we have to "work" some other fellow. (Laughter.) Now, I am surprised that I should be taken up that way, because I came here to-night to light my candle from your torches. I have crossed the trocha, invaded your province, as it were, with some faint trace of that boldness of spirit—that Scotch-Irish boldness of spirit—that pushed my ancestors from Ulster to Virginia, and their sons up into the Pittsburgh region while yet Virginia claimed it, and where I, as a child, played around Mason and Dixon's famous line. But I do not wish to boast of my good blood, because before Summer comes again I may be compelled to buy sarsaparilla. Nor will I trace my genealogical survey too far back into my own family, because if I succeeded in tracing it clear back to Adam and Eve I could probably find no record of their marriage (laughter) and I would be cut out of the "Four Hundred." Marriage, it seems, was a later invention; and some fellow has defined it recently to be a committee—a committee of two, with discretionary power to increase the number. (Applause and laughter.) I see that you are all acrobats, you tumble so easily. (Laughter.)

An old chap down West, who had lived by his wits, and found a poor living, was finally convicted of a crime and sent

for a short term to the "pen." When he arrived at the institution he was taken in to the ante room and subjected to the usual examination. He was asked, "What is your name?" He answered, "John Paisley." "What is your age?" "Fifty-four." "What is your religion?" "Great Scott," he exclaimed, "does a man have to get religion before you let him in here?" (Laughter and applause.)

To gain admission into the inner circle of the Scotch-Irish a man must not only have religion, but it must be of a special type. They were always sticklers for religion; and a celebrated divine, in discussing this phase of their character, said that they always kept the Sabbath and pretty much everything else that they could get their hands on. (Laughter and applause.) But what grand old fellows they were, your fathers and mine; what an open hand they had for a friend; what a fist for an enemy. (Applause.) They sometimes bowed to fate, but never as a matter of courtesy. They were always ready to admit that there were two sides to a question, their side and the wrong side. (Laughter and applause.) They were always willing to do as they were done by, provided they were done by first. (Laughter.) But they made the groundwork of a nation; they were the base upon which our national character was built, that is the envy and the admiration of the world to-day. Impetuous, rugged, persistent, they rushed to the Revolution as to a banquet. They furnished the stimulus, the force, the energy that gave an irresistible sweep and impulse to the War for Independence. They loved the Lord God and they hated King George, and thought no sacrifice too great for the honor and glory of the Republic.

Among the Scotch-Irish in Pennsylvania (and this is history, not boasting) there was not a single Tory; they trod the wine press gladly; they revelled in glory; they shed their blood like water and gave their bodies to be burned for their homes, their friends, their country, and their God. They were strong and aggressive in action, quick and fervid in speech; and they and their sons have left to us and our sons a name, a fame, and a story that defy the tooth of time. They may have had faults—they had: glaring faults—but

a lack of patriotism or of courage was not among them. Why, they tell us in fable that Ajax defied the lightning, apparently with impunity; but if that same Ajax had defied the typical Colonial Scotch-Irishman, the chances are that Mrs. Ajax would have married again, later on. (Laughter and applause.) And if that lightning had been "Jersey lightning" the result might have been different to Ajax, while such lightning would not phase the average Scotch-Irishman. (Laughter.) He is made of sterner stuff.

The Scotch-Irish gave to Pennsylvania three of her greatest Chief Justices—McKean and Black and Gibson. They gave to her her wisest statesmen, her boldest warriors, her best and bravest citizens; and I have always held it to be a blot upon the escutcheon of George Washington that he was not born a Scotch-Irishman. (Laughter.) What a grand pedigree that would have given him. (Laughter.) He was a great man; he was first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen. First in everything? No; not first in everything, because he married a widow. (Laughter and applause.) Washington was a truthful man, notwithstanding the fact that many considered him to be a number one Fourth of July-er. He was truthful because, not being a lawyer, he could not tell a lie—well; and, besides that, the hatchet would have given it away by its "sharp practice;" he could not stand up and say that "it wasn't in the wood." (Laughter.) All this proves, if it proves anything, that Washington would have been as sorry as we, if he could, that he was not born Scotch-Irish, and from Pennsylvania instead of the Old Dominion. (Applause.)

If you will indulge me a moment longer let me spend it in commending the thought, or the sentiment, that caused this Society to come into being, and that draws us here tonight. It was a splendid thought. We are practical people, and so busy with affairs that sentiment commonly plays a minor part in the drama; but we are not so busy or so devoid of sentiment, thank God, as to forget the glorious past of our race and the magnificent deeds they have done. To hold them in grateful remembrance is a proud and pleasant duty, and in doing this we are ourselves insensibly drawn

together; we learn to know each other better, cement and extend our friendships and fellowships, and hasten the time "when man to man, the world over, shall brother be, and a' that."

The spirit that prevails in this assembly to-night is most infectious, and makes us all akin. There is "snow on the roof" of many of you, but if your heads are old your hearts to-night are young and warm and tender, and in this hour—this pleasure hour—when memory plays a merry tune and the past to the present is vassal, the general good feeling, the spirit of friendship and fraternity and fellowship, one with another, like the cotter's Saturday night, "do all our weary, carping cares beguile, and make us quite forget our labor and our toil."

More than twenty centuries ago, over the gate Nicanor, the mighty gate of Herod's Temple at Jerusalem, there hung a splendid golden vine. It had on it bunches of golden grapes, some as large as a man. Like a natural vine, it grew greater and greater from the offerings of grateful devotees. Men would bring there, some gold to make a leaf, some a grape or a bunch of grapes, and so it kept on increasing until the whole massive burnished gate was covered with its richness and its beauty.

My brothers of Ulster, we too have our temples and our shrines. Within them are stored the glories of our ancestors, the words they have spoken, the deeds they have done; and over our gate Nicanor is hung the golden vine of remembrance, of friendship, of the fraternity of the living, to perpetuate the actions of the dead. Every banquet like this, cheek by jowl, every association and companionship grafts on that splendid vine a golden leaf or still more precious fruit. Let us cherish the vine, for its fruits are the friendships that distill the wine of life; the memories that look backward with a smile and the fellowship one with another that bid the sad rejoice, that lift the low, that bind the broken, that cause the day star to arise, and sends the song bird of happiness singing, far up into the blue sky of a man's heart, its carols of gladness and of peace. As the years slip past, and the meetings of this Society recur again

and again, may each year find us prouder than before of the heritage that is ours. And, as in the legend of old, the spirit of Charlemagne every springtime crosses the Rhine on a bridge of gold, at midnight, to bless the corn fields and the vineyards, and make them bring forth their fruits abundantly, so may these anniversaries increase the prosperity of this Society, its growth, and its membership, and keep forever fragrant the priceless memory of past achievements—achievements that made possible to us the substantial glories of the present, and which, for the future, bid Hope to rise as bright and brilliant as a star when only one is shining in the sky. (Prolonged applause.)

The President :—

GENTLEMEN:—We have among our membership a man whose youth and the War of the Rebellion were contemporary. In that war he was an officer, gallant, brave, and trustworthy. Coming home, at the end of the war, he entered upon the study of his profession, and became a successful student of law and a member of the Philadelphia Bar. He afterwards engaged in business, and has been a successful executive officer of one of the large corporations of this State—one quite equal to the others so distinguished in that line in this State. I have the pleasure of presenting Capt. John P. Green.

Mr. John P. Green :—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—When I was notified by your President that I might be called upon to say a few words this evening, it seemed to me that perhaps I might be indulged if I wandered somewhat from the beaten path which we have pursued at a number of these dinners at which I have had the honor to be present, and that I could well do so without getting away from the pleasant atmosphere that has always surrounded them.

I have been thoroughly satisfied, since coming to these meetings (if I ever had any doubt about it before), that the Scotch-Irish possessed a great deal more than an ordinary

share of the cardinal virtues; and it was somewhat of a satisfaction to realize that while they did possess this exceptional portion, there was still a slight residuum for gracious distribution among our sister societies. But while fully sharing in the gratification at the proud record they had made in the past, it seemed to me that there were two or three thoughts bearing thereon that perhaps I might present to you this evening, and that, in connection with what is to us a very charming symposium, it might occur to some of us that there were still duties incumbent upon the Scotch-Irish in these days; and I felt sure if these duties were incumbent upon them they would be just as ready to fulfill them and just as quick to meet them as they had been at any time in the past.

Certainly there is no great struggle prevailing to-day—I mean no great military struggle; and while your President has been kind enough, in connection with my own record, to allude to one that closed between thirty and thirty-five years ago, I think it will not require much reflection to realize that although these battles have ceased, and we no longer read the sad lists of dead and wounded, we have in the last year gone through a struggle, the issue of which was quite as vital to the life of the nation as that which marked the dark days between 1861 and 1865.

There are underlying principles that must be maintained in order that this country may continue in its career of prosperity; and neither Scotch-Irish nor any other man having the fear of God and the welfare of his fellowmen before his eyes can shut them to the questions which must be discussed, which must be determined, and upon which the welfare of this nation must inevitably depend.

Most of you who have read the brilliant pages of Froude's "Life of Cæsar" will certainly recall startling analogies between some of the facts existing in that day—in the day of the great Roman Commonwealth, just before the time of its decadence—and the things that are now forced upon our attention, and have been forced upon us for the last ten or fifteen years.

You will remember that in that admirable book he speaks

the solemn words which give warning to every nation where the love of wealth, the desire for luxury, and the growth of corruption inevitably show that decay has begun in the body politic. He speaks of the great Roman Empire, and says that amid the endless chain of circumstances there are always certain phenomena which point to impending danger. No nation, he says, can prosper unless the individual conducts his life upon moral principle. If the man is not pure, is not brave, is not true in word and deed, the nation cannot be. He points to the great Senate, which held the entire power of Rome in its hand, which manipulated its treasury, which sent out governors to its provinces; and he speaks of them in their early days as having at heart the good of the public alone. He shows how the control of that magnificent territory tributary to the Mediterranean Sea brought to them enormous wealth, until money poured in upon them in rolling streams of gold, and until the fortunes that were attained by the Roman Senators exceeded anything that their fathers could have imagined in their wildest dreams. He points to the fact that with this influx of wealth came corruption, the lust for power, the desire for wealth, and, at last, the downfall of the Republic. And he refers to shameful facts in the history of the Roman Senators which recall to one, almost forebodingly, things that must be familiar to you all in connection with our own Senate; and when I refer to that body (and I speak here, not as a Democrat or Republican, but simply as one of the people, believing in this country, and believing that when the time comes the people will rally to its rescue just as they did thirty-five years ago, and will rescue it, just as they did then), can you not all realize that during the last ten or fifteen years, perhaps before that, but certainly during that time, we have seen what might well be called the decadence of the Senate of the United States?

Do you recall, gentlemen, that the Senate was established to be the great balance wheel in the confederation of these United States? It was thought out prayerfully. It was the only device by which large States and small States could be brought together into a common confederation; and it

required all the ingenuity of all the best statesmen of that day to accomplish it.

Mr. Madison and Mr. Hamilton speak again and again in the *Federalist* and the State papers of this balance wheel, of this great body, which must, of necessity, be the chosen body in this country, chosen with peculiar care, not directly by the people, but by men who have been tried and tested in the crucible of public opinion, and, having undergone that test, have been delegated to select men to represent the deliberate, well-balanced thought of the nation, to look after the material interests of the country, to dictate its foreign policy, and to be the great conservative power that shall hold the nation together and perpetuate in the future the glorious record of the past.

And when we look at the Senate of the United States in its earlier days, and recall such men as Rufus King, Roger Sherman, Hamilton, Morris, Madison, Pinckney, Wilson, Rutledge, Randolph, Geroy, Webster, Calhoun, Clay, and Benton, and the famous men who all through the Civil War covered themselves with glory in the defense of our country, and then ask ourselves, Have the men of the present day kept up to the lofty ideal which possessed the fathers of our Commonwealth? Are they there with an eye single to the public good? Have they in any way failed in their high trust? Have they prevented the nomination of men of ability because they were not their henchmen, and because their selection would not bring to them patronage and power to strengthen their influence in their own section of the country? Have they, when great questions of finance and home and foreign policy came before them, been true to their duty, or have they paltered with their trust, and lent themselves, under the guise of statesmen, to the shuffling tricks of the petty politician? Have they taken refuge in what is called the "courtesy of the Senate," and permitted its time to be wasted, day after day, by the twaddle of some eminent driveller, whose mouth the concentrated wisdom from our forty States could not find means to close, while the nation bled at every pore?

Now, gentlemen, if I am wrong in this; if they have

kept up to the high ideal of our fathers, and have shown that they were indeed right in selecting this Senate as the balance wheel of the country, then, indeed, are we thrice happy who live under the benign rule of these Conscript Fathers. But if it be not so; if, in dealing with foreign countries, they have departed from that conservative spirit which is careful not to wound the susceptibilities of our friends among the commonwealth of nations; if, in fact, the mantle which was supposed to rest upon the Senate has fallen from their shoulders and now rests upon the popular branch of the legislature; if we look to this body, which was not supposed to be the conservative body—if we look to them to-day to represent the best judgment of the American people, to maintain its dignity at home and abroad, to watch over its material interests and preserve that sense of national honor which reflects the manhood and God-fearing self-respect of the individuals who compose it, then I fear we must say, reverently, but with grave foreboding for the future, God save the Commonwealth. (Great Applause.)

The President :—

The distinctive characteristic of the American lawyer is that he is an all-around man. Besides being well up in his profession he is found to have a taste for literature, to have a place in boards corporate, municipal, and educational, and to be prominent generally in affairs. I know of no more marked instance illustrative of these characteristics than our brother, J. Bayard Henry, whom I now have the pleasure of presenting. (Applause.)

Mr. J. Bayard Henry :—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—It is natural on such occasions we should felicitate ourselves on our good fortune. We are proud of our Scotch-Irish ancestry, and these are the occasions, above all others, when we can exchange congratulations on our birthrights, with no one to molest us or find any fault.

Amid our rejoicings at having been born among the elect, and on our descent from a people noted for their integrity,

purity, and patriotism, it behooves us to consider what others are saying about our ancestors. We well know what kind of people they were; we know their honesty of purpose, their desire for justice, their unswerving devotion to liberty, and their religious earnestness; but we must have a care or their reputation will suffer, if historians give them so little credit as our friend Mr. Sidney George Fisher has, in his "History of the Colony and the Commonwealth." In it the Scotch-Irish are scarcely mentioned, and when referred to, are spoken of most disparagingly.

They are represented as having come to Pennsylvania in 1711; having scattered among the mountains, and as being unruly, semi-civilized, and barbarous. Their contests with the Indians and the part some of them took in the "Whisky Rebellion" are described at length, but little is said of the trials and hardships they endured as the advance guard of the mighty army of colonists who were so soon to follow; of their self-sacrifice and heroic devotion to liberty; and the fact that they were the pioneers in the settlement of a country which is now the greatest and most prosperous in the world.

The Puritans, the Pilgrim Fathers, the Dutch, and even the Quakers, have had their historians who have recorded their deeds, and made much of their bravery and love of liberty; but the modest Scotch-Irishman has ever been content to do what he thought was right, not caring who received the credit. This has continued too long, and what we need are historians who will do justice to our ancestors.

The Scotch-Irish took a leading part in the Revolution, and were among the bravest of the brave. Whatever may have been thought of the troops from New England or the South, Washington could always rely on the Continental forces of Pennsylvania, whether during the sufferings and privations of the long and dreary Winter at Valley Forge or in the battles of Germantown, Trenton, Princeton, or Monmouth. It was the liberty-loving, impetuous, and fearless Scotch-Irish who turned the tide of battles and made victory possible. In our late war, the Scotch-Irish, no matter whether they wore the Blue or Gray, fought for what they believed to be right. They fought for principles,

National Sovereignty or State Rights, as the case might be; on whichever side they fought they were noted for their bravery and heroism.

Gentlemen, we must write our own histories, and not allow it to be supposed the Scotch-Irish came to this country, scattered in the mountains, and remained there. They builded wiser than they knew. They have been the great developers of our land. Most of our highways, canals, railroads, and our great cities west of the Alleghenies were planned and constructed by the Scotch-Irish. To-day the descendants of those hardy and brave men and women stand among the leaders in all great commercial or industrial enterprises. In statesmanship as well, they have ever been at the front, and even in politics they have always placed principles above party.

Last Summer, when the whole nation was aroused by the danger of repudiation and the introduction of fiat money, the Scotch-Irish, without regard to party, were almost unanimously on the side of good government and honest money. The States of Maryland, West Virginia, and Kentucky were Democratic States, and it was a Scotch-Irishman, Hon. John K. Cowen, a member of Congress, who, though he had been a life-long Democrat, for a time gave up allegiance to party and stood for principle, and carried those States for the Hon. William McKinley, another Scotch-Irishman. No more loyal race of people ever lived than the Scotch-Irish of America, and especially the Scotch-Irish of Pennsylvania. They have their faults in common with other people, but their virtues and their devotion to their God and their country outweigh all deficiencies, and place them among the races to whom the United States are most deeply indebted for much of its present prosperity and bright future.

The President :—

Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to whether or not a great college or university has its best development in a large city, there can be no question of the entire harmony and fitness of the union between a great city and its High School. I have the pleasure of presenting to you Dr.

Robert Ellis Thompson, President of the Philadelphia High School. (Applause.)

Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson :—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—In one of Sir Walter Scott's novels there is an account of a mischievous fairy, whom you can get into the house only by dragging her across the threshold, but when once she is in, you will have trouble enough with her before you get her out. I am here somewhat like that fairy to-night. Dr. McCook told me I must come, but I warned him it would be in the capacity of an *advocatus diaboli*, to say things which may sound unpleasant about this newly canonized Scotch-Irish stock, from which you have sprung.

Not that I am or have been unmindful of the great qualities which have been characteristic of that stock. Twenty-seven years ago I published in a magazine I was then editing—*The Penn Monthly*—the earliest article that I know of as appearing in any of our city monthlies that dealt with the magnificent record made by the Scotch-Irish of America. I called attention to the great area over which it was spread, down the Appalachian chain, from Titusville in our own oil district to Huntsville in Alabama, now containing a far greater population of Ulster derivation than is to be found in Ulster itself. It was the people of that region that alone in the South upheld the cause of the Union during the War and did much for its preservation in the day of its peril. They were not planters and slave owners, but farmers and free workers of their own lands. They constituted just such a middle class as the South lacked, and the lack was fatal to the success of the Confederacy, because these hardy dwellers in the upland valleys of that great mountain system took their orders from Washington and not from Richmond during those terrible four years of domestic strife. In one night, it is said, acting under the orders of the National Government, they broke down every bridge in Eastern Tennessee so as to impede the marching of the Confederate troops. Few of them comparatively served in the Southern army, and those few unwillingly; and every escaped pris-

oner from the Confederate prisons knew he was safe when once he found himself among the mountain folk.

It is only recently that facts such as these about the part played by the Scotch-Irish of America have come to be noticed. There has been a disposition to assume that America was made up of Puritans, Cavaliers, Quakers, and Knickerbockers. There is a reason for this ignoring of an element which has been at least as important as any of these. It has been the inarticulate element. The Yankee has been the thinking brain of this new world; the Quaker has been its sympathetic heart; but the Scotch-Irish have been the backbone of America. That was the title of my article: "The Backbone of America." And this backbone has had the qualities of a true and efficient vertebral column—firmness and uprightness. In the practical qualities of resoluteness and determination, the Ulster stock has no superior in the world.

I say the Ulster stock, for you must not think only of this part of it we have here in America. Look at its achievements in every part of the British Empire. Look at Nicholson and the Lawrences in India, men among the greatest in the work of winning the country for England and keeping it under the British crown. In his recollections of his long service in India, which have just appeared, General Roberts can hardly find word to express his admiration of General Nicholson, the man who broke the back of the Sepoy Rebellion by the capture of Delhi, and died in the very hour of victory. So in other fields of effort not less heroic. The English sent one Englishman after another, from Drake to Sir John Franklin, to discover the Northwest Passage; and they had to send a Scotch-Irishman to find what had become of Franklin. Captain McClintock did so, and then they took the hint and sent another to find the Northwest Passage itself. So Captain McClure sailed his ship from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, around the northern coast of this continent; and to this day he is the only man that ever achieved that feat. They are sending Norsemen and such people to find the North Pole, but it is only waste of time and money. The Pole will never be found till they send a Scotch-Irishman

after it, and he will bring it home over his shoulder and think nothing of it. (Laughter and applause.) For it is in his blood never to know when he is beaten or when to turn back.

This quality of the Ulster stock was never better expressed than in the prayer of an elder here in Pennsylvania. "Grant," he prayed, "that I may be always right, for Thou knowest that I am hard to turn." (Laughter.) Yes, they are hard to turn; that has been at once their fault and their merit all through our national history. When they have made up their minds to a course of action, they will go to the end of it; and more than once this constitutional obstinacy of theirs has been of the greatest service to the country. General Jackson was hard to turn. He had his own way about the points of national policy to which he had made up his mind, in spite not only of all the politicians of the opposite party, but of those of his own party as well. He rallied the people to his support by the very sight of his courage, and they made him a second time President, in spite of the hostility of all parties to him. That was the Scotch-Irish temper exactly. (Applause.)

Nor were they to be turned back when they came out here to settle Pennsylvania and to disturb the Quaker experiment of governing a great Commonwealth by rosewater. They had the Book of Joshua for an Indian policy, and they did not, as Mr. Fisher tells his readers, scatter into the mountains. They took possession of the colony, elbowed the Quakers out of the Legislature, and have run the machine ever since. You must make allowance for Mr. Fisher, as he is of Quaker stock, and the Friends did not take kindly to being elbowed out of control by these new immigrants. Nor were they very welcome in any of the colonies to which they came during that memorable half century in which Ulster was emptying itself into the American colonies. Along the fence on the Atlantic coast the sign was out, "No Irish need apply." But they came on just as equably as though they had been sent for. They poured into the northern tier of the Eastern States, into Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. They effected settlements in Massachusetts also. In-

deed, Professor Perry, of Williams College, told me that wherever a town of that State amounted to anything you would find a Scotch-Irish kernel in it. (Applause.) The Select Men of Boston, in their innocence, ordered them to leave town. They stayed. In Worcester the solid men of the place turned out and tore down the frame work of the Presbyterian church the immigrants were building for themselves, declaring they would have "no Irish church in Worcester." Happily for the town they declined to take the hint. They also stayed, and such men as Asa Gray, the great botanist, Justice Gray of the National Supreme Bench, and Professor Perry adorn the annals of Worcester in consequence. (Applause.)

That is their strong side: they have gone where they had a mind to go and stayed where they had a mind to stay. But they had and have a weak side also, and Mr. Henry touched on it when he said that they must now write their own histories, and no longer leave that to men who made a travesty of it. They have been what Carlyle would call an "inarticulate" factor in the world's history. They have been strong in action, but feeble in putting their action or thought into words. They have acted out their thought rather than uttered it. So others than themselves have written their history, and often in the fashion satirized in Esop's fable, in which the lion criticizes human portraiture of his kind. A history of the Scotch-Irish stock—why, you have not even a song! Mention one if you can.

This literary barrenness of the Scotch-Irish stock has been all the more remarkable in view of the literary fertility of the Scotch stock which stayed at home and of the English stock in Ireland. What have you to put beside Ramsay, Ferguson, Burns, Scott, Galt, Ferrier, John Brown, Stevenson, Barrie, Crockett, Ian MacLaren, and the rest who have made and are making that little country one of the world's intellectual centres? What to put beside the Usshers, Denhams, Swifts, Steeles, Goldsmiths, Burkes, Edgeworths, Crokers, Levers, Allinghams, Leckys, and the rest of the Anglo-Irish colony, whose circumstances have been so like those of the Ulster colony? At home in Ireland you have

Miss Elizabeth Hamilton (the humorous author of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie"), Captain Mayne Reid (once the idol of boys who read stories of adventure), and Sir Samuel Ferguson, whom some pronounce the greatest of modern Irish poets, though Mangan might dispute the distinction. In America the record has been even poorer. You can claim half of Edgar Allen Poe—and Dr. McCook thinks that half too much—half of Henry James, Jr., and the whole of Mrs. Margaret Preston Junkin, a true poet sprung of this unpoetic stem.

Nor is it hard to see why this is the case. The qualities of mind and temper which lead to literary production are precisely those which the Scotch-Irish stock, in their excessive practicality, have despised. The first of these is imagination, and the Scotch-Irishman has no conception of it except as a faculty which deals with the delusive, the vain, and the fanciful. Yet, as Tyndall has shown us, this faculty of imagination is indispensable even to the man of science, and enables him to reach truths which else would forever have lain beyond our ken. It is by this faculty that Shakespeare lays bare the human heart to us and gives us an insight into human nature that no amount of mere observation would have brought to us. So the love of matter of fact works to shut out from our knowledge many of the most important classes of facts, and especially those which form the content of literature. You may write a chronicle without the aid of imagination, but never a history. You cannot make its characters live and move, as Macaulay does those who took part in the siege and defense of 'Derry, without the imagination being brought into full play. It is this alone that can make the past alive to us; and until the Ulster stock values and fosters it, instead of despising it, others will write the histories and "disperse them into the mountains" in Mr. Fisher's fashion. It is not enough to be hard-headed, resolute, and determined. It is not enough to make history; you must, as Mr. Henry said, write history. You must recognize the fact that literature and art count for something in the work of the world. (Applause.)

See what the children of the Puritans have done for Boston and its neighborhood by their literary gifts. They have

taken every corner of the State in which anything happened they thought worth the telling, and their poets, historians, and novelists have made it a matter of national interest, until the children of Philadelphia come to know more of what went on in Boston than they do of what happened in their own city. Even some of the things which were least creditable to the Bostonians have been polished up until they have quite another look. There, for instance, is that miserable "Tea Party" of theirs. You would not infer from their accounts of it that Boston was chosen, along with Charleston (S. C.), for the landing of that tea, as being one of the weakest places in the line of resistance to the aggressions of the British Government, and that the mob took action because the "solid men of Boston" shrank from the responsibility that had been taken by the leading men of Newport, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. (Applause.) But I honor and respect the Bostonians of our day for making the best of what they have, and glorifying every corner of that little Commonwealth of theirs. I even admire their audacity, first illustrated by Bancroft, in making Boston the centre of our national history, and representing the War for Independence as taking place mostly within twenty-four miles of the "Hub." You will find that the last school history, whose claims have been pressed on our own schools, makes room for mention of just two Pennsylvanians who took any part in the Revolutionary War, and gives but a scanty mention of either.

Philadelphia is richer in historic associations than all the rest of our American cities put together. But what poets have sung them and what artists have commemorated them? The average Philadelphian knows that there is an historic State House on Chestnut Street, and he goes to see it if he has to take a stranger around to enjoy the sights of the city. But ask him where Washington lived, or Franklin flew his kite, or, indeed, almost any of the things that he would know all about if they had happened in Boston, and he will have to confess his ignorance. That he knows where Jefferson wrote the Declaration is due to the singular public spirit of the bank which occupies the site and has commemorated it by a tablet. The only readable books you have that recall that

stirring time, with the exception of my friend Professor Macmaster's "History of the American People"—a Scotch-Irishman's book, that shows what they *can* do—are the work of Yankees or Quakers. Professor Thomas, of Haverford, has written what I think the best history of the country for school use; and Mr. Fisher has given us the books which have set the country to reading about our Commonwealth, and has shown how interesting its early history really is. I want here to say a word for Mr. Fisher. His first book did much ampler justice to the Scotch-Irish than his second has done. He even admits in that that they supplied a very necessary element in the make-up of the Commonwealth, which was not found in the Friends and the Germans. And you must make some allowance for a Friend's feelings about the class of settlers who definitely put an end to the Quaker experiment of governing the colony. We none of us feel very kindly to the people who turn us out.

The second quality which leads to literary production is sympathy, the art of putting yourself into another man's place and seeing things with his eyes and understanding his way of looking at things. Now the Scotch-Irish, both in Ulster and America, suffer from defect of sympathy, both with each other and with other kinds of people. A Scotch-Irishman never puts himself into anybody's place until he has turned the other fellow out. (Laughter.) They are too fond of what have been called "wet-blanket proverbs," and of keeping down any unusual aspirations, either social or intellectual, that they detect in any of their own number. They are so sure that they are right themselves that they never feel the need of asking what any one else thinks about the matter. One of them, a distinguished professor of political economy, was telling a visitor who had just returned from a course of study in Germany that he had been completing his final revision of his text book on the subject. The visitor asked of the professor whether he had looked into the German writers, who had been making some fresh investigations. His answer was in substance, "I confess I have not, nor do I need to do so. I have got the thing about right in this book of mine, and if the Germans agree with me, so much the

better; if they do not, they are wrong." That is the true Ulster temper, and it goes far to explain why a race so rich in practical achievement, a stock that has shown in statesmanship, in discovery, in generalship, in business life, has yet been so barren in all the fields of effort that call for mental versatility and adaptability, for sympathy and for imagination. (Applause.)

The time has come for a new departure, and most of all in this great Commonwealth of ours. "Pennsylvania is a sleeping giant," Dr. John W. Nevin once said. She needs to be roused to the possibilities of her own future and to a recognition of all there is worthy of thought and of honor in her past. (Applause.)

The President :—

No meeting of the gravity and importance of this seems quite complete unless we hear from Ohio. I have the pleasure, therefore, of presenting Mr. W. H. Hunter, editor of the *Steubenville Gazette*, Steubenville, Ohio. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—While in attendance at the Harrisburg session of the Scotch-Irish Society of America last Summer, I was thrilled by the eloquence of your honorable Past President, Dr. McCook, who then delivered one of the most impressive addresses I ever heard—beautiful in diction, eloquent in presentation—his subject being "The Scotch-Irish Pioneer Women." Among the accomplishments of those noble women described was the manufacture of mush and milk, or rather, I should say, "Pioneer porridge," the *piece de resistance* on the table of the fathers. His panegyric was so eloquent and his description of the process was so real one could close his eyes and hear the mush sputter as it was stirred in the pot, could see the particles fly over the brim, and smell the odor of burning meal as the globules fell upon the fire. When I think back to the old homestead in Eastern Ohio I run against the fact that I did not like mush and milk any more than I loved the catechism, which we had together at our house eight evenings in the week. I recall it now as

the one cloud over the sunshine of happy boyhood days; but Dr. McCook's eloquence made such an impression on me that all my early repulsion for mush and milk has left me. I have never been so fortunate as to hear him on the catechism. Through the kindness of my good friend Colonel McIlhenny, I am here to enjoy with you the food of our ancestors. I promised him when he gave me the opportunity to break mush and milk with the Society, I would endeavor to partly pay my way with a story of the influence of the Scotch-Irish of Pennsylvania in Ohio. Just as I was about to plunge into a mass of data in preparation of an elaborate address, he wrote me that I must keep in mind that this, being a Scotch-Irish gathering, would be a gabfest; that there would be a good many folks wanting to make speeches, and that no one would be allowed to say all that was in his mind. However, I feel that I should make my contribution to this interesting subject and I here present a paper which you may dispose of according to your own tender mercies. My great grandfathers having been among the early settlers of the western part of this State and among the founders of Old Unity, the first Presbyterian church west of the mountains, and one of them among the slain in the disastrous Lochry expedition during the Revolutionary War, I feel strongly moved to the task. My sainted mother also was reared to young womanhood in this city, and it was through her influence that Bishop Simpson when a young man in Ohio was induced to adopt the ministry as his calling—the eloquent bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church who made Philadelphia his seat, and whose erudition, whose fertile genius, wonderful perception, and pushing enterprise gave his Church much of its power in America.

(For Mr. Hunter's paper see page 64 of this report.)

The President:—

Our ancestors had a keen eye for good lands and beautiful topographical surroundings. Therefore it was not surpris-

ing, as the tide of emigration set westward, that a large number of them lodged in the Cumberland Valley. A descendant of these ancestors, distinguished in legislation and judicial administration, is present to-night, and I have the pleasure of presenting him to you in the person of Hon. John Stewart, of that valley. (Applause.)

Hon. John Stewart:—

MR. CHAIRMAN:—If I fail to appreciate as I should the complimentary terms in which you have introduced me, it is because I cannot forget your remarks at the opening of the feast. You then announced that you proposed to see the menu through, from “the blue points to the dregs.” (Laughter.) Since you have appointed me to close the exercises of the evening, it will doubtless occur to many, as it has to me, that your preliminary announcement is to be understood as qualifying largely what you have just said with reference to myself. Had you adopted the old Roman manner of speech, and said that you proposed to see the menu through, from the egg to the apple, under your flattering introduction I would have blushed like an apple orchard in May; but since you have put me in apposition with dregs, you have relieved me from any such severe exercise of modesty. It may be, however, that you intended no personal application of the word, but used it with reference to the exercises which have so happily graced this occasion and made the evening so delightful. If so, we must all agree that the word was well and fittingly chosen. By “dregs” we ordinarily understand that which remains after all that is of value or interest has been extracted. You clearly enough foresaw that the gentlemen who have preceded me, and have so delightfully entertained us with their tributes to our Scotch-Irish ancestry, would leave but little to be said by way of eulogy or defense. They have justified your speech; they have extracted and given to us, from the history of that race of hardy pioneers whose memory we are here to celebrate, inspiring and ennobling lessons and examples in such abundant measure that all of us have been made to feel a fuller warrant for our

pride and a heightened appreciation of the virtues and labors of the race to which we belong.

