THE OCCASIONAL WRITINGS

OF

ISAAC MOORHEAD;

WITH A

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE

BY A. H. C.

Non omnis moriar.—Hor.

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PREFACE.

This volume has been prepared at the suggestion of friends of the late ISAAC MOORHEAD as a Memorial of his worth as a man and his ability as a writer, and in order to preserve in this more permanent form some portion of his valuable writings.

Most of the articles appeared originally in the form of Letters contributed to one or other of the newspapers of his native town. They were read at the time with a great deal of interest, and are still remembered, both on account of their literary merit, and because they are laden with many important facts of local and general history.

The titles of the various pieces generally indicate sufficiently their character and the time when they were written. Other explanations with regard to them will be found in the sketch of his life which precedes, or brief notes in the course of the volume. The compiler and editor, in addition to preparing the sketch just mentioned, has done little more than arrange the order of the articles and correct manifest errors arising from oversight or accident. No doubt literary critics may discover defects here and there, not only in the editor's work, but possibly also in the Letters themselves; but it should be remembered that the latter were thrown off by Mr. Moorhead in the midst of absorbing business

engagements, and that he enjoyed no subsequent opportunity for their revision and correction.

The work is not published with any purpose or expectation of pecuniary advantage either to the editor and publisher or to the family of Mr. Moorhead. The edition is limited to three hundred copies; and these were nearly all subscribed for in advance by the lamented author's many warm personal friends,—the price per volume being gauged by the cost of publication.

The sketch of the early history of Erie County, mentioned on page 38, is omitted from the volume. Its length would have added considerably to the size of the book; and it seemed proper, moreover, that when published—as it doubtless will be in due time—it should be in connection with the other Historical Sketches prepared at the same time under the auspices of the Historical Society.

The preparation of this work for the press has been a labor of love and of deep interest to the writer. He only regrets that through his constant engagement in other and often distracting duties, he was not able to devote to it that very careful attention which he was most willing to give, and which the great merits and value of the writings themselves demanded.

A. H. Caughey.

Erie, Pa., Jan'y 11, 1882.

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ISAAC MOORHEAD.

Possibly no active man has ever taken leave of the world and its busy affairs of whom it could be said with truth that he left not an enemy behind. There must be misunderstandings; there must be crossings of interests; there must always be busy tongues to stir up strifes, and utter words that become seeds of enmity in the heart. But if ever there was one who had been a positive, straightforward, active man among men for the greater part of half a century, of whom it could be said at the close of his career that he had no enemies, that man was ISAAC MOORHEAD.

And not only so, but rarely if ever has there been one, born and reared among us, and personally known to thousands of people, whose death has been felt as a personal grief and loss by so many. There was that in his character, his pure and upright life, his bearing towards all with whom he had to do, that made every one his friend. Filling during nearly the whole period of his life a

private station, and performing the laborious work of a perilous and responsible calling, and later discharging the duties of an important public office in a most efficient and acceptable manner, he so bore himself as to gain the admiration and confidence alike of those who were above him in authority and of those whom he controlled, and to receive the love and kindly regard both of his intimate friends and of casual acquaintances.

While Mr. Moorhead was not, in the ordinary sense of the term, a great man, he yet possessed elements of greatness. He had that within him which, on a higher plane of action, would have enabled him to stand among the distinguished men of his time. Physical limitations, want of opportunity, the absence of ambition, lack of proper self-appreciation,— one or all of these served to keep him, as they have kept many others of equal or greater ability, within a narrow circle both of development and of action.

One who undertook to characterize President Lincoln once said of him, that he was a man of apparently two distinct natures. One of these showed itself in the ease with which he was able to meet men of all classes and characters on their own ground, and to enter with alacrity into the rude activity and jocose merriment of every day life. The other nature was the inner one, that of the real man, sincere, earnest, strongly intellectual, loving men, honoring God,—ready at all times to

go forward unflinchingly in the discharge of duty. Something of the same dual nature appeared in Isaac Moorhead. On one side he seemed to have all the characteristics of a man of the world. He enjoyed the business that he had chosen for his life work. He understood men—read their characters easily and accurately. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and was very ready in jest and repartee. Beneath this rougher exterior there were the best qualities of the most refined nature—love of purity in life and thought; a most chivalric sense of honor and the demands of duty; a deep feeling of religious obligation; a love of whatever was most elevated in literature, and most refined and tasteful in art; and a fondness, amounting almost to a passion, for the grand and beautiful in the various forms and developments of nature. It is the life and character of such a man that the writer, who enjoyed the privilege of being one in his circle of intimate friends for more than thirty years, and who still keenly feels his irreparable loss, now attempts briefly to sketch.

Born in Erie, Pa., January 28th, 1828, his earliest recollections were of a town of not more than three thousand people, about one tenth of its present population. He first saw the light in a house on the north side of Sixth street, near the corner of French. This has long since disappeared—much to the grief of him who claimed it as his first home; for he had ever great attachment to places made

sacred to him by the residence of his family or any of his ancestors. His father, Thomas Moorhead, with jr. attached to the name during most of his life, to distinguish him from his father, whose name was also Thomas, was one of the younger members of the large family of Moorheads who established themselves near the town of Erie about the beginning of the present century, and whose descendants and relatives are now counted by hundreds in this region bordering the lake. The early settlers of this name came from Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. A sturdy, upright, God-fearing race, they trace their history, and their name as *Muirheads*, back among the Covenanters of old Scotland, and to the "times that tried men's souls".

The mother of Mr. Moorhead was Rebekah, youngest daughter of Moses Barnett. He was not so well known, either in the early or later history of the county, as was her brother Richard Barnett—a man of sterling worth, strong-headed and big-hearted and earnest-willed, with elements in him of the same Scotch ancestry from which the Moorheads were descended, but crossed with no little of the Irish wit and vivacity that attached to the family nature as the result apparently of their long sojourn in Ireland before emigrating to America.

As a boy Isaac spent much of his time at his Grandfather Barnett's in the country,—"Uncle Dick's" as he was accustomed to call the place in later years. It was here, and during his fre-

quent visits to his Moorhead relatives in Harborcreek, that his love of nature and of a country life was developed and strengthened. Even in his latest years, a day in the country, wandering through the woods and over the green fields, listening to the chorus of birds and meadow insects, was something to be looked forward to and deeply enjoyed. Especially did he enjoy such a visit in the spring of the year, when his dear friends, the birds, every one of which he knew by name and note and plumage, were returning to their haunts and were busy with their mating and nesting.

In the year 1838 he became a student of the Erie Academy, first under the principalship of James G. Park, and afterwards under that of Reid T. Stewart. Between the administrations of these two excellent teachers he spent a year or two in the select school of Mr. Asa Foster, and later in that of Lemuel G. Olmstead. The latter was a most thorough and pains-taking teacher and an enthusiast in some of the natural sciences, as botany, zoölogy, etc., and it was with him that Isaac, already, as we have seen, a fond observer and student of nature, acquired much of the accurate knowledge he possessed concerning birds and flowers and rocks. While a bright scholar and learning easily whatever he was set to study, he was by no means one of those students who exemplify the saying that "All work (or study) and no play makes Jack a dull boy." His keen sense

of humor, and the quickness with which he saw and the thoroughness with which he enjoyed a joke, practical or verbal, and the zest with which he took part in the various pranks that school-boys are never at a loss in devising, made him a great favorite with all his mates and a leading spirit in whatever required talent in originating and address in carrying into execution.

But he had higher qualities than those of fun-making and school-boy tricks. One of his early school-mates thus speaks of him: "Mr. Moorhead was noted when quite young for his devotion to what he considered as right, and his zealous advocacy of the principles imbibed by him; and at the same time for his manliness towards an opponent. I remember a little incident illustrating this feature of his character, which occurred in the summer of 1838, when he attended the Academy, his parents at that time residing on the north east corner of Peach and Eighth streets, where the mansion of H. M. Reed, Esq., now stands. A boy of a quarrelsome disposition came along in that vicinity, and attempted to impose on some small boy without any cause. Moorhead at once interfered, and although younger and smaller than the bully, he resolutely undertook to protect the endangered youth, at the risk to himself of a sound beating. But such were his manliness and generosity that he would rather hazard a whipping than stand by and see a young boy imposed upon.

"Another instance of Mr. Moorhead's resolute adherence to what he regarded as right, was shown a few years later. A resolution was by some means passed (without legal authority, as Moorhead firmly believed,) to transfer the Library and other property of the old Apprentices' Society, to which he was greatly attached, from the Grand Jury room in the court house, where it had long been located, to the Academy, the final act of the merging of the Apprentices' into the Irving Institute. Mr. M. was librarian at the time, and believing, as he did, that the transfer was without right, he refused to deliver up the keys, until satisfied that he could no longer resist legally; and even then, so strong was his conviction of the injustice of the act that he refused to deliver the keys formally, but compelled the parties seeking them to go and get them where he had placed them. He refused to be a voluntary party to the consummation of what he regarded as a wrong, and even braved imprisonment rather than yield to injustice."

The same gentleman speaks of being joined with Mr. Moorhead, when they were young fellows together, in organizing and maintaining the "celebrated *Owl Club*", which, he says, "for several years created quite a sensation here (in Erie), and the history of which found its way into that noted magazine, the 'Knickerbocker'". He acted as secretary for nearly the entire time of its existence, and faithfully discharged the duties of the position.

"Mr. Moorhead was also Vice President, or in other words 'Grand Hooter', of this well known association. The society was composed of boys. They had little means, and could not always pay the rent of the room occupied by them, which was in the third story of the Perry Block. The gentleman whose business it was to collect the rent persistently pressed the boys for the amount due. But not being able to pay promptly, and the room having been for years prior to that time vacant, they did not consider that the landlord ought to be so urgent about the rent. He stated to the officers that he would call when the society was in session and state his case to the meeting formally. On the coming of the meeting the claimant of rent made his appearance. As he reached the door, all was silent, and darkness reigned in the room in a moment. After some parleying the visitor was admitted, but it was under circumstances that forced from him an unwilling cancellation of any indebtedness claimed by him. The boys had arranged matters as follows. They had several jaw bones, swords, banjos, muskets, and other weapons of a sonorous character, which were immediately put into requisition on the admission of their visitor. The clangor of swords, muskets, bayonets, and jaw bones, coupled with the darkness and the hoarse voices of some of the loud-voiced members, so worked upon his excited sensibilities, that he begged to be released from the room, and solemnly

promised that he would never say rent again, nor disturb the boys in their amusements. He afterwards frequently related the incident and gave the boys credit for being too shrewd for an old man."

Although but a boy, Moorhead was one of the most active and useful members both of the "Young Men's Association" and of its successor the "Irving Literary Institute". For four or five years he was one of the editors of *The Literary Review*, a paper written for the "Irving Institute" and read every Saturday evening at the meetings. It contained much that would be interesting to some of our older citizens now—reminiscences of old times in the town and neighborhood, biographical sketches of the members and of prominent citizens, now long deceased, and local matters of various kinds. While a student of the Academy he aided in getting up a Scholars' Literary Journal, and continued to act as one of the editors during the entire period of Reid T. Stewart's administration as Principal of the Academy.

Moorhead left school in 1845—a year memorable to many old Academy students as that in which their beloved principal, Reid T. Stewart, died. For the three or four years next following, he assisted his father, who was Register and Recorder of the county, in his office; and it was here that he acquired, or perfected, the bold and symmetrical style of penmanship that was one of his noticeable accomplishments.

His health being delicate, he went, late in the autumn of 1848, to Dayton, Ohio, to spend the winter with his Uncle, Joseph Barnett, who resided there. This visit and the trip thither constituted one of the memorable episodes in his earlier life, and furnished him with a large fund of reminscences and anecdotes ever afterwards. A party of four young men of nearly his own age, namely, John C. Reid, D. B. Mc Creary, A. H. Caughey and John B. Gunnison, were leaving home at about the same time, and they planned to go with him as far as the city of Pittsburgh. It was some years before the introduction of railroads in the Lake Shore region. Two modes of conveyance were open to the traveller, one by stage-coach over what was a very good road in dry weather, except that the many hills to be climbed were nearly as steep as nature made them; the other by the Erie Extension Canal and the Ohio river. A two or three days' journey was before our young gentlemen by either route; but the prospect of fun and freedom was greater by the canal packet, which, in spite of its slow progress of four or five miles an hour, held out the inducement of "three square meals" a day, a quiet seat or lounge in the "state room", and a foot race when desired with the horses on the towing-path. The incidents of this trip were doubtless noted down by more than one member of the party; but if a journal was kept by any, it is not now available.

One of the methods adopted for whiling away the lingering hours—when they had grown tired of talking and laughing and playing jokes on one another—was that of singing. None of the party were particularly noted for their musical performances at home. In fact one or two of them could do no more than stand up with the rest and open and shut their mouths in simulation of musical articulation. But after they had sung together a few of the popular songs of the day, the remaining passengers seemed greatly delighted, and prevailed on them to repeat the exercise. Whereupon the party quietly assumed to be a traveling concert company, the "Nicholson Family", on their way to Pittsburgh. Their concert tour ended, however, when they left the steam-boat at that city—for the canal packet was exchanged for a steamer when the Ohio river was reached 30 miles below. At Pittsburgh the friends separated—two for college; Mr. Moorhead taking a steamer to continue his journey to Dayton; the rest proceeding to other destinations; and thus the "Nicholson Family" was disbanded.

This visit to Dayton was of great importance to Mr. Moorhead, and to some extent it was the turning point in his life. His Uncle Barnett and his wife, who had no children of their own, became very much attached to him, and tried to persuade his parents to let him remain in their family. Mr. Barnett was a man of considerable wealth, and was

engaged in the iron business; and, being somewhat advanced in life, he wished to set his nephew up in business in Dayton under his own eye, in the same branch of trade in which he himself was engaged. His offers were most liberal, and such as it was hard for a young man who had his own way to make in the world to decline. But the attachment of home and friends, and the prospect of embarking in business in his native town, determined him finally to forego the offer made by his uncle. His father joining soon after in a mercantile enterprise with Thomas and Alexander Hughes, they opened a store on State street, near the corner of Seventh, and Isaac was engaged for the next year or two in this business.

But the New York Central Railroad was already (1849) completed to Buffalo, and the great New York and Erie was rapidly progressing towards the Lake. It was believed that the company prosecuting the latter might be induced to make Erie the terminus of their road instead of Dunkirk. A company was therefore formed to construct a railroad from Erie to the N. Y. state line, with a view of connecting there with the New York and Erie Road, which it was hoped would be extended towards the west. A corps of engineers was formed under the charge of James C. Reid, one of the most accomplished of mathematicians and civil engineers, to survey and lay out the road and superintend the work of construction; and Isaac Moorhead, Wil-

liam W. Reed, William Brewster, John C. Reid and several other Erie young men joined the corps. This was in 1850-51, and Mr. Moorhead was employed in this capacity until the completion of the road.

When the Erie and North East Railroad, as it was originally called, was opened for business in the winter of 1851-52, Mr. Moorhead became paymaster, and after a few months, at his own request, conductor of one of the two passenger trains put upon it, Mr. John Moore having charge of the other. The trains were run to the New York state line, three miles below North East. The Buffalo and State Line Road had recently been finished to the same point; but having a gauge of four feet eight and a half inches, while that of the Erie and North East was of six feet, a transfer of passengers and baggage had to be made from one road to the other. The Cleveland, Painesville and Ashtabula Railroad, with a four feet ten inch gauge, was extended to Erie in the fall of 1852. The New York & Erie Railroad having been completed through to Dunkirk, expectations were high that it would be extended to connect with the Erie and North East Road at the state line. But these expectations were never realized, and for some two years the Erie and North East Company continued to operate their broad gauge road, of only twenty miles in length, as a connecting link between the two narrow gauge roads, the one coming from Ohio and

the other from New York. This double change of cars within so short a distance was a great inconvenience and annoyance to the travelling and business public, and the pressure for relief became very strong.

At length the change came; the "railroad war" followed; and in due time there was a road of uniform width of track from Buffalo to Cleveland—in fact from tide water to Chicago and the further West.

The period of the railroad war was one that tested the stuff of which Mr. Moorhead was made. He had to run a train daily through the "seat of war" in Harborcreek and the neighborhood of Erie when the condition of the road permitted. Otherwise coaches and wagons, or sometimes sleighs, were to be provided, and the disgusted and impatient passengers to be transferred to these and conveyed seven or eight miles through mud and storm, or drifting snows, around the broken bridges or torn up tracks. To do this in the midst of a hostile population, and when threats of bodily injury were not infrequent, and to do it calmly, resolutely and in a way not calculated to excite and exasperate, required discretion, tact and good judgment in a more than ordinary degree. He performed his duty faithfully and fearlessly, and yet in such a spirit of manly conciliation and considerateness as to gain the respect and good will of all except the reckless and evil-minded. In fact throughout his

long career in his hazardous vocation as a railroad conductor, he never seemed to be affected by fear. Watchful and prudent in the management of his train, and solicitous for the comfort and welfare of others, he seemed to take no thought for himself when the path of duty lay through peril and difficulty. So that some of his nearest friends have said of him that he was absolutely without fear.

In September, 1853, Mr. Moorhead was united in marriage with Miss Caroline Hoskinson, eldest daughter of William and Eleanor Hoskinson. It was a true union of mutual affection, and their married life proved an exceptionally happy one. There were ever between them mutual forbearance, mutual helpfulness, and a community of tastes; and while there was congeniality of disposition, there was enough of that independence of thought and feeling on either side that furnishes the spice of married life. Three children were born to them, the eldest of whom died in infancy. Ruth, now Mrs. Fred Metcalf, and Maxwell Wood, three to four years younger, are children of such worth and talent and dutifulness that any parents might well be proud of them. The love between the father and daughter especially, and his fond admiration of her as the bright star of his home, were beautiful to behold.

In 1858 Mr. Moorhead bought the fine property on West Seventh street which continued to be his home for the remainder of his life. He took great

pleasure in improving and adorning it, and never was so happy as when in this pleasant home, in the midst of his books and the rare gatherings of his antiquarian and historical taste, with his family about him, or when entertaining a few cherished friends. It was here that the genuine worth of the man, and the native gentility and beauty of his character, appeared at their best. So much withdrawn from his home as he was by the demands of his exacting business, it grew more and more dear to him, and was truly his haven of rest and delight.

During that marked period of political turmoil and excitement from 1852 to 1860, Mr. Moorhead, though taking no active part in politics, was an intelligent and deeply interested spectator. Trained a Whig, he had borne his full share as boy and young man in the stirring Presidential campaigns of 1840 and 1844, taking part in the processions, the song-singing, and all the hurrahing and enthusiasm of those eventful times. Lamenting, as did so many others, with an almost personal grief, the defeat of gallant Henry Clay, and rejoicing in the triumph of the blunt old soldier, Taylor, in 1848, he was not prepared to desert the Whig standard when it went down in defeat in the hands of the hero of two wars, General Scott, in 1852. When therefore the broken elements of the party began, in 1853-4, to crystalize about the knot of anti-slavery men calling themselves Free-soilers, and to take shape

as the Republican party, nominating John C. Fremont as their candidate for President in 1856, like multitudes of other "Old Line Whigs," Mr. Moorhead could not see his way clear to desert the old and join the new standard, especially while such sterling patriots and Whigs as John Bell and Edward Everett were still clinging to the old flag and gallantly bearing it forward, albeit to utter and assured defeat. Buchanan was elected. The Kansas-Nebraska troubles broke out. The Republican party began to grow rapidly, with constant accretions from both Whigs and Democrats. The year 1860 dawned, and Abraham Lincoln was nominated and elected; and the threats and animosities and border conflicts of four years developed into secession and the great Civil War

From the very outset Mr. Moorhead, notwithstanding his natural inclination to peace and conservative measures, was heartily on the side of the government. The nerveless policy of President Buchanan during the anxious months succeeding the election of Mr. Lincoln; the manifest determination of the southern leaders to carry out at all hazards their purpose of secession; and finally the firing upon Fort Sumter, made a war patriot of every true friend of the Union.

As a member of the fine military company, the "Wayne Guards," of which John W. McLane (afterwards Colonel of the 83d Penn. regiment) was captain, Mr. Moorhead was disposed to go

with the company should they resolve to tender their services to the government. But when it was finally determined to raise a full regiment for the three months service, and to divide the Guards up into squads, each to serve as the nucleus of a new company officered by the well-drilled members of the old, Mr. Moorhead, like many others of the members, came to the conclusion not to volunteer as an individual and connect himself with a new company—especially as more than enough to fill the regiment were pressing forward to join its ranks. But no apology is needed for the thousands of good and true men, who, though not shouldering a musket and rendering actual service in the field, were sustaining the government by giving aid to its cause in all proper ways at home, and by helping to carry on the necessary business of the country. One of his close personal friends thus speaks of Mr. Moorhead's deep interest in the cause of the country, and of his exceedingly valuable services both to the government and to those in the field, or suffering in prison or hospital, whom he could in any way aid by his means or by active interference in their behalf:

"He was supremely loyal to the Union," writes this friend, "and regarded with intense interest all the measures of the government for the suppression of the rebellion—studying with great intelligence the movements of the armies engaged in that great conflict. He had many personal friends in

the army, especially in the various military organizations that went from Erie County. These friends he watched and bore in his thoughts during the long contest with unceasing solicitude. For them, and for the welfare of themselves and their families, his heart ever beat warmly. Many were the kindly remembrances that reached them from his unselfish hand, and many were the encouraging letters written by him to cheer them in the performance of their arduous and dangerous duties, and to assure them that the sacrifices they were making were not forgotten nor unappreciated by their friends at home. It can be truly said of Mr. Moorhead that he never omitted an opportunity to show to those engaged in the war, whether officers or privates, that he was their true friend; and no sacrifice was too great for him to make when he could add to their comfort. Often has he been known to delay his train at stations between Erie and Buffalo, when he saw coming in the distance some soldier accompanied by his father, or his wife and children, to take his train. Perhaps he was returning to the army from a furlough or a sick leave, and to miss this train would bring him to his regiment after his leave had expired, and thus subject him to punishment under the severe but necessary regulations of the army. Taking all this in at a glance, he preferred even the censure of the officers of the railroad company rather than have the returning soldier suffer inconvenience.

"Such things in themselves may not seem to be of much importance, but to the soldier they meant a great deal. And besides they showed the thoughtful, humane heart of one who, whether in little or in great things, never forgot those who were defending their country and his. Some of his friends were kept for long months in Confederate prisons in the South. They seemed to be ever upon his mind. How to do something whereby their hardships and sufferings might be relieved was to him a matter of constant anxiety and care. In one instance he succeeded, by correspondence with President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, in getting certain rules and regulations suspended so that money and clothing were furnished to Col. Snead of Georgia, a Confederate prisoner at Johnson's Island. In return for this Col. Snead's father furnished Mr. Moorhead's friend (Col. D. B. Mc Creary), who was a prisoner at Columbia, South Carolina, with money, by means of which he could obtain food and clothing during a hard winter—thus greatly relieving his sufferings.

"This interesting incident developed into what might be called a romance of the war. Mr. Moorhead and his friend who had been thus relieved, began and maintained for many years a delightful correspondence with Colonel Snead and his father, Judge Snead, residing in Augusta, Georgia. When Colonel Snead was married he came north with his bride, and visited Mr. Moorhead and his friend

in Erie, and of course talked over the origin of their acquaintance with much pleasure and interest. An urgent invitation by the Colonel (now Judge) Snead to return the visit was accepted and would ere long have been fulfilled had Mr. Moorhead's life been spared.

"After the battle of Fredericksburgh the wife of one of his friends was very anxious to go to her husband, who lay very sick in camp. But the confusion that prevailed after that disastrous battle rendered it next to impossible for any one to get a pass in Washington to go to the army. Mr. Moorhead solved the difficulty by going with the lady to Washington, and by personal appeal at the War Department he procured a pass for both and took her safely to her husband's tent across the river from Fredericksburgh. No visit ever made to a sick bed was more cheering to the invalid than this one.

"The widow of the lamented Col. Mc Lane had a longing desire to visit the place where her husband fell. Indeed it seemed as if she could not be reconciled until she made this sad pilgrimage. Mr. Moorhead, knowing her anxiety, accompanied her to the battlefield of Gaines' Mill, Virginia; and, after many difficulties, found where Col. Mc Lane's regiment was stationed at the time of his death, June 27, 1862.

"So great was Mr. Moorhead's interest in the war that he carefully preserved the letters received by

him from his friends in the army, and filed them away in a book. They were full of information concerning life in camp, on the march, on the picket line, and in the field, with the impressions of the writers about the various commanders, the measures of Government, etc., and were an unfailing source of pleasure to Mr. Moorhead for long years after the war had closed.

"Those who knew Mr. Moorhead knew well, as he did himself, that he was physically unable to endure the severe duties of army life. But for this he would cheerfully have engaged in the service of his country; and often did he express regret at his inability to do so. But, as shown above, he was always ready with hand and purse to do, as a private citizen, whatever he could do to maintain the cause of the government and to aid and cheer his friends in the army and lighten their burdens."

It must also be said—and in this consisted the great merit of all his efforts—that whatever he contributed of his means, and whatever sacrifices he made, it was all given and done freely, and without any thought or hope of future benefit to himself. Both his patriotism and his friendship were of the most unselfish and disinterested kind.

In the early period of the war Mr. Moorhead began to keep a book of personal records. It was not really a diary, for the occurences of every day were not noted; but whenever anything noteworthy did occur in the experience of himself, or his

family and intimate friends, it was carefully but briefly written down. It is most valuable as a family history, but, as he remarks on the introductory page, was "not meant nor intended in any part of it for publication." But for this implied prohibition the writer of the present sketch would be able to enliven it with many a pleasant paragraph—remarks on persons and things, and records of current events which would serve to illustrate the course of thought and life, as well as the graphic power as a writer of him whose pen is now laid aside forever. The record was continued with painstaking fidelity down till within a few weeks of his death, and is a magazine of important facts and dates both of a public and private character.

About the same time that he began to keep the personal journal just mentioned, he became deeply interested in the annals and history of his ancestors. He was naturally of an antiquarian disposition, and had in him all the qualities of the faithful and accurate historian. He took a deep interest in the settlement in this country of the Scoth-Irish, from whom on both sides he derived his descent; and, had his life been spared to the period of old age, with the quiet leisure that there was a fair promise he might have enjoyed in his later years, a history of this strong-hearted and strong-brained people, whose influence on this nation has been so great, might have come forth from his full stocked memory and vigorous pen. But as it was, he spent a great deal

of time and labor and no small amount of money in gathering the materials for the history of his immediate ancestors, tracing out their various lines of relationship, and, in the case of the Barnett family, to which he belonged on his mother's side, compiling a connected narrative of their immigration, settlement, and early experiences in this country. Some portions of this narrative are exceedingly interesting as general history, and perhaps appropriate extracts from it may be given in another part of this volume. The history occupies ninety closely written manuscript pages. To this is added an account of Old Hanover Church, situated a few miles east of Harrisburg, Penn. This was the church of the Barnett family before their removal to Erie county, and is one of the famous old churches of that region of Pennsylvania. The first building was erected about 1735, and the second, the one now standing, in 1788. Mr. Moorhead's account of his visit to the old church of his ancestors in 1866, is one of the most interesting of his letters, and will be found in this volume.

The "History of the Moorhead Family" was never written. A volume was procured, and a large number of statistics of different families compiled, interspersed with photographs of persons and places; but the narrative of their emigration from Scotland, their sojourn in the north of Ireland, their coming to this country and settlement first in Lancaster County, Penn., and then in Erie County, was nev-

er fully prepared. He had gathered and digested a considerable amount of materials, however, and a few years more of health and life would no doubt have seen this work also, which Mr. Mooorhead had fully set before himself to do, accomplished. As it is, the pages of the book lie sadly vacant, waiting for the hand of son, or daughter, or grandson, to complete what the father had so well begun and lovingly planned.

In October, 1864, while the country was throbbing with the intense excitement both of the war and of a presidential election canvass, Mr. Moorhead with his wife and daughter Ruth, then a child of but five or six summers, paid a visit to the famous battlefield of Gettysburg. The memory of all the terrible scenes through which they had passed was still vividly fresh in the minds of the people there, and the camp debris and battle-wreck of two mighty armies still lay thickly scattered over all the hills and valleys round about. Even the low, distant thunder of hostile cannon could be occasionally heard, reminding citizen and visitor alike that war was a terrible fact in the land yet.

It was just the time for a man possesing the active imagination of Mr. Moorhead, and who took so deep an interest as he did in the cause of the country and in studying accurately the facts of the great conflict, to visit this most famous battlefield of the war. His observations were careful and minute, and written out with more than ordinary clearness.

His views especially of that part of the hotly contested field where Gen. Strong Vincent held command and where he bravely fell, and his discriminating estimate of that officer's ability as a commander, and of his conduct in the very crisis of the great battle, may fairly be reckoned one of the best pieces of criticism to be found in the literature of the war. This monogram, under the title of "A visit to Gettysburg", will be found given at length in another part of this volume.

Sometime during the year 1868 Mr. Moorhead, accompanied by his friend Gen. Mc Creary, visited the battlefields of Virginia. His observations were communicated at the time, in a series of letters, to the Erie *Dispatch*. They are of much local as well as general interest, and are reprinted in this volume.

In the summer of 1865, with his family and a small party of friends, he took the delightful trip down the river St. Lawrence, stopping at Montreal and quaint old Quebec, and passing on from the latter city, by the Grand Trunk Railroad, to Portland and Scarborough Beach, Maine. Although it was the second time he had made this trip (his wedding journey, twelve years before, had been down the same grand water-course) he was full of enthusiasm for all the beauty and grandeur of this magnificent northern stream, with its lakes and multitudinous islands and roaring rapids, and the unique cities and old-time villages that stud its banks.

Of the stately city of Montreal he says: "It is cer-"tainly nearer my heart than any other city I have "yet seen, and I ask no better trip than that down "the St. Lawrence once in two years." Arriving at Quebec—which seems like a town of medieval Europe with large accretions of more modern times crystalized about it—"We landed," he says, "amid "a crowd of drivers of wagons, caleches, etc.; and, "assailed by a jargon of French, we took seats in "the omnibus of the St. Louis Hotel (Russell's). "Up, up, up the steep street through Prescott Gate "and within the walls. Soon we are roomed at the "Hotel. Out we go, and climb the fortifications as "far as the ditch. What a grand view! the St. "Lawrence, Point Levi, the village of French "houses all along the way to Montmorenci, and "the quaint old city of Quebec at your feet."

The party remained but two or three days at Quebec, and then struck out by rail through the country of the "Habitans" and central Maine for the Atlantic coast. His short vacation drawing to a close, Mr. Moorhead could remain but a short time at Scarborough Beach. But the beautiful and attractive things he found there—the long stretch of smooth shingle, the marsh-meadows, the rocks, the grand sea itself—made so deep an impresion upon him that he was drawn back on three or four subsequent occasions to the same spot for much longer visits. It had a great fascination for him; and he had also formed greatly valued friendships

there, which were quite as attractive to him as the beauty and grandeur of the sea itself.

One of these subsequent visits was in the summer of 1870, and was thoroughly enjoyed. He speaks of the sensation of his first "dash in the waves" as "freezingly cold at first", but from the reaction greatly "invigorative and refreshing," and he represents himself as being as "happy as a boy in school vacation, with the week all before him."

His next visit to this charming "summer home by the sea", as he came to regard it, was made with his family and some intimate friends in 1872. His journal on this occasion fairly bubbles over with expressions of his admiration and delight. For example: "I took the children and went with "C. to the 'Upper Rocks' to see the dashing of the "surf upon them. We sat a long time enjoying "the fine view; then went down to the shore and "bathed our hands and heads in a basin in the rocks. "Thence we walked to 'Rocky Hill' and looked over "the marsh, and traced the winding 'None-Such' "by the very full tide." Each day has its record of something "glorious" or "grand" or "unsurpassed" that was seen or experienced. In one place he says: "We enjoyed one of the finest sunsets I ever " saw—such an one as Kreigoff delights to paint in "his Canada Views." Of a certain day in July, he makes this record: "It was conceded by all of our "party that this was the most perfect day of our " many at the sea-side this year. There was noth-

"ing to wish for in air, sky, sea, or sun. It was a "perfect and complete day, bright and clear and "warm, and it will be as such in memory 'the per-"fect Thursday.' "

In 1873 he again took his vacation at the sea-shore, leaving home on the 24th of July, and going through by rail to the same quiet and delightful place. Two fine hotels stand near the beach, the resort every season of a throng of health or pleasure seekers. But he chose to go again to the pleasant farm-house a little further back from the shore, and affording a fine out-look towards the marsh-meadows and the pine woods, as well as over the sea, the beach and the rocky head-lands. Here, with his little family and a few friends who, like himself, were fond lovers of the same pleasant spot, he setteld down, in perfect content, for a few weeks of pure enjoyment and relaxation. His account of the pleasures of this visit is pitched on a high key throughout. Almost every page of his journal is adorned with a photograph of one of the beautiful and familiar scenes of the region, and in several of these the group of friends appear who make up this pleasant seaside party; and his pen-pictures are made scarcely less vivid to the imagination of the reader than the sun-pictures to the eye. Each day seemed to be full to the brim with enjoyment. Now there was an exhilirating bath in the cool waves; now a long walk along the beach and over the rocks or through the fragrant

pine groves; now a visit to "Gunnison's field" or "Rocky Hill" to view a glorious sunset on the White Mountains, Mount Washington lifting its great rounded summit up into the crimson sky ninety miles away. At another time there was a fishing excursion to "Kettle Cove," and great success was achieved in entrapping the finny denizens of the cold rolling waves. For it is no quiet pool that one chooses to throw his line in when fishing at the sea-shore, if he expects or desires to fill his basket with "cunners," but right out from the half submerged rocks into the swashing waves. And this was a sport which Mr. Moorhead—always a fond lover of old Izaak Walton's pastime—took great delight in. "When the tide went out," he notes of one fishing excursion, "my friend and "I went with Coolbroth to the outer rocks for an "hour for 'cunners', and as fast as Coolbroth could "take them from the hooks and put on bait (clams) "we caught them. Three several times did I "catch two at one draw. Filling our baskets, we "returned and found the girls picking star-fish "from the rocks, and the boys catching crabs in a "quiet pool, with pants rolled to hips and enjoying "themselves hugely."

But this sea-side visit, so health-giving and so full of satisfying out-door pleasures, came to an end all too soon, and it was his last. Almost every season afterwards he was planning that by the next summer or the next he would again return to

dear old Scarboro' Beach. But an increase in family expenses, and a partial failure in a business investment, prevented him from fulfilling his purpose. More such visits and longer periods of relaxation might have added many years to his life. But he had not yet discovered the stealthy approach of disease.

There was another region besides the coast of Maine which Mr. Moorhead took much interest in visiting, that of Lake Champlain and Lake George. Not only the beautiful and picturesque character of the country itself, but the historical associations connected with it and the romantic interest with which Cooper's Leather-Stocking tales had invested it, made the shores of Lake George very attractive to him. Cooper's Novels constituted some of his earliest reading as a boy, and he always continued to read them. They seemed to have the freshness of youth to him, so full were they of the free life of the mountain and forest and prairie, and so much of our wild early history was woven into them. With the battles and warlike movements that took place in the region lying between the Mohawk and the St. Lawrence, both during the revolutionary war and the later British war, he was perfectly familiar. A visit to Lake George, therefore, gratified three strong sentiments, his admiration for fine natural scenery, his deep interest in primitive history, and his love of the romantic and legendary.

But our following Mr. Moorhead in his later visits to Scarboro' Beach has carried us forward too rapidly in his history. Let us go back to an earlier period. After nearly twenty years of continuous and faithful service as a conductor, first on the Erie and North East and afterwards on the Buffalo and Erie Railroad, he felt the need of a period of rest; and his friend Gen. Mc Creary having been appointed Adjutant General of the State under Gov. Geary, he gladly accepted the offer of a clerkship in the office of the former—the railroad authorities willingly granting him a leave of absence for this purpose. This was in the beginning of the winter of 1867-8, and he remained at Harrisburg till April following. He spent a period of about equal length in the same office the next winter. At the beginning of the Legislative session of 1870 he was elected Chief Clerk in the Transcribing Room of the House of Representatives, and twice reëlected to the same position in the following sessions. He proved a dilligent and faithful and in every way competent and acceptable officer. And while he served the State faithfully, he found abundance of time and large opportunity, during these four or five winters at the State Capitol, to pursue his favorite historical studies and researches. The State Library was free to his use; and he also made the valuable acquaintance of Dr. W. H. Egle, author of the History of Pennslyvania, who became greatly attached to him. Afterwards Dr. E. se-

cured his services in the preparation of the History of Erie County which is incorporated in his great work. Some of Mr. Moorhead's friends greatly regretted that the article on Erie county could not have been published entire just as it came from his pen; but the compiler and editor felt that the limits of his work required it to be curtailed; and so a considerable portion of what was most interesting from a local point of view was omitted in order that that which was of larger general interest might be given. The account of the battle of Lake Erie as related in Mr. Moorhead's article is pronounced by Dr. Egle "the best and most lucid extant."

The time spent by Mr. Moorhead in Harrisburg during the successive winters from 1868 to 1872 was, in many respects, the most pleasant and fruitful portion of his life. It seemed to him like getting back to an old home, for it was the seat and region of his ancestors of two or three generations before. "Somehow I seem," he says, "to have sprung "from this region of country, and to have just nat- "urally gravitated back." He went strolling and driving about the country, visiting the old churches and church-yards, and the homesteads of his family of a former generation, looking on everything he saw, wood or stream or old stone house, as having in some way a mystic connection with himself. The mountains round about Harrisburg were a great delight to him, and he never

was satisfied with gazing at and admiring them. "How grand from the Capitol dome"—he breaks out in one place in his journal—"was the blue "tint of the long line of mountains stretching out "to old Hanover! Life in this valley is pleasant." At another time he makes this record—a description exhibiting the sense and touch of the true poet: "Seated this evening on a rock at the foot of Wal- "nut Street, I saw the sun sink behind the moun- "tains. The summer-looking clouds had the full "blush of the rose. The mountains were clear-cut "in their outline. Swallows twittered in the air. "The river was like molten gold. Two rafts "were floating down the stream. Dogs plunged "into the water to retrieve the sticks thrown in "by gleesome, happy boys. The young, the mid- "dle-aged and the old were out, and all was joy- "ous and pleasant. I wished so much for my little "family to see the beauty of the evening."

One day in January, 1868, he made a pilgrimage to old Donegal Church, near Mount Joy, Lancaster county. His record of this visit is brief, and is well worth reproducing here both for its intrinsic interest and its merit as a piece of fine description. "To-day as we started for old Donegal church"—he had stayed over night at the house of a friend near by—"snow commenced to fall. But the "three miles were soon passed, and we were upon "one of the old Moorhead farms, which embraced "a portion of the glebe farm and one hundred

"acres adjoining. Driving into a beautiful grove "of magnificent oaks, we alighted and stood in "front of old Donegal Church—the mother of all "the Presbyterian churches west of the Delaware "—dear to me as the spot where four generations "of my ancestors had worshiped the God of their "fathers. At the foot of the hill on which the "church stood the famous Donegal spring gushed "out from among the rocks, covering in a pool "about an acre of ground, and then running off in "a broad stream toward the north. A wild rabbit "jumped among the rocks as I descended the hill, "and a trout darted out from under the gray gran- "ite as I scooped up some water in my hand to car- "ry to my lips. Procuring the keys to the church "and of the church-yard gates at the sexton's "house, we entered first the church. The building "is of stone, and was originally like Hanover "Church, but larger. But the accursed hand of "improvement (?) had been laid upon it, and its "interior and exterior had been modernized. The "time-worn stone of the exterior had been cov- "ered with a coat of plaster or mastic, the fine "gothic windows and doors had been changed for "square tops, and new doors and pews had been "added. In the pulpit, on the floor, was a Bible, "printed in Edinburgh in 1785. Mr. L. says the "old pulpit was very high, and the preacher could "scarcely be seen when standing up in it; the pews "were also high, reaching above the heads of the

"people when seated. I went into the garret of "the church and looked over a box of old hymn "books and Testaments, with names written in "them by hands long since crumbled to dust. I "procured that which was more precious to me "than the key of the Bastile at Mount Vernon— "the old key of the church (size marked out on "the page, about seven inches long). * * * Un- "locking the iron gate we passed into the grave- "yard. But the tombs, many of them, being cover- "ed with flat stones and thickly bedded with snow "and ice, I discovered that no satisfaction would "ensue to me this day in this ground."

After one of the winters he spent at Harrisburg, Mr. Moorhead was induced, the following summer, to become a candidate for the Republican nomination as member of the state House of Representatives. He was willing enough to have the possition, an honorable and useful one, but he hated the ordeal through which he must pass in order to gain it. Office-seeking was utterly distasteful to him. With a good deal of reluctance, however, and a sense of lowering himself from a higher plane of life, he finaly allowed his name to be brought forward. But "wire-pulling" he did not understand; making promises to supporters was not in his line of things; buying votes in any form he would have nothing to do with. Such a politician was easily defeated by men who pursued unscrupulous methods and he was defeated accordingly. The next

day he took his train to Buffalo, no doubt, a happier man than he would have been had he gained what he seemed to seek. The hundreds who knew his worth and ability deeply regreted that a man of such fine qualifications for the post of representative could not have been nominated and elected. But such is too often the case when men of his stamp leave their quiet pursuits to seek office at the hands of the people.

In the year 1867, just before going to Harrisburg for the first time, Mr. Moorhead being inclined to invest some of his surplus means in trade, purchased an interest in the bookstore of Caughey, McCreary & Co., the new partnership taking the firm name of Caughey, Mc Creary & Moorhead. For several years the business was quite prosperous; though Mr. Moorhead was not able to give at any time much personal attention to its management. It suffered considerably from the pressure of the hard times that followed the money panic of 1873, and was finally wound up honorably in 1877—the remainder of the stock being purchased by Messrs. Allen & Brewer.

In 1876, the famous "Centennial Year" of the country, a movement was set on foot for securing in the various counties of the State histories from the earliest period down to the current year. The Historical Society of Erie county selected three persons to prepare such a history for the county, assigning a certain division of the work to each.

To Capt. N. W. Russell was assigned the preparation of that part of the history beginning with the year 1820; to Capt. Wm. Dobbins that part pertaining to the first twenty years of the century, thus including the important period of the war of 1812. To Mr. Moorhead fell the task of preparing a history of the region of country, lying along the south shore of Lake Erie, including the county of Erie, during the period preceding the opening of the present century. This service falling directly in the line of his tastes, and of his studies for many years, he willingly undertook it. With his usual care and thoroughness he produced a historical essay of great merit, setting forth clearly and comprehensively all the facts that could be gathered of the times of the Indian, French and English occupation of the region bordering the lake, and of the establishment here of the first actual settlers. The article, which was never published by the society, will be found in its proper place in this volume.

A sketch of Mr. Moorhead's life and character would not be complete without some reference to the humorous side of him. His sense of the ludicrous, and his love of what was witty and droll, were strongly developed. A peculiar phase of this was his power of mimicry and representation in character. He could imitate the Negro lingo and the Irish brogue and manner to perfection, and go through with the lisping and stammering absurdi-

ties of "Lord Dundreary" in a style quite equal to the original of that famous character. Modest to a degree, and often reserved and reticent in general company, he was yet the very soul of the social circle to which he belonged.

This circle, or coterie, was so much a part of him and he of it, that it deserves some special mention. It was not a mere loose section of general society, indefinite in numbers; nor was it one of those associations that are held together by the ligatures of constitution and by-laws—meeting periodically and going through a certain program of exercises prescribed beforehand. The members of the circle simply gravitated together by some law, as it were, of affinity or attraction. They did not meet weekly, nor monthly, but whenever it pleased one of their number, or a pair of them—for they were mostly married people with homes of their own—to call them together. A supper was always a part of the entertainment; though the "Aneke Jans" (for so they called themselves, oddly enough,) depended more on the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" for their entertainment than on the luxuries of the table. General talk, raillery, telling of stories, readings, recitations, certain games or humorous exercises of speech rather than of action, constituted the performances or pastimes on these occasions. The company never exceeded twenty five in number; while the original members, who held

to the organization through all the period of its existence, were but fourteen.

None of the coterie ever enjoyed the meetings more, or contributed more to the pleasure of the rest, than Mr. Moorhead. He thus gratified a craving of his nature as much as he gratified his appetite when he partook of necessary food. His fine powers of imitation; the ease and naturalness with which he could read in character; the unsurpassed talent he had for story-telling; his fine appreciation of the performances of others and his whole-hearted and joyous laugh when the "nub" of the story or the point of the joke was brought out—all served to render him the one member of the party whose presence seemed a necessity, and his apprehended absence a sufficient reason for postponing a gathering of the clan. Yet he never assumed any superior ability nor importance. Modest almost to a fault, he never would submit to anything that seemed like being "shown off". Unlike many great story-tellers and fluent talkers, he did not monopolize attention, but was equally as ready to listen as to speak; and, witty as he was, and quick at repartee, he would rather sacrifice his jest than hurt the feelings of a friend.

Mr. Moorhead's literary taste was of the highest order. As one of his early and near friends, a clergyman of such ability and culture as to give weight to his judgment, once said of him; "His was one of the most refined natures I ever knew.

Very rare indeed is it to find a man whose taste in literature and in all other matters of an aesthetic character is so pure and faultless." This refined literary taste was shown in the books he most delighted in. Cooper, Irving, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Charlotte Bronté, Sir Walter Scott, were among his favorite authors, and some of their works he read over and over again. Some choice books, indeed, he made it a point to read every year. One of these was Alexander Smith's "A Summer in Skye"; another, Thoreau's "Cape Cod" (his copy of this is marked and scored in hundreds of places); still another was Charlotte Bronté's "Jane Eyre." Later in life, as already remarked, his tastes took an antiquarian turn and he found great interest in tracing the history of his ancestors. He had also made a considerable collection of rare and early histories of certain communities and settlements.

For one who had not devoted himself specially to literature, he was a very clear and effective writer. There was no affectation in his style, and none of the stiffness of many practical and learned writers. He seemed to have imbibed the spirit of some of the authors he read in early life, as Irving and Cooper, and without intending it fell into their lucid and pleasant style. But perhaps it is better to say that he wrote clearly and well, because he thought clearly, and followed the bent of his own well balanced mind.

What Mr. Moorhead did in a literary way for

the public, was fully equalled by his private correspondence. Here he was perfectly at home—his thoughts flowing freely and naturally, and in language and style the most graceful and charming. Words from the alembic of his brain were like colors to the eye; they made a picture clear, symmetrical and natural—nothing about it monstrous or misshapen. It would be pleasant to give extracts from some of his many letters; but his general observations are so interwoven with things of a personal and private character, that propriety forbids their insertion here.

He never attempted to write poetry, nor affected anything ambitious, sentimental nor grand,—was quite too genuine and sincere for anything of that kind. In his reading he was not so fond of poetry, even of the highest order, as of fine prose; though the best descriptive poetry—some of Bryant's, for example, some of Whittier's, and portions of Cowper's "Task", he read and re-read. For a number of years in the latter part of his life he was accustomed , every New Year's day, to meet with an intimate friend at the house of one of them, when they would read together the introductory part of the "Winter Morning Walk." His keen appreciation of fine natural scenery, and his love of country life, made this fine descriptive piece of Cowper's particularly pleasing to him.

Mr. Moorhead never felt inclined to withdraw permanently from his business on the railroad,

though in the later years he must have perceived in himself evidences of impaired health. The life on the train had a charm for him that his friends never could quite account for. More than once, easier and more lucrative positions were offered him by the railroad authorities; but these involved office work and greater responsibility, and he declined them. Perhaps the principal reason he had for clinging to his old place was that his responsibility and care were limited simply to the twelve or fourteen hours a day that he was on the road or in Buffalo. From the minute he stepped off the platform of his train in the evening till he stepped on it again in the morning he was his own master; and few as the intervening waking hours were, they were sacred to his home, his family and his friends, his precious books and his literary work. And when a man has devoted nearly all the years of his manhood to one pursuit with success, and to the satisfaction of himself and all others interested, he is not generally disposed to enter upon a new course of business or try a new mode of life.

It was a surprise therefore to Mr. Moorhead, and not a matter of his own seeking, when he was tendered the position of Post Master at Erie in the Autumn of 1879. Doubtless he had felt that his health was giving way, and that he needed a long period of rest and recuperation. Whether rest was likely to come to him in the new office might well have have been a question.

After the appointment was made he gave himself at once and with all earnestness and fidelity to making himself thoroughly acquainted with its duties. The effort made to defeat his confirmation in the Senate was a source of great annoyance to him. The falsehoods and misrepresentations with which he was assailed and pursued wore on him greatly. He nevertheless kept on in the quiet and faithful discharge of his official duties; and eventually not only the Senate, but the whole community concerned, with great unanimity, confirmed the choice made by the President.

Accustomed to rise early from necessity for many years, he could not, had he so wished, have shaken off the habit. He made a practice therefore for a considerable period after he became Postmaster of going to the office before breakfast and looking into all the details of the work—the making up of the early mails, the assorting of the letters for the carriers, &c. This perhaps was quite unnecessary, but he did not feel satisfied without becoming personally acquainted with whatever was done in the office and the manner of doing it. All this worry and work and constant confinement, from the very day he received his commission, soon affected his health.

As early as October or November 1879 he suffered a slight paralysis of his right arm and side, disabling him from writing and the free use of his arm for several weeks. Recovering to all appear-

ance from this attack during the following winter, there was still to the eyes of his nearest friends a want at times of the old-time vivacity and heartiness. A shadow seemed to be upon him, and what, in a man ten or fifteen years older, would have seemed tokens of approaching age. But during nearly the whole of the year 1880, he was quite his natural self,—giving himself, however, far too little relaxation, and attending closely to the duties of his office. In many respects it seemed to be a quiet and restful year to him. He had made but few changes in the working force of the office; he had fallen quickly and easily into the routine circle of duties that belonged to him; he attended promptly to all letters of inquiry or complaint. Nothing was neglected; and he soon gained the reputation of being an attentive, capable and accommodating officer. Yet with it all he was able to spend many a pleasant hour in his much loved home; and there seemed to be a fair promise of many years of peaceful yet active and useful life before him. But the unwonted confinement, perhaps, or the bad air of the Post Office, or the gradual progress of a disease of the spinal chord induced by the jar, jar, jar, of almost thirty years upon a railroad train,—one of these causes or all of them combined, began, in the latter part of the year 1880, to show in a marked degree their baleful effect upon his health.