As I sat listening I realized how much I had missed in failing to attend upon the earlier meetings of the Society. I remembered that I had been in at its birth, having been one of a dozen who gathered about the hospitable board of one of your ex-Presidents and there instituted the organization, but at the same time regretfully remembered that I had never after answered a roll call. (Applause.) I trust this delinquency may be pardoned, if for no other reason because of the constituency which I am supposed to represent here to-night—the Scotch-Irish of the Cumberland Valley. That was the valley into which Ulster was emptied, and there about the middle of the last century was gathered the largest and most compact body of exclusively Scotch-Irish people to be found on equal area on the continent; and in that early settlement you may find the fruitful source of much of the enrichment which has come to our national life, in all its varied departments, through Scotch-Irish influence. You will find, in the early history of our country, Scotch-Irish scattered throughout all the colonies, from New England to Georgia; and it may be difficult now to discover the reasons which determined this general dispersion; but when at a later period the increasing stream of Ulster emigration was turned into Middle and Southern Pennsylvania, in the light of what occurred so soon thereafter, we can see that it was in accordance with a divine strategy, the object and purpose of which was the achievement of American independence. Without Pennsylvania actively and earnestly enlisted in the cause of independence there would not, could not, have been a revolution; and but for the presence here in the colony of these Scotch-Irish in such constantly increasing numbers, Pennsylvania would have remained loyal to the throne and submissive to the yoke. No facts in history can be better substantiated than these. And let it be remembered to the credit of the men who occupied the great Valley of the Kittochtinty, now known as the Cumberland, that the first formulated demand for a separation of the colonies from Great Britain came from them. In early May, 1776, these people gathered by

thousands in Carlisle, their shire town then, and in public assembly adopted resolutions which were promptly transmitted to the Colonial Assembly, demanding that the instructions which had previously been given the delegates in the Continental Congress to vote against separation be withdrawn. Let it be remembered as well that from their own numbers this people contributed to that Continental Congress the delegate whose casting vote placed Pennsylvania on the side of the Revolution. (Applause.) That man was James Wilson, whose lofty genius and ardent zeal in the cause of liberty made him conspicuous even among the most prominent characters of that important era, and who, later on, was to render greater service, and win for himself still greater renown, in the making of the Federal Constitution. And let it not be forgotten that when the War of the Revolution came, the heaviest quotas for the Continental army were drawn and filled from the true and loyal yeomanry of the Cumberland Valley, until it became literally true, when that war ended, that there was scarcely a man able to bear arms between the two mountains who had not at some period of the war been in his country's service. Where such patriotism prevailed, you would not expect to find attainted persons or forfeited estates when the day of reckoning came; and there were none. (Applause.)

I have studied with much care and always with increasing pride, Mr. Chairman, the history of the Scotch-Irish of our southern counties, and indeed of the whole colony, and it will not be thought strange if one who claims kinship with them, and is proud of the inheritance he has received through them, should show some little indignation and resentment when reference is made to that recent publication entitled "Colony and Commonwealth," written by Mr. Fisher, of Philadelphia, in which they are grossly defamed. (Applause.)

Until now, we had no more serious complaint to bring than that the writers of American history had failed to recognize and appreciate at their true worth, the distinctive contributions which the Scotch-Irish have made to our American civilization. None of them, so far as I know, have ever openly

assailed them; none have catalogued them with the ignorant and reprobate. This ungracious and unmanly work was reserved for Mr. Fisher, a citizen of Pennsylvania; and he has attempted it with utter indifference to historical accuracy, and in entire disregard of the obligations which rest upon one who attempts historical narrative. His extravagant adulation of the Quaker, and his ascription to that element of colonial population of all that was good, and pure, and beneficent, in the political and social life of the colony, we can afford to smile at; but when he attempts, in the name of history, to defame a race, but for whose virtues and sacrifices his own citizenship would lack much of its enlightenment, security, and freedom, it is our right and duty, as the descendants of that people, to challenge him to his proofs.

I doubt if the gentlemen who have this evening referred to Mr. Fisher's book have read it as carefully as I have. I understood them to complain that it contained but few references to the Scotch-Irish; that the book to a marked degree ignored them and their work. On the contrary, sir, it so abounds in them, and all so dishonoring to the race, that in spirit, purpose, and effect the book is a studied and deliberate libel.

Mr. Fisher is the advocate of the Quaker. Of that we cannot complain. It is too much to expect of the historian what Burke called "the cold neutrality of the impartial judge." To a certain extent, all unconsciously perhaps, he will espouse one side or the other. But he must never sink the historian in the advocate. Imagination has its proper place in historical narrative; but the historian must never draw upon his imagination for his facts. When he deliberately violates these canons of historical writing he exposes himself to the pillory as a perverter of the truth. So frequent and glaring are Mr. Fisher's violations in this regard, that enough material can be found in every chapter of his book to sustain an indictment charging him with offense against the truth of impartial history. Let me instance but one or two; and I refer to these not because they are the most flagrant, but because they happen to occur to me at this time.

The settlers in the Kittochtiny Valley seem to be the spe-

cial objects of Mr. Fisher's antipathy. Assuming him to be a Quaker himself, it is easy to understand why this is so—his dislike comes to him by inheritance. His fathers before him disliked them, as the impenitent always do those whom they have wronged or outraged.

I beg the indulgence of the Society, Mr. Chairman, that I may for a moment speak of the early settlement of the Kittochtiny. As early as 1730, under licenses from the Proprietary Government, and with full consent of the Indians, the Scotch-Irish crossed the Susquehanna and began the occupancy of the Kittochtiny Valley. So rapidly did the new settlement grow, that in 1755, it is safe to say, it numbered fully eight thousand souls. It was the extreme western frontier of the country. Facing it stood the Tuscaroras and the Alleghenies, with their limitless forests, presenting what then must have seemed an insuperable barrier to all further advance westward. In this valley of surpassing beauty and loveliness the Scotch-Irish built their homes, their churches, their schoolhouses, and subdued to fruitful arts a country that had theretofore been occupied only by savages. Indians were among them and about them, and the association was neither unfriendly nor dishonorable. Nowhere in that valley will you discover fable or tradition of any wide-spreading elm, under which these Scotch-Irish pioneers sat and played heathen Chinee with the children of the forest, in the purchase of their lands; but you may learn from authentic history, that nowhere on the continent was there a frontier settlement where greater peace prevailed between the white settler and the Indian, where the latter received a greater measure of consideration and justice from his white brother, than in the Valley of the Kittochtiny. I challenge Mr. Fisher to show a murder or an outrage upon an Indian in that valley, committed by the hand of a Scotch-Irish settler during all that period from 1730 to 1755. I challenge him to show a single complaint of unjust appropriation of land east of the Tuscarora Mountain in that time. Absolute peace and harmony marked the intercourse of the Scotch-Irish and the Indians, not purchased with glass beads and tin ornaments, but as the result of honest, fair dealing, in

which rights and possessions were respected, and truth and honor maintained. I put the record of these twenty-five years in the Kittochtiny region against the record of any like period of Quaker rule, and I fear neither fable nor tradition.

In the early Fall of 1755, following quickly upon Braddock's defeat and the retreat of Dunbar to Philadelphia, that peaceful settlement fell beneath the wild fury of the western Indians who had vanquished Braddock. I do not stop to picture the desolation that was wrought. I could not if I were to attempt it. I know of no subject so inviting to the pen of the historian or the pencil of the artist as the awful tragedy that was there enacted during those terrible years of indescribable suffering and woe, abounding in instances of sublimest courage and devotion, of heroic endurance and courage, and at the same time full of the saddest, sweetest romance that ever started a tear in sympathetic eye. It answers my present purpose to call your attention to the fact, established by unquestioned history, that by no act or word, by no Walking Treaty or other covinous bargain, had the settlers of that valley provoked the savage fury that devastated their homes by torch and tomahawk; nor has any one ever charged the contrary until Mr. Fisher wrote his "Colony and Commonwealth." He knew, or ought to have known, the record of the twenty-five years to which I have appealed, and the further fact, that at the period to which he referred, no question was made as to the right of the Scotch-Irish in the valley, and that the few settlements made by that people west of the mountain were included within the limits of the Albany cession of 1754. When he asserts that the Indian drew from his belt his tomahawk in 1755 because of the injustice, chicanery, and misconduct of the Scotch-Irish, even in part, he utters a libel of serious import.

With equal recklessness of statement, and in like spirit of unfairness, he charges that in 1763, when Bouquet passed through the valley on his way to the Ohio and beyond to suppress the conspiracy of Pontiac, this people were too indifferent or cowardly to recruit his ranks and too mean to supply him with transportation.

Mr. Fisher knows, or ought to know, that Bouquet, a Brit-

ish officer, in command of British troops, called for no recruits, and was without any authority to make such a call. He knows, or ought to know, that at that very time this people, whom he charges with indifference and what is worse, had left their burning homes and the charred remains of their slaughtered kindred in the western part of the valley, and as homeless fugitives were crowded within the shelter of the few forts they had themselves built, and the scattered towns in the interior. It was the day and hour of their deepest gloom and intensest suffering. What a spectacle was presented! Men, women, and children stripped and peeled of everything, dwelling in stables and pig sties, absolutely famishing, and dumb with grief for their kindred who had fallen; these were the people whom Mr. Fisher upbraids because they were slow, as he says, in furnishing Bouquet with supplies and transportation for his troops. I challenge Mr. Fisher again for his proofs that anybody but himself has ever made such complaint. I know whom Bouquet censured; it was not the Scotch-Irish, for whose relief he made persistent but unavailing supplication to the Quaker Government at Philadelphia, depicting their sorrowful condition in terms that ought to have made their hearts melt in sympathy, but *it was* the colonial authorities who received his severest condemnation for their unpatriotic and heartless indifference.

From Mr. Fisher's standpoint, it is a fact worthy of being recorded on the page of history that no Scotch-Irish of the settlement joined Bouquet's ranks; but from his standpoint it is a fact too insignificant for mention that in the previous campaign this same settlement sent twenty-five hundred of its chosen men, under the lead of John Armstrong, to march in the van of Forbes' army to the Ohio, and that this same John Armstrong with his own hands unfurled the first English flag that ever floated over Fort Pitt.

I could mention many other charges quite as serious as these I have referred to, and equally unfounded, that this author brings against the early settlers. With ill-concealed avidity for anything that may seem to compromise their good name, he neglects to narrate much that is important, and dilates at length upon the one incident in the history of the Scotch-Irish of the colony that calls for explanation and defense;

the explanation of which impartial historians have fully given, and to which defense has been made, which, if not sufficient to acquit, should go far to mitigate censure. I refer to the killing of the Conestoga Indians in Lancaster by the Paxtang boys. Eager to accord them distinction in any way that is dishonoring, he seizes upon this incident, and out of it fabricates the accusation that it was the Scotch-Irish who introduced lynch law into this country. Who has ever said so but Mr. Fisher? I do not know, Mr. Chairman, how the recording angel entered down this unfortunate occurrence against our progenitors, when the accusing spirit carried their offense up to the chancery of Heaven; but I doubt not he did, as in the case of Uncle Toby's oath, blot out the record with the tears of sympathy he shed. In any event I am quite sure that his record differs widely from that of our historian.

Let the instances I have given stand for all. For this author's generalizations and opinions we need have no care. The facts which appear in his book, and which he could not suppress or conceal, show how absurd these are. The careful reader will wonder how from such a race as he would have the world believe the Scotch-Irish were, uncouth, unlettered, profane, given to riot, plunder, and all manner of unrighteousness, could come such men as Wilson and Mercer and Armstrong and Chambers and Magaw, all of these from the valley settlement, illustrious alike in war and peace; such men as McKean, the Chief Justice; Charles Thompson, whom he calls the Sam Adams of Pennsylvania; Joseph Reed, Provost Smith, Dr. Francis Allison, the Tennents, and a host of others who adorned every profession and were conspicuous in every walk of life.

But, Mr. Chairman, enough of Mr. Fisher. We do not ask or expect that men of such narrow views and sympathies, and such irremediable bigotry as his, shall garnish the sepulchres of our Scotch-Irish ancestry; but we owe it as a sacred duty to protect these sepulchres from malicious profanation at their hands. We can leave the fame of these ancestors to the just judgment of impartial history, and that we invoke, with the fullest confidence that it will award to them imperishable honor and renown.

I have always admired the spirit of that pagan chieftain whom Motley tells about in his history of the Netherlands. After being subjugated, he was mechanically converted to the faith of his conquerors, and was persuaded to submit to the rite of baptism. Much was made of the occasion, for the ceremony was expected to impress profoundly the whole heathen tribe. The chief was given to understand that his salvation depended on his being baptized, and so consented. The bishops and the officers of State were all assembled; the font was produced, and with an array of attendants the old pagan was led up to it. With native dignity, but with some hesitation, he placed one foot in the font; then a sudden thought struck him, and turning to the bishops, he said, "You tell me that this is necessary to my salvation? Where, then, are my dead ancestors? They were never baptized." The good bishop replied, "In perdition, where all lost souls are." Instantly the chieftain withdrew his foot from the font, and indignantly exclaimed, "I'll none of it then. I'd rather feast in the halls of Woden with my dead ancestors than dwell in heaven with your starveling band."

I do not know, Mr. Chairman, that my admiration for my Scotch-Irish ancestors would carry me quite so far, but I confess to something of the same spirit. Nor do I know just where these ancestors are, but knowing what kind of men and women they were when they first settled in the Cumberland Valley, I feel satisfied that wherever they are, they form a goodly society, and fellowship with them would be pleasant, unless they are as cruelly circumstanced there as they were in the Cumberland Valley, with hostile savages in front of them and an indifferent Quaker Government in their rear. (Applause.)

The President :—

GENTLEMEN:—I do not know that we can do better than to end this banquet under the inspiration of the most eloquent speech we have just heard. Dr. McCook, however, has an announcement to make, and some other gentlemen probably brief statements, when we will introduce to you the President elect, and close the evening.

Rev. Henry C. McCook :—

On behalf of the Pennsylvania Historical Society I have promised to lay before this Society at the present meeting an important suggestion. It is that every member, and every Scotch-Irishman throughout Pennsylvania, might contribute largely to the elements out of which history is to be made by looking up his own ancestors. Most of you could give a personal history of your fathers and, perhaps, of your grandfathers. But when you get back of that (and this is true even of our grandfathers), how few can tell just where they came from, who they were (on both sides), and what were their characteristics and achievements. The suggestion of the Historical Society official is that every member of this Society shall make out a family tree, tracing back, as nearly as he can, his ancestors to Ulster or elsewhere, giving names and dates and places of origin, the parts in which these persons settled, with occupation, special services rendered to society (if any), and other matters of personal, local, or general interest. These memoranda should be sent directly to the Pennsylvania Historical Society, or through your Committee on History and Archives, or the Secretary. That is the request which I promised to bring from officers of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and I cordially commend it to you. But make it a matter of urgency; if you defer, you will be likely to forget it.

The President :—

Mr. Woodside will entertain us for a time, not exceeding five minutes, with a reference to a distinguished gentleman of this country, the particulars and name of which and whom he will state.

Mr. J. W. Woodside :—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN :—The absence of the distinguished business man of Ohio is probably the excuse for calling on an humble business man of Philadelphia. I wish to remind this audience to-night that this twenty-sixth day of February, 1897, is the fifty-third birthday of one of the most distinguished statesmen of this country; and he is a

Scotch-Irishman. He is to-day a private citizen of a neighboring State, but on the 4th of March next he will be inaugurated the President of the United States. I had occasion a few days ago to write him this letter:—

“MY DEAR MAJOR:—I am invited to respond to the toast, “Our Next President,” at a Presbyterian dinner on the 26th of February, and while I am familiar with your history, there is one point on which I would like to be enlightened. We know you are Scotch-Irish; and being Scotch-Irish, why is it you are not a Presbyterian? Was it your good pious mother or your wife that influenced you away from the true ‘blue stocking’ faith, because we know there must have been a woman in it?—not that I consider it any harm to be a Methodist, for, on the contrary, it is very commendable for a public man to be a consistent member of any evangelical church.”

In due course of mail I received his reply. He says, “In making my church connections I was much influenced by the fact that my mother was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.” And that, gentlemen, accounts for the fact.

Hon. John Stewart:—

I move he be excused. (Laughter and applause.)

Mr. J. W. Woodside (continuing):—

We have, in the last twelve years, had a succession of Scotch-Irish Presbyterian administrations, and now we are about to enjoy a Scotch-Irish Methodist administration; and we will hope that it may be even an improvement on the last.

Mr. James Pollock:—

I would move that that tribute be printed in the *Times* of to-morrow.

Col. A. K. McClure:—

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—The *Times* has no real need to pay any tribute to Mr. McKinley. It supported

him very earnestly, and I voted for him with great pleasure; but having no favors to expect of him it is not necessary to offer profuse adulation.

I make a motion, Mr. Chairman, that a committee of three members of this Society be appointed to prepare and place upon the record of the Society a minute on the death of Mr. John Scott. I need not say to any of those present, nor, indeed, to any of the intelligent citizens of Pennsylvania, who John Scott was. He was a typical Scotch-Irishman—a man whose entire record, from the time he became active in his profession and in public life, stands absolutely without a stain. I know that it is expected, in speaking of the dead, that we must remember the old saying, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*"—"Speak only kindly of the dead"—but there is no one who had knowledge of John Scott, of his sterling personal qualities, of his great intellectual power, of his purity of character, who could speak otherwise than kindly of him if he speaks the truth.

I was profoundly impressed with the distinguished character of John Scott while listening to the most remarkable speech that was made here this evening, and one of the best that I have ever heard before this Society—that delivered by Vice-President Green, of the Pennsylvania Railroad. (Applause.) It was the best because it was the most needed, and because it was presented with a clearness and incisiveness that none could misunderstand, and with a truthfulness that none could dispute. He spoke of the Senate of the United States, of its decadence, of its having fallen from the distinguished position it occupied under the leadership of men whose names have been made immortal in American history.