Those of his friends who met him daily saw but

little change in him, only noting that he was more quiet and reticent than was his wont, that there was less elasticity in his step and that he had less liveliness of manner and thought. His strength failed very slowly but steadily. People who saw him at the Christmas time—a season that was always a happy one with him, and which he never allowed to pass in his home without being duly and cheerily observed—and not again till April, were greatly struck with the change that had come upon him. The medical treatment he received during the winter seemed to give but little relief. The long-continued cold weather tried him greatly, and he had lost much of his strength; but he still attended to the duties of his office, generally remaining at home, however, during the afternoons. He longed for the return of the warmth and freshness of spring, and the rising again of nature from its long, dead sleep, and spoke of the bright June weather as something that would certainly bring new life to him.

Having been advised by his physician to try the virtues of the "magnetic waters" so called at Eaton Rapids, Mich., and the treatment there given to invalids, he went to Dr. Hale's "Medical Sanitarium" at that place, accompanied by his wife, early in May. The promise of improvement was very flattering at first, but it was delusive. Vital organs, the heart and brain, were deeply affected, and he gradually wasted away. Death came peacefully

at eleven o'clock on Saturday the 4th of June, and one of the noblest and bravest of spirits passed from the earth, rising to the immortality that God has made sure to all his trusting children.

At such a time, argument for the immortal life seems almost an impertinence. The fact simply asserts itself—dead matter, immortal spirit; one stage of being closed, another and higher one begun. To this our intuitions and aspirations, reinforced by divine revelation, point us irrisistibly. How very fitting to quote here on this subject the language of him whose death has just been recorded, taken from a letter of his that will appear in another place: "Again and again since we met you last", he writes, "we have passed 'black mile stones' "in our journey of life. Death has called us away "from the train and we have accompanied one and "another dear friend to the water's edge. We "have asked those shining ones that stood upon "the other side of the river, 'If a man die shall he "live again?' and they have answered us: 'I am "the resurrection and the life,' saith the Lord: "'He that believeth in me, though he were dead, "yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and be-"lieveth in me shall never die.' We have turned "back to the busy scenes of life, purified some-"what, we trust, by the fires of affliction; and in "the long night hours on the train we think of the "pure and upright example left us as a rich legacy "by him who has passed away forever; and we

"think of her whose sun went down in the morn-
"ing of her days. * * * We have not felt like
"writing of late, but rather like passing on quietly
"with the throng until beckoned by the silent
"messenger to the shores of the great river."
Sustained by a faith thus strongly affirmed did Isaac Moorhead pass through the shadows of the dark valley and across the river to the immortal fields beyond.

Although the worst was apprehended by many of his friends when he left home, yet it was with a shock of surprise and grief that they received the intelligence of his death. Had the wasting, flickering and final going out of the lamp of life taken place in their presence, they could have realized more fully the approach of the sad event, and when it came it would have seemed less sudden and distressing. As it was, they were impressed as with a hopeless personal bereavement. A part of their life seemed to be snatched away from them, and they were left wildly groping in the dark to find it again.

The immediate family of Mr. Moorhead, consisting of his wife, daughter and son, were with him in his last hours, and returned directly to their desolate home, arriving on Sunday evening. The funeral took place on the following Monday afternoon, June 6th, at 4 o'clock. The attendance of relatives and friends was very large. All the lower rooms of the house and the hall-way were

filled, while hundreds stood without, unable to gain admittance. And looking over this company, one could not but be struck with the fact that the large proportion of those who stood around were not of the people who attend funerals from mere curiosity, or from morbid desire to gaze on the sad procession of mourning relatives; but substantial and thoughtful men, who had turned aside from their business for an hour, that they might thus testify their respect for the deceased and their sense of loss, and show their sympathy with his bereaved family. There was an entire absence of any attempt at show or parade. The coffin was a plain one, covered with black cloth, with silver mountings, and bearing on a silver plate the simple inscription:

ISAAC MOORHEAD,

Age 53.

On the foot of the casket lay a beautiful floral cross, the gift of a friend. Resting near the center was a wreath or circle of white flowers and green leaves, broken in one point, and bearing the letters "A. J." This was a testimonial from a few of the former intimate friends of Mr. Moorhead, and the device was intended to represent that the circle was at last broken. Still another impressive floral representation was a broken column standing at the head of the coffin, and bearing the words, "Our Chief"—the appropriate gift of the gentle-

men composing the post office force. These, headed by Deputy Postmaster Kellogg, just before the opening of the services, marched from the post office in a body, and, filing through the room in which their dead chief lay, took a last look at the face of him whom they had learned to love so well.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. T. Franklin, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, in a very solemn and impressive manner. Mrs. Carter and Mr. Shacklett, assisted by other members of the church choir, sang with touching effect the hymn beginning, "I would not live alway, I ask not to stay," and also the chant entitled, "Thy will be done."

The pall-bearers were from among the long-time intimate friends of Mr. Moorhead and his family, namely, John Eliot, Robert W. Russell, William S. Brown, A. H. Caughey, Joseph Mc Carter and Thomas H. Carroll. A very large number of relatives were present, including Mr. Moorhead's sisters, Mrs. Stone, wife of the Lieutenant Governor, Mrs. Derickson, widow of the late Charles Derickson of Meadville, and Mrs. Calvin Leet of Harborcreek. The sad rites were concluded at the grave in the presence of many hundreds of people; and if there ever were sincere regret and unfeigned sorrow for one departed, it was when the mortal remains of Isaac Moorhead—the unselfish friend, the faithful public officer, the true-hearted man and citizen, the kind husband and father—sank into the bosom of the all-receiving earth, while the sol-

emn but hopeful words of the committal service sounded in the ears of that silently weeping throng.

Among the many letters addressed to Mrs. Moorhead on the occasion of her husband's death, one from his life-long friend, Gen. McCreary, so well represents the feelings of his intimate friends, and is withal so fitting a tribute to his worth and manly character, that it is given entire below :

Annapolis, June 5, 1881.

"DEAR MRS. MOORHEAD.

I have deferred writing till this evening, hoping that in some way I might get home in time to be present when Isaac will be laid to rest, but I have hoped against hope. In no way could I get away from here so as to reach home before Tuesday at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, which I feared would be too late. Indeed I am so confused and bewildered at what has happened in the few short days since I last saw him that I can scarcely trust myself to attempt to do anything. I do not try to reconcile myself to the thought that when I go home I shall not see him to tell him what I have seen while away, just as I used to do, and in which he always took so much interest; but my mind will not be reconciled, for I cannot fully comprehend that he is forever gone. I have lived a good many years and have had many friends and relatives of the nearest tie taken away, but not one or all of them

have taken away so much of myself, so much of my every day life with them as has Isaac in his death. To me, going home without expecting to see hin is like going to a strange and unwelcome land, and I really have no heart nor desire to go.

"For thirty-five years and more, indeed all of my life that I know much of, I have known Isaac as I knew, I may safely say, no other. So trusting and intimate was our friendship during all this time that I never had a plan or a purpose or even a secret that I either did not or was not willing to confide to him, with the most absolute assurance that it would be received by him and most sacredly kept. I never saw the day or the moment, and I believe he felt the same towards me, that he would not have sacrificed his own interests and his comfort, if by so doing he could have promoted mine. Do not be surprised then when I say that his death has made the future to me unreal and uncertain; for where is another to make so much of my existence as he did?

"Just before I left home I saw Max, who told me that his father seemed better, and I went away feeling that when I returned I would find him in his old place, well and cheerful, and that we would tell each other many things that would interest us both. When I saw by the paper that he was very ill, I forced myself to believe that it would be but temporary, but when I received the telegram from Max that he was dead, I was unnerved and over-

come. I handed it to the members of my family who were with me and we could not speak to each other about it, it was so overwhelming to us all. I should not have trusted myself to write you at this time, for my thoughts are not under my control, and I cannot say what I wish to say. I will not attempt to use language to encourage yourself and your family to become reconciled; only this, that when one dies who was at peace with every one, and who so fully believed and trusted in the eternal truths of the great hereafter, and in the sustaining doctrines of the Christian faith, as did Isaac, then for his sake and for yours you should feel that it is all well and for the best. Some time when we both feel like talking upon the subject of his death I want to hear some of the circumstances of his last hours. Little indeed did I think when I saw him just before he left that I would be sitting here in this strange place writing to you as I have done. Accept it in the spirit in which it is written and believe me most deeply and sincerely

Your friend,

D. B. Mc Creary."

One of Mr. Moorhead's old friends at the seashore, Rev. H. G. Storer, a member of the household in which Mr. Moorhead at different times had spent many delightful weeks, writes thus tenderly:

"Dear Mr. C.—Your sad note is received; and my heart aches with yours. You write that Mr.

Moorhead was broken down in health before he left the railroad; but till the reception of your note, I had always supposed him to be remarkably free from all ills of the flesh. I thought so because he came of a long-lived race—because his habits were so regular and unexceptionable—because his spirits were so equable and cheerful—because he had no burden of debts and no load of cankering care to wear him out, but seemed always so young and fresh both in mind and body and heart, and was so genial and friendly and good that everybody must have wished that he would *never* die. * * *

"Most truly do we all in this household here sympathize with you, and with Mrs. M. and her children, in view of the loss which you so justly call 'irreparable'; for there is not one of us that did not admire and love him. This dwelling will always seem the brighter and more sacred to us, because it has been time and again lit up by his most welcome and cherished presence; and a cloud hangs over it to-day, and over our hearts as well, because our fond hope that he would come back here once more has now perished forever. What can we say about it, and what can you or any of his lovers say, but this one word to our Father in Heaven (before whom, as our Lord has testified, 'not even a sparrow is forgotten') 'not as we would, but as thou wilt.' Standing on that rock, Faith can submit in meek silence. Through that most precious faith,

may God comfort you and keep us all in the peace of God, till the shadows flee away, and the light of the eternal Sabbath shall shine upon a world in which there shall be no more sin, nor tears, nor death."

To the column of *Notes & Queries* in a Pennsylvania journal, Dr. W. H. Egle, author of the history of Pennsylvania, contributes a brief biographical sketch of Mr. Moorhead. From this the following paragraph is taken:

"An intimate friend for years we can bear testimony to Mr. Moorhead's scholarly accomplishments. We are in possession of a number of his articles, which go to show depth of thought, power of description, and that artistic effect which a gentleman of letters can alone acquire. In historic research he was deeply interested, and the citizens of Erie are indebted to him for many pleasant reminiscences of their city, over the signature of 'John Ashbough.' He wrote for the Centennial year a Historical review of Erie county, and was the author of the Erie county sketch in Egle's History of Pennsylvania, which contains the best and most lucid account of Perry's Battle on Lake Erie extant. In the performance of a great duty, he prepared a genealogy of his own and allied families; and few in our State possessed as full knowledge as he of the French occupation of Western Pennsylvania. He had made this subject one of study and research, and it was confidently expected that in due time the results of his

investigation would have been given to us. He was much interested in our *Notes & Queries*, for they related to the homes of his ancestors—to them, their neighbors and friends. But the deeds of men live after them, and the memory of the good shall be preserved for ages. With a geniality and amiability few possess—faithful, honest and true—our friend Moorhead has passed to his reward."

W. H. E.

At the monthly meeting of the DAUPHIN COUNTY (Pa.) HISTORICAL SOCIETY, held June 9th, 1881, on motion of Rev. Dr. Robinson, the following was unanimously ordered to be placed upon the records of the society:

"The members of the Dauphin County Historical Society having heard of the sudden death of their former fellow member and friend, Mr. ISAAC MOORHEAD, of Erie, Pa., would put on record their sense of his high worth as a man and a friend, and would bear testimony to his deep interest, especially in historical researches. His genial and gentlemanly bearing, and his unquestionable integrity in all the relations of life, had won for him universal respect and confidence. We tender to his widow and family assurances of our sympathy in their great bereavement.

A. BOYD HAMILTON, President.

T. H. ROBINSON, Cor. Sec."

SOME THINGS SEEN ON THE CARS.

* THE "NICODEMUS NIGHTSHADE" LETTERS.

I.

The Night Express East.

Oh! said I to Paul, is not this glorious? How matters have changed with us since we worked together in that other land on the—let me see—I think it was the Lake Shore road. Railroad Companies are all honest here. No secret agents are required to note the doings of each other—my occupation is gone. We have a uniform gauge all over this glorious land—perpetual summer here—no standing out all the weary hours of the long, long night, on a bleak embankment, with broken wheels and axles, in the blinding snow and chilly winds from the lake. We have no stops to make for supper and then headlong speed to regain lost time—but we have a car with a table always set and loaded (our tables do not *groan* in this country)

* These letters were written in the year 1859, and published in the *Erie Observer*.

with all that can please the eye and delight the taste, and then we have "screider" that was *not* made in New Jersey, and cigars that never were near Conneaut. We have a double track all over this new country; no wooden bridges; our passage is noiseless and fleet as the wind. Cattle and horses, if there are any here, are not allowed to roam at large, and we cross no roads at grade. We have coaches of incomparable convenience and splendor, and we—Paul and Nicodemus—receive five thousand a year. I am appointed by the Superintendent of the road to accompany Paul in order to remonstrate with the delighted passengers against the impropriety of paying their fare twice over to Paul. All this is very pleasant; but there came to our ears a noise—

"As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more.'"

I opened my eyes and discovered Paul lighting the gas. The rapping of the night watchman had roused me—my dream had vanished. I was again the secret agent. It was one o'clock and in half an hour we would take the Night Express East.

Paul opened the door for the watchman who came in and said, "Boys, I have some bad news for you; there has been a terrible accident. Tom G———, the Conductor on the Central, has been killed on his own train." Paul and I turned and looked at

each other a minute without speaking, but the heart was busy with its memories. But yesterday we had seen him in all the buoyancy of life and hope, and now—could it be possible he had passed through the dark valley? We had known him well for many years, and all that was noble and generous had a home in his breast. Often had he waited in the depot at Buffalo far in the night, after a long and tiresome ride from Syracuse, for Paul and me to appear to commend some destitute and unfortunate fellow-creature to our care, and then with a friendly grasp of the hand and a pleasant word at parting, he would turn his weary footsteps to the hotel. A tear to your memory, poor Tom, and may God deal gently with the loved ones you have left to fight life's hard battles alone. Paul turned to me and repeated, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh;" and then the whistle sounded from the West, and we walked on the platform with full hearts, to take the "Night Express East." * * *

Have you never noticed those little hurried conferences between Conductors, on leaving and taking a train? Conductor from the west reports hurriedly and says, "Heavy train to-night, hard crowd, two coaches of raftsmen mostly drunk. You'll find a Jew who says he has no money. I 'pulled' him—take him—he has plenty of *soap*. There is a sprinkling of cripples, deaf and dumb, &c. There are two Cincinnati pick-pockets aboard—we watched

them close. They won't try to operate before reaching Dunkirk." The whistle sounds, and off we go. First we enter the baggage-car. Baggageman sits in chair smoking his meerschaum.—Express Messenger has a bed of m· .ags with blanket spread on his safe for a pillow.—Rout. ·t with through mail from Cincinnati to New York sleeps heavily on his mail-bags which are piled on that long box. Baggage-man hands us a ticket—points to box under Route Agent and simply says "corpse."

We pass into second class car, I walking ahead carrying lamp. We find an Irish woman wildly weeping. In answer to our interrogatory, what is the matter?—she answers, "Oh! my baby, my baby is dead." We hold the lamp close and place our hand upon its cold face and discover that it is indeed dead. She had laid it down to sleep on a vacant seat, and because it rested quietly she did not disturb it, until, taking it up, to her horror, she discovered it was dead. When she became somewhat composed we learned her history, which is, in a measure, that of many others we have met since the money panic of 1857. Her husband was a mechanic; and work failing in Newark, N. J., (their home) they went to Chicago in hope of bettering their condition. Here matters were still worse. Vainly seeking for labor, and their means being well nigh exhausted, the husband returned to Newark and left the wife sick in Chicago with barely means sufficient to purchase a second-class

ticket to Jersey City and follow when her infant was sufficiently old to bear the fatigue of travel. She had not a shilling. We offered to bury her child decently at Buffalo and send her on to her husband, but she clung to it convulsively, and announced her determination to carry the dead infant to her husband in Newark. We saw her safe aboard the Hornellsville train at Buffalo, and provided her with sufficient means to procure food until her arrival at home. The other occupants of the car gazed on the woman with a sort of mute wonder or stolid indifference, and although there were several women, and some of her own nation, in that car, whom we besought personally, yet not one of them went to offer a word of consolation to this afflicted mother.

We pass into the next coach and our ears are saluted with those well known sounds which indicate the presence of whooping cough. Paul, looking soberly at me, enquires, "Nicodemus, have you had the infantile diseases—such as whooping-cough, mumps, measles, &c.?" I answer yes. A queer fellow sitting at my elbow says, in a melo-dramatic style, "'Tis well," and, raising his finger, points to the children who are laboring under the aforesaid diseases. Here is a well known countenance, pointed out to us years ago by a policeman as that of a pick-pocket. That moustache and beard of his are false. A countryman is sitting in a seat with him. When Paul takes his ticket, he calls out, loud and

clear, "Passengers are warned against a pick-pocket now in this car." Pick-pocket gets up in a few moments, and, remarking to his neighbor that he does not deem it safe to remain with such company in this coach, moves into the second class car.

Next we find a German in a deep sleep under the influence of plentiful potations of "lager." After much effort we succeed in waking him. He does not seem to understand anything about our request for a ticket, but informs us that he is going to Erie. When we succeed in making him comprehend the fact that we have passed Erie, and that the train will not stop until we reach Westfield, and that he cannot get a glass of lager within a mile of the depot at Westfield, our German jumps up and down, beats his head with his hand, and says, "Yeokup, doo beest von tam fool."

There is rather a pretty face in that double seat. It has been seen on this line of travel for years. It is a sort of shuttlecock between the battledores of New York and Cincinnati, and comes and goes almost with the regularity of the route agents. The owner of that pretty face has *interested* an innocent-looking young man by her "winning ways". He pays her fare to Buffalo, and their acquaintance and friendship is cemented. She is one of the multitude of her class that travel up and down this great thoroughfare capturing such noodles as that —one of those "whose pathway is down to death"; and unless some vision of the good and pure of that

home which he has left far away rises between them, she and her companions will lead him downward in that horrible course which, persisted in, blights and kills the body and damns the soul. It is not pleasant to weave threads of this color in my rough web, but they are so very numerous I could not fail to notice them.

Very small boy travelling alone with a card sewed on his cap, containing the following, written in a plain hand, "Conductors please inform this boy of the changes of cars and dining stations. He goes to No. —— ——— street, Providence, R. I., and is ticketed through." In questioning said boy we found the card a superfluity, he knowing all about the route, the changes, etc., much better than the majority of passengers. He knew that ticket carried him over the "six foot road," and that he changed cars at Dunkirk, and all that sort of thing. In conversation we found him well posted and *fast.* The reason of this precocity was very evident when he informed us that he had been visiting a year in Chicago. Sitting with him in the seat was a young lady with a guitar case beside her, bare arms of the thin blue order, very sharp elbows, sash on her neck, hair curling, of course, black ribbon around her neck, pencil, locket, and piece of Atlantic cable attached to it, and all presided over by a meaningless looking face, which was almost buried in a copy of the New York *Ledger.* She was bound for "*Sirikuice*".

Here a loving couple occupy a seat together. Most persons would suppose that they sustain some near relation to each other. May be they do—but it is a little odd that the man's ticket was purchased in Chicago, and the woman's in Louisville. Next seat—the old story—lady had pocket picked at Columbus, lost money, tickets and all. The other conductor informed us of this matter. All right—pass on. Another woman. "What's the fare to Dunkirk?" One dollar forty. She hands out a counterfeit V. which of course we decline—then a broken bank bill of same denomination, which is also refused. She affects much surprise. Her husband couldn't have known it was bad, &c. I knew her husband—there are many such as he. She was going to Binghamton and would doubtless make the entire trip there and return without the cost of a dime. The conductor wouldn't put a woman off the cars, especially with a little child, oh no!

Man hands us a paper which reads, "Pass the Editor of the Pehelia, Kansas, Republican over the North Missouri R. R.," &c. Paul informs him that we cannot recognize the pass. After considerable talk he indignantly demands the amount of the fare to Westfield and pays it, and shortly afterwards enquires of a brakeman the name of that Conductor—looks daggers at us as we pass and repass through the train—will not call said Conductor "gentlemanly and courteous" in the next issue, but will pronounce the whole tribe of them "im-

pertinent—stuck up," &c., Suddenly remembers that he has received no check. Seeing me pass and supposing me to be part of the institution, he demands a check. I inform him that I am not the Conductor, I am Nicodemus—but that he does not need a check, for he stops at the first way station. Rising to his feet he says excitedly—that makes no difference—he has traveled, he has, and wants to know what he will have to *show* if fare is again demanded. Fellow sitting a few seats behind says: "Show *yourself* for an ass, just as you have done all the way from St. Louis." Editor turns around fiercely and seems to recognize the speaker—sits down, grumbles to himself something about the ingratitude of railroads—the press warming them into life and then they (the roads) viper-like, &c. &c. Fellow behind replies, "Not much warming received from you. Last year you were taking daguerreotypes, and this year you are peddling sewing-machines through Missouri and trying to pass as an editor, when you ain't anything but a correspondent for an abolition paper in Kansas."

II.

Cincinnati Express.

It is 10 o'clock in the morning, the hour that Paul and I ordinarily rise to breakfast. When we come in on the Night Express we take a quiet

sleep extending far into the morning, and Wilhelmina prevails on our landlady to muffle the door-bell lest it should disturb us, while she sits within view of the front door to receive her visitors and ours. At the breakfast table, if we have met any particular characters on the train the night before, we make our adventures with them and their peculiarities the staple of conversation. Wilhelmina then gives us our errand list in Buffalo for to-morrow morning. "Mrs. Bomblejar is going to give a party, and wants a box of lemons—ditto of oranges, three dozens of pine-apples, &c. &c.—Mrs. Thickbroom did not get enough silk for her dress at Griswold's—he has sold the balance of piece—here is a sample—try and find two yards like it in Buffalo. Miss Chickweed wishes us to go out to Oakland's and get the verbenas in pots she looked at last week. You know, says Wilhelmina (a little wickedly), that you can take a *'buss*—to Cold Spring—and then you'll have but about four or five squares to walk, and you can ride back. Old Mr. Winkle wants you to go to Matthew's, and get a box of Slambang's All-Killing Ointment, and a bottle of Donebrown's Hair Exterminator. Mrs. Yorke left this memorandum of articles, and wishes you to leave the order at Barnum's to be filled and sent home by express, and, like a true lady that she is, encloses *par* funds to pay the bill. The balance, Paul, you will have the extreme satisfaction of paying for in eastern money, and as usual receiving

from these accommodated people, the issues of banks located in *Wisconsin* and *Illinois*. But then, Paul, you know you were created for the public good, and as Mr. Winkle said this morning, 'What's the use having friends, unless you can use them?'" Paul replied, "Sometimes, Nicodemus, I think that the old man who got on the train at Westfield, and met an old friend (whom he engaged in conversation, and concerning whom more anon,) did not say so very foolish a thing after all. The old man in reply to a remark made by his friend, that they were on the down-hill of life, and would soon sleep at the foot, replied in all apparent sincerity, "My Heavens, I hope so. I wouldn't live my life over again with its infernal annoyances and bothers, for the best *keow* in Chautauqua County."

In the afternoon "Dag," Paul and I went fishing. We dropped anchor opposite the mouth of Big Cascade, and the way we hauled in the fish was a caution "to weakly minded people." Off to our right, Mr. Scullaway and lady were seated in their pretty cockle-shell boat, with their fishing apparatus working to its full capacity. S—— is a true sportsman, and long may he "fly in the wind." In nearer the shore, in the stern of his "dug-out," sits "Old Ben", with his little old pipe in his mouth, and his fishing rod in his hand, motionless as the sculptured marble at the gates of—(I forget the name of the place.) We sometimes think that this old man, "the last of Perry's men," will be spared to paddle

his canoe up and down the Bay, as long as the black bass frequent these waters. To be sure, this has very little to do with running a train of cars. But then, you know, so many folks are anxious about the location of the depots, we thought we would start once from the "Harbor," just to see how it would seem.

The train from the west is late to-night. But at last the whistle sounds—the train is here, the "Comet" is attached, the bell rings, "all aboard," and late as we are, you can bet your life, with Ike Barker at the lever, "if the handle don't break the beard is bound to come off;" which being interpreted means, "we will be in Buffalo on time." This train left Cincinnati at six o'clock this morning, and it is the one that carries "the Southern travel." It makes but three stops on our road, and is the most pleasant train to run that we have. The generality of the men of the south have that plain, frank, open and manly address so different from the north, and the ladies (when alone they are requiring your attention to their baggage, your escort to the supper table, and many other little nameless attentions which a faithful conductor knows so well how to bestow,) never *forget* most cordially to thank you, and do not seem like many others to think the favor shown is on their side, in giving you an opportunity to devote yourself to them.

Paul was taken aback one evening at Dunkirk: a woman from his train was going to a way sta-

tion on the Erie road, and in re-checking her baggage (which is not done on the train for small way stations) she experienced some annoyance and delay. She came into the dining saloon a little flushed, and remarked to Paul, "The conductor from Cleveland to Erie was very attentive to me, and here I have been left to my own destruction." Paul had two or three ladies at the table, who offered to excuse him until he calmed this excited individual; he, however, remarked to them that she was an old traveler and could take care of herself. She was simply one of that class of individuals denominated "sand-flies" by the train boys. I thought I would play smart, and offered my services to a girl at Dunkirk, and she gave her head a toss, and switching her crinoline, she replied pertly, "Thank you, sir, I've traveled enough not to need your assistance."

In addition to our Cincinnatti folks we have Chicago and the Wabash Valley represented on the train. Leaving behind time we are booming along at a high rate of speed. A diminutive, weazen-faced man looking out of the window until his head swims, draws a long breath, and enquires in a loud squealing voice, "Massy sakes, if we should run off the track neow w-h-e-r-e would we go to?" Gruff fellow with a head shaped like a lemon, hair combed down and cut straight across in front, as though the barber had crowded a crock over his head and cut by the rim, seems annoyed at little

man's remark and replies, "Most probably you'd fetch up in some out of the way place beyond the reach of your friends." Round-faced fellow, jolly but sappy, remarks as Paul tears off his ticket, "Don't spile my tikit, I paid fourteen dollars for it, and you're tarin on 't; yer won't leave me enough to git home with," and then he haw, haw, haws, and looks around him, and seeing no one inclined to laugh at his *witty* remark, he concludes that his neighbors don't know new goods when they see them, and subsides.

A little farther on—a double seat and a sight familiar to us of the train. A young and care-worn woman, supporting the wasted frame of her husband, pleads earnestly for Paul to stop at R——. Her husband is dying. The last resort—the southern journey—has failed to have any good effect on the doomed man; and, oh! she wishes so much he may reach their own home before he dies. She describes the situation of the house—their home—close beside the track. Although the train is behind time, and we are straining every nerve to make a connection, Paul cannot deny this woman, nor resist the anxious look on the face of the dying man.—We reach their home—Paul and I carry him in and lay him beneath his own roof; and three days afterwards in passing R—— with the train, we see a group of persons with uncovered heads surrounding a mound of fresh earth in the village church-yard, and the hands of the solemn

man of God raised to Heaven, and we know that our passenger has reached the end of life's journey and is at rest.

A bewildered looking Celt, with a large and dirty family has just exchanged his checks with the checkman who passes on. The man is sweating like a sausage-stuffer, has his checks in one hand, his tattered and torn tickets in the other and a puzzled look on his countenance. He yells an imprecation at the crying children, looks at the checks, then at the tickets, and now at the retreating checkman, and proceeds to scratch that head of his in vain effort at a solution of the quandary he is in. We take his tickets and discover that they are from the Wabash Valley and take him to New York by the Erie road. He salutes us with "Keppen, will yez plaze explain till me what I'm to do; betwane the luggage and the childer and the tickets, I'm all through other." We set the Celt right, explained everything particularly to him, and saw the entire family off the train at Dunkirk, and then went to supper. On going through the train, after leaving Dunkirk, behold this interesting family in another coach of the same train. We cannot describe to you the wails they set up at the discovery of their blunder. The father commenced swearing, and his amiable looking companion began to "bate the childer by way of devarshun." At Silver Creek we unloaded them to return to Dunkirk on next train, and we must say the chances were in favor of their again passing that station.

An old lady sits behind this party munching popcorn and carrying a vagabond looking cur on her lap, which snaps at Paul as he reaches for the old lady's ticket. About this time an odor fills the car strongly suggestive of skunks in the vicinity. These offensive animals come up out of the swamps at night, and, if the night is cool, take a position on the rail, which yet retains the heat of the sun, and, dazzled with the brilliant light of the lamp of the approaching locomotive, remain until struck by the pilot, and directly a sense of their presence is diffused throughout the train. Old couple behind commence to snuff, and suggest to Paul the propriety of putting out old lady's dog, as he has been killing skunks. Old lady flares up and we pass along leaving them to blaze away at each other. Paul reaches his hand to the next man for his ticket; the man rises to his feet, grasps Paul's dexter and gives it a hearty shake, with a "how d'ye do," presuming of course that the conductor was some old acquaintance whom he had forgotten. Paul asks for his ticket, and, receiving it, passes on. Man remarks, "Terribly warm time of it; Yes; Dry; Yes; Need rain; Yes; Grass is light; Yes; Frost do much damage? Yes, killed all the children in Chautauqua County under two years of age. No! Yes." Old lady says, "Marcy on us! killed the children!" and then looks affectionately at her mangy-looking cur.

Old lady with pug nose and iron-rimmed spec-

tacles, replies to Paul's request for her ticket—"Yes, I've got a ticket for Buffalo, but I a'int going to give it up till I git my chist." We explain, remonstrate, but she holds the ticket tight and says, "You a'int a-goin' to come any of your delewsions over me, I can tell ye; I've heerd tell all abeout ye. Didn't Jeremiah tell me heow to deu, and to be kereful? He's been deown twice afore." At last we get the ticket by making her understand that it is the check she is not to give up before receiving her baggage.

Man carrying an infant and endeavoring with a bottle of milk with rubber top to supply the place of a mother. You can read the story as he gazes in that infant's face and traces the features of its absent mother. She has died in that far off western country, maybe from the lack of the comforts of her old New England home, and he is taking the child to its grand parents; and, poor man, when he has fulfilled her dying charge in regard to the infant, you will see him returning alone. God be with him in his terrible privation.

A woman, with face dreadfully scratched and bruised, holds a child tight in her arms and sits in an absent mood, save when the train thunders over a bridge or rounds a curve, and then the expression on her face is one of wild anxiety. She and her child escaped with their lives in that terrible accident which occurred the other day on the Michigan Southern Road. She informs us that three hours

after she was taken from the ruins, her child was found safe and uninjured clinging to the body of a dead woman, and then, whispering to Paul, she enquires if he considers our bridges quite safe.

Two Milesians in a seat together. One rises: "Mr. Kundookther, could yez let the two of us go to Doonkerk for a shillin?" "No, you must pay the regular fare" "Oh, bad cess to yez, but yer hard," and then they pay. Behind are two returning gold-seekers from Pike's Peak, traveling on a pass, dirty, ragged, sunburnt and penniless—but "satisfied." We are in the last coach, and now the rain begins to pour down outside, and in comes a bruised, bunged-eyed looking man from the hind platform. A glance at him and some others we have not yet reached shows them to be from the "Gem of the Say." Irishman and his wife got on at Westfield and want to get off at Salem. We don't stop at Salem. Woman says we must stop at Salem, she lives there. Paul tells them there is no use in talking; we are behind time and can't stop, and wouldn't stop any way. Then came a volley of abuse from them which continued until we reached Dunkirk, and as they stepped off the train and "struck out" in the wet for a walk of some miles, the woman turning to Paul and shaking her fist at him said, "Condoocter, I do hope til Gad you'l break your neck before you get til Buffalo," and then spit venomously at him. Paul replied: "It is a wet night and dark, pick your steps,

and keep out of the cattle-guards, and, lest we may never see you again, we bid you an affectionate Farewell." "Farewell," echoed Nicodemus.

III.

The Night Express West from Buffalo.

We have not journeyed together since the heats of summer. Then our eyes fell upon the rich green of the forests and the fields of waving corn; and when we stopped at the stations our ears were saluted with the chirrup of the cricket and the dry, crackling song of the locust. Now the trees have dropped their mantle of leaves, the voice of the insect world is hushed, the farmer has garnered his grain, and the bleak winds of November are warning us of the approach of winter.

Again and again since we met you last we have passed "black mile-stones" in our journey of life. Death has called us away from the train, and we have accompanied one and another dear friend to the water's edge. We have asked those shining ones that stood upon the other side of the river "If a man die shall he live again?" and they have answered us, "I am the resurrection and the life", saith the Lord. "He that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." We have

turned back to the busy scenes of life purified somewhat, we trust, by the fires of affliction, and in the long night hours on the train we think of the pure and upright example left us as a rich legacy by him who has passed away forever; and we think of her whose sun went down in the morning of her days. We see the tears falling from the eyes of her young friends, standing around her as she lay coffined and cold beneath the maples in the yard, on that still, dreamy, Indian summer day, with the flowers wound in her hair and clasped in her hand. We never can forget the calm quiet of that afternoon—the hazy, dreamy atmosphere—the deathly stillness—the dead leaves falling around her as her young companions sang the funeral hymn, just before her face was hid from us not again to be seen until the morning of the resurrection. Since then we have not felt like writing, but rather like passing on quietly with the throng until beckoned by the silent messenger to the shores of the great river. But we have duties to perform in life, and stern reality must be stared full in its brassy face; and again we are amid the realities of the busy world.

Rap, rap, rap, — "Hello!" "Half past three." "Aye, Aye." Delightful hour of the morning to arise and commence the duties of the day! We have had five hours of rest, and up we rise to leave the depot with the Boston Express. The hacks and omnibuses are rumbling down Exchange Street as

we reach the pavement. A raw breeze is blowing from the east, and a cutting fine rain strikes us in the face as we walk briskly down to the depot.

The train is in from Albany, and the hackmen stand ready, announcing with their "clarion notes" to such unlucky passengers as are intending to stop at Buffalo, their ability and disposition to carry them to any depot, hotel or residence in the city; and the confusion of Babel begins. Two engines from Erie and Syracuse, their head lights illuminating the depot with dazzling brilliancy, and blowing and fizzing and fretting like blooded racers anxious to take the track—the engineer with his little lamp and can in hand giving the joints and slides a last "dope," passengers in the car quarreling over the right to seats, and calling for confirmation of their claims. Two or three dogs, in the baggage car, add their piteous howls to the incessant din, while the deep bass voice of Joe M—— rises above all the noise as he calls out the numbers of the checked baggage and receives for answer, "Lake Shore," "Steamboat," "Omnibus Line".

At last the conductor's "all aboard" is heard, and we step upon the platform. The signal is given, and we move eastward and southward until we double the foot of the lake. We enter the first coach, I carrying Paul's lamp and shaking up those who from fatigue of travel have dropped asleep.

We meet an old lady in spectacles rushing for

the door, band-box in one hand, umbrella in the other. We ask her what is the trouble, "Why Massy sakes, I don't want to go back to Albany. I'm going to I-o-way." We explain the cause of our course being eastward, and the old lady settles away in her seat, satisfied. Numerous passengers who had turned their seats to face the West now rise and turn them back again.

Here is trouble ahead, Paul; a young man on his first journey is looking doubtfully at a very bright watch in his hand—holds it to his ear and shakes it, and then listens again. He hands the watch to Paul for his opinion of it.—It is soon examined. "How came you by this watch, young man?" says Paul. "Well, you see, an honest-looking fellow came in before we started and said he had left his money in his trunk, and it was already checked and stowed away in the baggage car and he could not get it till he got to Cleveland. He had got his family aboard and hadn't money enough into twenty dollars about him to get his tickets, and if I'd just let him have twenty dollars till he got to Cleveland he would get his trunk and make it all right; and he gave me this gold watch worth a hundred dollars for security; and this man here says I am sold and the watch aint worth a cent. Why, when I told the fellow that I was going out to Mc Greggor's Landing, says he, 'how lucky; that's just where we are going to settle.'" "Young man," said Paul, "your watch is worthless, and you will never see

your friend again." We pass on. Listen to that group in the farther end of the coach; it won't require much effort. It is strange that many people while riding on the train think that they must raise their voices to the key of the scream of a panther to be heard by their companions—not knowing, as we do, that the voice always sounds distinct and clear above the rattle and rush of the cars.

The train soon arrives at Dunkirk, and here we have a large accession to it, including three coach loads of Mormons from England and Wales, under the guardianship of an elder from Salt Lake. The Elder has his hat set jauntily on the side of his head, wears a Talma coat, heavy, full beard, and has a most forbidding and villainous looking countenance. There were many young girls of the party attired in grey stuff dresses, with brown flats. They had the fresh, clear complexions, with that nice blending of the lily and the rose, seen no where in such perfection as in the faces of the English and Welsh peasantry.

A VISIT TO GETTYSBURG.

October 1864.

It was dark as we walked from the depot to the tavern of Mr. Mc Clellan, on the public square, in Gettysburg. We pressed our hands upon the old-fashioned door-handles of the house, and were cordially welcomed by our plain and kind landlord. Down we sat by a good coal fire. On the mantle-piece was a coal-oil lamp, made from a shell from the world-renowned battle-field. The portraits on the wall were the grand-parents of the landlord. I knew at once I would like this hotel. The father of the landlord had kept it before him. We had an excellent supper, and as I sat down to a cigar, Old John Burns came in. He was "the only citizen of Gettysburg," it is said, "who took up arms against the Rebels in defence of their homes." John Burns gave us a description of what he saw during the battle, and seemed very modest in everything pertaining to himself. He was wounded. His hatred of "Copperheads" seemed greater even than of Rebels in arms, and he announced to me, in a very confidential kind of way,

that "the Almighty was not going to permit them infernal scoundrels to ruin the country."

Our bed was high. I had to pick Ruth up and toss her into it. All right; I wouldn't have had it otherwise for the world. And here we laid ourselves down quietly and slept undisturbed, where, but sixteen months since, two hundred thousand men were busily engaged in killing each other with many muskets and four hundred pieces of artillery.

I was awake very early in the morning, and passed out through the town, and soon saw evidences of the conflict on the trees, fences and houses down towards Cemetery Hill. Gettysburg has about twenty-eight hundred inhabitants. Finishing my short walk I returned to our excellent breakfast of partridge, sausage, apple-butter, &c. Mr. E. of Philadelphia went with us first to the National Cemetery. Workmen were placing a substantial stone fence around it, and building a neat brick dwelling-house for the keeper. Here we saw the graves of something like three thousand Union Soldiers buried by States; Pennsylvania soldiers by themselves, New Hampshire soldiers by themselves, &c. Sticks with pencil marks, and names carved rudely with knives on boards, marked the resting places of the brave men below. A marble headstone is to mark the grave of each soldier. Oh, what a sacrifice was made here, just sixteen months ago, to save this nation!

The Cemetery of the town adjoins the National Cemetery. Through and over this Cemetery the storm of battle raged. The top of a large stone, marking the grave of a soldier killed at Fair Oaks, was broken by a shot or shell. In passing through we saw a stone with this inscription: "*Be ye ready! Jennie Wade, killed by a ball fired by a Rebel sharp-shooter at the Battle of Gettysburg, July 3d, 1863, whilst in discharge of her household duties. Aged 20 years, 1 m. and 7 d.*" From this place we went to Culp's Hill, our extreme right. And how shall I describe this place! It would fill many pages of this book were I to attempt any description, particular in its character, of the disposition of ours and the enemy's troops, the different days and at the different points, miles apart, of this great battle. Here Slocum and the 12th corps carried death into the enemy's ranks. The desperate character of the fighting is seen and registered on the trees and the rocks. All over the trunks of those trees, for twenty feet above the roots, are marks of the fierce musketry. You cannot lay your hand over many of the trees without covering a mark of a minie ball or a wound from shell. Huge limbs swing by a few tendons, wounded and disfigured by shell. All over the ground here, and everywhere in the streets of Gettysburg, in the woods, in the roads, in the fields, on the mountain side—are scattered the debris of vast armies—the ashes of camp-fires, cast-off shoes and boots, coats,

shirts, cartouch-boxes, haversacks, caps, etc. etc. For miles and miles they are scattered on the ground and you are never out of sight of them.

Our next ride was out along our lines to our extreme left. The presence of our excellent guide, Mr. Frey, was invaluable.

I found much benefit from my late conversations with Mr. Vincent, and the re-reading of all our accounts of the battle, together with the Rebel history and the narrative of the British officer in the enemy's line at the time of the battle. The positions and disposition of the corps and the leaders were fresh in my mind.

How can I describe the place of the last desperate charge of the enemy on Hancock's corps and their terrible and final repulse! There they went down like dry grass before fire. To use the expressive words of a rebel officer of Pickett's who described the charge to me: "Our lines seemed to vanish and disappear." Along near here we noticed a grave surrounded with a fence and a headboard with this inscription: "Lieut. Col. I. Wasden, 22d Ga. Vols.; killed near Gettysburg, July 3d, 1863." Here were the Peach Orchard and the fields around it—the one field where sixteen hundred rebels are buried—the spot where Barksdale was killed. (The farmer that lived near pronounced Barksdale the bravest man he ever saw). As we approached Round Top it was at once evident that it was the key of the whole position—

that point lost and all was lost. Driving our carriage down the rocky lane that leads from the turnpike to Round Top, we soon reached the base. Dismounting among the rocks, we saw some bones of a rebel, with shreds of his "butternut" clothing. We passed through the woods filled with rocks, and ascended the Round Top. The summit is clear of trees, but they are scattered on the sides. On a large rock near the summit is chiseled this inscription: "Col. Strong Vincent fell here com'g 3d Brig. 1st div. 5th corps, July 2d, 1863."

Standing on the rock and looking down into the valley, Mr. Frey called my attention to the "Devil's Den," which consisted of two immense rocks standing up side and side, with a small but convenient opening between them. Across the top was another immense rock. The opening was in such a position that neither shot nor shell, although freely thrown at the rebel sharp-shooter occupying this place, could reach him. The story goes (and I deem it an exceedingly plausible one, and Mr. Frey says he does not doubt it), that Col. Vincent was hit by this sharp-shooter in the "Devil's Den." After repeated efforts to dislodge him, two of Berdan's sharp-shooters were called up and the locality of the fellow pointed out to them. One of them slipped down to the friendly cover of a large Whitewood tree, to the right of Vincent's rock, and flanking the opening of the "Devil's Den". Here waiting until the rebel reloaded his gun, and coming cau-

tiously to the end of the rock, he took deliberate aim and sent the rebel to his long home. This sharp-shooter has been at Gettysburg since the battle, and went with Mr. Frey to all these localities.

The rebel's grave is just at the mouth of the den, and his boots I saw lying just within the den, thrown there by Mr. Frey at the burial of the rebel. Col. Vincent, Generals Weed and Haslett, commanding battery of regulars, were killed on Round Top, probably all by sharp-shooters. A little bush tree of chestnut oak grows alongside of Vincent's Rock. I broke off a piece of rock from the under side, out of sight, and took up a very small evergreen tree some five inches high, and three black raspberry bushes, as mementoes of the place.

It has been the fashion to attribute rashness to Col. Vincent for undue and unnecessary exposure, which led to his untimely death. Standing on the rock where he stood, and surveying the nature of the ground and all the circumstances, I could not call him rash. We have the ample and positive testimony of his superiors that in everything pertaining to a soldier, he was as absolutely perfect as was possible for a man to be who had not received a military education. But the education received at Harvard and the habits of close application formed there, were all applied to the learning of the duties of the field. In the long, long months of inaction the field and its possible contingencies are all calculated, and a man's duties to country, cause, corps, and family

are all weighed. He knew the utter uselessness of undue exposure, and that it was not the mark of the brave man, but of the fool. The old Butterfield Brigade lay along the ridge of Round Top. The rifles and cannon of the enemy had terribly thinned their ranks. Again and again the enemy pressed up the rocky sides, and again and again were beaten. Anxious eyes were turned to the rear for the promised supports; they came not. Hope began to desert the thinned and jaded ranks of the old brigade, which was known as the flower of the old Peninsular army of the Potomac. These hardy, sun-browned men were the veterans of a score of battle-fields. Round Top Mountain was the key to the whole battle-field. Lose that, and the battle of Gettysburg was a rebel triumph. And who does not know that this battle was the turning point in the history of this nation? Baltimore and Washington were then at the mercy of Rebeldom. The nation was shrouded in gloom.

We all remember the first days of July, 1863. God grant we may never see their like again! Col. Vincent commanded on Round Top. None knew better than he the result of failure to hold it. He was hard-pressed. Promised re-inforcements had not come. It seemed as though we must retreat. Vincent comprehended the position. Springing upon the rock to command with his eye the entire brigade, in a firm voice he ordered them to stand fast, encouraging them with the promised re-in-

forcements, and by gesture and voice, and with all the energy of his soul, setting the example of heroic determination to hold Round Top Mountain. But on that rock he was smitten with the rebel bullet and his active work on earth ended—another victim of this damnable rebellion. We were playing for a great stake at Gettysburg—all the mighty future of this nation—he and thousands of others died to secure it to us and to our children.

Passing down to the vast rocks, scattered about in the valley at the foot of the mountain, which afforded such excellent lurking spots for the enemy's sharp-shooters, we were told by our guide that many wounded rebels had crawled under these rocks for safety. After the battle heavy rains set in and drowned many of them, and the current of water brought them to view. Others there were undiscovered until the flesh had fallen from their bones. Here, in a secluded spot among the rocks, I found the bones of a rebel just as he had fallen. Picking up one of his shoes to remove the string, to tie together some little trees, the bones of his foot tumbled out. It was a "Georgia state shoe" made from canvas, with leather tips and heel stiffeners. From among his ribs I picked up a battered minie ball which doubtless caused his death.

Moving aside a flat stone, Mr. Frey showed us the grinning face and skull of a rebel. Some of them in this rocky part of the field have very shal-

low graves. I asked the reason of this, and was told that first all the wounded of both armies were cared for, and they numbered tens of thousands. All the horses and mules of the county that had not been taken by the rebels were pressed for the Union army—assistance of that kind was out of the question. Our own dead were then buried. The weather was intensely hot and the bodies were decayed too much to remove. They were buried where they fell, the scanty earth was scraped from the sides of the rocks and with small stones covered over the dead.

Getting into the carriage, we passed over between Big and Little Round Top to the other turnpike. It was near evening, and we were unable to visit the house where Col. Vincent was carried; but we saw it from our carriage —the house in which he died. We passed close to the little house used by Gen. Meade for his head-quarters. It was perforated by shell. Near the house, in a huge stack, we saw the bones of eighteen horses —those of his staff killed in the yard.

The day was beautiful, and the sun was setting as we rode into Gettysburg. We had a pleasant evening with our Philadelphia acquaintances at the hotel, some talk with old John Burns and Mr. Frey, incidents from the landlord and a girl in the house, and then to bed.

Soon after breakfast the next morning we started for a long walk along the rebel lines—the two Mr.

Espers, Caroline, Ruth and I. Passing out the Chambersburg turnpike on by the college and seminary used as hospital and head-quarters by Gen. Lee and the rebels, we struck the rebel lines where they crossed the road and turned to the left. Here again, through the fields and the woods, was all the debris of an army. I noticed that the shoes were mostly small sized and "English make", showing they had run the blockade.

The lines were perfect, made of stone, and, in absence of stone, rails covered with earth. Far along here we walked, Mr. E. with his coat on his arm, for it was warm. Again we looked at the ground of the last desperate charge on Hancock, saw the frames of shells everywhere. We stopped at the house of Peter Rogers. He was gone; in fact all were gone but a small boy who showed us the house, disfigured and torn with shot and shell. This boy was Peter's grandson, and was a plain, guileless farmer's boy. Shells entered the house from Cemetery Hill and Round Top, one bursting in a bureau and pinning a portion of the contents to the log walls, where they still remained. A piece of shell was stuck in a leaf of the table. A minie ball struck just over the clock. A rebel sharp-shooter was killed on top of the house, and tumbled down in front of the door. Another died of exhaustion on the steps. Many were found dead in the yard. In a field behind the house several were buried; the feet of one stuck up through

the ground. His skull was bare, the boy said. "In the house during the battle was grandpap and Josephine. Grandmam was on Round Top in the lines. I was in town. After the battle was over grandpap came into town and said the house was turned clear around and the cow was killed and "Cain" was killed ("Cain" was a big dog who wanted to discover the thickness of my pantaloons) —that grandmam had gone off, etc. I went out then. I wanted to see "Cain." The pickets were shooting at one another along the pike yet, but I was'nt afraid. "Cain" was gone three days and then came back. Josephine went out where they were shooting, and split wood and brought it in to bake bread for the soldiers; and she carried water night and day to the wounded of both armies. The rebel officers ordered her back to the house repeatedly, telling her she would be killed. Finally they persuaded her to wrap something white about her, as she moved around in the dark carrying water to the wounded, to designate her and her mission." Noble Josephine! We asked for her. She married shortly after and moved to the Ohio.

On the front porch was a box, such an one as is always found on the hind end of old Pennsylvania wagons for a feed trough. In that box was a quantity of shot, shell, etc., gathered on the farm. The boy said "Grandpap sold three hundred pounds of minie balls for lead." Passing along we saw where four rebel colonels were buried in a

row. I think from their position they were General Armstead's colonels.

We reached the hotel and dined. Firing had been heard from below, and speculations were indulged in as to whether it was Sheridan or only some of Mosby's men out on a lark. It decided us, however, not to go down via Chambersburg, Antietam and South Mountain as we had thought of doing. After dinner, Caroline and Ruth being tired, I struck out alone across the fields to Culp's Hill, walking through a lane with stone fence on either side. I crossed a field where they were quarrying stone for cemetery walls. Here I found an old acquaintance, a persimmon tree; the fruit of course was not yet ripe. I climbed Culp's Hill and walked around it again, wondering how anything alive could escape the "shower of leaden hail", the marks of which were everywhere. Another night's sleep at our excellent hotel, another walk through the town, and we left our pleasant Pennsylvania landlord, Pennsylvania house, and Pennsylvania town.

VIRGINIA BATTLE-FIELDS.

* Letters written in 1868.

I.

Fredericksburg.