I recall an instance in the public career of John Scott as United States Senator that perhaps nearly all this assembly have forgotten. One of the first important duties he performed after he entered the United States Senate arose in a contest to unseat a fellow member of that body because it was clearly proved that he had obtained his seat by corruption and fraud—and he was a Pennsylvanian, also, although not representing this State. He was not only a Pennsyl-

vanian, but he had powerful friends in Pennsylvania. He was a young man who had gone westward and grown up with his State, and who had at his command influences most potent in politics then as now. For a long time the contest trembled in the balance between maintaining the dignity and vindicating the honor of the Senate or bowing to the confession of its shame. The issue turned upon the action of John Scott. For weeks he held in his hand the decision whether the Senate should declare in favor of its honor or whether it should accept dishonor; and I need not say what appeals were then made, or what influences could be commanded; for many, at least some, in the Senate, perhaps as guilty as he, felt that this would be a precedent dangerous to all, not only those who held seats either fraudulently or by corruption, but to those who might come there in the future. John Scott decided that the honor of the Senate was his first duty; and he declared finally, in disregard of all the influences which surrounded him, that the man who had come into the Senate by corruption and fraud must vacate his seat. (Cries of "hear" and applause.) And when he gave that decision the man resigned his place to escape disgrace.

There had been records of such heroic devotion to public duty before that in the Senate, not only in the earlier days of the Republic, but even within the last half century; and I was profoundly impressed with the appeals made to our consciences by the vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to-night, when he inquired whether or not the people of this land were prepared to maintain the dignity and the intellectual force and purity of our highest legislative tribunal, or to have it continue in its decay. I recall the fact that since that day, since that record made by John Scott, there has never been another such record made in the Senate of the United States; and I think none will dispute when I say that since that time there have been many opportunities to enforce just such heroic devotion to honest government. He was the last man who has enforced integrity and honor in reaching a seat in the Senate of the United States.

The appeal was made by Mr. Green with great propriety and force to this assembly, that if these evils are to be corrected it cannot be done by any party now in existence, and you cannot create a new party to accomplish it. It will not be done by the accepted political leaders of to-day, but it can be done if the people of the land will seek to maintain their devotion to honest, dignified government, and assert their absolute sovereignty in its control. It is the Scotch-Irish people who employ the means to do this. They have the groundwork of integrity, personal and political. They teach from the mother's lap; in the Sunday school; in the free school; in the college; in the pulpit; and from these sources must come the reformation of our Government, if it shall come at all. It must come, not from political leaders, because they will not bring it about; it must come from the foundation of sovereign power in this Government, and that is the people themselves; and they must be taught, and taught heroically, that if they would save their Government they must save it by enforcing integrity and honor in the highest places of authority.

When the last of the Roman tribunes fell it was because of the vices of the Roman people. It was not because the leaders were corrupt, for even then Rome could defy all its enemies throughout the world; but when the debauchery of high places reached the people of Rome, and they accepted the vices of their rulers, Rome tottered in the agonies of death for a century and finally perished. Here, as there, until the people of the nation shall become so debauched there will be safety for the Republic, but when they shall bow themselves to the methods and teachings of political leaders who simply seek personal advancement, they will follow Rome to self-destruction by the vices of the people themselves.

It is in the home, the school, the college, the church, where you must enforce purity and integrity in your Government; and this one people of all other peoples can best enforce it if they will simply go back to the stern integrity of their fathers, who gave their lives and made sacrifices which could not be told to create a Republic for us to enjoy; and is it not worth preserving by teaching the integrity that their sacrifices have taught us?

John Scott stands out as a man who made his record for the purity of the authority of your Government; and in passing away he deserves from this Society the highest tribute that language can pay to integrity, purity, patriotism, and every manly attribute.

Hon. John Stewart:—

MR. CHAIRMAN:—It is only proper and becoming that the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania should attest its recognition of those virtues and graces which were so conspicuously illustrated in the life of Mr. Scott, and I simply rise to second the motion of Colonel McClure. I desire to say also that it is peculiarly our duty to do so at this time, because while recognizing those virtues which made him conspicuous in life, we give expression to our belief and acceptance of the doctrines which have been so handsomely, intelligently, and concisely expressed by Vice-President Green.

(The motion unanimously carried.)

The President:—

This gathering does not need an introduction to the distinguished gentleman who has just been elected President of the Society. I have the pleasure of presenting him to you in the person of Mr. William Righter Fisher. (Applause.)

Mr. William Righter Fisher:—

I feel very sure that, after the prolonged and inspiring feast we have just been enjoying, this assembly does not wish to wait long for any drawling remarks from me. I hasten to say one thing, however, that I am not the Fisher who wrote the book which has been so pertinently criticised to-night by our friend from the Cumberland Valley. (Laughter and applause.) I should be sorry indeed to have any member of this Society go to his home carrying that chilly impression with him to his warm and inviting couch.

I need not say that personally I deem it a grateful honor to have been chosen the President of this body in line of

succession with the distinguished and high-minded men who have preceded me in that office. In that part of my ancestry whence my Scotch-Irish blood is derived; in the spirit and achievement of the men who assemble here from year to year; and in the brilliancy and sterling sentiment of the speeches which are here uttered, I take a just and laudable pride.

What has been so admirably said here this evening by Captain Green, and in turn so forcefully emphasized by Colonel McClure, has set in motion currents of thought within us all, which Scotch-Irish virtue and vigor should translate into living acts and valiant, patriotic deeds.

It has been my fortune, on various occasions, to go to the farthest corners of the United States, and business or other interests have taken me, from time to time, into almost every State and Territory of which our Union is composed. I have been very deeply impressed, in looking at the schools, the churches, and the thriving institutions of many kinds which flourish in every section, with the persistency of the influence which emanated from the early settlers upon these Western shores. I have sometimes wondered how it came about that this country has shown such magnificent and enduring strength in its institutions, as not only to withstand the influence of the large and diverse streams of immigrants which have poured into it from year to year, but to actually so assimilate them as to maintain those institutions unimpaired upon the high plane which they have always occupied, and occupy to-day. There seems to be but one explanation of this remarkable and striking fact. Almost to a man the early settlers of the country came here impelled by what we might call a moral motive. They came because they had a devouring love of liberty, or because they possessed a cherished religious principle, whether narrow or broad, it matters not, for which they were ready to sacrifice all their property and ease and even life itself. In other words, they were not impelled to action by sordid motives of gain, but by a living principle of right and by high moral purpose. Herein, I take it, we must seek to-day for the secret of the remarkable strength and magnificent development of the United

States on so many of the noblest lines of human endeavor. Amongst all these early men of undeviating moral purpose and double-tempered wills of steel, our own Scotch-Irish sires in no instance occupied a second place. (Applause.) It is right, therefore, that we should stand to-day like a bulwark of native granite against all that can lower the standard of our civic life.

No doubt we all look thoughtfully at times upon the questionable events which pass before our eyes, in the transactions of our public life, and lead us to wonder whether the virtue of our fathers will not some day forsake us, and leave us to travel the same road over which Rome passed to destruction. There are not wanting indications of evil which must make us all pause. A learned judge of one of our courts said to me lately that he "looked upon the country as lost." No such pessimistic despair can enter the Scotch-Irish heart! That the country is sound and strong, and is destined to be maintained in its integrity, we all believe, but this can only be done by the preservation through ourselves of the high spirit and lofty moral purpose which prompted our fathers to their deeds of self-sacrifice and patriotic devotion.

In closing, I will express the hope that all assembled here to-night will gather to my support a year hence, that there may be no waning in the spirit and inspiration of these delightful occasions, where, as brothers of the same sturdy stock, we stir up the fires which burned so brightly in our fathers' breasts. I pledge my own best endeavor to maintain the high standard of the Scotch-Irish clans of this noblest of Commonwealths, and shall not wittingly permit it to be trailed in the dust. (Applause.)

(Mr. Fisher here took the chair.)

Col. A. K. McClure:—

MR. CHAIRMAN:—I desire to modify the motion I made concerning the minute in memory of Mr. Scott. I intended to designate Judge Logan as the chairman of that committee.

The committee was accordingly appointed by the chair, to consist of Hon. James A. Logan, Col. A. K. McClure, and Hon. John Stewart.

Rev. Henry C. McCook :—

MR. CHAIRMAN :—One thing remains to be done. I move that the thanks of this Society be extended to the President, Hon. James A. Logan, for the dignified, courteous, and most successful manner in which he has conducted the exercises of the evening.

Col. McClure :—

MR. CHAIRMAN :—I desire to suggest that the vote upon that motion be taken by the Society rising as it adjourns.

The vote was accordingly so taken, the motion carried, and the banquet adjourned.

HISTORICAL PAPERS PRESENTED BY DR. MCCOOK ON BEHALF OF COMMITTEE ON HISTORY AND ARCHIVES.

MARCUS ALONZO HANNA AND HIS SCOTCH-IRISH ANCESTRY.

The most important figure in the recent political campaign which resulted in the election to the Presidency of William McKinley, of Ohio, was Marcus Alonzo Hanna, the Chairman of the Republican National Committee. The latter has been called the "Warwick" of the campaign. Certainly, if not a President maker, it may be truly affirmed that without him William McKinley would not have been the nominee of the Republican party.

Perhaps no figure in our political history ever made a more picturesque apparition above the political horizon or commanded a wider interest. His career seems to set at defiance all the accepted rules of party power and management. Without any previous national history as politician, he swept into the field as rapidly and unexpectedly as a comet comes into the stellar dome above us. Like the comet as seen by modern science, he attracted universal observation and admiration; although, on the other hand, he awakened the mediæval hos-

tility and objugation which attended the apparition of these celestial visitors in the days when the Pope launched his bull against comets. The figure, however, is likely to fail in the matter of endurance, for instead of making a brief transit across the political sky, Mr. Hanna gives promise of being a permanent and growing influence. Yet, strange to say, notwithstanding these facts, Mr. Hanna is by no means a picturesque character in his ordinary life—only a plain, solid, vigorous, sound-headed, and sound-hearted representative of our best business men. He appears to have brought to bear upon political methods the same practical common sense and activity which are wont to reign in commercial and industrial circles in America. Thus, by the power of his knowledge, his tact, his good sense, and his sound principles, he accomplished what must be regarded as a phenomenal success in American political life.

This fully justifies us in presenting a brief account of his ancestry, for it is needless to state, after such an introduction, that, like his friend and chief, William McKinley, he is of Scotch-Irish descent. What is still more pertinent to the aims of this Society, his forbears and the founders of the American branch of his family began their career upon the Western Continent in the State of Pennsylvania.

The Hannas are widely spread throughout Scotland, Ulster, and America. They represent several branches of the original stock, most of whom, perhaps, can be traced to Patrick Hannay, who, in the thirteenth century, built and occupied a castle on the southwest coast of Scotland, known in history as "Castle Sorby." The family was an influential one, and continued to occupy Castle Sorby until the close of the seventeenth century, when it passed by marriage to a member of the famous Galloway family, by whose heirs it is still held.

The Hannays occupied many useful public positions. They were members of Parliament during several generations, and in 1630 Sir Robert Hannay was made a baron. In arms, in literature, in politics, and in commerce, the descendants of this family made their mark. So much in passing as to the original Scotch family.

It lies neither within our proper function nor our personal wish to trace the connection of the hero of the McKinley campaign to these Scotch lords of Castle Sorby or their immediate descendants. Even if such connection could be established, it would be of little interest to the members of this Society, although doubtless most of us will acknowledge the truth of the adage "that blood will tell."

The Stamp Act imposed by the British Parliament upon the American Colonies was indirectly responsible for the advent of the progenitors of Mark Hanna into Pennsylvania.

Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia, represented the Colonies before the English Ministry, in the effort to convince the rulers of Great Britain that their Colonial brethren would never submit to the stamp tax. With a canny regard to the main chance, he alternated his protests before the ministers with glowing proclamations to the people of the soil, climate, and varied resources of the New World. His words appear to have had a wider and more persuasive influence along this line than in the matter of mollifying the stamp tax, for they influenced many Britons to try their fortunes in the virgin forests and fat valleys of America.

In the same year that Franklin returned home, A. D. 1764, Thomas Hanna, the great-grandfather of Senator Hanna, sailed for the New World. In the Autumn of the same year he arrived in Philadelphia, the then metropolis of the Colonies, and the most general port of entry. Instead of tarrying here, he followed the long train of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who had preceded him into the pioneer parts of Southern Pennsylvania. He at once began to hew and build a home in the forest primeval. But in the year after his arrival he died, leaving two young sons, Robert and Thomas Hanna.

From these two lads many of the numerous American families of that surname have descended. According to a custom that then prevailed, both the boys were indentured until of age. It was the lot of Robert Hanna to be bound out to a member of the Society of Friends. The name of this person is at present unknown. Although educated and reared as a Presbyterian, or perhaps because of that fact,

Robert readily adapted himself to the ways of Friends, at least so the story runs. But no chronicler has left on record the struggles of the young Ulster Scot to bring the natural fire and turbulence of his ancestral blood to the mild discipline of a Quaker household. He would have found less difficulty in adapting his ecclesiastical preference to the methods of the Society of Friends. However that may be, he grew into manhood as a Quaker.

He married in Southern Pennsylvania, and subsequently moved to Lynchburg, Va. There he lived during the Revolutionary War, and his religious convictions were strong enough to hold him to the non-combatant principles of the Friends. They must have had a tenacious grip upon him to have kept the Scotch-Irishman out of such a hurly-burly. However, he was not prevented by these convictions from showing kindly sympathy with soldiers of the Continental Army. It is a family tradition that the old Quaker visited a battlefield and brought home to his house four wounded men, whom he nursed until they were strong enough to rejoin their regiments. This was an indirect method of recruiting the army of the Continentals which, in its way, was perhaps as effective as if he had shouldered a gun and joined the ranks.

Benjamin Hanna, the son of Robert, was born at Lynchburg, June 14th, 1779. In 1802 he removed with his father to Columbiana County, Ohio, where he took up a farm of eighty acres in what was then little more than a wilderness. He was married in 1830 to a Miss Rachel Dixson, whose name would indicate that she also was of Scotch-Irish extraction. After he had cleared forty acres of forest land, he sold out his original farm, and bought another farm of one hundred and sixty acres. Some time afterwards he abandoned farming and established a country store at Salem, which is now a flourishing town on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, near the border of Columbiana and Stark Counties. Two years thereafter he established himself in New Lisbon, the county seat, where he conducted a flourishing business in a miscellaneous store of the sort well known in frontier districts, and which has developed into the im-

mense caravansaries which characterize modern retail business, especially in Philadelphia.

The writer well remembers Benjamin Hanna as one of the leading members of the Society of Friends in New Lisbon, in whose parochial school he learned the elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic under the instruction of a Miss Converse. He was a tall, large-framed man, with clean-shaven face, and a kindly, dignified demeanor.

Father Stephen Paxson, who acquired world-wide notoriety as a Sunday-school missionary in Illinois and the West, once related to the writer this incident: He was apprenticed to a saddler in New Lisbon, who treated the lad with much harshness. This, added to the sufferings of a lame limb, diseased with "white swelling," brought him to such a state of mind that he resolved to run away. At this juncture it was his lot to fall in with Benjamin Hanna, who met the boy one day upon the street. Attracted, perhaps, by his sad face and unfortunate lameness, the old Quaker merchant spoke kindly to him, laid his hand upon the lad's shoulder, bade him to be patient, industrious, and faithful, and that Heaven would bless him, and all would be well. These words, coming from one of the most prominent citizens of the town, gave the youth a new heart. They turned the whole bent of his life.

He went back to his saddler's bench, finished his trade, removed West, and in the course of Providence became one of the most useful characters of our time. His old horse, Robert Raikes, and his buggy filled with Sunday-school books and papers, became a familiar object upon the Western prairie, and more than a thousand Sabbath schools were established by him, carrying blessedness and light to scores of thousands of little children. "How far a little candle throws its beams!"

The writer also recalls the funeral of Benjamin Hanna. With boyish curiosity, he followed the procession to the little Quaker graveyard on the summit of one of New Lisbon's beautiful hills. At the gates of the lane leading up to the burial place, the stalwart sons took the coffin upon their shoulders and bore it over the green pathway and under the

embowering trees to the open grave. Two of those sons bore the old family names of Robert and Thomas. A third was Leonard Hanna, the father of Marcus A.

Leonard Hanna was born in Columbiana County, March 4th, 1806. On the ninety-first anniversary of that birth his now famous son will share in the inauguration to the Presidency of his distinguished friend; and next to the new President he will be the most observed of all the eminent characters who will take part in the imposing rites of Inauguration Day.

Leonard Hanna studied medicine, and for a number of years practiced his profession in New Lisbon, where the writer's father was engaged in the same arduous profession. The rough exposure of practice among the hills at that early day impaired his health, and he went into his father's store as a partner. He took an active part in the discussion of the burning questions which then agitated Americans. He espoused the cause of the slave. He became an earnest advocate of the temperance reform, and when the Washingtonian movement swept over the country, he frequently occupied the platform as a public speaker.

Dr. Hanna's wife was a Miss Samantha Converse Porter, another Scotch-Irish name, a daughter of Mr. ——— Porter and Rhoda Converse, of Lake County. She was born in Vermont, and still lives in Cleveland, enjoying a ripe old age, engaged in religious and charitable work, and happy in the midst of her devoted family.*

MARCUS ALONZO HANNA was born in New Lisbon, Ohio, September 24th, 1837. He was the second born of a family of seven children. He was educated in the common schools and in the high school of his native town, and removed with his parents to Cleveland in 1852, when he was about fifteen years of age. Having finished his education, he entered his father's establishment, a large wholesale grocery, in 1857. His father's failing health devolved the affairs of the concern upon Marcus, and after the father's death and the settlement of the estate he became manager of the business.