Standing on the Stafford Heights, on the banks of the Rappahannock, a few days after the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg, with a group of officers, I swept the fatal field with a glass, carefully noting each point as my friends directed my vision and detailed the fearful terrors of the day. I determined to visit the ground where Clay, and Riblet, and Brown, with many others of our boys, had fallen, and Long, and Lynch, and Brown were wounded, in what seemed to my unmilitary eye a wild and vainglorious undertaking. So when the buds were bursting, and the birds were celebrating their annual return from Dixie, this spring, I wrote to "my friend the Colonel," whom I had left stretched on a bed of fever in these pine woods of Virginia, and reminded him of a compact made with me to

* First published in the Erie Daily Dispatch.

visit some of these battle-fields, when the war was over.

And together we have visited this fatal field, gone over to Chancellorsville, stretched ourselves under the trees in the thickets of the Wilderness, where nothing is heard at this season but the melancholy notes of the whippoorwill, which Esten Cooke says are like the cries of unhappy beings imprisoned in these mournful solitudes. We have communed with the thick-lying dead in the dark thickets of that weird region—stood upon the spot where Stonewall Jackson, the mighty man of the South, received his death-wound—visited the fields of Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, and Cold Harbor —seen where Mc Lane and Naghel died, where Reed and Wittich and Hunter were wounded, and Judson, Lyon and Brown fell bleeding into the hands of the enemy. We have walked together through the streets of Richmond and Petersburg—seen something of the vast fortifications around those cities—sat together under the trees in that lovliest resting-place of the dead, Hollywood, on the banks of the James, and resolved to tell what we have seen to others, who, like ourselves, are interested in these things.

We took steamer early in the morning for Acquia Creek. The woods were glorious in the early verdure of spring, and the gay redbud, with other flowering trees, dotted all the hill-sides. Arlington stood there bereft of all its beauties, and

surrounded by a colony of negro cabins. I could not but think that in the fulness of time it might have become such a Mecca as Mount Vernon, which stands a few miles below, grand and beautiful as of old, unscathed by war, and with it divide the love and pious pilgrimages of the lovers of free government throughout the world. But Lee chose the foolish part, and from him was taken away even that which he had. We reached Acquia Creek about the middle of the forenoon, took the cars, which were new, and ran upon new iron, ties and bridges, and in an hour we passed over that peninsula between the Potomac and Rappahannock, which was occupied so long by our armies under Burnside and Hooker. This region still looks like a desert. The woods and fences are all gone, and a dense forest of second growth has appeared instead. When we were here last, a hundred thousand men, more or less, were encamped between these rivers; to-day we saw two or three black men, each plowing with a single mule and a Watt plow. We soon crossed the Rappahannock and were in Fredericksburg. It is a little singular that so many battles of the war should have been fought in this county of Spottsylvania—the two Fredericksburgs, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness and the battle of Spottsylvania Court House.

The county is twenty-three miles long and seventeen broad, was founded in 1720, and named from

Alex. Spottswood, then Governor of Virginia. A fort against the Indians was established within the bounds of this county as early as 1674. This fort was at Germania Ford, so called from a colony of Germans sent over by Queen Ann and located here. The first furnaces located in our country were in this region. I have seen an immense old ruin of stone, ivy-covered to the top of the gables, and the interior grown up with trees, upon the banks of the river. It was used as a furnace, and in it was made much of the material used in the Revolution. Fredericksburg is at the head of tide water, and vessels of one hundred and forty tons can come up to the town. It was founded in law in 1727 and named from Prince Frederick, the father of the third George. Falmouth, directly across the river, and just above, was founded at the same time. Probably there never was a battle fought giving non-combatants so good an opportunity for observation as did the first fight on this ground.

Here is an idea of the field—at least that part of it interesting to us by reason of the presence of our own regiments. Move the Peninsula (at Erie) forward to the public dock, and raise the elevation of it until it is somewhat higher than Federal Hill. It will then represent the Stafford Heights, occupied by our army. The space between the public dock and the shore is the Rappahannock river. Bend the range of hills bounded by Conrad Brown's, Ceme-

tery Hill, Federal Hill, Capt. Wilkins's, and the high ground south of Beecher's orchard into a semi-circle—Federal Hill remaining central. Crowd all this high land with batteries, and on Federal Hill, directly in Peach street, place the celebrated Washington Battery of New Orleans. Move that stretch of highland, of which Nicholson's Hill is the centre, north within one half mile of Federal Hill, and make that range of hills a semi-circle parallel to the first. Crowd it with batteries. Safe in the valley between these semi-circular ranges of hills, is the rebel army. To the right of Nicholson's Hill, and facing toward the town, stands Gen. Lee. He sees the entire field, and with his glass may see Gen. Burnside, standing on the balcony of the Phillips House, across the river, on the Stafford Heights.

Just beneath the Washington Battery, and at the foot of Federal Hill, there is a solid stone wall of great thickness and breast high, facing the town. The side toward the town was strengthened with earth. This is the celebrated and fatal "stone wall," mentioned by all historians of this battle, and behind it were placed the two brigades of T. R. R. Cobb and Kershaw, both of McLaw's division. We will imagine the 145th regiment, which suffered so severely in this battle, formed on Twelfth street—the other regiments of the brigade upon Tenth and Eleventh streets. From Ichabod Run (which typifies a wide mill race or run), to the foot of Federal Hill,

is an open plain with perhaps a dozen houses scattered here and there. The heavy guns over the river are playing over the heads of our men upon the rebel position. As we move up Peach street we meet men carrying the dead and wounded of French's column to the rear. These men have been killed before they reached the open plain. When we pass the Morton House and reach Ichabod Run, a battery on the right opens upon us. It was just at this point relatively, that Lieutenant M. Brown was struck and received his death wound.

We move out on the plain, first going to the right, then bearing off to the left and spreading out like a fan, until the formation of the line of battle brings the 145th directly facing the Washington Battery, and that terrible stone wall, and now in the clear open field, the batteries on the right, on the left and in the centre play upon the dense masses of French and Hancock's brigades as they move forward on the double-quick. Longstreet opposed us in this part of the field, and says in his own report, "Our artillery being in position opened fire as soon as the masses became dense enough to warrant it. The fire was very destructive and demoralizing in its effect, and frequently made gaps in the enemy's ranks that could be seen at the distance of a mile." A rebel account says: "The whole plain was swept by a direct and converging fire from the numerous batteries on the semi-circu-

lar crest above; and behind this lay the heavy Confederate reserve, unneeded, as it proved, for a few men were enough to do the bloody work." Under orders, nothing was left but to assail this position; so French first was thrown forward from the rise of ground. No sooner had this Division burst out on the plain than from the batteries above came a fearful fire, cross-showers of shot and shell, opening great gaps in their ranks; but closing up, the ever thining lines pressed on, until, met by volleys of musketry at short range from the stone wall, they fell back with a loss of nearly one half their number, and amid the shouts and yells of the Confederates.

Close behind comes Hancock—over the bodies of French's men they go, the wild battle light in their eyes—down go dozens of our regiment. Clay's commanding form disappears, young Riblet falls, a ball strikes Col. Brown but still he presses on; gallant Lynch goes down, another minie strikes the Colonel passing through the body, but he bears up and moves toward the infernal fire; he takes a few steps, his mouth fills with blood, a mist gathers before his eyes, he brushes at his face to clear his vision, totters—he is down. "Of the five thousand men Hancock led into action, more than two thousand fell in the charge, and it was found that the bravest of them had thrown up their hands and lay dead within five and twenty paces of the stone wall."

My friend the Colonel, who had fought over this ground, pointed out all the positions, went over the details of the battle on this part of the field in a thrilling and impressive manner; and out there we met a man who had fought against us at this point and who corroborated all that the Colonel had said of the bravery of our men in this unequal and hopeless contest. And right here let me say that in the neighborhood of all these battlefields we met those who had fought against us, and their accounts of many battles coincided in an astonishing manner with the descriptions by our own men.

In that house, said the Colonel, we slept the night before the battle; right here Col. Brown was supported, as he tottered along in front of the old 83d, who were just awaiting the insane order to go into that pathway of death. Here Col. Vincent espied his wounded friend, and running forward gave him—as he supposed—the last grasp of the hand permitted on earth; but how mysterious are the ways of God! The one reported mortally wounded lives to-day;* the other died on the field of battle. Here we crossed the race; here we executed the order "on right by file into line;" right there is the brick-yard; now we come to the large ice house, the pit of which Maj. Von Borcke, in his account of the battle published in Blackwood, says "was filled with dead Yankees."

* Col. Brown died in the winter of 1880. He had never fully recovered from his terrible wound at Fredericksburg.

We reached the line of our farthest advance, plainly discerned by the long trench once filled with the dead just where they had fallen, but now removed to the National Cemetery, ahead of us on the heights. We are on Marye's Hill; all over the house and grounds are marks of shot and shell. We reach the crest of Marye's Heights, occupied by the Washington Artillery under Col. Walton. What a position! No marvel the Confederates had it all their own way. It was mere target practice for them. We entered the National Cemetery, hallowed as the resting place of thousands upon thousands of our men, collected from all the battle-fields and hospital grounds of this region.

Two companies of infantry are stationed here, and details of men were even burying the collected dead. The flag they had died for waved over them, and the horrible looking buzzards were slowly and lazily circling in the air.

We raised the lids of some of the boxes and saw the skull, the bones, some tattered blue rags, socks, a mat of hair—nothing more. Great care is taken in collecting these remains to preserve all the marks upon the boards at the heads of the fallen ones—rudely cut are they with knives, scored upon tin, or marked with pencil, and where but a portion of the name is found, it is religiously preserved and painted upon the neat white boards at the head. Side by side the thousands lay, not by States as at Gettysburg, but just as found and

brought from the field. A mound was upon each grave, made in a mould of a peculiar clay, the color of Milwaukee brick and very hard and durable, and then neatly sodded over all. We found the men who had taken the bodies from the pit of the ice house, and from the trenches near the ground occupied by the 145th, and diligent inquiry could elicit no tidings of the bodies of Riblet or Clay. They constitute units of that vast number marked simply, "U. S. Soldier unknown."

Down through the old town we passed again amid the wildnerness of white lilacs, the twittering of the martins, the sweet odor of blossom-laden trees. Many of the houses, in their outward appearance, much resembled the "Old Baird House" on Fifth street. We went to our hotel for dinner. Here, "*en passant*," we ate the best bread we ever remember to have seen, and drank as good water as there is in the world.

After dinner, in company with a young man of the hotel, and a mean Yankee driver from "York State", we started up the river to the ferry. We drove upon the flat to cross the Rappahannock, when a fine looking fellow on horseback galloped down the road and on to the boat—he was a study. Throwing his leg over he slid gracefully from his horse and stood with his arm about the neck of the animal. He was clad in a suit of Confederate gray, minus the buttons—bowed pleasantly to an acquaintance, and began talking of fox hunting over in

Stafford county. He had a grand face and figure and when our boat grated on the gravelly beach on the hither side of the river, among the clear quartz pebbles (a feature of all this region), he mounted his horse with *such* ease,—and galloped away. I could not control my eyes from following him in admiration. They said he was a Major in the Confederate cavalry.

Out through the familiar streets of old Falmouth we rode. In front of a corner grocery I saw an old colored man, grey-haired, with a long army overcoat reaching to his heels, a cob pipe in his mouth. I declare to you I saw him in that spot with that dress and pipe, his arm raised in gesture, in the winter of '62. At the top of the hill, a mile back, the Colonel and I got out and started alone for the old camp ground of the 145th. But one solitary pine remained upon the field, and that once smooth camp-ground was covered with rank second growth from four to twelve feet high. The ruins of the old quarters were still visible. Here were the Colonel's quarters, the Adjutant's, Major Reynolds's, and I almost fancied I could see Joe Descryver sitting there carving his pipe of laurel root.

On this ground I had been awakened in the morning by the noises of camp—the clamor and neighing of horses and mules as they went in vast droves to the river for water; then reveille brakes out in far distant camps over the hills, in fife and

drum, and before the echo dies it is repeated from other camps with bugles, and a full band clangs out from French's headquarters near us, awakening all to the routine of the day. The heavy picket-guard were passing gaily over the hills to the river, for, notwithstanding the deep depression of the army at this time, "joy always came with the morning". Now all was as still as the grave. We lit our pipes, and sitting down amid the ruins of the Colonel's old quarters, dreamed over again the days of the dreary winter of '62 and '63.

II.

Fredericksburg.

Leaving the old camp of the 145th Regiment, we descended the hill and stopped at the well-sweep of the old Fitzhugh place for a drink of water. Actual improvements were going on about the house and grounds. The owner was plowing in an adjacent field with *two* horses, and his sons were at work with him. The old plantation house and its appurtenances had escaped the ravages of the war, the place having been occcupied by Gen. Couch as his head-quarters. A New York man lived there—had bought the place, containing 376 acres, for $ 5,000. We re-crossed the river; just above the crossing the river bed is wild and rocky in the extreme. The water runs clear and rapid,

and presents all the characteristics of a New England stream. This is the Falls of the Rappahannock; there is a grand water-power here. All the use I saw made of it was to turn the wheel of one crazy old grist-mill. What a place for a colony of northern workers—unsurpassed water-power, fine sandy loam soil on the Spottsylvania side—river and ocean communication—seventy miles to Washington, sixty to Richmond by rail; splendid climate, oysters and fish of all kinds in abundance; an old settled country, and land within a circuit of ten miles selling for from four to twenty-five dollars an acre. We drove through the town,—over a door we read "Male charity school, established in 1795," and the name of a newspaper established the same year. In that little "Inn" with swinging sign Fitzhugh Lee boards; on the "commons" in the outskirts three different games of base ball are going on, the crowd stands looking on. That's what is the matter here—there is so much "commons"—so many "looking on." You hear no noise of hammers, no sound of saws tearing through the wood at the falls of this river nor in the town, only the low, dreary hum coming from the old grist-mill—nothing more. Passing a field, we saw some contrabands planting corn. Our young Virginia friend, musing abstractedly, gives involuntary utterance to the thought within, and says, "My God! I never could drop corn." I cannot on paper express to you the depth of meaning of his

expression. No!—he probably never will "drop corn," but young men from the free North, that he despises, will soon be down here dropping corn to some purpose.

There are Southern men, and many of them, who accept the situation, and are at work might and main making the most of it, but the majority of them that I saw sit idly, and in sullen silence; and we shall never reach them but by taxing the land so heavily that they will be forced to sell, and give willing men the chance to cultivate this fair heritage. Do this, and keep the military there long enough to put the blacks firmly on their feet, and the thing is accomplished. Plant a good strong colony of Pennsylvanians (they don't hate them as intensely as they do New York and New England people) in this country, numerous enough to make a society of their own; show these people that there is a way of confining cattle within a certain range other than guarding them with a dozen negroes; make them to know the difference between the work done by a team of Conestoga horses with a subsoil plow, and that of a negro with a single mule and a Watt plow, (which is like our cultivator or shovel plow in execution,) plodding lazily over the earth, just skimming the surface of it; hammer into them the superiority of a reaper and mower over the sickle and the scythe, and you will do them more good, and quicker, than forty cold-blooded, steel-polished Sumners will, if

they should continue to make speeches at them, from now until St. Tibb's Eve.

But the leaven is working. Witness the man on the Fitzhugh place, and others I might name. We saw a span of fine horses, hitched to a Newark wagon, rattling through Falmouth. The driver looked alive, and acted as though he had something to do. Our driver nodded to him; we asked who he was: "He's a New Hampshire soldier that stopped here and bought a place when the war was over, and he's doing right smart."

We drove to the tomb of MARY, THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON. It stands there still unfinished, scarred all over with minie balls (for the battle raged fearfully here) and mutilated by vandal relic seekers. Soldiers of both armies have written their names, with the numbers of their regiments, all over its face. MARY BALL WASHINGTON died in 1789, aged 85. She lived and died in Fredericksburg. The house still stands in good condition. The Dobbins House on State street would be like it if it were a third larger, and painted white.

The ledge of rocks near there on the river was her favorite resort for meditation and devotion, and presents just as wild an appearance to-day as when she sat in their solitude. Col. Fielding Lewis married Elizabeth, a sister of Washington, and resided on this farm, and during the revolution he superintended the old foundry and arsenal mentioned in my first letter. This establishment furnished

the appropriate outfit for Braddock's army in the old war. Fielding Lewis had two sons, George and Robert, and they had position, one as captain of Washington's life guard, and the other his private secretary. Gen. Hugh Mercer, of revolutionary fame, lived in Fredricksburg. He fell at Princeton, and is buried in Christ church, Philadelphia. Lewis Littlepage is buried here. His uncle Benj. Lewis induced Mr. Jay, our Minister at Madrid, to patronize him, and receive him into his family. "He volunteered in the expedition against Minorca under the Duke de Crillon in 1871, and afterwards accompanied the Count Nassau to the seige of Gibraltar, and thence to Warsaw. He was honored for many years with the esteem and confidence of the unfortunate Stanislaus Augustus, King of Poland, and was made by him ambassador to Russia. When he was in New York, in 1785, Mr. Jay arrested him for a debt of $1,000 for money lent years before. Littlepage took the Southern plan and challenged Jay. In the published correspondence Jay complained not only of the pecuniary imposition, but also of other abuse, as he expresses himself, from the young man with my money in his pocket, and my meat still sticking in his teeth." So says Alden's Collections.

Dismissing our driver, we walked far down the river to the Massaponnax, and viewed the ground of Franklin's encounter, where Meade of our army, then in a subordinate position, made a splendid

fight. He scattered Jackson's first line like chaff—fought the second splendidly—but, the old story, he was not supported, waited long and anxiously, and then fell back with heavy loss. Here Major Pelham, the young Alabamian rebel, immortalized himself with his single gun, and Lee, so chary of praise, called him "the gallant Pelham," the only officer, I have been told, below the rank of Major General, specially recognized by Lee in his dispatches of this battle. Back through the town to the hotel. In the bookstore window was the placard of Gilmore Simms' Southern poems —pictures of Jackson, Lee and Davis—secession songs arranged for the piano, with appropriate illustrations, a fine engraving of the burial of a young Confederate officer, who fell during the campaign in Maryland, wherein a lady appears reading the burial service at the head of the grave; back to the hotel, where we saw one of the landlords paying a colored man some money. As he counted over the greenbacks he came to a grayback; you ought to have seen the colored man shake his head and drop that bill; "dat trash is done gone now."

The Colonel proposed to revive his recollections of camp life, by going out to Chancellorsville that afternoon and spending the night on a bed of boughs beneath the pines in the wilderness, and finding our driver to make arrangements for the hire of his conveyance, the latter gravely inquired, as he scratched his head, if we had sufficient stamps

to pay for the horse, in case we could not find him in the morning. We did not think we had enough for such an emergency. He said horses were scarce in that region, and the inhabitants not overly particular. We concluded to defer visiting Chancellorsville until the next day. We passed an agreeable evening at the hotel talking with some Fredericksburg people who had fought against us. My friend the Colonel was taken for a rebel officer by a gentleman who had been on Gen. Lee's staff. He said he was a native Virginian, but was residing in Georgia when the war commenced. He supposed it was "a ninety day affair", and being desirous of seeing his friends in Virginia, joined a Georgia regiment as Surgeon, and with an immense amount of baggage, and a fine outfit, including a negro servant, he started for the front. "Well," said he, "the affair ended with me at Appomattox Court House, and," with a laugh, "quite a while before the war ended, I found that extra baggage and a servant were very cumbersome, and I dispensed with mine."

From this class of men everywhere in Virginia we received the most courteous treatment, and talked very freely with them of the great battles in these regions. They spoke particularly of the splendid manner in which our men marched out of the town of Fredericksburg upon that terrible plain, amid that red harvest of death. From their elevated and secure position they could look down

upon us, and as the red flames leaped like lightning from the black mouths of the cannon of the Washington Artillery, Alexander's reserve artillery, and the division batteries of Anderson, Ransom and McLaws, all around that vast semi-circle, and everywhere, tore huge pieces from our solid columns, exposing frightful gaps to view, — like magic the ranks closed up again and moved on.

But the noble men of the 145th that ran the gauntlet of that fire of hell, and had passed the point where the guns above them were ineffective, because they could not be sufficiently depressed,— with the light of victory in their eyes, and immortal glory and honor upon their brows, raised their powder grimed faces in exultation to the heights, clenched more firmly their muskets, and with a wild cheer started for the crest; but the cup was dashed from their lips, when that awful volley of musketry, at close range from the stone-wall, proved more than their ranks of weary survivors could endure, and down they went upon their faces in the dust. Lee looked from his eyrie on all this panorama, to the left, and to the right, and said to an officer, "It is well this is so terrible—we would grow too fond of it!" A high board fence running at right angles to the stone-wall, had divided the 145th when in line of battle; companies B, K, C, and G, with Lieut. Col. McCreary, being on the left. The regiment was ordered to retire, but, in the roar of battle, this part of it failed to receive

the order; but toward evening they reached the city. The regiment had gone into the fight with five hundred and thirty-one officers and men, and came out with three hundred and seven. Col. Brown and Major Lynch lay wounded upon the field. Lieut. Col. McCreary took a musket and fought with the left of the regiment. He and Col. Von Schaick, of the 7th New York, were the only field officers in the entire Brigade not killed or wounded.

When Col. Brown became conscious, he soon discovered that the day was lost, and weighing the chances, he concluded that transportation to Richmond in his condition would be certain death, while an attempt to reach the town then, as the rebels swept the plain, would be equally hazardous; but desiring that his body might be in the hands of his friends, certain as he was at the time that his wounds were mortal, he met some one who supported him in walking, and while nearing the town he met the "Old 83rd" just waiting for the order to go in. The blood from his wounds had streamed to his feet, discoloring all his uniform; the pallor of death was on his face; and in this condition he tottered down the line of his old regiment; and when he came in front of the company he had commanded on the Peninsula, the caps came from every head, and with bated breath and utter silence they looked, as they supposed, their last look at their old captain. Col.

Brown was found in the city, in the evening, and Lieut. Col. McCreary detailed men who carried him across the river to the Phillips House, Gen. Burnside's head-quarters.

Humphrey's division, after a heavy but ineffectual cannonade upon the stone-wall, was now ordered in. They went with a rush, getting nearly up to the point of Hancock's advance, where they fell back leaving seventeen hundred behind of the four thousand that had gone in. Burnside now formed his old corps, the 9th, and determined to lead it in person to the assault, but Sumner's eloquent pleadings saved him from the additional disaster.

The 83rd were spectators of this wholesale slaughter from the other side of the river, and, with the certainty of defeat before them, they were at three or four o'clock in the afternoon ordered across the river. Hooker and the other corps commander had advised against a further trial, but Burnside, who had ridden down to the river bank, had stubbornly said "That crest must be carried to night." Over went the veterans of the 83rd—across the pontoons—out through the streets of the town, quite to the left, to the line of the 145th. It would be like moving out Holland street in the plan sketched in our first letter. The houses at this point afforded some protection, and if I rightly remember, the embankment of the rail-road to Richmond was of benefit to them, and darkness was beginning to settle down upon the field; a happy circumstance

for them as the batteries were now playing upon them.

Breaking ranks to sweep around the houses and scale the fences, they reached the open plain, and the fragmentary parts coming together again like a perfect machine, they moved rapidly to the front with heroic Vincent at their head, where they dropped upon their faces to avoid the enemy's fire. But the blessed night had come, and so had respite from the enemy's fire.

Here they lay all that night with the wails and cries of mortal men in their agony, all around them. But all over the field, on that dark December night, relief parties were creeping, without light, of course, and groping in the darkness, calling in a low tone of voice on "John," or "Thomas," or "William," whom they knew not to count as living or dead. There was a little group there from the 145th, and as they passed their hands over the cold faces and stiff forms of all that came in their way in their search for the lost ones, and pressed their faces down so that their eyes peered into the dumb faces of the dead, doubts would come over them, and a match would be lighted, and a quick keen look would reveal a face dear to some one but not to the seeker; then the sharp "ping" of a minie about the ears would come as a warning that the sleepless eye of the picket was upon them. The 83rd remained here until the evening of the next day, having made in the night a partial cover, and se-

cured the advantage of a depression of ground near them. After remaining a few hours in town they were ordered back again. Before morning, however, with great stealth, they were withdrawn, and to their astonishment found that they covered the rear of the retreating army across the Rappahannock. The 83rd lost about forty in killed and wounded; among them was Haldeman, of Harbor-creek, true and brave, a sergeant in Capt. Austin's company. The 111th regiment were not engaged in this battle, being absent in the up-country with Gen. Sigel.

It is generally conceded that Burnside was incompetent as the leader of a great army. The report of the Congressional inquisition and most that has been written on our side show this fact. The accounts of the enemy are all one thing: "We set a trap, and Burnside made haste to walk straight into it, with his eyes wide open, and it closed upon him."

III.

Chancellorsville.

When Hooker took command of the Army of the Potomac, it was in a very demoralized condition. The men of the army knew their power, and knew that if rightly directed it would be effect-

ual to the end of suppressing the rebellion. They had now had experiences with different commanders, and began to draw comparisons, and it is undeniably true that their preferences were for the man who formed and moulded the army—General Mc Clellan. But they gave up their first love and took kindly to Hooker. He had made a fine commander in a subordinate position. He had what Burnside entirely lacked—confidence in himself. Burnside was modest, and distrustful of his own powers. Hooker was not afflicted in that way. He grappled with a will with the task of remodeling the army. He instituted the corps badges—borrowing the idea from Phil. Kearney—did away with the flapdoodle of grand divisions, gave generous furloughs for merit, stimulated activity, put new life in the cavalry by giving it a distinct organization, did it a world of good by exclaiming indignantly in council to its leaders, "Show me a dead cavalryman. I have not seen one during the war." He criticised with terrible severity the record of all his predecessors, and heaven knows he was n't wrong there. He raised and restored the *elan* of the army, and when ready to move, in his "probulgous" style, he announced to the country that "he led the finest army on the planet." He revived the drooping spirit of the nation, and, from the President down, nearly all thought the deliverer had come. But there were men in the army that knew the purity of gold from the glitter of brass,

and believed not in Hooker. His only great battle as a chief commander was Chancellorsville; and for this wonderful field of conflict the Colonel and I started upon a glorious spring morning.