*Since the writing of this paper this venerable lady has entered into rest.

During the War against the Rebellion Marcus served four months, his field of duty being the National Capital. He was married in 1864 to Miss C. Augusta Rhodes, a daughter of Mr. Daniel P. Rhodes, one of Cleveland's pioneer citizens, a New Englander. Mr. Hanna was associated with his father-in-law in business until the death of Mr. Rhodes. Then the firm of Rhodes & Co. was succeeded by M. A. Hanna & Co., dealers in coal, iron ore, and pig iron.

His success in business has been as great as in his first attempt in national politics. He employs between six thousand and eight thousand men. And it is said that the interests under his control have never been disturbed by labor troubles, and that he has always maintained the most friendly relations with his employes.

He has a charming home upon the beautiful shores of Lake Erie, where he exercises a graceful and unbounded hospitality to his many friends. His successes both in business and in politics have not spoiled him. He is to-day what he has always been; the same level-headed, kindly, unostentatious, earnest character, diligent in business, fervent in spirit, holding fresh in his large heart the memories of boyhood and the friends of early youth; a man in every way worthy the confidence and affection of his countrymen and the respect of all.

HENRY C. MCCOOK.

THE UNIFORM AND EQUIPMENTS OF SCOTCH-IRISH PIONEER RIFLEMEN.

The Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society last year adopted mush and milk, under the title of "Pioneer Porridge," as the racial dish of the descendants of American Scotch-Irishmen. This year (1897) the procession of waiters bearing the bowls of mush and milk into the dining room was headed by a person wearing the uniform and equipments of a pioneer rifleman of the Revolutionary period. The uniform selected was made by a costumer from the pattern displayed upon the banner of the Hanover Associators of 1774 as it ap-

pears in one of the plates in vol. XIII., section 2, of the Pennsylvania Archives. This fact suggests a brief account of the riflemen of that period with an especial view to justify the appropriation by our Society of this uniform as a sort of racial dress.

Pennsylvania Pioneer Riflemen.

We are all familiar with the Puritan's high hat and the typical dress worn by him, which figure on the menu cards and other illustrated paraphernalia of New England dinners, along with the invariable racial dish—baked beans. Our modesty prevents us from appropriating everything that is "in sight," and we therefore will not disturb our New England Society brethren in their pre-emption of the steeple-crowned hat, the smock frock and broad collar, and matchlock blunderbuss as the badge of the Pilgrim Fathers. Nevertheless, if we were so minded, on purely historical grounds, we might perhaps claim—however, let that sleeping dog rest! Moreover, we are not disposed to deny that persons of other blood and of mixed ancestry wore the famous hunting shirt, leggings, and round hat attributed to the American pioneers; nor will we deny that others were expert in the use of the rifle. Were we to do so, the famous Green Mountain boys would rise up to condemn us—although, by the way, we must not forget that a considerable number of those New England riflemen were children of the Ulster Scots who, like General Stark and other heroes of Bennington, had settled those parts. It can hardly be disputed, however, that a large proportion—one might truly say, a large majority—of the expert riflemen of the southern and frontier parts of the original Thirteen Colonies who wore the picturesque uniform of the riflemen of the Revolution were Scotch-Irishmen. Certainly, it is true beyond dispute that in our State of Pennsylvania, where this vigorous stock occupied a great part of the frontier, the men who served in the Revolutionary army, and those who "stayed by the stuff" and kept the border from the encroachment of the Indian allies of Great Britain, were distinguished by this uni-

form. Its formal introduction into the Colonial army was due to Washington, who had a keen appreciation of its fitness and picturesqueness.

In the seething period which led up to the Revolution and the Declaration of Independence, Lancaster County embraced the entire section along the Susquehanna. Here numerous Scotch-Irish settlers had their homes, intermingled with colonies of Germans, who were already pressing westward and occupying the beautiful valley lands side by side with the Ulster Scots. At the first rumblings of the Revolution the Scotch-Irishmen of these parts and of the Cumberland Valley to the south prepared for the fray. Their experience as citizens of Great Britain had not filled them with much tenderness for their mother country. They had fled from petty, galling, annoying, and incessant persecutions by the British Government to the province of Penn, encouraged by the assurance that their civil and religious liberties could there be enjoyed without interference. But they came in such numbers that they awakened the fear that they would overshadow the original settlers, which indeed was justified by subsequent events. The Proprietaries of Pennsylvania deftly manipulated affairs so as to send to the frontier the "Irish," as they were contemptuously called by Secretary Logan, himself a Scotch-Irishman. It was certainly "canny" to make these virile fighters a buffer between the peaceful Quaker settlements along the Delaware and the hostile Indians of the frontier. The constant friction between the Scotch-Irishmen and the Penn Proprietaries doubtless added to the bitter feeling against the mother country which urged our forefathers to promptly assert their independence. Thereby they would at once be rid of the unsympathetic and irritable domination of the Colonial Governors and of the hated sway of the British Government.

We find them, therefore, preparing for the conflict by organizing military associations, and when the news of the battle of Lexington reached the Susquehanna, nearly every able-bodied man in the district was enrolled in one of these militia associations within forty-eight hours. They were popularly known as the "Associators," the technical title being "the Association

of the Freemen and the Inhabitants of the County of Lancaster." The Archives of Pennsylvania give us several of the resolutions passed by these Military Associators as well as the rules for the discipline of the companies. These are remarkable documents, and show that even before the Ulster Scots of Mechlenburg made their noble declaration anticipating the Declaration of Independence in spirit and measurably in substance, our Pennsylvania forbears had sounded the keynote of independence.

Here, for example ("History of Lancaster County," page 38), we find that on the first day of May, 1775, the Association of Freemen of Lancaster County passed this resolution:—

"WHEREAS, The enemies of Great Britain and America have resolved by force of arms to carry into execution the most unjust, tyrannical, and cruel edicts of the British Parliament, and reduce the freeborn sons of America to a state of vassalage, and have flattered themselves from our unacquaintance with military discipline that we should become an easy prey to them, or tamely submit and bend our neck to the yoke prepared for us; we do most solemnly agree and associate, under the deepest sense of our duty to God, our country, ourselves, and posterity, to defend and protect the religious and civil rights of this and our neighboring Colonies with our lives and fortunes, to the utmost of our abilities, against any power whatsoever that shall attempt to deprive us of them. And the better to enable us so to do, we will use our utmost diligence to acquaint ourselves with military discipline and the art of war."

There is no break in that resolution. It would seem that the rush of sentiment was so intense that it did not allow the author and the adopters of the same to pause to take a deep breath. The rhetorician might condemn this feature, but the patriot finds in it the ring of that immortal document passed in our historic State House, Independence Hall. In accordance with this resolution companies were formed, not exceeding one hundred men. When, on the 14th of June, 1775, the Continental Congress called for six companies of expert riflemen, they were ready to march. Shortly after-

ward, two additional companies were called for, and they, too, stepped into line. Thus eight companies from the Susquehanna region were formed, constituting a battalion.

Our members will be curious to know the pay received by these patriotic riflemen. The captain had twenty dollars a month; a lieutenant, thirteen and one-third dollars; a sergeant, eight dollars; a corporal, seven and one-third dollars, and the same was given to drummers and trumpeters. Privates had the sum of six and one-third dollars a month, and to find their own arms and clothing! Before referring to the latter item in detail, it may be well to add one of the so-called resolves made June 4th, 1774, by the citizens of Hanover Township, which is now included in Dauphin County:—

“Resolved, Fourth, That in the event of Great Britain attempting to enforce unjust laws upon us by the strength of arms,

“OUR CAUSE WE LEAVE TO HEAVEN AND OUR RIFLES.”

It would be hard to find a more picturesque and expressive phrase than that which concludes this resolve. It is worthy to be placed among the immortal mottoes of the men of that great era.

The Riflemen's Uniform.

The uniform that appears upon the banner of this Hanover Association has been adopted as the typical dress of our pioneer defenders of Scotch-Irish blood. Through the courtesy of Major William Henry Egle, M. D., the learned and affable State Librarian, we are able to give the authority for the particular form which the uniform bears upon this flag. The information in regard to the old Hanover banner was furnished to Dr. Egle by Mr. Samuel Barnett, of Dayton, Ohio, who died about twenty years ago. He gave the Librarian a description of it, and from that description was made the plate in the thirteenth volume of the Archives. From the late Isaac Moorhead, of Erie, Dr. Egle had similar information. His ancestors came from old Hanover.

The tradition as to the flag, although not verified thus far by documentary evidence, came from two widely different sources, and as the ancestors of both these men came from

Hanover and were officers in the Hanover battalion, there would seem to be little doubt that Major Egle was fully justified in designing the plate from the above description.

We know from indisputable authority that the various regiments, and even companies, carried not only the Colonial colors but their individual standards. For example, Colonel Hand, commanding one of these rifle battalions, writes from Washington's camp at Cambridge, during the investment of the British in Boston, as follows:—

“Every regiment is to have a standard and colors. Our standard is to be a deep green ground, the device a tiger (?) partly inclosed by toils attempting to pass, defended by a hunter armed with a spear (in white) on a crimson field. The motto: *‘Domari nolo’* (I will not be vanquished).”

This banner now exists, and is preserved among the treasures of the State of Pennsylvania. A plate is to be found in the same volume of the Archives which contains the Hanover banner. The writer apparently erred as to the animal to be blazoned upon the standard. It proved to be a lion, not a tiger, and doubtless typified John Bull. The pioneer rifleman was thus prodding the lion's head, an exercise which has its modern analogy in the “twisting the lion's tail.”

By the 25th of July, 1775, some of these riflemen were already at Cambridge with Washington's army, and we have from Thacher's “Military Journal of the Revolution” a description of the men and of their dress: “They are remarkably stout and hardy men, many of them exceeding six feet in height. They are dressed in white frocks or rifle shirts and round hats. These men are remarkable for the accuracy of their aim, striking a mark with great certainty at two hundred yards distant. At a review, a company of them, while on a quick advance, fired their balls into objects of seven inches in diameter, at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards. They are now stationed in our lines, and their shot have frequently proved fatal to British officers and soldiers who expose themselves to view, even at more than double the distance of common musket shot.”

Here is another description: “Each man,” says Judge Henry, “bore a rifle-barreled gun, a tomahawk, a small axe,

and a long knife, usually called a 'scalping knife,' which served for all purposes in the woods. His underdress, by no means a military style, was covered by a deep ash-colored hunting shirt, leggings, and moccasins, if the latter could be procured. It was the silly fashion of those times for the riflemen to ape the fashion of savages." As to the latter point, we have another confirmatory statement; we read ("History of Dauphin County," page 82) that "the Paxtang boys dressed and painted in the savage fashion."

We thus see that while the hunting shirt, leggings, and moccasins formed the permanent uniform of the riflemen, there was some variety as to the colors; the hunting shirt being white, according to the description of Thacher, or, according to Henry, a deep ash color, which perhaps may mean blue-grey or greenish-grey, as one may decide. The most picturesque form, however, is that of the Hanover Rifle Battalion, of the militia of Lancaster County Associators, of which Col. Timothy Green was the commander, and which appears upon the flag above referred to, an excellent pattern of which was presented this evening in the uniform of the captain of the Pioneer Porridge procession.

Before we leave these sturdy frontiersmen of the Scotch-Irish stock, the justice of history requires us to say that while their record is so honorable for patriotic promptness in coming to the field, and for their accuracy of aim in wielding the rifle, they were not always remarkable for soldierly discipline and submission to the ordinary amenities of a military camp. The fact is, we have a contemporary statement that "the riflemen (at Cambridge) go where they please, and keep the regulars in continual hot water." Not long after their arrival in the camp before Boston, thirty-three of them were tried for rebellious and mutinous behavior, most of them being mulcted in the sum of twenty shillings, nearly half a month's pay, while at least one was sentenced to receive a severer penalty.

The Famous American Pioneer Rifle.

The long, rifled tool which proved so effective in the hands of these Pennsylvania frontiersmen appears to have been a

product of evolution under peculiar American environment. These rifles were manufactured principally in Philadelphia and Lancaster. One of the most extensive manufacturers was William Henry, who served as armorer in Braddock's expedition, and subsequently that of General Forbes. The writer of this paper remembers the form of these weapons as still possessed by the old Indian hunters of Eastern Ohio as late as the early '40's. The stock was usually of black walnut, and extended within an inch or two of or quite to the muzzle of the rifled barrel, which sometimes was forty-eight inches or more in length. There was little or no ornament upon the stock, the theory of the early hunters being that shining metal decorations would catch and reflect the rays of the sun, and would be likely to give signal of the hunter's presence to his Indian adversary, and even to the game which he pursued. For this reason also the rifle barrel was unburnished. A narrow box was cut in the butt with a dull brass lid fastened by a spring snap. Within this cavity the square bullet patches of linen were kept, and also a bit of grease with which every patch was anointed when charging the piece. The bullets molded about sixty to the pound, and the bullet molds always went with the rifle. The writer well remembers running bullets for these old-fashioned rifles to hunt squirrels in the forests of Ohio. Of course, in the Revolutionary days, flint locks and priming pans were used, and in estimating the service and skill of the riflemen of that period we should not forget how great a drawback this must have been to effective service, especially as compared with modern weapons. The demand for rifles was largely increased by the outbreak of the Revolution, and the Lancaster County Committee* took rather heroic action as to the gunsmiths of their section. In case they should refuse to make the proportion of firelocks and bayonets assigned to them, their names were to be inserted in the minutes of the committee as enemies to the country. Further, their tools were to be taken from them, and they were not to be permitted to carry on their trade. Evidently the Germans must have

* Page 299, Pennsylvania Archives, vol. XIII.

been extensively engaged in the business, for we read of three persons, whose names are all German, appearing before the committee to signify their willingness to work for the public benefit, but asking indulgence in completing some private contracts on hand. A few of these individual gun makers, who had learned their trade in Lancaster County or Philadelphia, were at work in Eastern Ohio as late as 1845. The writer as a boy often visited the shops of two of these in New Lisbon, and curiously watched the process of rifling the barrels, setting the stocks, and making the long hickory-ramrods. One of these gun makers was a German by the name of Rees, the other a Mr. Samuel Small.

HENRY C. McCOOK.

PAPER OF W. ^HJ. HUNTER.

INFLUENCE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH ON OHIO.

When John Randolph said that Pennsylvania had produced but two great men—Benjamin Franklin of Massachusetts, and Albert Gallatin of Switzerland—he possibly did not know that the very best blood of his own State was that of the Scotch-Irish people who went down from Pennsylvania and settled in the Valley. He likely did not know that the great and good Dr. Archibald Alexander, the founder of Liberty Hall, now Washington and Lee University (so much loved by Washington), the very seat of culture and power of the Shenandoah, and James, the greatest factor of the State's prowess, was a Pennsylvanian. He possibly did not know that Dr. Graham, the first president of this institution, was from Old Paxtang; that many of the families whose names are in the pantheon of Old Dominion achievement, the families that give Virginia her prominence in the sisterhood of States, had their American origin in Pennsylvania—in the Scotch-Irish reservoir of the Cumberland Valley—the McDowells, the Pattersons, the McCormacks, Ewings, McCorcles, Prestons, McCunes, Craigs, McCulloughs, Simpsons, Stewarts, Moffats, Irwins, McClurgs, Blairs, Elders, Grahams, Finleys, Trim-

bles, Rankins, and hundreds of others whose achievements along many lines of human endeavor mark the pathway of the world's progress. John Randolph possibly did not know that the first Declaration of Independence by the American patriots was issued by the members of Hanover Church out there in Dauphin County, when on June 4th, 1774, they declared "that in the event of Great Britain attempting to force unjust laws upon us by the strength of arms, our cause we leave to heaven and our rifles." This declaration was certainly carried to Mechenburg to give the sturdy people of that region inspiration for the strong document issued by them a year later, and which gave Jefferson a basis for the Declaration of 1776. There was much moving from Pennsylvania into Virginia and North Carolina before the Revolution, and Hanover Presbytery in the Valley was largely made up of people from Pennsylvania, whose petition of ten thousand names for a free church in a free land, made in 1785, was the force back of Jefferson's bill for a religious tolerance, a triumph for freedom that has always been considered a Presbyterian victory by the Scotch-Irish of America.*

To him who has the inclination and the time for the task, there can be no more interesting and instructive study than to follow the trail of the Scotch-Irish from Pennsylvania to Ohio through Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky; and had John Randolph taken up this task he would have found men of Pennsylvania blood, who, in scholarship, in statesmanship, in patriotism, in genius, in skill at arms, were as great as the two who occurred to his mind when he was sneering at the position of the great Commonwealth.

We know that Rev. Sankey of Hanover Church was a minister in Hanover Presbytery, and that he was followed into Virginia by large numbers of the Hanover congregation, who kept up a constant stream into the Valley. By the way, two settlements were made by this congregation in Ohio. Colonel Rogers, the Governor's secretary, derives his descent from them. The population of North Carolina at the outbreak of the Revolution was largely made up of Scotch-Irish immi-

* "The Scotch-Irish in Augusta."

grants from Pennsylvania and the Virginia Valley who had a public-school system before the War. These were the people who stood with the Rev. David Caldwell on the banks of the Alamance May 16th, 1771, and received the first volley of shot fired in the contest for independence. This same blood coursed the veins of the patriot army with Lewis at Point Pleasant, the first battle of the Revolutionary War, fought September 11th, 1774, Lord Dunmore having no doubt planned the attack by the Indians to discourage the Americans from further agitation of the then pending demand for fair treatment of the American colonies at the hands of Great Britain. It was this blood that coursed the veins of those courageous people who, having survived the Kerr's Creek massacre, were carried to the Shawanese village in Ohio, and on being bantered to sing by the Indians in their cruel sport, sang Rouse's version of one of the Psalms. "Unappalled by the bloody scene," says the Augusta historian, "through which they had already passed, and the fearful tortures awaiting them, within the dark wilderness of forest, when all hope of rescue seemed forbidden; undaunted by the fiendish revelings of their savage captors, they sang aloud with the most pious fervor:—

"On Babel's stream we sat and wept when Zion we thought on,
In midst thereof we hanged our harps the willow trees among,
For then a song required they who did us captive bring,
Our spoilers called for mirth and said, a song of Zion sing." *

It was this blood that fought the battle of King's Mountain, which victory gave the patriots the courage that is always in hope; it was the winning force at Cowpens, at Guilford, where Rev. Samuel Houston discharged his rifle fourteen times, once for each ten minutes of the battle.† These brave hearts were in every battle of the Revolution, from Point Pleasant in 1774 to the victory of Wayne at the Maumee Rapids twenty years later, for the War for Independence continued in the Ohio country long after the treaty

* "Scotch-Irish Settlers in the Valley of Virginia," by Col. Bolivar Christian, 1859.

† Same author.

of peace. And yet, after all this awful struggle to gain and hold for America the very heart of the Republic, one of the gentlemen referred to by Mr. Randolph wrote pamphlets in which he derided as murderers the courageous settlers of our blood on the occasions they felt it necessary to "remove" Indians with their long rifles. After all this struggle, he too would have made an arrangement with England by which the Ohio River would have been the boundary line!

There were giants along that trail—physical and mental giants. The pioneer fathers were men of force and enterprise, and it is to these characteristics that we are indebted for the results that come to us as a heritage. They were not cradled in the lap of luxury, hence a physical prowess that was never bent by enervation; a sterling quality of mind that was ever alert, made keen by the exigencies met on every hand. They were broadened in mental scope and disciplined in habits of action and thought by the responsibilities of home making, not only for themselves but an empire of homes for posterity. Their traits of manhood were of the highest order of God's creation. They were without physical fear. They had no fear save that of God, for religion was their strongest impulse. They were self reliant, having wonderful perception and continuity of purpose, withal, the distinguishing traits that mark their descendants, who are ever in the fore-rank of the army whose triumph is the advancement of the world's civilization.

Did it ever occur to you, Mr. President and gentlemen, that the brave men of the South who met death in the awful Bloody Angle at Gettysburg died almost within sight of the graves of their ancestors in the church yards of the Valley? Only recently I was shown by Dr. Egle in Old Paxtang Cemetery the stone that marks the last earthly resting place of the forebears of Gen. Jeb. Stewart, whose cavalry was largely composed of descendants of others whose dust lies in the Pennsylvania church yards. The men with Pickett from Virginia, from North Carolina, from Tennessee and Kentucky, in that stubborn charge across the open plain and up the mountain, displayed the physical courage of their Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish ancestors who never faltered on the field of carnage.

I spoke of Rev. Sankey, who went from Hanover Church into Hanover Presbytery in the Virginia Valley in 1760. He taught and preached, and the boys of his congregation after going through his blessed hands were sent to Liberty Hall and from there into the West and South in after years, where they founded the families that give character to many States, filling the highest stations of usefulness and fame. The prominent families of Tennessee, Kentucky, and of Ohio had their origin in the Scotch-Irish reservoirs of the Cumberland and the Virginia Valleys. The father of Ephraim McDowell went from Pennsylvania to Virginia and peopled Burden's grant with Scotch-Irish from Pennsylvania. Dr. McDowell was the greatest of the pioneer surgeons, being the first surgeon in the world to undertake ovariectomy, which successful operation distinguished him in Europe as in America.* Many of the trustees of Liberty Hall were from Pennsylvania, including Rev. Carrick, Samuel Houston, and James Mitchell. President Junkins of Washington and Lee was also a Pennsylvanian, having established schools in this State before going into Virginia; and he followed the trail of the fathers into Ohio, where for years he was president of the Miami University, which has given to Ohio many of its brightest minds. He wrote a pamphlet in defense of slavery which John C. Calhoun, whose father went to North Carolina from Pennsylvania, characterized as the ablest defense of the institution he had ever read†. George Rogers Clark, who won the Northwest Territory and gave to the Republic the five States of Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, and Michigan, drew from the Valley the men with the fortitude and endurance, bravery and patriotism, all men of Scotch-Irish Pennsylvania blood, to undertake and carry to success the complete conquest of the Northwest. George Rogers Clark may well be called the Hannibal of the West. President Thompson told us to-night that Anthony Wayne is neglected by the historian. George Rogers Clark, too, is neglected. While every schoolboy knows of Wayne's achievements, not

* "Scotch-Irish in America," Vol. VII.

† Dr. Alexander White.

one in a hundred ever heard of George Rogers Clark. This being true in Ohio, what must be the knowledge of Clark in Massachusetts!

I have thus, in this rambling way, tried to establish that the Virginia Scotch-Irish were from Pennsylvania, with a view to impressing the fact that the Scotch-Irish who were among the first settlers of Ohio were of Pennsylvania blood, no matter whether they came into the State from the South or directly through the gateway to the boundless West at the meeting of the rivers. The establishment of this claim is more important than many appreciate. There are Virginia Scotch-Irish in a certain part of Ohio who lay great store in the belief that because their forefathers came from Virginia they descended from the Cavaliers!

The Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish came into Ohio in parts of congregations and in families, many of them previous to Wayne's treaty with the Indians at Greenville in 1795, up to which time no progress had been made by the settlers, for no one was safe from the outrages of the Indians, incited, as they were, to the most diabolical deeds by the British, who continued the war in the Ohio country through their savage allies with hope of forcing the settlers to give up all attempts to hold the territory won by Clark, and thus rid the country of the sturdy men, already discouraged in the fact that it seemed almost impossible to erect a home in peace. The British inflamed the Indians with liquor and furnished them with arms with the hope that the continued outrages by the savages would force final abandonment of the Republic's claim to the treaty boundary.* It was well that the pioneers were characterized by unyielding firmness, for the East, not having proper appreciation of the importance of the boundary, or else being jealous of the power that might be divided by increase of territory, was willing to give up the contest for the Rogers' claim; but strong petitions from the sturdy women whose children had been torn from their breasts and murdered before their eyes by the savages, brought the East to a realization of the awful condition of the settlers. Then came

* Caldwell.

Anthony Wayne, the historian tells us, crashing through the forest like a behemoth.* The achievement of Clark and the victory of Wayne mark the two most notable epochs in the annals of the West.

While it is true the first settlement noted in the histories was made by forty-eight Puritans at Marietta, in 1787, there were Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish settlements previous to that time, notably at the mouth of the Scioto River in 1785 by four families from the Redstone Presbytery, while at the same time there was a larger settlement at what is now called Martin's Ferry, a few miles above Wheeling, where a government had been organized with two justices in office.‡ The father of John McDonald, the famous Indian fighter, and companion of Clark, Simon Kenton, Duncan McArthur, and J. B. Finley, whose historical notes preserve the brave deeds of daring times, with seven stalwart sons from Northumberland County, settled on Mingo Bottom previous to 1780.† The great majority of the Indian fighters, who fought and suffered as no men in history fought and suffered before, that the Ohio country might be made a home of peace and plenty, were from Pennsylvania and of the royal blood—General Wilkinson, Butler, Irvine, Findley, Hickson, Finley, John and Thomas McDonald, the Lewises, the McCulloughs, Col. Richard Johnson, who killed Tecumseh; Colonel Crawford, whose awful death at the stake fills one with horror even to this day when the mind reverts to it; Col. Robert Patterson, one of the founders of Cincinnati; Colonel Williamson, of Gnadenhutten fame; Samuel Brady, the Marion of the West; and Andrew and Adam Poe, who killed the big Indian, and Simon Girty—you all know, without me telling you, that Simon Girty, the renegade, was contributed to Ohio by Pennsylvania, likewise McKee and Elliott, all traitors. As wicked as Simon Girty was, as hated as he was, because of his diabolical character, he did one good turn for the pioneer settlers of Ohio—he saved the life of Simon Kenton when

* Caldwell's "History of Belmont and Jefferson Counties."

‡ Caldwell.

† J. B. Finley's Autobiography.

this life was needed, which he could not have done had he not been with and of the Indians; and if we are good Presbyterians we must believe that he was a renegade for this very purpose. The Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Indian fighters were very much in evidence in the Ohio country, and their daring exploits are the most thrilling chapters in the history of the Northwest Territory. They were men of iron frame, with resolution that never winced at danger, and with endurance to bear pain with the fortitude of stoics. These men were created, and no one who follows the trail of blood that is the pathway to their achievement can believe otherwise, to found this great empire of the Northwest. They have never been given the full measure of honor due them, nor do those who enjoy the fruits of their victories appreciate the sacrifices they made and the hardships they endured. It is well that there were giants in those days.

There is a disposition among the people of the present day to even cast the reproach of murder upon the brave hearts whose every moment was constantly filled with apprehension of awful outrages by Indians. General Williamson and his Scotch-Irish soldiers from Pennsylvania have had their memories clouded by even those who should defend, or at least excuse, the massacre of the Moravian Indians at Gnadenhutzen on the Tuscarawas; and I take it as a privilege on this occasion to declare, and this fact should be borne in mind, that the British were wholly responsible for this massacre; in fact, they planned the scheme at Detroit.* The hostile Indians who were the allies of the British had captured the missionaries having in charge the Moravian Indians, and with the Christian Indians had taken them to Sandusky on a trumped-up charge. The Winter following was a very severe one and provisions ran short, and about one hundred of the Christian Indians were given permission to return to the Tuscarawas River to gather corn left standing in the field when they were taken away. At the same time warriors were sent to murder the whites in the Ohio Valley to incense the Americans against the Indians, the British knowing they

* Caldwell.

would organize and make cause against the Moravians on the Tuscarawas, and doing so would be reproached by the civilized world. These red warriors crossed the Ohio about fifty miles below Fort Pitt and committed all sorts of awful depredations, among them the murder of Mrs. Wallace and her babe. The plan laid at Detroit by the British was carried out as anticipated. Colonel Williamson and his men marched to the Moravian village, and finding the Indians there and in possession of Mrs. Wallace's bloody garments, naturally supposed that the Christian Indians were at least in part responsible for her death, just as the British at Detroit had anticipated. There has been much written against Colonel Williamson, "the murderer of Christian Indians," just as there has been much written against the Paxtang boys in Pennsylvania; but those who would cloud the memories of Colonel Williamson and the Paxtang boys do not appreciate the conditions then obtaining. The pioneer to whom we owe everything is entitled to every doubt. He knew the treacherous nature of the Indian as well as of the diabolical character of the British who carried on the warfare in the West, and it was natural to suspect every Indian and trust none, Christian or otherwise; the British were of a Christian nation, so called, and they were not trusted. Why should a savage under the British flag be trusted simply because he professed Christianity? As matters turned out, the massacre of those Christian Indians was a great wrong, but I do not call it a crime except as I charge it against the British. Rather than blacken the memory of those pioneer soldiers with the charge of murder, I would erect a monument on every hill and in every valley where they shed their blood. On these occasions when we celebrate the wonderful achievements of the fathers we should rejoice in the fact that they were men of stern stuff. They were wonderful men, the like of whom we shall never see more. There was no emotional sentiment manifested by them when an Indian's head was seen peeping from behind a tree. They "left their cause with heaven" and kept their powder dry. They were cool, deliberate Presbyterians.

The Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish, and not the Puritans from

New England, were and are now the great factors in the progress of Ohio. I care not from what point we view progress or upon what factors we base progress, whether religious, educational, industrial, or commercial, I make the claim for the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish after the most careful research possible, using the various county histories for data. Pennsylvania gave to Ohio no less than a dozen Governors, ten of them Scotch-Irishmen. Ten of our counties were named for Pennsylvania Scotch-Irishmen, and they are abiding monuments to some of the bravest men of pioneer days—Wayne, Logan, Ross, Mercer, Darke, Crawford, Butler, Fulton, Allen, and Morrow. Pennsylvania gave to Ohio its ablest statesmen, its most eloquent orators, its ablest jurists, its most noted educators, and a look through the directories of many of the counties allows me to say that the great majority of the officers of the financial institutions and those who manage the great industrial and commercial enterprises are of our blood and either from Pennsylvania or are descendants of the pioneers from your State.

The Presbyterian as well as other ministers came to Ohio from Pennsylvania; and I should mention here that in my research I find that in most counties the first church erected was invariably the Presbyterian. This alone gives a strong suggestion as to the influence of the Scotch-Irish in Ohio. Had the Puritans been the great factor in the settlement of the State the first churches would have been of another communion—the Puritans burned the first Presbyterian church built in Massachusetts.* In the city where I live, founded by your Senator Ross, and whose centennial is to be celebrated the coming Summer, six out of the seven Presbyterian ministers are natives of Pennsylvania, and the seventh a descendant of a Pennsylvanian. John Rankin, whose ancestors settled in Pennsylvania one hundred and sixty years ago, and whose father was a soldier of the Revolution, came to Ohio through Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, founded the Free Presbyterian Church, and was one of the finest specimens of physical manhood that ever blessed the earth. He came to

* Dr. Perry, of Williams College.

Ohio after the Virginia ordinance of cession was adopted, to get away from the environment of slavery, as did also Francis McCormack, the founder of the First Methodist Church in the Northwest Territory. It was from this stock that the abolition sentiment got its spirit, its abiding force. While the handful of Puritans who settled Marietta have been given the credit in history, the truth is, the Scotch-Irish from the Virginia Valley gave the abolition movement its men of steadfastness of purpose—men who never gave up the fight until the victory was won. President Ruffner, of Washington and Lee University, wrote one of the first pamphlets issued advocating abolition of slavery.† It was John Rankin's home that gave succor to George Harris, made famous by Mrs. Stowe, and it was John Rankin who organized the underground railroad by which many slaves escaped to Canada and to liberty. As I have said, Bishop Simpson was of the same blood; so was that other powerful Methodist divine, Dr. William Hunter, whose sweet songs of praise are in nearly all the Church hymnals. So was Alexander Campbell, the founder of the Disciples Church, which has exerted vast influence in the Ohio country, and of which communion President Garfield was a distinguished member. The college founded by Dr. Campbell is a West Virginia, Ohio, and Pennsylvania institution, so near the lines that all can enjoy its influence, as all three States enjoy the influence of Washington and Jefferson. Alexander Clark, the most noted minister of the Methodist Protestant Church, the founder of the first magazine for children, *The Schoolday Visitor*, which afterwards became *The St. Nicholas*; for years editor of *The Methodist Recorder* at Pittsburgh, the author of books that are a part of the nation's most interesting and instructive literature, was of the same virile strain. The Scotch-Irish ministers of the Gospel are not all Presbyterian, but very few Presbyterian ministers are of other breeds. I must not neglect to mention here Rev. Joseph Hughes, who was born in Washington County, and in 1810 established the first Presbyterian church in Delaware County, Ohio. He was not

† Dr. Alexander White, Washington and Lee University.

a characteristic Presbyterian minister, although some folks would say he had many of the traits that distinguish our blood. He would pitch quoits for the grog, play the fiddle for the dance, and preach as long a sermon as any minister in the Presbytery, and when brought before the Church court he made such an able defense that he was permitted to go on with his long sermons, quoit pitching, grog, and fiddling.*

The first church built in Cincinnati, the metropolis of the State, founded by men of the strong force of character of Colonel Patterson, who was with Clark, and given its name by General St. Clair, whose remains lie out there in the Greensburg Cemetery, was of this communion, and on the subscription list I find the names of Dr. Allison, surgeon of General St. Clair's and General Wayne's armies, Captains Ford, Elliott, and Peters, and General Wilkinson, the roll being dated 1792. Among the first settlers of Cincinnati was John Filson, a pioneer school teacher, who was born in the Cumberland Valley. He wrote the first history of the Western country, which was published as early as 1784. He also published a history of Kentucky and made a map of that State, being among the first surveyors to venture among the Indians, and he met death at their hands near Cincinnati.*

The Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish looked upon education as the strongest factor that moved the world along the way of progress, and the schoolhouse was one of the first buildings erected in a settlement. The Scotch-Irish schoolmaster was ever abroad in the land. The annals of Ohio are filled with incidents of the pioneer schoolmaster, who always had a standing in the community next to that of the minister himself, who was always held in the highest reverence. The father of Dr. Jeffers, of the Western Theological Seminary, was one of the early itinerant school teachers in Eastern Ohio. His eccentricity of pronunciation invariably stumped the pupil, for he would not know whether the word given out to be spelled was "beet" or "bait," whether "floor" or "fleur,"

* Howe's Historical Notes.