It was precisely the time of year—to a day—that Hooker was marching to this place; and the appearance of the country, the degree of advancement of the vegetation, were strangely suggestive, my friend said, of the time and circumstances of the movement of our army. The inn-keeper had given us an early breakfast of Virginia bacon and elegant corn bread, and passing the points where Col. Johns, of the 7th Massachusetts (a native and citizen of Erie), was wounded as he led his brigade, under Sedgwick, and carried the stone-wall and Mary's Heights, and where the Southern Gen. Cobb was killed in the first fight, we reach the high ground and stop a moment for the beautiful view of the town, the Stafford hills, and the rolling land.

Away down the lovely valley is St. Julian, the old Brooke homestead, where Washington and Randolph, Jefferson and others of the great men of Virginia, always stopped in passing up and down the river region. The Baylors, the Bernards, and the Taylors of olden time lived in this region. Oh! it is full of interest. Down there is Moss Neck, the estate of the Corbins. Here was General Jackson's head-quarters after the battle of Fredericksburg and during the winter. A portion of the country between the river and Chancellors-

ville is finely cultivated, with some rather superior plantation houses, all placed a third of a mile back from the road. Temporary fences had been made along the highway and over portions of the farms. They consisted of cedar stakes driven into the earth rather close to each other, and then interlaced with boughs of the cedar and the pine. The leaves exposed to the sun soon became a russet color, and presented an irregular and scraggy appearance. But the magnificent crops of wheat which they protected made up a background of great beauty and promise. This ground had been occupied the entire winter and spring previous to the battle of Chancellorsville, by the Southern army, and the whole surface of the country was cut up and seamed over by the countless wagon roads made in bringing supplies to the army. The forest and shade trees were entirely destroyed and the fences consumed; in fact, everything but the dwellings seemed to fare just as badly in the hands of the confederate army, as the Stafford region did from ours.

An hour's ride brought us to Salem Church, and the entrenchments and marks of shot and shell showed us Sedgwick's extreme point of advance. A little farther and to the left is Tabernacle Church. These churches, including the Wilderness church west of Chancellorsville, are scarcely more pretentious than the old yellow meeting house that long ago stood upon Sassafras street.

Near this point the Orange plank road joins the old turnpike on which we are traveling, and both, for a short distance, occupy the same road bed; then the plank road breaks away to the left, and blends with our road again at Chancellorsville.

We talked freely with the people all along the road, and found the white ones, of course, all rebel in feeling. "How d'ye do aunty?"—to two black ones—"you's free now, aint you?" "Day say I is." "How d'ye like it?" "Right well." "Was you here when they were fighting?" "Nus sir; we 'longed to Dr. Smith, lived 'way yonder; when the waw was dun gone, moved up yer. 'Course you know Dr. Smith?" "How far is it to Chancellor's?" "Dun know." Continuing our ride, with such occasional interruptions as just given, we proceeded for some distance, when the Colonel checked his horse, and looking carefully about him, thought he recognized the locality. "We certainly came to the top of this hill—where we ought to have stayed—and then double-quicked back again, and, yes, I do believe that at the foot of this hill you will find our advanced works where I was captured." Driving down the hill I almost recognized the locality from my friend's frequent descriptions of it. The earthworks were still quite complete, although somewhat washed by rain. They lay directly across the road, and extended on either side into the deep woods. Immediately in front of them the heavy timber had been cut, but in the wonder-

ful luxuriance of the soil, the second growth had sprung up everywhere, varying in height from four to twelve feet. Remains of uniforms, cartridge boxes, canteens, haversacks and some human bones lay in the trenches. Dead branches were hanging on all the trees, and all the bodies of them were scarred with shot and shell.

Down we sat on the earth-works and my friend detailed all the events of the day at this point. In front of this advanced line and scattered all through the woods we found the graves of many of the enemy's dead marked with head and foot stakes, the pencil tracings obliterated and a tangle of second growth already covering them. I cut a hickory walking stick that had grown right out of the breast of some brave fellow of McLaw's or Anderson's commands. In the condensed sketch of the battle hereafter given we will speak of the fighting at this picket line, where the 145th regiment avenged a portion of their losses at Fredericksburg. We now passed through Hooker's interminable earthworks, and emerging from the woods came to the open and elevated ground in the centre of which were the ruins of Chancellorsville House. There was no village here, nothing but this one house. Imagine the Hamot House on the bank of the lake to be nearly twice the size that it is, and standing in a large, open plain, devoid of roof, windows or doors, and the marks of conflagration discoloring the leaden tint of the building, and

you have Chancellorsville House. Standing on the massive and broken stone steps in front, this was what met the eye:

An open plain all about the house in every direction, then a dense, dark mass of jagged and stunted pines and scrub oaks as close together as it is possible for them to grow, then the narrow roads like great ash-colored serpents winding through the black forest. We faced a road leading down to Catharine Furnace, which was nearly two miles in front, and to the right. To the left were the old Turnpike and the Orange plank road, both leading to Fredericksburg; to the right, and near Melzi Chancellor's (which is about a mile west,) these roads again separate and pass westward. Making a full about face, and passing to the rear of Chancellorsville House you face a road leading directly to United States Ford, and to your left is a road leading to Ely's Ford — both on the Rapidan. Earth-works in proper form and of vast extent surrounded the open place, and we found them far out in the Wilderness, where from the density of the thickets, men must have twisted and crawled like snakes to their positions at the defences. I picked up a round musket ball as I stepped upon the stone porch in front of the house. It is said Jackson's men fired these round balls with the addition of three buck-shot to a charge.

Broken crockery, slate from the roof, canteens, and tattered uniforms of blue, gray and butternut

were scattered around, and rank second growth choked up portions of the space within the walls. A flock of yellow birds twittered in these bushes; other than that there was no sign of life in or about Chancellorsville. We continued our drive to the west along the old Turnpike, and after riding about a mile stopped in front of Melzi Chancellor's, a rambling old Virginia farm house with the chimneys outside of the buildings. Entering this house, which will be mentioned in history for all time to come, Mrs. Chancellor bade us be seated.

We made known the object of our errand and asked for her husband. He was absent preaching that day at the "Yellow Church," and she expressed a regret at his absence, assuring us that he would take pleasure in showing us over this historic ground. The partitions of the apartment in which we were seated were of boards, limewashed, and the ashen floor was a model of cleanliness. A single strip of carpet was spread on the hearth before the broad fire-place, above which were suspended a large and elegant photograph of Gen. Lee, and engraved portraits of Stonewall Jackson and Jeff. Davis. This house was the head-quarters of General Howard, temporarily in command of the unfortunate 11th corps. Mrs. Chancellor spoke well of General Howard's kindness and courtesy, described the disastrous and disgraceful rout of the 11th corps as they streamed past her house, and the rush and wild yells of

Jackson's men in pursuit. She mentioned Lee, Jackson and Maj. Von Borcke as having been at her house; gave a vivid description of the appalling artillery fire, right down this road where Jackson was wounded; gave all the details and minutiæ of that affair, just about as Esten Cooke and Dabney have given them. "After the battle" said she, "I went to Mrs. Chandler's, at Guineas Station; she is my sister. Gen. Jackson was taken there, and died at my sister's." We were much pleased with the lady-like bearing and courtesy of Mrs. Chancellor.

The young ladies of the house had vanished upon our approach, but we found them on the porch in front of the house when we took our leave, and getting the localities anew from Mrs. C. of the ground directly in sight, we bade her good bye, and stopping a moment to look at the Wilderness Church across the road and further west, we passed back to the spot where Jackson was wounded.

Walking into the woods at the point designated by Mrs. C., we noted the terrible effect of the storm of artillery directed by Pleasanton. The ground was thickly spread with violets of a most beautiful blue, where this great man of the South had fallen. We now moved southward, toward Catharine Furnace, noting as we drove to and fro the wonders of the Wilderness. This region, which we have tried to describe to you, was the scene of the principal fighting. Hooker made a

great mistake in sending away his ten thousand cavalry to operate in Lee's rear and cut off his retreat to Richmond. Their work was of small moment, and all the damage done was repaired in two days after its infliction. But the country was not slow to recognize the brilliancy of Hooker's initiatory movement in the battle of Chancellorsville. He was well over before discovery, and his admirable plan of detour, and crossing high up the river, and uncovering the lower fords by rapid marching down the stream, on the enemy's side, giving undisputed crossings for the different corps, puzzled Stuart, who hung upon his flank, getting in whenever he could to feel Hooker's strength and the character of his movement.

Meanwhile Sedgwick's demonstration at the lower fords, with the 1st, 3rd, and 6th corps, detained Lee and Jackson at and near Fredericksburg so long that before they were scarcely aware of it Hooker was upon their flank and rear. Sedgwick had grandly massed the flank movements. Lee was effectually misled by Sedgwick's movements.

Mr. Mc Dougall, an English writer of repute, published after the battle this account: "* * * * * The four divisions of Sedgewick and Reynolds remained on the north bank, and an ingenious *ruse* was practised to deceive the enemy into the belief that the greater part of the Northern army was there massed with the intention of crossing. It is to be noted that, from the configura-

tion of the ground, the enemy could not see the bridges, neither could they see the four divisions on the north bank, which were behind the fringe of hills aforesaid. These troops were then put in motion, and, mounting the ridge, which, sloping both ways, served as a screen, marched along the top in full view of the confederates, and then dipped down out of sight towards the bridges. Instead of crossing these, however, they turned back through a gully, round through the rear of the ridge, round again on the top, and again disappeared from sight to play the same game—just the same evolution as is practised by the 'brave army' on the stage of a theatre and with the same intent of deceiving the spectators as to their numbers. The like stage effect was practised by the artillery and wagon trains until the confederates had seen defile before them a force which they might well conclude to be the whole Northern army." Such, indeed was the effect, but it was not intentional. It was a mere transfer of the divisions of the sixth corps from the upper to the lower bridge to hold the position abandoned by the first corps. That corps had gone to Chancellorsville to swell Hooker's numbers for the aggressive movement. The march was so ordered—advantage being taken of the make of the ground—that only its arrival at the lower bridge could be seen by the enemy.

Carlyle says the fault of the day is too much talk

—too many words. In the parlance of the army we might render it "too much lip," and Hooker, who could not bring himself to be quietly content, must in the exuberance of his joy burst out as follows in General Order No. 47: "It is with heart-felt satisfaction that the Commanding General announces to the army, that the operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defences and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." Old salt-water Cap, in Cooper's Pathfinder, dogmatic and self-opinionated as he was in the extreme, was not above learning even from Jasper Eau-douce, an Ontario lake sailor, and we venture to say that if very many of our Generals will study the dispatches of Lee and Jackson they will learn something of modesty and good sense, something of brevity and plain English. It is also noticeable that in very many of the orders and reports of our Generals there is a strange absence of the expression of reliance upon the Lord; and in congratulations upon success, the valor and courage of our troops is properly lauded, but no allusion is made to the Lord of Hosts—the God of battles.

Hooker with fifty thousand of his force bivouacked at Chancellorsville Thursday night, 30th of April. The Chancellorsville tract contains eight hundred and fifty four acres—two hundred and fifty acres of which are cleared, and this quantity of

cleared land lies about and next the house. As Hooker passed around the points afterwards occupied by his lines in this strange, dark and gloomy region, and viewed the admirable situation of the ground as a purely defensive position—the dense wilderness all around him affording him almost the advantages of an impassable morass, with the ability to crowd all the vast metal of his artillery in the roads which centered in his position, the thought probably first came to him of abandoning the offensive. Here, thought he, I will abide and await the attack of the enemy; securely entrenched on his flank and rear, he must retreat or hunt me out in these dark fastnesses. Here Lee will seek me stealthily, and fragmentarily advancing through this, worse than Mexican chaparal, the melancholy notes of the complaining birds of night, the whip-poorwills, like the German wood spirits and nixies, will lure him to the death with their fatally musical tones. But Lee held a 'Jack' in his hand, as we shall presently discover, fated to spoil all this nicely concocted game; and in these dark solitudes Hooker's men were destined to be stricken, and to fall like autumn leaves, and here their bodies lay bleaching in Heaven's dews and rains, greeting the eyes of their comrades a year after, when the victorious legions of Grant bivouacked on this fatal field on their march to the death of the rebellion.

IV.

Battle of Chancellorsville.

When you and I are dead, and all the strong arms that gave blows to preserve the union of the States are turned to dust, the full history of the conflict will be written. Almost every man who has led a regiment is possessed of facts which he will not give to print because of the living. A theme of great interest to the historian then to arise will be the battle of Chancellorsville. The details of this fight which we have gleaned, would be of interest to comparatively few, and we will content ourselves with a bare outline of events.

We have seen the splendid condition of the Army of the Potomac previous to the battle. Let us now turn to its opponent, the Army of Northern Virginia. Lee's Army was in better shape than ever before, but was not as strong in number. The spring opened fair for the Southern army. Its morale never was so fine as in the spring and early summer of 1863. Longstreet, with Pickett and Hood's divisions, was absent about Suffolk it is true, but great improvements had been organized in the remainder of the army. The artillery, the staff and the engineer department had all been overhauled, reformed, and placed in first rate working order. Hooker himself testified: "Lee's infantry was always superior to ours in discipline.

With a rank and file vastly inferior to our own, intellectually and physically, that army had, by discipline alone, acquired a character for steadiness and efficiency unsurpassed, in my judgment, in ancient or modern times. We have not been able to rival it, nor has there been any near approximation to it in the other rebel armies." Hooker had more than one hundred thousand men, Lee not over sixty thousand. During the night of Thursday, 30th April, Sickles, with his corps, joined Hooker, who was at Chancellorsville.

On Friday morning Hooker came out of the Wilderness and made for the open country toward Fredericksburg, occupying the turnpike and the plank and river roads. Near Salem Church the advance of the enemy's force was met, and some skirmishing ensued. We lost probably a hundred men. Remember now, that Hooker and Sedgwick were not more than six miles apart and the enemy's small army was threatened by more than one hundred thousand men. To the amazement of Hancock, Couch, Warren and Sykes, Hooker ordered the army to fall back. They begged, they expostulated, as far as inferiority of position would permit; but it did not avail. How the press would have rung the charge of treason if some other man had led the army! Back to his den in the wilderness among the chincapins and scrub oaks went Hooker, flinging away the best chance for glory and good placed within the hand of man during the struggle. Jack-

son and Lee slept that night very near the picket line on our left. Stuart, the bold, daring, restless Stuart, who had no rival in either army, until Sheridan like a blazing meteor shot up in sight, obscuring all lesser lights in either army, was far away around on our right, looking upon our miserable and shameful nakedness in that quarter. Saturday morning, Jackson with his three divisions, numbering twenty-two thousand men, made his detour to the south to strike our vulnerable right. Keeping far down on the outskirts of the wood with the ever present Stuart and his cavalry fringing his flanks, and curtaining the movements, he was nevertheless discovered by Sickles near the Catharine Furnace, but not until the movement was a success. Thus the wilderness which was a shelter for Hooker, proved at the same time a curtain for Lee, to cloak that wonderful flank movement of Jackson. Meantime Hooker commenced again the issue of his bulletins announcing the enemy in full retreat and Sickles among them capturing prisoners. To assist in taking these prisoners, two brigades were sent, and one of them was actually taken from the 11th corps.

At 4 p. m. this 2d of May, this was the situation: Hooker stood on the porch of the Chancellorsville House. On his left Anderson and Mc Laws were fighting Hancock's advance line. Col. Brown, with the 145th, was in the open ground just at Hooker's left. Looking south he heard Pleasonton's guns, and the well directed volleys of Sickles

and Slocum. Right down there at Hazel Grove was the 11th. In his rear were two corps in reserve, with them was the 83d. Why, in the name of all the saints, if he believed Lee was in full retreat, did he not with his two idle corps, capture or kill that isolated force fighting him on the left. Far away to his right and still to the right of that, on a hill stood Stonewall Jackson, his glass in hand, looking down upon our unprotected right. No cavalry, no pickets were there. The 11th corps numbered eleven thousand five hundred men, four thousand five hundred were Germans—Sigel's men. They faced south, save one brigade on the extreme right, which was facing west. The 11th corps were at supper, all unprepared for the coming storm. Jackson formed his line, sweeping forward, beating up from their hiding places the wild animals of the wilderness, they making, madly affrighted, into our lines. "Then the command by bugles was heard, but with a stupidity unparalleled and inexplicable, no respect was paid to the warning," until that wild rebel yell was heard accompanied by the rushing tramp of thousands. Then away went the 11th corps, and the devil take the hindmost.

Long years ago, old S., of West Millcreek, used to come to town frequently, and always went home pretty drunk, and with a full jug to keep up the enjoyment. He went home one day in this condition, sitting upon some boards on the horse sled.

His son Jim sat ahead driving. The road was very rough and full of hubs and frozen lumps, and the jolting shook the old man about and loosened the boards until he settled away between them so far that his body began to come in contact with the lumps in quick and rough succession. Pretty drunk, and not exactly comprehending the situation, he looked with that peculiar look of drunken imbecillity over one shoulder, and then the other, when, bim! he gets a fresh hoist and then calls out to his son: "Whoa, Jim, hold on! there's suthin draggin." Hooker heard the yells, the heavy volleys, and turning his eyes, after looking upon supposed victory at the south, to the west, discovered a wild and panic-stricken mob breaking out of the woods and streaming over the open ground, and concluded there "was suthin draggin."

He now seemed to rally, and made quick disposition to check this fearful state of affairs. Fifty pieces of artillery were soon playing upon the advancing rebels, and Berry, with Hooker's old division, went in, and with Sickles and Pleasanton turned the tide, but Berry laid down his precious life in the effort. It saved the whole right of the army, but more than that, immeasurably more than that, it deprived the Confederates of their greatest fighter — Stonewall Jackson received his death wound. The Army of Northern Virginia never afterward gained a battle, and when his life went out the success of the Rebel Army went with

it. The 11th Corps was shelved, but that should not have signified, for Reynolds came that night with the 1st Corps, and made the number more than good. But that night a new line was traced for us three-fourths of a mile in the rear.

Sunday morning came, and Stuart had taken the place of Stonewall Jackson. With those under Slocum who opposed Stuart was our 111th regiment, and here fell young Kingsbury of North East. Sickles' Corps, Berry's Division of Slocum, and French's Division of Crouch formed our right, the remainder of Slocum & Hancock's division of Crouch formed the centre and left, covering the two roads leading to Fredericksburg. But with two Corps idle, Hooker gave ground, and at 10 a. m. the enemy had Chancellorsville. The rebels had advanced at every point save from the east, where Hancock's advance line was posted. "On the 2d of May," says Hancock, "the enemy frequently opened with artillery from the heights towards Fredericksburg and from those on my right, and with infantry assaulted my advanced line of rifle pits, but was always handsomely repulsed by the troops on duty there, consisting among others, of detachments from the 145th Pennsylvania, 52d New York, and 2d Delaware under Col. Miles. During the sharp contest of that day the enemy were never able to reach my line of battle, so strongly and successfully did Col. Miles contest the ground."

Col. Miles was wounded, however, on Sunday morning, and was carried from the field. The morning advanced nearly until noon, and Col. Mc Creary continued the obstinate defence of Miles, but at length he discovered bullets coming into the trenches among the men from the rear. A man was sent back to warn our friends that they were firing too low—the man never returned. Another and another were sent, the bullets coming thicker and faster from the dense woods in the rear, but with no better result.

More than an hour before this time Lee had reached out his left hand, clasping Stuart's right, and they had pressed forward along the whole line, save in front of Hancock's picket line, which stood firm as a rock against every assault. But the plateau in their rear was occupied, the Chancellorsville House was burning, and our brave boys were receiving volleys from both front and rear. An officer in gray stepped from among the trees in the rear and demanded a surrender. Col. Mc Creary declined, upon which the officer informed him that if he wished to fight the entire Confederate army he could be gratified, as they were then in possession of our position. Every tree in our rear now gave up its man in gray. Resistance was useless and our men were marched to Richmond.

Swinton says that amid much that was dastardly at Chancellorsville, this defense shines forth with a brilliant lustre. I saw the graves of the dead Ala-

bamians and Georgians thickly covering the ground in front of the skirmish line of the 145th. Our boys had avenged the death of their comrades at Fredericksburg.

Lee now pressed his opponent hard, and as his clenched fist rained heavy blows upon Hooker's bowed head, a courier thrust a dispatch into his hand, announcing to him that Fredericksburg was lost—the heights stormed and carried—Early defeated and Sedgwick moving upon his rear. Lee promptly turned to confront the new danger. Did Hooker seize the new offer fortune made him?

Sedgwick fought with Lee in front and Early in the rear, until his small force was crippled by a loss of four thousand six hundred men, but no help came from Hooker. The order came to recross the river, the officers indignant at the disgrace unnecessarily entailed upon the army, and devoutly praying that the rising floods might sweep away the pontoons and save the honor of the Army of the Potomac.

"General," said I to that gallant soldier who acted as Hooker's Chief-of-Staff upon this occasion, "I never talked with any one who fought at Chancellorsville that did not say that we should have whipped them." "So we would, sir, if Gen. Hooker's orders had been obeyed," was his reply.

The Colonel of the 111th, our own honored townsman, said to me in his quiet, truthful way, slowly shaking his head, "We had no fight at

Chancellorsville," and his words are but an epitome of all the rest. The historian will not lay fault upon the leader of the 6th corps.

John Sedgwick has passed beyond praise or blame. Death came to him in the tangled meshes of this wilderness region a year later. He sleeps in an honored grave, and no message comes from the world to which he has gone, but his good name is left to us a legacy to guard forever, and his countrymen will be faithful to the trust.

V.

Visit to Petersburgh.

Standing on a flat car one day at the Petersburg depot, we were amused at a wild refrain chanted by some colored laborers. They were rolling some immense casks of leaf tobacco up an inclined plane upon a dray. I suppose this inclined plane must have been at an angle of forty-five degrees, for who ever heard of an angle expressed by any other figures than "45°?" Whenever a particular point in the metre was reached, the cask by the united effort moved ahead and then stopped as suddenly as a hod carrier in his work when the town clock strikes twelve. In the midst of this enjoyment the

whistle sounded, and we jumped aboard the train for Petersburg. All along the line of the road wherever a good natural position afforded itself, it had been seized and improved by art in a line of defense against the invading Yankees. To the right and the left these long lines of earth stretched away as far as the eye could reach, until one was fairly wearied with the sight of them. In due time we crossed the Appomatox, and were in the Cockade City. We encountered "an ancient and fish-like smell" in the densely built streets in the lower part of the city. Passing a building where my friend had passed a night in prison prior to his departure for Macon, Georgia, in June, 1864, we struck out of town and headed for the Avery plantation. The weather was hot, but we walked briskly on, mile after mile, among the interminable earth works. There were no fences, but few houses, and nothing broke the monotony of earth and sky save earthworks, forts, and epaulements. It seemed as though all the men in the country had gathered in this region, and had been using shovels and spades during the whole term of their natural lives.

The work of defence upon all other fields which we had visited dwindled into insignificance when compared with these. Neither line seemed to have any advantage over the other in strength of construction, and it was easy to account for the long dead-lock at this place. The first point of neutral

ground we struck was about the width of State street, and behind the earthworks at that distance apart were posted the pickets of both armies. An endless number of covered ways and zigzag underground passages led to the main line at the rear. These passages were so numerous and ample that whole brigades could easily and speedily be thrown to the front or safely and securely retired. The main line was an immense embankment of earthwork stretching as far as the eye could see. Some rods in front of this was a line of chevaux-de-frise, over which no man could go; then came posts holding three or four lines of telegraph wire, a delightful thing for a storming party to encounter. Behind that, and set at a proper angle in the embankment, was a bristling wall of second growth, denuded of all leaves and twigs, and each limb pointed as sharp as a nail, and behind two such lines as these were the men in blue and gray. In the rear of this line was Grant's railway from City Point.

There is one thought that will enter the mind of every man who will go down into Virginia and look upon these battle-fields, and that is, the extreme modesty of the brave men who have come back to us from the field, in their stories of the hardships of camp life. No pen can convey an idea of the herculean task which the eye notes and comprehends in Virginia. Oh! my friends, we who entered not into these glorious and stormy duties, be it ours to

shield the memory of the dead, to honor while we live the remnant of the brave, and teach our children to bless their names. Let us never withhold any good thing that we may be able to give these men—the wounded, the sick, the fearfully-stricken. Give the living the places of honor, of profit, and of ease, for they belong to them by right; raise the marble high towards Heaven, commemorative of the deeds of the dead. See to it that you are a husband to the widow, and a father to those who are made fatherless by reason of devotion to country. Pennsylvania stands above reproach in this respect, and generously educates and nurtures all who will come within reach of her outstretched arms.