but Jeffers would explain that "bait" was a "red root," and "fleur" was a "boord" to walk on; and through the influence of the good man's erudition and hickory gad, the sons and daughters of the settlers waxed strong in knowledge. Dr. John McMillen founded several colleges in Ohio, one of them, Franklin, in Harrison County, settled by Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish, which is still a flourishing institution, and in its years of usefulness gave to America many statesmen and jurists, among them men of Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish blood, your Senator Cowan, John A. Bingham, Judges Welch and Lawrence, while hundreds of Presbyterian ministers have been taught within its walls, among them Dr. J. H. Sharp, of your city. Athens County, in which the State University is located, the first college in the State, was settled by our people, and Thomas Ewing and John Hunter were the first graduates, being the first collegiate alumni in the West. Thomas Ewing was one of the greatest statesmen Ohio ever produced—strong, sincere, intellectual to the highest degree. It was in his family that the Shermans were reared. Of the Athens University W. H. McGuffey, the noted author of school books still widely in use in the public schools, was the president for thirty-five years. He was also a professor in the Miami University, another Scotch-Irish college, and of the Virginia University. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1800; a man whose sterling qualities of mind and heart marked him as a teacher of power and influence. Joseph Ray, the author of mathematical works, as an educator displayed a scope of mind force that was an honor to his race. Rev. George Buchanan, in whose academy the great War Secretary, Edwin M. Stanton, received his classical education, was born in the "Barrens," so prolific of men prominent in the affairs of the Republic. Col. John Johnson, one of the founders of Kenyon College, one of the most noted of the Protestant Episcopal institutions of learning in the land, was reared in Pennsylvania. He was the first president of the Ohio Historical and Philosophical Society, and the author of the "Indian Tribes of Ohio," a standard work published by the United States Government. He possessed those intellectual qualities to which all pay homage, and his influence

had a wide scope of power. The father of Professor Sloane, of Princeton, was a Pennsylvania Scotch-Irishman who taught in a Scotch-Irish academy in Jefferson County—Professor Sloane is the author of the ablest “Life of Napoleon” ever written. Dr. C. C. Beatty, whose munificent gift made possible the union of Washington and Jefferson Colleges, founded at Steubenville, Ohio, the first distinctive seminary for the higher education of women west of the mountains, which institution was conducted for many years by Dr. A. M. Reid, a native of Beaver County, and to-day a trustee of the Western Theological Seminary and of Washington and Jefferson. Dr. Reid’s trained mind and scope for usefulness have not been without influence in Ohio; his influence has been much wider. The noble women who have gone out from the sacred precincts of the old seminary are in every missionary field, home and foreign. This institution is still being conducted by a Pennsylvanian, Miss Stewart, whose Scotch-Irish blood gives assurance that the power of the school will continue a factor of progress. Francis Glass, of Londonderry stock, came from Pennsylvania to Ohio in 1817, and taught one of the first classical schools. His building was a primitive one, a log college to be sure—clapboard roof, windows of oiled paper, benches of hewn timber; but notwithstanding all this lack of conveniences, like the Tenants of sacred memory, he sent out into the world boys well equipped for contests in the intellectual arena. He had forty pupils in the backwoods settlement, and whenever an additional pupil “knocked at his door for admission to his classes, he would be so rejoiced that his whole soul appeared to beam from his countenance,” writes a former pupil.* Such was the intense interest in the work, such the benevolence of the Scotch-Irish schoolmaster of the pioneer days, to whom our fathers owe so much and to whom we owe more. Glass published a two hundred and twenty-three page “Life of Washington” in Latin, and that such a work in Latin should have been written in the backwoods by a schoolmaster was for years a marvel to those who did not know of the scholastic

* Howe’s Historical Notes.

attainments of the Scotch-Irish boys even of pioneer days. Rev. J. B. Finley, the Indian fighter and itinerant Methodist preacher, was an educated man, although we often hear stated in derision of the Methodist Church that her early ministers were illiterate. He studied Greek and Latin in his father's academies in North Carolina and Kentucky, established on his trail from Pennsylvania to Ohio. When his father's congregation settled Chillicothe, the first capital of the State, he was a Presbyterian and a member of his father's church, but he "became converted" and was for years the most noted itinerant preacher of the country, and exerted more influence for good in the Ohio region than any other man in the State. He preached in every county and organized churches everywhere. He founded the Indian schools and mission at Wyandott, the site of which institution is marked by a memorial church erected by the Methodist Episcopal Conference on ground given for the purpose by the United States Government. His autobiography is a record of pioneer times, and to its pages the historian must turn for data of the achievement of the early settlers. John Stewart was the first to preach the gospel-bearing tidings of peace and goodwill to the Wyandotts. Allen Trimble, Acting Governor one term and Governor two terms, while Acting Governor appointed the commission, a majority of whose members were of Pennsylvania stock, including Judge William Johnson, that formulated the public-school system that is the brightest star in our diadem, which system was afterwards perfected by Samuel Galloway, born at Gettysburg of Revolutionary stock, a teacher, jurist, statesman, upon whose advice and opinion Lincoln set high value. The Trimbles came to Ohio from Augusta County, Virginia, Allen having been carried in his mother's arms while she rode horseback through the trackless forest. There is a tradition in the family that the farm occupied by them in the Virginia Valley was shown their ancestor by an Indian in return for a favor shown him in the woods of Pennsylvania.* Gen. O. M. Mitchell, teacher, astronomer, soldier, was of the Virginia-Kentucky stock which

* "The Scotch-Irish of Augusta."

I have shown had its origin in Pennsylvania. We could rest our honors on his achievement and still be sure of an abiding place in the memory of those who instruct the youth of the land. While Mitchell explored the heavens, Jeremiah Reynolds explored the earth beneath, his expedition to the South Pole being one of the notable events of the early days. John Cleves Symms, nephew of the founder of the first settlement of the Miami Valley, a New Jersey Scotchman, promulgated the theory of concentric spheres, holding that the earth is hollow, inhabitable within and widely open at the Poles. Reynolds undertook the expedition with a view of proving the Symmes theory. Adams' administration fitted out a ship for the expedition, but Jackson coming in as President, Government aid was withheld; but Reynolds, undaunted by this turn of affairs, started on a private expedition, reaching within eight degrees of the Pole.* Mordecai Bartley, a native of Fayette County, who succeeded his son as Governor of Ohio, and who represented Ohio for three terms in Congress, was the first man to propose the conversion of land grants into a permanent school fund. The father of C. L. Vallandigham, whose fight for freedom of speech is a part of the nation's history, was a Washington County Scotch-Irish-Huguenot and a Presbyterian preacher, to whose classical academy we are largely indebted for the foundation of the scholarship of the justly celebrated McCook family.

Inasmuch as the greatest measure of influence is exerted in a community through efforts along educational lines, I have spoken at length on this point of my subject; and yet there is much more that might be recorded here to show the high place held by Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish in the educational history of Ohio. I might omit all I have said and be able to record other achievements along educational lines and still show that our blood stands out in bolder relief than the Puritan as a factor of education in Ohio; yet the Puritan is given the credit for the moral and material progress of our people, and all because forty-eight Puritans settled Marietta

* Howe's Historical Notes.

and made so much fuss about it that the advertising done then is still alive, but the town isn't a great deal larger now than it was in 1787.

The Pennsylvanian has served Ohio in both branches of Congress, the first territorial delegate being William McMillen and the first State Representative Jeremiah Morrow; the first Governor was Arthur St. Clair, the first Judge Jeremiah Dunlavey. The Pennsylvania Scotch-Irishman has been on the Ohio Supreme Bench; he has gone from Ohio to the President's Cabinet. It is said that in 1817 a majority of the Lower House of the State Legislature were natives of Washington County, and I believe it, for my investigations have discovered the fact that the Pennsylvanian is very apt to hold office, especially if he gets into Ohio from Washington County and he also be a Scotch-Irishman. As late as 1846 one-fourth the members of the State Legislature were from Pennsylvania.* We all know that one of the warmest Gubernatorial contests in the State's history was when Governor Vance and Governor Shannon were pitted against each other in 1836, one a native of Washington County and the other's father was from that county. Vance's father was the first settler of Champaign County and Shannon's father one of the first settlers of Belmont, the son being the first native of Ohio to hold the office of Governor. Vance and Shannon held the office two terms each. I think I am safe in making the claim that one or more Pennsylvania Scotch-Irishmen are holding office in each courthouse in Ohio. The two greatest lawyers of the pioneer West were Judge Jacob Burnett and Judge John McLean, who were born just over the river here, and near enough to be counted in the family. Their influence had a wide scope and it still goes on. The wife of McLean was a daughter of Charlotte Chambers, one of the foremost women of the Cumberland Valley. President Harrison was born in Ohio, but his mother was a Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish woman. Vice-President Hendricks, although credited to Indiana, was also a native of Ohio, but his people were

* Howe's Historical Notes.

of Westmoreland Scotch-Irish stock, and he was a cousin of my father.

Gov. Jeremiah Morrow was a native of Gettysburg, and without doubt impressed himself on the progress of Ohio more than any other man holding office in the gift of the people. He was a characteristic Scotch-Irishman, mentally, physically, and religiously. He was the father of the national pike and other internal improvements that gave Ohio her first impetus in industrial progress. He was Congressman, Senator, Governor, and of him Henry Clay said, "His influence was greater than that of any of his contemporaries, for his integrity was so fully recognized and appreciated that every one had faith in any measure he brought before Congress." A prominent Pennsylvanian, a few years ago, in referring to a newspaper article I had written on Governor Morrow, said that he was the finest example of the statesman of the old school with whom he had ever come in contact, noble, honest, and brave. I have been greatly gratified to meet in this assemblage to-night a relative of Governor Morrow, Mr. T. Elliott Patterson, of your city, and I want to say that he may well be proud of the blood that courses his veins. Morrow's successor in the Senate in 1819 was William A. Trimble, of the same royal Pennsylvania blood.

It is a fact shown by the census that there are to-day more natives of Pennsylvania in three-fourths of the Ohio counties than natives of any other State, Ohio excepted, and in this list I include counties on the western border as well as Washington County, the first county settled by the New England Puritans; I include the Western Reserve, first settled by the Yankees of Connecticut, which settlement was made thirty-three years before a church was built, but a whiskey distillery was in full operation all those years.* This can never be said of Scotch-Irish settlers, no matter from whence they come. Our forefathers had their weakness for distilleries too, but they always had the church in operation before the distillery was built; and yet there are those who place great

* Diary of Rev. Thomas Robbins, D. D.

store in their Mayflower blood who sneer at us because our forefathers had a little trouble with the revenue collector over in Washington County away back in the last century. I admit that on occasions even to this day there are Pennsylvania Scotch-Irishmen in Ohio who will take a drink of mountain dew, but never without an excuse. One of them said to me the other day that he had "the iron in his soul," and he took a little liquor to mix with it for a tonic.

The claims made for the Puritan settlement at Marietta give us example of Puritan audacity; the New England settlements on the Western Reserve give us examples of Yankee ingenuity. In Connecticut he made nutmegs of wood; in Ohio he makes maple molasses of glucose and hickory bark. In New England the Puritan punched the Quaker tongue with a red-hot poker; in Ohio he dearly loves to roast Democrats. The Reserve was the home of crankisms. Joseph Smith started the Mormon Church in Lake County. And there were others, some of which the Northern Ohio emigrant took with him to Kansas.

In the graveyard on the hill above old Chillicothe lie the remains of five Governors, two of them Pennsylvania Scotch-Irishmen—one the noble William Allen, a strong man from every point of view, whose every distinguishing trait was Scotch-Irish, a very Jackson; but because his people went from Pennsylvania into North Carolina they were said to be Quakers, which calls to mind the fact that when I was a boy all Pennsylvanians were either Quakers or Dutch. In several of the county histories I also find the statement that the early settlers were "Quakers and Germans from Pennsylvania," but in the lists of settlers given the "Macs" predominate. Achilles Pugh, the first publisher of an abolition paper in Ohio, came from Pennsylvania and was called a Quaker, but who ever heard of a Quaker giving that name to his son? The other Scotch-Irish Governor buried in the Chillicothe Cemetery was Duncan McArthur, who, although not a native of your State, was reared to manhood in the old Commonwealth, and became one of the most notable figures in Ohio—soldier, surveyor, Indian fighter, statesman, Governor. William Allen's sister was the mother of Allen

G. Thurman, the noblest Roman of them all, and Allen's wife was a daughter of McArthur.

In literature and journalism the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish have always held a prominent place in Ohio. Dr. McCook has already told you of the fact that Foster, the greatest American song writer, lived in Ohio, and no one of his nobility of character and intellectual attainments could go in and out among a people without exerting influence. General Lytle, the author of

"I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Crimson flows the ebbing tide,"

one of the most beautiful poems in the English language, was the grandson of General Lytle, born at Cumberland, Pa., and whose Spartan-like conduct at Grant's defeat in Indiana in the War of 1812 is a part of history. James Buchanan Reed, the author of "Sheridan's Ride," which has become an American classic, was a Pennsylvania Scotch-Irishman. James McBride, the historian and archæologist, supplying much of the manuscript and drawings for the "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley," a very important work, was born at Newcastle. He was a careful historian, and to him we are greatly indebted for much of the early history preserved in book form. In journalism our blood has been pre-eminent in the Ohio field, the first paper in the State having been launched by William Maxwell in 1793. Colonel Miller, who is noted as the commander of the sortie from Fort Meigs during the War of 1812, one of the most daring acts of that war, when he rushed out under fire and spiked the British cannon with files and won the battle, was a journalist, having started a paper in my city as early as 1806. Colonel Miller came to Ohio by the way of the Virginia Valley. His successor, James Wilson, the grandfather of Prof. Woodrow Wilson of Princeton, was a pupil of Duane, of *The Aurora*. Samuel Medary, one of the most prominent Ohio editors, especially during the exciting war period, his journal, the *Columbus Crisis*, being a very strong advocate of peace, married a daughter of James Wilson. M. Halsted's ancestors came to Ohio from Pennsylvania, and our blood has every

reason to be proud of his achievements as an editor. The McLeans, who for two generations have held the throttle of that great moral engine, the Cincinnati *Enquirer*; McClure, of the Columbus *Journal*; and Morrow, of the Cleveland *Leader*, all among the foremost journals in America, are of the same stock.

The first woolen mills west of the mountains were established just after the second War for Independence at Steubenville, by your Senator James Ross, and it was in these mills that the first broadcloth ever made in America was produced. James Ross and his partner, Mr. Dickinson, whom I believe to have been of the same royal stock, introduced into America the Spanish sheep that were the foundation of the great wool-growing industry of Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania. John Campbell invented the hot blast employed in iron furnaces, and James Means erected the first iron furnace north of the Ohio. The first furnace west of the mountains was erected by a Grant near the Virginia-Pennsylvania-Ohio line, and the cannon balls used by Perry in the battle of Lake Erie were made in this furnace and carried on the backs of horses to the lake shore. And by the way, Perry's mother was Scotch-Irish, and for years after fought the battle of Lake Erie was called Mrs. Perry's victory by the people of Rhode Island who appreciated her force of character. It may not be amiss to say in this connection that some of the men who gave the New Englanders basis for their claims as to Ohio got their forceful characteristics from the Scotch-Irish blood of their mothers, notably bluff Ben Wade—born in Massachusetts, was educated by his mother, his father being without means, and coming to Ohio, settled in the Western Reserve, and ever since has been in the galaxy of Puritan greatness. Chief Justice Chase was born in Vermont, his mother being Scotch, but his achievements have been placed to the glorification of the Puritan blood. Joshua Reid Giddings, who gave the Reserve its greatest renown as the producer of great men, was a native of Pennsylvania, his birthplace being Athens. I do not claim him as a Scotch-Irishman, but he had all the distinguishing traits; and his name will ever shine as one

of the brightest stars in the Buckeye diadem. If Pennsylvania had given birth to but one man, and that man Joshua Reid Giddings, her place in the pantheon where we celebrate the immortals would still be assured. James Geddes and Samuel Forrer, the pioneer engineers, who did much to develop Ohio and give her her proper place in the progress of nations, were natives of the Keystone State. The father of J. Q. A. Ward, America's most noted sculptor, was a pioneer coming from the great Commonwealth.

The notable events that mark epochs in the history of Ohio are monuments to the achievements of Pennsylvania Scotch-Irishmen: The first settlement at the mouth of the Scioto; Wayne's treaty with the Indians; adoption of the Constitution; the building of the first steamboat on the Ohio River by Fulton; the building of the national pike and the canals; the formation of a public-school system; and coming down to the present, the nomination and election of a President of the Republic by Mark Hanna. McKinley is a Scotch-Irishman with the sign of the Keystone blown on his breast; and Mark Hanna—I made an effort to discover that he was a descendant of Judge Hanna of Hanna's town, but was discouraged by running against the fact that the old gentleman was never married. Pennsylvania may not be the mother of Presidents; she holds a higher position in the sisterhood—she is the grandmother of the Ohio man. General Grant was born in Ohio, but his mother was a Bucks County Simpson. The generals Ohio gave to command Federal troops in the late war were largely of the royal family. I have mentioned Grant, the greatest captain of the age; and there is General Porter, his companion and commander of the Ohio division; he was a native of the Juniata Valley, and has been selected by the President to represent our country as ambassador to France. There were the McDowells, the Gilmours; the brilliant Steedman, the hero of Chicauga—he was born in Northumberland County; George W. Morgan, the hero of two wars, was a Washington County product; and as further evidence that blood will tell, I need only mention the fact that Major Daniel and Dr. John McCook, the fathers of nine commissioned officers in the army,

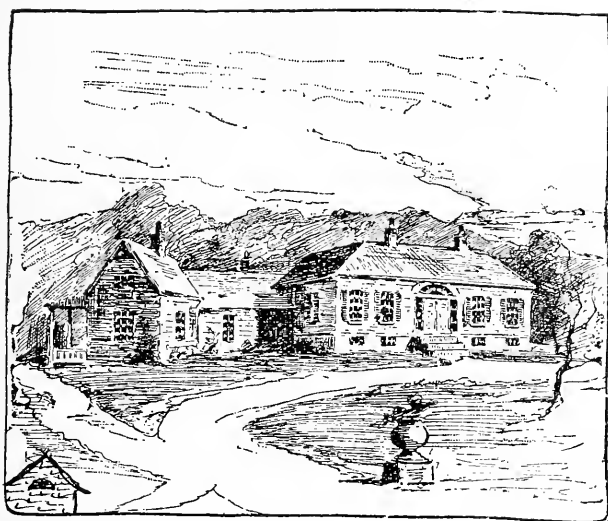
were born in Washington County. And how appropriate it all was that Gen. George B. McClelland should be placed in command of the Ohio troops! General Harmer, who procured Grant's admission to West Point, was a Pennsylvanian, but I am not certain as to his race. And John Randolph said that Pennsylvania produced but two great men, one from Massachusetts, the other from Switzerland!

W. H. HUNTER.

The following prints were omitted from the Seventh Annual Report:—



STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.



BIRTHPLACE OF STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.



Old Folks At Home

Composed by. Sept. C. Foster

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef and contains a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The tempo marking "Moderato." is written in the left margin of the system.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. It features similar rhythmic patterns and melodic lines in both staves.

The third system of musical notation includes a "Ped" (pedal) marking in the right margin, indicating the start of a sustained pedal point in the bass line. The notation continues with eighth and sixteenth notes.

The fourth system of musical notation concludes the piece. It features a final "Ped" marking in the left margin, indicating the end of the sustained pedal point. The melody and accompaniment end with a final cadence.





APPENDIX A.



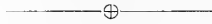
REPORT OF CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, TREASURER PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, MADE FEBRUARY 26TH, 1897.

1897.	DR.	
Feb. 1—Balance from preceding year		\$507 39
Dues from members and subscriptions to seventh annual banquet		632 00
Interest on deposits		<u>11 64</u>
		\$1151 03
	CR.	
Hotel Bellevue, seventh annual banquet	\$281 55	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing seventh annual report	155 54	
Stenographer and clerk hire	45 00	
Avil Printing Co., printing booklet of songs	25 00	
The Art Printing Company, menus	30 00	
William H. Hoskins, invitations	9 25	
Music	30 00	
Postage, stationery, &c.	35 50	
	<u>\$611 84</u>	
Balance	539 19	<u><u>\$1151 03</u></u>

The above report of Treasurer has been examined and found correct, showing a balance of \$539.19 to the credit of the Society in bank February 10th, 1897.

JOHN W. WOODSIDE,
JNO. A. McDOWELL,
Auditors.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.



I. NAME.

The name of the Association shall be the "Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society," and it shall constitute the Pennsylvania branch of the Scotch-Irish Society of America.

II. OBJECTS.

The purposes of this Society are the preservation of Scotch-Irish history; the keeping alive the *esprit de corps* of the race; and the promotion of social intercourse and fraternal feeling among its members, now and hereafter.

III. MEMBERSHIP.

1. Any male person of good character, at least twenty-one years of age, residing in the State of Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish descent through one or both parents, shall be eligible to membership, and shall become a member by the majority vote of the Society or of its Council, subscribing these articles, and paying an annual fee of two dollars: *Provided*, That all persons whose names were enrolled prior to February 13th, 1890, are members: *And provided further*, That three officers of the National Society, to be named by it, shall be admitted to sit and deliberate with this Society.

2. The Society, by a two-thirds vote of its members present at any regular meeting, may suspend from the privileges of the Society, or remove altogether, any person guilty of gross misconduct.

3. Any member who shall have failed to pay his dues for two consecutive years, without giving reasons satisfactory to the Council, shall, after thirty days' notice of such failure, be dropped from the roll.

IV. ANNUAL MEETING.

1. The annual meeting shall be held at such time and place as shall be determined by the Council. Notice of the same shall be given in the Philadelphia daily papers, and be mailed to each member of the Society.

2. Special meetings may be called by the President or a Vice-President, or, in their absence, by two members of the Council.

V. OFFICERS AND COMMITTEES.

At each annual meeting there shall be elected a President, a First and Second Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and twelve Directors, but the same person may be both Secretary and Treasurer.

They shall enter upon office on the 1st of March next succeeding, and shall serve for one year and until their successors are chosen. The officers and Directors together with the ex-Presidents of the Society shall constitute the Council. Of the Council there shall be four Standing Committees.

1. On admission; consisting of four Directors, the Secretary, and the First Vice-President.

2. On Finance; consisting of the officers of the Society.

3. On Entertainments; consisting of the Second Vice-President and four Directors.

4. On History and Archives; consisting of four Directors.

VI. DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

1. The President, or in his absence the First Vice-President, or if he too is absent the Second Vice-President, shall preside at all meetings of the Society or the Council. In the absence at any time of all these, then a temporary Chairman shall be chosen.

2. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Society and of the Council.

3. The Treasurer shall have charge of all moneys and securities of the Society; he shall, under the direction of the Finance Committee, pay all its bills, and at the meeting of

said committee next preceding the annual meeting of the Society shall make a full and detailed report.

VII. DUTIES OF COMMITTEES.

1. The Committee on Admission shall consider and report, to the Council or to the Society, upon all names of persons submitted for membership.

2. The Finance Committee shall audit all claims against the Society, and, through a sub-committee, shall audit annually the accounts of the Treasurer.

3. The Committee on Entertainments shall, under the direction of the Council, provide for the annual banquet.

4. The Committee on History and Archives shall provide for the collection and preservation of the history and records of the achievements of the Scotch-Irish people of America, and especially of Pennsylvania.

VIII. CHANGES.

The Council may enlarge or diminish the duties and powers of the officers and committees at its pleasure, and fill vacancies occurring during the year by death or resignation.

IX. QUORUM.

Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum of the Society; of the Council five members, and of the committees a majority.

X. FEES.

The annual dues shall be two dollars, and shall be payable on February 1st in each year.

XI. BANQUET.

The annual banquet of the Society shall be held on the second Thursday of February, at such time and in such manner, and such other day and place, as shall be determined by the Council. The costs of the same shall be at the charge of those attending it.

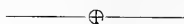
XII. AMENDMENTS.

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

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

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

LIST OF MEMBERS.



ALEXANDER ADAMS	1621 Derry St., Harrisburg, Pa.
W. J. ADAMS	Harrisburg, Pa.
HON. J. SIMPSON AFRICA	Union Trust Co., 719 Chestnut St., Phila.
HON. DANIEL AGNEW	Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
HON. WILLIAM H. ARMSTRONG,	Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.
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JUSTICE HENRY W. WILLIAMS . .	Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.
PROF. J. CLARK WILLIAMS	Pittsburgh, Pa.
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M. J. WILSON, M. D.	1750 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia.
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HON. RICHARDSON L. WRIGHT . .	4308 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia.
HON. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG. . . .	2034 Arch St., Philadelphia.

In Memoriam.

JOHN SCOTT.

In earlier life John Scott moved in the full front of conceded leadership of an exceptionally able country Bar. He practiced in a district composed of the counties of Huntingdon, Blair, and Cambria regularly, and in the adjoining and adjacent counties frequently.

A lawyer may be a great leader at a city Bar, and yet be wholly or largely a specialist. His possible clientage may be so large, within local reach of his office, as to enable him to find ample occupation within the one branch of the law for which he may discover himself to have a mental aptitude. He may, therefore, be a leader in civil or criminal practice, or in the direction of maritime or patent practice, and have little taste or ability for, or knowledge of, the other lines of professional pursuit to which he has not directed his thought or practice. The country lawyer, however, before being classed as a leader, must have demonstrated an all-round fitness. This Mr. Scott did to an eminent degree.

As a debater and public speaker, he was upon any question, and in any forum, flowing, graceful, logical, and grandly strong in all.

As a United States Senator, Pennsylvania was never better represented in Congress than by John Scott. The mental qualities which made him so eminent at the Bar had their fuller fruition in the Senate. His doings there were in all particulars creditable and distinguished. He was not a man who was in much companionship with newspaper reporters, nor was he apt in adopting other agencies much used by public men for advertising themselves. However, his honest, earnest, capable discharge of public duty brought him fame as only fame can justly come among or with those with whom it is worth while to be held famous.

After his return to the Bar, from which indeed he never, during his senatorial life, wholly departed, he took professional service in lines of larger corporate engagements, believing that this furnished an ample field for clear, clean, professional life, where the lawyer might discharge the highest and most distinctively professional service. In the discharge of this function he attained an eminent professional growth himself and helped to secure to large interests law-abiding practices, thus realizing the sure ground on which his faith was predicated.

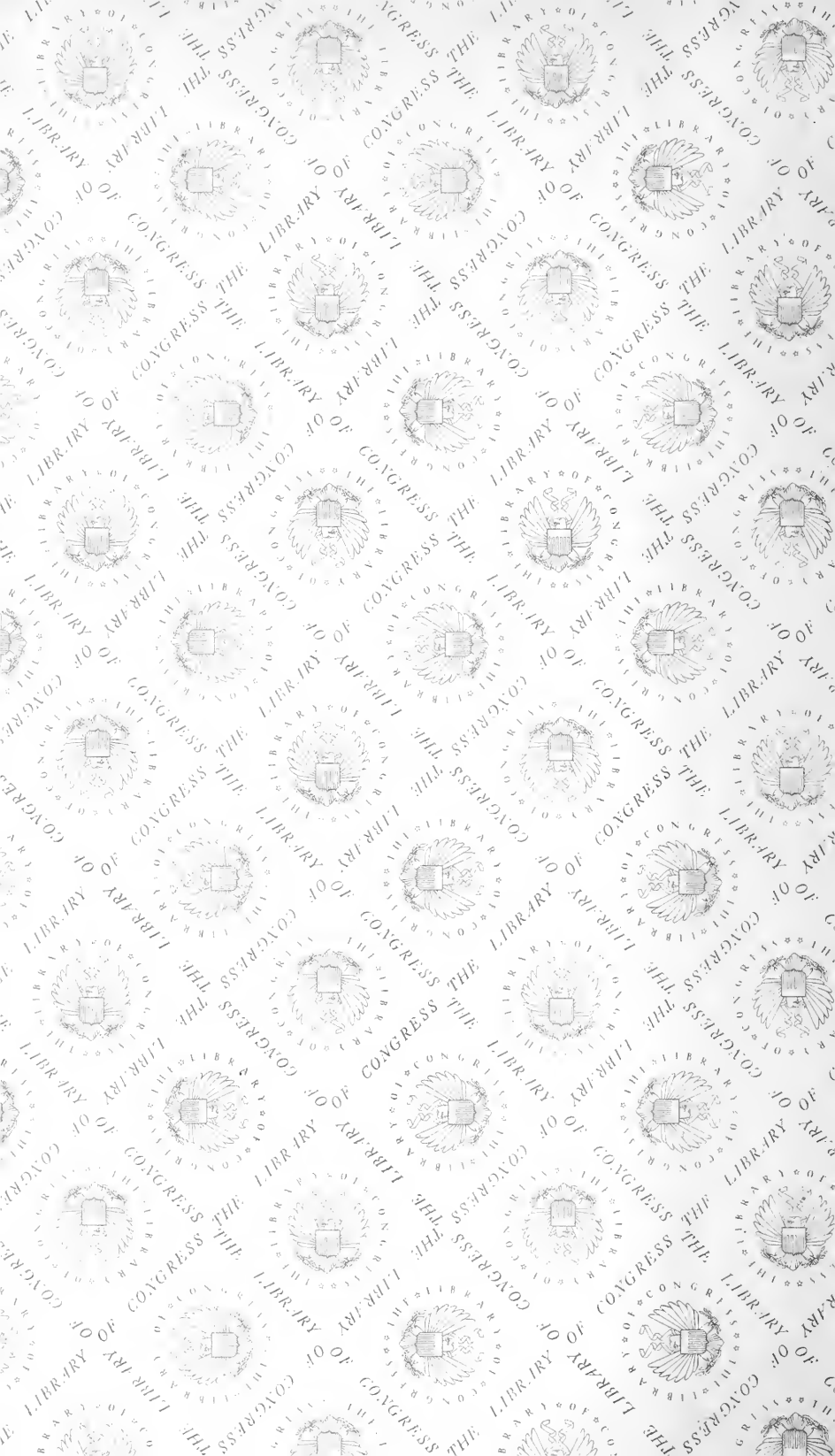
In entering upon his work, he at once took steps to plan the Legal Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company on the healthy basis of separation of counsel and client. The practice of commingling the legal advisory with the executive officers found no favor with him. He chose the seat of the counselor and sat therein. He kept himself advised of the doings of the lawmakers. He gave a cautious ear to the ruling of the courts. He kept himself informed of the purposes of the corporation, the officers of which it was his duty to counsel. Thus he was always equipped with knowledge and his mind kept in judicial poise to fairly consider and accurately instruct on all questions which were submitted to him. He mingled with law in its higher atmosphere of duty and right to all, and therefore breathed the same breath as that of the just judge who, after full hearing of all interests, reaches sound conclusions. It is not surprising, therefore, that his conclusions were the usual forerunners of later judicial decisions.

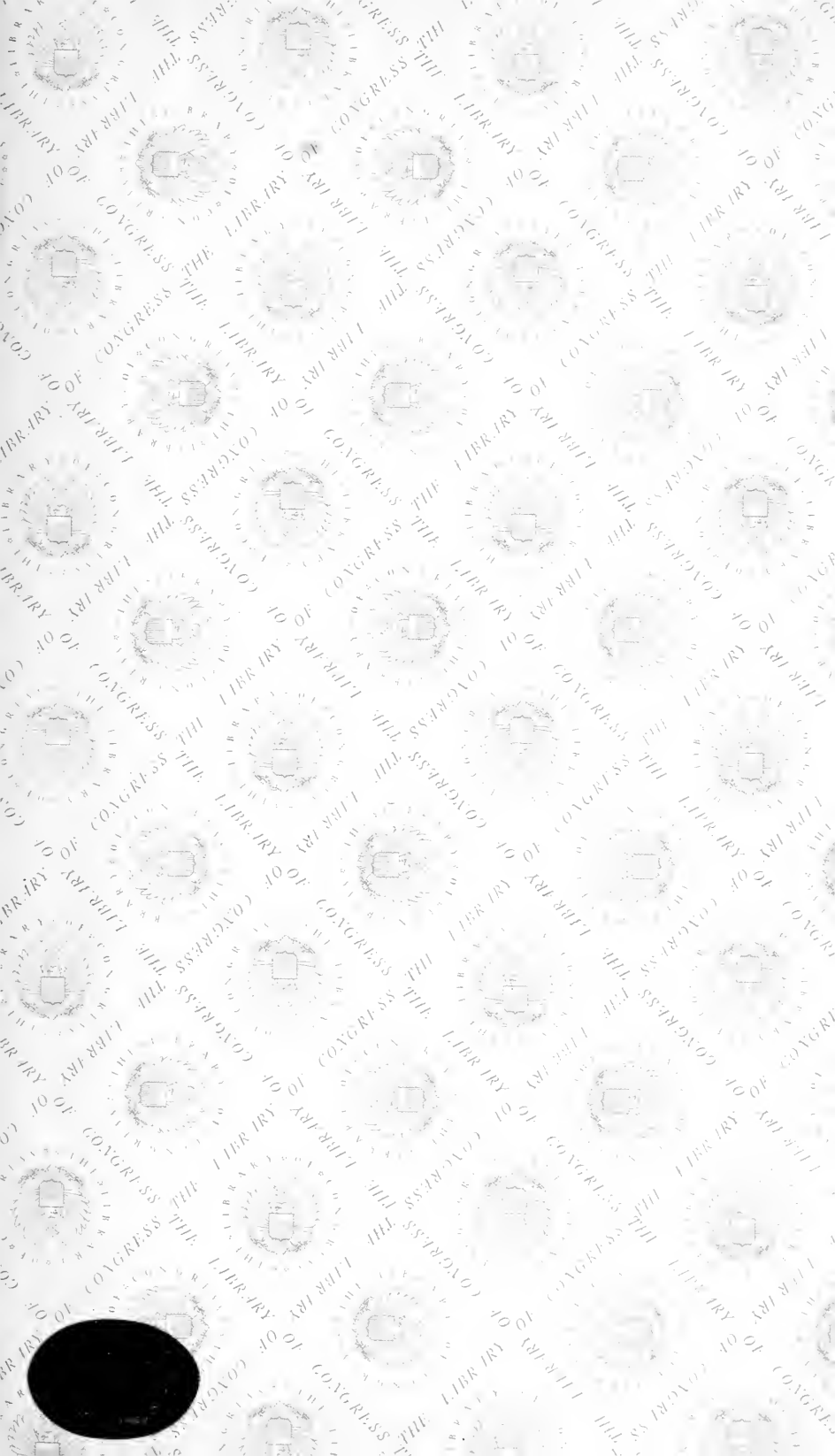
As a home-loving, public-spirited citizen, he illustrated the highest type of the benevolent Christian gentleman.

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