Let us for a moment imagine a return of the past. Here, but a few short months ago, in front of these apparently invulnerable fortifications, lay the men of the 83d and 145th with tens of thousands of their comrades, hammering by night and by day at this stronghold, and looking and waiting for the end. Our other regiment, the 111th, was with the noble army of Sherman, marching from the mountains to the sea. In the lull of the now almost perpetual battle, and far away from the broad savannas of the South, there comes a sound like a phantom echo, "they are coming." It reaches with joyous distinctness the ears of our brave men at Columbia Prison, and Mc Creary and Lynch, Lytle, Mc Intosh and Mc Cray turn their glad

eyes to the South, "they are coming." It falls like the knell of doom upon the ears of their keepers, and like the jailor in Holy Writ, they tremble, for "they are coming." The men of the 83d and 145th start from their beds in the sands of those lowlands of Virginia, and now more distinctly, but still far away beyond the Roanoke, the Cape Fear and the Santee, they hear the sound and thank God—"they are coming."

Now all were gone from this place, and nothing having life was visible, save some colored people, cutting willow twigs for basket work. As we, worn and heated, began to near the Avery dwelling, the scene became quite southern in its character. A great number of "the people" were plowing, as usual with a single mule. Black women were passing out of the yard about the house, with bright handkerchiefs wound about their heads and hoes upon their shoulders, going to the cotton field. We found the planter near his house, and the Colonel, informing him that he and his command were captured upon this plantation, requested the privilege of examining the formidable works just in sight. "I remember it very well, sir," said the planter, "and I thought it strange that your small force should charge that fort, right across the open plain, without support. You killed a heap of our men, and they lay very thick on that cotton field. The house that stood then where this one stands now, and all the quarters of my

people, were filled with our wounded. But I could see that you were so completely enfiladed by the upper fort, and the works leading to it, that you were "gone up," especially as you had no second line; a good many of your own men hung back just beyond that swale where you see the two trees, &c."

We went down and examined the vast works in this two hundred and fifty acre cotton field. I made a rough sketch of the ground, and we returned with the planter to the house. The women of the house fled at our approach, as usual, and the weather being very warm, we drew chairs and sat upon the porch. "The evening of your capture, sir," (said he, addressing the Colonel,) "an artillery fire was concentrated upon our house, and the Confederate officer in charge ordered us to leave. My uncle, Mr. Avery, an old man of eighty-four, had just time to take down his watch from a nail, so hurried was our departure. I never saw the old house again," said he, "for the next day our men fired the place and fell back to another line. I did not again reach the plantation until the evacuation of Richmond." Offering him some Richmond papers which I had, he received them with thanks, "although," said he, "I read no newspapers now. I don't care for politics; my business is to make a crop or two; when that is done, I may look to see what is going on in the world." In reply to numerous questions, he spoke about as follows: "I get

on rather better than my neighbors. I pay my men punctually every Saturday night, and they will work if they are paid; but they don't like me to go into the field where they are at work—it savors too much of old times and they get sulky.

"The town niggers are very saucy. The other day one came out from Petersburg with a mule-cart, and went down into the woods there and cut a load of wood, and as he was driving up the lane and was passing the house, I went out and ordered him to throw out that wood. He reached down in his cart, and taking up a carbine and laying it across his knee, he impudently looked me full in the face and said, 'Dem woods down dar is as much mine as dey is yours,' and raising the lines with a thrap on the mule's back he moved on to town. But with all the annoyance incident to the great change, I do better pecuniarily than when I owned slaves. Across this farm," said he, "and right by this door, Alexander Stephens and his party went to take cars for City Point and Fortress Monroe to meet Mr. Lincoln and Seward and talk of peace. We all supposed then that peace was coming. We knew the Confederacy was gone under, and then if our people had accepted your offer we could have had peace and saved something, and by this time had a crop or two; but we took the fool's part and lost all. A nephew of mine in Brooklyn started me here, for the war lost me everything but the land, and now I am com-

mencing life over again." This man was the most sensible of any that I had met in Virginia, because he was practical and accepted the situation.

As evening drew upon us he called a boy from the field and bade him drive us as far as the churchyard near the town. This was much for the planter to do, for it took a horse and a laborer from the cotton field in a very throng time; "the season was backward and work was behind." He declined all compensation for the service, saying he was happy in being able to serve us, etc. It was a matter of debate in my mind whether, if my friend and I were visiting the fields of Saratoga or Lexington, any farmer in that region would have pursued the same course "to the stranger within his gates."

Earthworks to the right, to the left, in front and behind us. We passed Burnside's horrid crater of death and soon reached "The Old Blanford Church." The sun was setting as we alighted from the carriage. The walls alone of the old church were standing, and they were entirely covered with ivy clear to the tops of the gables. The ivy had overrun all the large forest trees in the neighborhood of the ruin and reached to their topmost branches. This relic of bygone days stood in the midst of a cemetery thickly filled with graves and surrounded by a heavy brick wall ivy-covered. All the bricks used for the church and wall were imported from England. The roof, doors and win-

dows had long since gone to decay and we stood within the walls with the sky above us and our feet upon mother earth. While looking upon some names newly painted in column upon the wall, a queer-looking old fellow that reminded me strongly of Scott's "Old Mortality," appeared at a side doorway of the ruin and informed us that the names represented old men of a company formed in the town, for its defence, and that it had fallen during the late rebellion. This church dates back to 1733 and was contracted for at £485, current money of Virginia. It was finished in 1754. The aisles were six feet in width and paved with white Bristol stone; but every trace of interior arrangement is long since obliterated.

Getting our dinners in a saloon, where there was much drunken boastfulness of what had been done by the soldiers of the confederacy, we sat down to a Richmond newspaper for dessert, reading an article on "The Old Virginia Gentleman."

Every one knows, says the editor, what is signified by the caption, but if the heading were "The Old Maine Gentleman," some explanation would be deemed advisable.

It was near midnight, when, after threading the dark, crooked streets, we reached the depot. There was no waiting room, no light, but we found a colored man sitting in a box car with a lighted lantern. He politely opened a car and showed us in, told us smoking was allowed, we need not throw

away our cigars, and offered to go to the Bolingbroke House, many squares away, and replenish our stock of cigars. He had at one glance divined that we were Northerners, and told us with much warmth and fervor that he was always happy to wait upon our kind of people. A happy bridal party with a troop of friends soon came on board the train. We heard the whistle of the approaching engine from Weldon, and in a few minutes were off for Richmond.

VI.

The Battle of Gaines' Mill.

My last day in Virginia I had reserved for a visit to Gaines' Mill. There is no spot in the South possessing more melancholy interest to our people than this battlefield, and nowhere over the wild field occupied by our armies was there a more deadly and unequal conflict for the mastery.

It is generally conceded by the writers on both sides that on no other field was there so hot and continued a roll of musketry fire as here. It was the first general conflict of the army of the Potomac, and was mainly carried on by Fitz John Porter and twenty-seven thousand men, against sixty-five thousand of the enemy.

Taking a carriage, and the Mechanicsville road, we were soon passing through line upon line of earthworks for the defence of Richmond. These works consisted of three lines a mile apart, and reaching in a vast semicircle from river to river. A perfect chain of forts made with bomb-proofs, were placed along each line within supporting distance of each other, and all constructed in a most finished manner. The slaves were pressed into the service of the rebel government by tens of thousands in the construction of these works, which were for the defence of a policy that was to rivet forever the fetters of slavery upon them, but the boys in blue entered their strong-hold, and Abraham Lincoln struck the manacles from their limbs, and paved the way to their ultimate and perfect freedom.

The Chickahominy in ordinary stages is an indifferent stream running through a very broad valley, which after continuous rains is converted into an almost impassable morass.

Passing this valley, which to our army was indeed that "of the shadow of death," we soon reached Mechanicsville, a mere hamlet, but noted as being the scene of the fight of the Pennsylvania Reserves under Mc Call on the day prior to the battle day at Gaines' Mill. A little farther along and we came to Ellerson's Mill, a building about the size of one of the old slaughter-houses in the Millcreek valley twenty years ago. Seymour was stationed at

this mill. In fact, he and Reynolds with six thousand men fought and whipped five brigades of twelve thousand. We had the advantage of position and lost three hundred, they losing one thousand five hundred. Coming out of this mill we saw a most wretched looking old man with a grist upon his back. He was blind, and held a staff in his hand. A white-haired, pale-faced little girl guided the poor old man. They were "piney woods people," known generally as poor white trash.

We stopped a moment at Walnut Grove Church. Here in the woods, about the church, beside the road, every-where, were dead rebels. Our own men had been raised and buried in the National Cemetery at Cold Harbor. The Richmond Ambulance Committee, an association similar to our Christian Commission, had placed white boards at the heads of their dead, giving the name and regiment of all as far as possible. Down this road, skirted with cedars, we went. It was right along here, between Walnut Grove Church and Gaines' Mill, that the 83d bivouacked on the night of the 26th of June, 1862. Five hundred and fifty of them laid themselves down to dream of home and the conflict sure to come on the morrow. The next night, like children deprived of a parent, shattered and broken, they encamped on the other side of the river, two hundred and ninety-five in number. Mc Lane, Vincent and Naghel, where are they? Though their faces are no more seen upon earth, and the

laurel has faded and fallen from their brows, let us trust that their feet tread the golden streets of Emanuel's land, their features radiant with the glorious light reflected from the face of Him who died that they might live, and their brows surmounted, not with the perishing laurel of earth, but wreathed with the white immortelles that fade not, because they bloom beside the waters of the river of life.

Gaines' Mill stood in ruin, the skeleton of the great wheel within, and the whole interior choked with weeds. A little farther along and at a cross road we turned into the pine woods, a swarm of villainous looking fellows coming out of a grocery dressed in their gray uniforms, some with empty sleeves, and scowling at us as we passed. Passing down a hill we came upon old earthworks of 1862. At the top of the hill we found the more recent works of Grant, he having fought over this field two years later. It was beginning to look familiar, the make of ground agreeing well with the account of Judson and other historians of the Peninsular campaign. Getting out of the carriage I went into a tobacco field where men of both colors were busy at work, and approaching an elderly man having an honest-looking face, I informed him that I was here from the North to look at this battle-field; that the lady in mourning dress in the carriage was the widow of an officer who had fallen on the field—that she was anxious to visit the ground where her husband had lived the

last days of his life, and met his untimely death.

I was fortunate in meeting this man. It was Mr. Magee, and this farm of his on which we stood was the theatre of stirring events, and his name was often mentioned in correspondence from the battle-fields both in the days of Mc Clellan and of Grant. These vast works that surrounded us were Grant's. Mc Clellan had been ridiculed—whether properly or not I shall not pretend to say—as the hero of the spade and shovel, but his earth-works in this region bore no more proportion to Grant's than the Fifth street sewer will to Mr. Lowry's gunboat canal. The trenches of the picket lines were not thirty feet apart, and in places even this distance was sought to be lessened by tunneling. All around us was the debris of the battle-field, and the plow in the furrow, we noticed, was continually choked with rags of blue and gray, bent ramrods, old haversacks, &c.

Taking refuge under a beech tree from the burning heat of the sun, I asked Magee to point out the left of our line on the Gaines' Mill field. "You are asking for the position of Butterfield's Brigade," said he; "that was the finest body of men in Mc Clellan's army. I was often in your lines before the engagement and was always courteously treated. An old neighbor of mine, who was fearfully afflicted and all drawn out of shape with inflammatory rheumatism, went into Butterfield's lines one day for relief. Fitz John Porter sent for

me and enquired concerning this man, and when I endorsed his industry and honesty, the men of his corps raised several hundred dollars and gave him, together with food to eat, and saved that poor man and his family from want and misery, like true chivalric gentleman that they were. You called Fitz John Porter a traitor to your cause. I tell you sir no such fighting was done in these parts during the war as he did that day at Gaines' Mill. It seemed as though these men of Butterfield's on the left could never be whipped. The war is over now sir, said he, and lowering his voice—we may as well tell the truth : old Jackson liked not to got here because he took the wrong road, and if he hadn't have got in, we would have been awfully whipped. Why there was an old black man of mine you ought to have heard talk. He was in the cellar of a cabin off on the left yonder, and his curiosity got the better of his fears, and he crawled out to see the fight. He said every time our men went into the gully beyond Watt's house, they came out like as though there was a hornet's nest there — then the blue coats would follow them out, then some more of we'uns would come up and you'uns would travel back, and so it was 'till near dark, when old Jack and Hood's men came up and broke your left."

In asking concerning these repeated charges against Butterfield's brigade—which are matters of history—Mr. Magee called his son from the plow

and said, "He can tell you about them." The son, a modest, manly fellow, said he was in a regiment under Pickett. "Several charges on your left had been made when we were ordered in. It was the worst place I ever saw. We went in but we came out again in a hurry, and did'nt keer to go back. We then charged that battery that swept our approach to your left, and we took it. I fought through the war except when I was a prisoner at Fort Delaware, and I never saw your men fight as Butterfield's brigade did that day, excepting on the centre the last day at Gettysburg." Proud was I beyond anything I can express at this tribute from a former enemy to the valor of the 83d and their brother regiments. Seeing some newspapers in my pockets, Mr. Magee asked me if they were northern papers, and expressed a regret when I told him they were not. But I informed him that he could always find the *Tribune* and *Times*, with the *Herald* and *World*, at the news-room in the Spottswood in Richmond. He said he had not seen a northern paper since the war, and was anxious to see how we felt towards them.

Entering our carriage and driving through the pine woods among the graves — graves everywhere—we soon ascended a little hill and approached the Watt house, an old fashioned Virginia double house with outside chimneys, standing upon a bright greensward, surrounded by high trees, with negro quarters all about the house.

Here Major Naghel died from his wounds after living long enough to direct that the body of Colonel Mc Lane be found and brought to the house, which was done. The house seemed tenantless. There were no curtains upon any of the windows, the glass was broken, and there was a general air of desertion and neglect about the place. Ascending a flight of five or six steps to the door, I knocked. A broken window was immediately at my left, and I could not but look in as I faced the door. I could see men and women and heard angry female voices addressed to the man who moved toward the door to answer our summons. "Drive them away," "Tell them to clear out," "Don't ask them in here," "Make them go away." There was a momentary muttering and caucussing carried on by some male voices. I stepped down upon the ground and feeling my "Wesson" safe on my hip, saluted the man of the house as he opened the door. Out he came with his ill-favored brood of sons, who looked us over much as a huge mastiff will circle about a stranger, looking for a place to take hold. The party were exceedingly surly and uncommunicative. "Mr. Watt did not live there now—there was nothing to be seen—there was no person buried there—we are busy and cannot go around with you."

We talked awhile; I was smoking and offered him a cigar, which opened his mouth a little. (I had left my flask of Harrisburg whiskey of a vile

quality, at the Spottswood. I think that would have brought him. I discovered in the evening that it had "brought" the colored servant on that floor of the hotel; at least he was very tight, and my flask was empty.) The lady with unerring step left the carriage, and with her perfect knowledge led the way to the place where, under the tree beside the negro quarters, her husband and Major Naghel had been buried. Into the woods above the house we went, the unwilling party accompanying us. We were on the field where the 83d had made their great fight. I noticed a human skull upon the ground. One of the sons picked it up and dropping it in disgust said, "That's a Yank." The driver to relieve us, drew the boys away to the right, to look at Martindale's lines, and left us alone with the old man. The lady passed down and stood under the beech tree mentioned by Judson in his history, while I with difficulty held the old man in conversation. "I was'nt here during the fight" said he, "in fact I had gone over to Amelia C. H. with Dr. Gaines' niggers to keep you'uns from getting them. The boys saw the fight and they said the Irish fought awful." "What do you mean by the Irish?" said I, "Why Butterfield's men were Irish," said he. "They were not," said I. "Meagher's brigade were a separate body of men and never came on the field until dusk that evening, when they came with Sumner's men to cover our retreat." I found it

everywhere in Virginia the habit, wherever any splendid fighting was done to accredit it wholly to Meagher's brigade, so determined are these people to give the Northern men no credit for the sound scourgings they received at their hands. It crops out in the writings of Pollard, Van Broocke and others everywhere, and is as living a libel upon our brave boys as Andrew Johnson is upon humanity. The valor of the Irish brigade is a matter of history, but they have been put upon a hundred fields by rebel historians in positions which they never saw. "Well," said the man, "It was Butterfield's brigade at any rate, be they who they were, and if your men in the centre had fought as well, we would have been licked. Over yonder, where you see that broom grass like, is where Hood's Texans made their great charge. But old Jack's coming up saved us." Again I experienced a feeling of deep heartfelt pride in telling this overseer of Dr. Gaines, that one of the regiments of that brigade was organized in my town, and owed its admirable discipline to the husband of the lady then standing near where he had fallen in defence of his country. I might quote pages of rebel history to prove the desperate bravery of our men, but one or two items will suffice.

Esten Cooke says: * * * "Such was the desperate aspect of affairs on the field about five in the evening. The Federal troops had repulsed every assault, and the descending sun threatened to set

upon a day memorable in the annals of the South for bloody and disastrous defeat. One man alone could reverse this picture of ruin. Jackson came, pronouncing it in my hearing the most horrible fire of musketry he ever heard." Prof. Dabney, of the Union Theological Seminary of Virginia, says of our left: "Longstreet was bringing up his division to storm this desperate line, and after other brigades had recoiled, broken by a fire under which it seemed impossible that any troops could live, was just sending in his never failing reserve, Pickett's veteran brigade. These troops, after advancing heroically over the shattered regiments of their friends within point blank range of the triple lines before them, unfortunately paused to return the fire. As they stood there decimated by every volley, unable to advance, but too courageous to flee, then the brigades of Hood and Whiting were launched against the Federal lines on the left—the line was carried, but a thousand men fell in death in that single charge."

Hill, and Pender, and Archer, all speak in their official reports of their utter inability to break our left. Whiting, of Jackson's command, who came to their relief, says: "Men were leaving the field in great disorder in every direction; two regiments, one from South Carolina and one from Louisiana, were actually marching back from the fire. The 1st Texas were ordered to go over them and through them, which they did. Near the

crest, in front of us and lying down, appeared the fragments of a brigade. Men were skulking from the front in a shameful manner; the woods on our left and rear were full of troops in a safe cover, from which they never stirred. Still further on our extreme right our troops appeared to be falling back. The troops on our immediate left I do not know, and I am glad I don't. Those that did come up were much broken, and no entreaty or command could induce them to come forward." The South Carolina regiment he speaks of sustained in that charge a loss of seventy-six killed, two hundred and twenty-one wounded and fifty-eight missing. No wonder they marched off the field.

Turn to Judson's History of the 83rd for the Union account of the fight. It is better given by a hero of the conflict than I can tell it. I have preferred to give you brief rebel accounts, sufficient without another word to immortalize the names of Mc Lane, Vincent, Naghel, Campbell, Brown, Lyon, Woodward, Graham, Finn, Austin, Reed, Judson, the Wittichs, Vannatta, Goff, Rogers, Duggan, Sell, the Haldermans, Hunter, Whittlesey, Clark, Terrel, and a host of others of our townsmen that helped to strike these heavy blows upon the enemy. At night, the last to leave, when all hope was gone, they waded through the morass of the Chickahominy—the bridges having been taken up under the supposition that all were over—and laid themselves down in the woods with their eyes turn-

ed in the direction of the fatal field, where, under the pines, the forms of their brave leaders and comrades were cold in death.

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat,
The soldier's last tattoo,
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few;
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

We met the driver upon our return to the house, entered the carriage and turned our backs upon this inhospitable region. The driver—who feigned to this man's sons that he had served in an Alabama regiment—received a lively account of how they had stripped the dead on this battle field of watches, rings and money, and informed us that they had proposed "to go through" our party. We re-crossed the river, and taking a new road were soon in Richmond, and were congratulated upon returning in safety from a vile region of country. The next morning we took the steamer at Rockett's for Norfolk, where we changed boats for Baltimore. Just at night we made a landing and went upon deck. Out in the darkness, against the sky, rose the walls of Fortress Monroe. Safe within was confined "the head and front of this offending." Black clouds curtained all the sky, the wind whistled through the rigging of the water-craft, dipping uneasily at anchor, and the an-

gry waves lashed the shore. The waters, stirred to their depths, were casting their impurities against the walls which environed the arch traitor.

Grass is growing green over the graves of thousands of brave men all over the land, that, but for this man and his fellows, would be living this day. Wives and mothers turn their weary eyes to the South to-night in their dreams, looking for loved faces to be seen no more. This man stands between them and their lost ones. Children by tens of thousands are deprived of protectors, and must struggle up to the light in a gnarled and stunted growth, with no friendly hand to lead, no fatherly voice to encourage.

Blackened walls, gaunt skeleton-like stacks of chimneys mar the landscape everywhere. The roof-tree is charred and dead, its protecting branches shrunk and shrivelled, but it matters not, for the forms it sheltered are gone. Oh! the thousand sights and sounds of the war that *would* arise that night!

And now we dash across the angry waters to enter Chesapeake Bay. The lights of Fortress Monroe are fading from sight. Farewell to the scenes of conflict and carnage, and the tens of thousands of graves here in Virginia of those who have left us and have gone (let us say it with reverence) to that better country, where rebellion was quickly quenched, and treason as speedily and everlastingly punished.

OLD TIMES IN ERIE.

* THE JOHN ASHBOUGH LETTERS.

I.

A Boy's Walk around the Diamond.

I am but a middle-aged man, and yet I note many changes about my home since I was a boy. What is now known as the Park was in that day called the Diamond. It was devoid of trees, and the old people worked many weary days to clear it, and some of them looked with disfavor upon the planting of trees, about 1846, in the same spot. There was quite a ravine extending from the place now occupied by the Park Church across the Diamond to the present Ellsworth House. There was a grass plot extending over the greater portion of the present East Park. In the West Park we had the court house, county offices, a little wooden building for an engine house, and a small market house of wood, afterwards removed to fifth street east of Holland. The old fire engine, so long hous-

* These Letters were published in the Erie Observer in 1873–4–5, and excited at the time a great deal of interest.

ed in the other little building, lay for a long time in the ditch, overgrown with smart weed, upon Fifth street.

Let us stop for a moment in front of the Stone Tavern, kept by Joseph Y. Moorhead, who succeeded Robert Brown, who was in turn succeeded by James S. Clark and Barney Honeywell. That corner is always associated in my mind with dog fights. There was a large, old, stub-tailed, brindled dog named Mars belonging to the Stone Tavern. He always went with the house and good will, upon a change of owners, and he generally managed to have some differences of opinion to settle with every country dog coming into town. Then after the battle the idlers would give Mars pennies, and with them in his mouth he would go to John Lytle's grocery and buy crackers and cakes—placing his fore paws upon the counter and dropping the pennies, and then wagging that stub tail of his until he received the equivalent of his money.

John Lytle rang the court-house bell at 7 a. m., 12 m., and 9 p. m. each day except Sundays. Upon Sunday the court house was used occasionally by itinerant preachers of denominations without meeting-houses in the town. I remember to have stood upon this corner and listened to the pleasant description of Florida life in winter by Mr. William A. Brown, who had recently returned home with restored health. The loud laugh of "Bill Willis" comes from another group, where

Mr. Lloyd, from the country, Geo. Moore, Thos. P. James, Thomas Dillon and Royal Freeman are talking politics in an excited manner. Boys are not interested in their discussions, and we walk along westward. The portly gentleman in broad brimmed hat, long black coat, wearing slippers and carrying a heavy hickory cane, is John Morris Esq. He came here from Berks County, and lived in a house where the Park Church now stands. Upon the same lot was his hat shop and an old fashioned stone spring-house upon the side of the ravine. Mr. Morris was always followed by a little, long-haired, light-colored dog, the companion of all his walks. The brick house on the corner, latterly known as the Park House, was occupied by the Rev. Geo. A. Lyon, and a portion of the time by Henry Cadwell.

Across Peach street a lady is standing looking with admiration upon a garden. Boy-like, we go to see what is fixing her attention, and we discover Mrs. Morris, who says to us: "John, Mrs. Babbitt always has the nicest flower garden in Erie." We meet Mr. Eliot near his own house in conversation with P. S. V. Hamot, Esq. They were the same courteous gentlemen then as thereafter. They always had a pleasant word for us boys, and I know that we had a kindly and respectful feeling for them during all the subsequent years of their lives.

Corner of Sixth street and the Diamond was a fine place to play marbles, and here we find Dent

Johns, Ben Wilkins and John and William Eliot engaged in a game. That boy coming down Sixth street astride of that beautiful pony is John Douglass. We boys each wish for a pony like that one, and all of us have at our tongue's end a fable as to the cost of these ponies at Detroit and Mackinaw. Did we doubt it? No, sir! Dave Mills told us we could buy those ponies at Mackinaw for ten dollars, and Dave had been up on Reed's boats, and Dave knew. That gentleman with the portly frame, side whiskers, hands in white gloves, carrying a cane, and just turning up Sixth street, is Dr. William Johns. The pleasant-faced gentleman with him is the Frenchman who is building the steam mill in the Raven woods—Mr. P. C. Blancan. There was a garden then where Mrs. Gen. Reed's house is now, and a great mound in it near the street. The house farther on was then occupied, I think, by Don Carlos Barrett, Esq. Edward Emery afterwards lived there and made the nicest candy in town. Just ahead of us are three young gentlemen, Gideon J. Ball, James Hoskinson and John Moore. The new steamer Jefferson is in and they are going down to see Mr. Moore safe on board. That fine-looking young man who meets them at the corner, who always wears the glossiest silk hat, and the ruffled shirt, with the small square pin on his breast, is the stage agent, Ira W. Hart.

The first Presbyterian church was quite different from the present building. It was of brick, painted

red; the top of the dome, like an inverted tea-cup minus the rim, was covered with unpainted tin, which glistened in the sun, and was always a prominent object in approaching town either by land or water. Above the dome was a gilt angel six feet in length, with trumpet to mouth, which with the "boot-jack" on the old court house answered as weather cocks. Above that boot-jack, by the way, was a ball of wood, pierced by the lightning rod, and one morning a little sign was found nailed to that ball. I think the sign bore the inscription "Wm. Kelley, Justice of the Peace." Later, I remember, one St. Patrick's morning, a stuffed effigy with a string of potatoes about the neck, a stick in one hand and a bottle in the other, was discovered upon the topmost pinnacle of the old court house. It was spring election day and the polls were at the court-house. All the long day, despite the efforts at removal, did the effigy swing in the March wind, until Mr. A. C. Hilton, with his rifle, cut the cord which held it, and down it came and was burned in the middle of State street in front of Poor People's Row.

The interior of that old Presbyterian church was odd enough. As you entered, you faced the seated congregation, and the pulpit of course was just at your hand upon going in. There was a gradual but very perceptible rise in that floor as you walked back to the rear end of that church. I remember a marble finding its way through a hole in my pocket,

one Sunday, as I was walking up the aisle, and it made very good time down to the hall door. I didn't stop to chase it just then, and never found it. I always thought Remus Baldwin, the sexton, found it and gave it to one of his boys. It was a white alley with a red streak. They were just coming out then and were valuable.

There was a wonderful amount of stove pipe straggling through the interior and centering in a huge drum, and then passing off in some, to me, unknown region. Mr. Geo. Selden, an elder in the church, led the choir. The choir was large, and a man named Virgil made a doleful noise on a bass-viol. Many people came from the country around to this church—the Evanses, Arbuckles, Mc Clellans, Davidsons, Norcrosses, Grubbs, Loves, &c., &c. From town came the families of Hays, Sanford, Hulbert, Sill, Sterrett, Perkins, Brown, Spencer, Himrod, Moorhead, Wallace, Hilton, Fluke, and others. An old colored man named Brown sat in the gallery, coughed much during service, and wore a black handkerchief on his head. The lot opposite the church was bare save a little house in which were stored a cannon and some arms belonging to the "Erie Artillery."

We had more military spirit in Erie then than at present. The first Monday in May was "company training," and a week thereafter "general training." That was one of the great days of the year for us boys. The Guards, the Greens, the

Artillery and the Horse Company were all uniformed, and then the apparently endless companies of militia, when formed, reached across the Diamond from Sanford's to Elliot's. Great tables of gingerbread, with kegs of root beer, met you at every turn, and everybody was having a good time. We boys generally gathered around the horses decorated with elegant trappings, and held by some colored boys, and waited with such patience as we had until the General and his staff appeared; and then, when in obedience to the commands of these men in gorgeous apparel, the fife and drum corps, led by Major Rufus Clough and Capt. Fitch, in red coats, struck up Washington's March, and the great column commenced to move, as only that column could move—boggling their way through the streets—we, strutting along near the music, as near as we could get and not be trampled upon, with the shivers running up our backs and raising the very thatch upon our heads, wouldn't have given a cent to have exchanged places with the Governor of the Commonwealth.

From Peach Street to State I can remember but two or three wooden buildings—Beatty's tin shop and Lytle & Hamilton's tailor shop. Upon State was a brick dwelling house, and sitting upon the seat at the door, with his lame foot crossed upon the other leg, crutch in hand and white cravat about his neck, was Mr. Jno. Warren, the owner of the house. Opposite, and where the Ellsworth

House now stands, was Joshua Beers's great building, afterwards the Eagle tavern. Those two gentlemen we meet here are Mr. Robert Cochran, the Postmaster, and Fred. Nichols, his clerk—the last named, dashy, dressy and always followed by a big, black, woolly dog named "Pomp." We turn down the stone steps for a moment and drink at the far-famed spring of Beers's Corner. In coming up we meet those gentlemen, always noticeable and elegant upon the street, Lieut. Ottinger, of the Cutter, and Capt. Douglas, of the brig Virginia.

The Mansion House, with its fine, old-fashioned front and heavily ornamented balustrades—the chief house of the town—was kept by Mrs. Champlin. On Cheapside we had R. O. Hulbert, Chase, Sill & Co., Gillaspie & Jackson, Aaron Kellogg, S. Brown, Tracy & Harrison, and Tuttle & Hunter. O. Spafford sold books on French street then as now. The Observer and Gazette were both published on French street, below Fifth. In front of Sanford's there was a fine row of Lombardy poplars. Here are ten or twelve yoke of oxen moving a building up French street. Royal Freeman has charge of this business in town. I remember well his workmen. They were, to my boyish fancy, hideous looking men. Always where they were at work the air was laden with loud cries and terrible profanity. They were the Ku-Klux and buccaneers of my youthful fancy.

At Sanford's corner there was a firm known as

the Hadleys, in the dry goods trade. George Moore, a prominent citizen, lived at the corner of French Street and the Diamond. Archibald McSparren lived near him, and "Uncle Seth Reed" occupied the old homestead, corner of State street and the Diamond. There he stands upon the corner with the unlighted cigar in his mouth, as usual. Moving along, at a quick, dashing gait, are some of our prominent young men, Andrew Scott, William Truesdail, Fitz James Christie and Wm. W. Wells. They meet Thomas Henry, Thomas M. Austin, Wm. Dobbins, Jonas Harrison, O. D. Spafford and John W. Hunter. What is up, that all these "blades" are together to-day? They walk across the Diamond in gleeful, gay conversation, toward the Mansion House. Can you find as jolly a party in Erie to-day? We are back to the old Stone Tavern, and our walk around the Diamond is ended.

II.

A Boy's walk down Sixth Street.

Once upon a time, Paul and I had been gathering chestnuts just over the valley, since occupied by the canal, and I purpose to-day to speak of our walk down Sixth street at that time. Crossing

the aforesaid valley, we noticed a gentleman with a gun, peering cautiously among the thistles and poke-weeds of that region. We stopped until he fired, and then coming up found the Rev. Bennett Glover. He had killed a large black snake—the first we had ever seen. An old wooden house stood upon the east side of the ravine and upon the north side of the street. Who lived there then I do not know, but afterward it was occupied by a colored man named Lawson.

Some wags of the town long afterward provoked a quarrel between Lawson and another colored man known as "Kettle Smith." The latter always appeared in the street with a wig of white man's hair. A cloak generally covered his ample form. The boys told Lawson that Smith had said that he (Lawson) was not a finished white-washer; that he did passably well as an artist upon a board fence or smoke house, but was good for nothing else.

They also plied Smith diligently with Lawson's alleged statements of Smith's entire incompetency to give a genuine plaster of paris finish to his work, and that he was simply a bungler. They thus succeeded in inflaming the two worthies beyond measure toward each other. Ramsay, who was engaged at Hart's livery stable, and black Joe Harris, who drove a pair of ponies that hauled the little old yellow hack of George Reed's temperance house, were foremost in fomenting the trouble. So, one day, the men met near the com-

missioner's office, each armed with the implements of his trade—lime buckets and long sticks or brush handles. When each spied the other, buckets and brushes were cast to the ground and they "went for each other." "Kettle" was so pleased with the chance for a fight that he lay down quickly upon the ground and rolled over like a big black bear, then jumping to his feet and cracking his heels together, he cast aside his cloak and, shouting, rushed to the fray. Lawson was equally diligent in the approach. They closed and fought like stags. Smith lost his wig in the fight, and both were badly beaten. Lawson exhibited for days great purple-black welts under either eye—and Smith's head was carefully done up in white cloths, one jaw largely exceeding the other in size.

At the time of our walk we cannot remember any other house until we reached the one of brick owned by Thomas King. Mr. King and Alvay Flynt walked just ahead of us with their rods and bait buckets, on their way to strike the bass. None knew better than they (save perhaps old Ben Fleming) the haunts and habits of this gamiest of our lake fish. So long as they lived they continued to indulge in their favorite sport, and Mr. King went to his death in one of his fishing excursions. He was the father of those well known gentlemen, Josiah King, of the Pittsburgh Gazette, and Wilson and Alfred King of our own city. Benjamin Tomlinson built the brick house adjoin-

ing Thomas King's and now occupied by John Clemens. The Rev. Bennett Glover occupied the brick house, corner of Sassafras and Sixth streets, west side. Opposite to this was the frame house of George Landen, the chairmaker, whose enduring work may still be seen in many of the houses of the old people throughout the county. He was the father of Daniel G. and Amos Landen, who are still with us, and of Reuben Landen, a bright and eccentric young man, who is dead.

Upon the ground occupied by the Jackson house, Giles Sanford, Esq., had a nursery of fruit trees, and when I went to School to David Lloyd and Chester R. Mott in the old yellow meeting-house adjacent, I remember to have seen box-traps in the nursery, placed to snare rabbits. Mr. Sanford was one of the earliest to introduce good fruit into our county, and patiently bore the jeers of certain bucolic gentlemen who scouted much at book farming and "new fangled ideas." He lived to see the triumph of good fruit-raising by the Russells, Osbornes, Leets, etc., of Erie county. Between the nursery and the Episcopal church it was "commons," full of chestnut stumps and open to the cows of the town.

David Lloyd taught very many of our Erie boys. I can remember and repeat *verbatim* his prayer of every morning before the labors of teaching. While at his school in the old yellow meeting-house, the last forest tree was cut down in that re-

gion. It was near the corner of Seventh and Sassafras streets. Ropes were attached to guide it straightly in its fall and clear the adjacent houses, and Solomon Walters and Lovett Snell were overseeing the job. Chester R. Mott read law after his days of teaching, and I think was admitted to the Erie bar. He had a brother, Dr. L. Mott, who married Miss Jane Fross, of Seventh street. The old Episcopal church upon Sixth street was small in size then, but was afterward enlarged and did very well for many years, until the Rev. Mr. Spaulding* pushed it over one day and erected the present elegant edifice upon its ruins. Upon a Christmas Eve, within the walls of the old church, I heard the first deep tones of a pipe organ. The church was elegantly trimmed with the rich dark green hemlocks procured from the swampy ground on Parade St. along the line of the old French road. I remember the great circle in the centre pendent from the ceiling, heavily massed with evergreens, and thickly set with spermaceti candles, and I remember to have heard Madden, the sexton, say, that John A. Tracy, Esq., gave the candles used upon that occasion.

How clearly I can recall all that I saw that night. A deep snow covered the earth—the sleighs drove up amid much gladsome jingling of the bells upon the horses and deposited their ample loads at the

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* Now bishop of Colorado.

church door. The pews were filled very soon with rosy young faces, and bright eyes and happy smiles met you at every turn. The gothic-formed fence about the old church was built from the proceeds of an excursion given upon the lake to Dover in Canada. General Reed and others, owners of the ill-fated steamer Erie, tendered her use upon that occasion. Those who were present will remember the beautiful steamer of elegant model and her pipes of pure white, as they went on board that August Saturday in 1841. The Presque Isle band were playing on the deck. They were all our young townsmen, and all, save Alexander Lamberton and William Wadsworth, doomed in a few hours to find their graves in the lake. And Jolls, and Lloyd Gilson, and Parmalee, and the Vosburg boys, and so many others from among us went down to death upon that fatal Monday night succeeding the day of our happy excursion. How well I remember Sam. Metcalf, his long hair streaming in the wind, (his hat had blown overboard) forming the dancers upon deck.

Opposite the church, and where the Court House now stands, was the county jail, kept then by George L. Wood. Don't you remember his short, burly form and stuttering voice? The brick house remodeled by John Hearn, adjoining the jail, was built by P. C. Blancan, as Andrew Scott told us in a carrier's address the following New Year's day, something in this way:

"And Peter C. Blancan without aid of stream,
Grinds grain and saws lumber by virtue of steam,
And yet not discouraged, tho' panics assail,
Erects a fine building just west of the jail."

James Hoskinson lived then as now adjoining the church, but in the old house, and had the same erect form and dignified carriage as to-day The Hon. John Galbraith's kindly face could be seen in the office building next east, or the dwelling adjoining. Prior to that, the house was occupied by Mr. Sage and Mr. Norcross. About Eliott's corner there were sports indulged in by the boys of that neighborhood other than the marble-playing spoken of in a former communication. We have often seen boys getting over fences in that region with game chickens under their arms, and the view was occasionally varied by seeing some hapless cur making good time down the Diamond with a tin bucket tied to his tail. Whenever you discovered John Douglas, the Eliot boys, Ben Wilkins and Dave Benson going lively for some alley or barn, with Dent Johns taking long strides in the rear, followed by his dog Drake, you might count on trouble in that quarter. Wm. Eliot died young, and I shall never forget standing by that open grave—the rain falling in torrents—as they laid him away from sight forever.

There comes Anson Jewett, the butcher! (Didn't "Drake" get some sausages one day from Jewett's stall?) Jewett went west, became an Associate

Judge, and afterwards, returning to Erie, Thomas D— asked him, "Jewett, how did you get to be a Judge?—you know you don't know anything." "Yes I do," said Jewett, "I know enough to keep my mouth shut, and look wise." Between the jail and the Diamond was the frame house occupied by Dr. William Johns and afterward by Captain Thomas Wilkins. It has but recently been taken away.

Before we cross the Diamond let us enter once more the old church of Dr. Lyon, which we attempted to picture in a former communication in the Observer. We spent some long Sundays there in our youthful days. Commencing when the "first bell" rang in the morning to "get ready," by 11 o'clock the last lick had been given to the hair and shoes, and we joined the throng for the old church. The Episcopalians seemed to our youthful eyes to march rather stiffly across the Diamond from Beatty's tin shop to Eliot's corner, and the few Baptists seemed timidly to hug the curb-stone to avoid collision with our more solid ranks. The people from the country round about were on hand betimes, and standing about the door comparing notes as to the weather, the crops, and the cases of sickness in their neighborhoods. Standing among them I can see old David Wallace with his brown coat thickly be-sprinkled with the hairs of the grey horse he has ridden in to church. Marching straight into our pew we were seated between the elders and

began to use our eyes. It was very still and solemn within. The people soon began to enter—the families of Andrew and John Norcross, Samuel Love, Giles and Hamlin Russell, Arbuckle, Evans, the Davidsons, Robert Sterrett, etc. Then came Stephen Grubb and family. All these and many more came from the country. Some of you will remember who it was that always wore the "squeaky" boots. Then came the families of Samuel Hays, H. Bates, Sherwood, Dr. Perkins, Hilton, Dr. Wallace, the Bonnells, A. E. Foster, Dr. Hill, McCulloughs, Shepards, Wights, Clinton George, Dr. Vosburg, Laws, Lytles, Flukes, Williams, Seldens, Kelloggs, Hulberts, Sanfords, Sills, Himrods, Sterretts, George Reed, the Misses Field and Cook, Riddles, etc., etc. James M. Sterrett generally hung his hat upon the post in his double pew before taking his seat.

Then came the pastor, Dr. Lyon, perhaps accompanied by the burly form of the Rev. Nathaniel West. Then all would be still for a moment—then old John Brown would cough that dreadful cough in the gallery. We look about and see that all the congregation are in their places. If there was an occasional stranger rather more stylish than our people he was a New York merchant remaining over Sunday in the town. Occasionally we would see some ladies that were visitors at our pastor's, from Carlisle, and the present Judge Marvin and others of his father's excellent family were

often visitors at Mr. Selden's, and came of course to church. At length, the last listener being in his place, the pastor says, "Let us look to God for his blessing." Then came the singing as we have before described, and the sermon followed apace. As the sermon progressed we often settled away in our seat and our eyes would rest upon certain hap-hazard pencil marks upon the pew in front, resolving them into a row of Indian wigwams with smoke ascending from the roof of one, until form and outline were lost and all became a glimmer and haze, and our eyelids closed. Then there was a blank to us of greater or less duration until a gentle touch upon the foot aroused us in time to hear the pastor say, "Finally, my brethren, we may learn from this subject," etc.

In cold weather, after receiving the benediction and in passing out of the church, Mr. Selden, who was Superintendent of the Sunday school, would call out repeatedly to those in the gallery to close the doors, and keep the cold air from rushing in from the lower hall. The hungry little fellows would then pile up stairs to Sunday school. About this time I was in the class of Mr. J. C. Spencer, and I remember when he went away on his bridal tour we had a new teacher assigned us that we did not like so well. I went to the old church when the contractor, Mr. Hampson, was tearing it away. I walked into the old pew and took a last look at my Indian wigwams before they were consigned

to the rubbish heap. But the old church is gone. The pastor sleeps with very many of his people and we will speak of it no more.

We cross the Diamond. Just ahead of us walks a little short man in a round-about, with a prominent nose. He carries a pot of paint in one hand and some brushes displayed in the other, like the arrows in the claw of the legendary American bird. We all know "Tommy Wilkie." A carriage passes, and inside we see Anthony W. Wasson, Sherburn Smyth and William Beatty. There is a ball at North East to-night. Standing near Sanford's corner are two groups of men. The one consists of Giles Russell, William Himrod, James M. Moorhead and William Gray. The known principles of the men and the quiet earnestness of their conversation indicate the nearness of some fugitive slave. They are the agents of the underground railroad in Erie county. In the other group we notice E. D. Gunnison, R. O. Hulbert, Myron Hutchinson and Mark Baldwin. If the records of this county bearing the signatures of these men were destroyed, there would be chaos indeed. Honest workers in their day and generation, they have now all passed away. The large frame house, broadside to the street, and in front of which is the fine row of Lombardy poplars, is occupied by Mrs. Hereford and daughters. Then follow in order the houses owned and occupied by E. D. Gunnison, Wm. Kelley and Thomas Moor-

head. Across the street are Dr. Coltrin's house, the house and shop of Charles Lay, the tinner, and the residence of Mrs. Pierce. We re-cross the street and find the lots west of the home of the Hon. Thomas H. Sill open as commons. Upon this open space the traveling shows of the time were wont to pitch their tents. The writer can remember the great menagerie of "Friday, Sept. 4th, 1835," at this place, and the remark he heard so many times that day, "There are more people in Erie to-day than upon any other day since La-Fayette was here."

The little building next the common is the law office of the Hon. Thomas H. Sill, who had recently represented this district in Congress. He was the father of James Sill, Esq., and was known as an earnest, able and dignified gentleman. In Miss Sanford's fine history of Erie county you will find an exact likeness of Mr. Sill as the writer remembers him. Halting for a moment to look within the open door of a smithy, corner of Holland and Sixth, two men pass us, one loquacious, wearing goggles and carrying a staff, the other of large frame, sedate appearance, swinging the right arm and lifting the feet in a peculiar manner. They are Major Rufus Clough, of Clough's Hill, and Robert Kincaid, who keeps the land light-house. Paul and I sit down upon the Mill Creek bridge, where we come often to fish for chubs. Old Sam Harris comes along headed for his little

cabin up the bank of the creek. He is, as usual, under the influence of liquor, but he will not attempt to harm us, unless we insist that the great eclipse of the sun was not in 1806. Do that and you make for yourself trouble. The brick house on the top of the hill belongs to J. Brown Laughead once the Burgess of the town. Looking south there are no buildings in the valley save George Moore's saw-mill, Mira Gates's cabin and a slaughter-house, until you reach the yellow house of David Mc Lane on French near Twelfth street. Below us nothing save Reed's grist-mill until we reach the old saw-mill where Mill Creek enters the lake.

III.

A Boy's walk down State Street.

Paul and I had been fishing down Ichabod Run for chubs, where we often caught trout as well, and had stopped at the Turnpike Road bridge to rest. The cheerful and pleasant sound of bells fell upon our ears, and, looking towards Federal Hill, we noticed one of those immense Conestoga wagons, bow-topped and covered with canvas, drawn by six horses, coming leisurely down the street. The bells were in iron arches over the hames or saddles

of the horses, and upon the wheel horse sat Theodore Bailey, his blacksnake whip over his shoulder, a single line in his hand reaching to the head of the leading horse, and his body swaying easily, and not ungracefully, with the motion of the horse he rode. He teamed between Erie and Pittsburgh, and lived in a log house on Sassafras, near Fifth street. In that day, many of the farmers of Millcreek and Fairview, who had migrated hither from Northumberland, Dauphin and Lancaster, came here with their large blue-bodied wagons, having a little box on either side fastened with an iron hasp, an immense feed-trough across the hind end, and always a tar-bucket swinging beneath the hind axletree. Five and six horses were attached to those great wagons, and there was leather enough in the harness of one of those horses to have made a complete outfit for the remaining five, in the style of the present day. The Heidlers, Kaufmans, Stoughs, Wises, Wolfs, Hersheys, Longs and Bears, with many others, came from the lower part of the State and were among the best citizens of our county.

At the time we mention, the land between Ichabod Run and the present railroad track was an open field, not a house upon it. The wagons that came to the political conventions, Sept. 10, 1840, were many of them parked in that field. The property passed into the hands of Milton Courtright and was sub-divided and sold by John P. Vincent,

Esq., his attorney. Across the way was the old homestead and mill of the Mc Nair family. Peach street, and all west of the junction with State, and down to Twelfth, was swampy, low, and covered with hemlocks. Near the junction was the McNair brewery, an old building, at this time propped up with posts. A thicket of hemlocks, covered with wild grape-vines, stood across the street from the brewery. There was not a house upon "the gore", but it was covered with second growth hemlocks, some beeches, and a few large chestnuts. Some large sycamores stood in the Mill Creek valley. The spirit of speculation was abroad soon after, and we heard the widow Munn, who lived near the corner of State and Twelfth, say that she would take twelve thousand dollars for her lot, and the price was not deemed exorbitant.

Samuel W. Keefer kept tavern then at his old stand, now occupied by Robert O. Hills.* Kitty, a girl living at Keefer's, sold us many a horse and deer made of ginger-bread, as she walked up and down the street with her ample basket upon her arm. At the southeast corner of State and Eleventh streets, the lot was occupied by Flynt's mill-dam and the old red fulling-mill, and good honest, homespun cloth was on the tenters beside the dam. The old furnace, diagonally across the steeet from the dam, was managed by Johnson,

* The present Liebel House.

Sennett & Co., and the old-fashioned plows, with wood work freshly painted red and blue, stood thickly in front. Those two men upon the pavement are Major James Gray and Mr. Wing, and the men in the wagon with whom they are conversing are Dr. Thayer and Mr. Gingrich, all residing at Federal Hill. The house opposite the furnace is occupied by Alvay Flynt.

A ravine crossed State street, near Tenth, as you may yet see by looking at the lots in the rear of the old Hays mansion. On the corner of Tenth and State was a neat log house occupied (I think) by the family of Jonah Cowgill, and next it was a little smithshop occupied by a Frenchman. At the corner of Ninth, upon the site of the present Cottage House,* there was a large log house. Remus Baldwin lived there at that time. Near this corner stood John Teel and Simeon Dunn, and they were speaking of the cost of filling in and making Peach street passable from Twelfth to Turkey Ridge. Between Ninth and Eighth, east side, were two small wooden buildings—one still standing. One was occupied by Mrs. Graves, tailoress, and here we boys had our heavy clothes cut, and carried them home to be made by our mothers. Below was a brick house occupied by David Burton. Corner of Eighth was a wooden building sometimes used as a school house, wherein Miss Burton, Mrs.

* Where the Humboldt Bank and Cohen's building now stand.

Hays, and Murray Whalon, Esq., taught the children of the town. Opposite was Laird's Tavern, kept by Thomas Laird, once Sheriff of the county, and a prominent citizen. I think a man named Mc Claskey succeeded Mr. Laird as landlord.

Some ladies are turning up Eighth street with small tin buckets in their hands. They are going to the Mineral Spring just opened near the canal by Mr. Glazier. This was a place much frequented for a time. The remainder of the block above Laird's Tavern was an orchard, much resorted to on Saturday afternoons by the boys of the town. Between Laird's and Seventh street were the cabinet shops of A. & H. P. Mehaffey, McNutt & Mains, and the brick house occupied as a residence by Dr. Chauncey F. Perkins. In the block across the street were the blacksmith shop of Jas. Liddell, the paint shop of Sherwood & Glazier and the residence of A. Sherwood. James Hughes occupied the solitary brick, corner of Seventh, with dry-goods. In the rear of it, and fronting on Seventh street, was an old tumble-down building of brick. Opposite this was the barn of the old Stone Tavern. In front of the barn stands Ed. Cowgill, Hiram Van Tassell, "Whack" Snaverly and Fred Weirs, "talking horse." The little fellow just passing us, in swallow tail coat and silk hat set jauntily on the side of his head, walking quickly and with a certain air of promptness, is Billy Robinson, Captain of the Erie Guards. Between Seventh

street and the Stone Tavern are the dry-goods stores of P. & W. M. Arbuckle and William A. Brown.

In front of the tavern stands a man with one hand on a staff and the palm of the other hand raised and turned towards the person addressed, the head a little aside—an earnest, elderly looking face—they call him Dash Martin. He is talking to Joseph Deemer and Jonathan Baird. Across the street, in front of Seth Reed's house, are Alexander W. Brewster, Thomas Mehaffey and William Fleming, men very prominent in the business of Erie, long connected with each other in a business way, and each of whom had filled the executive office of the county. We cross the Diamond. The court house bell is ringing for Quarter Sessions. Can any one who has ever heard that bell forget its clear, silvery tones? Made in London and carrying that mark upon it—it was brought to this country and placed upon one of the British vessels (I think the Queen Charlotte)—was captured by Commodore Perry, and, I have heard it said, was carried by George Logan upon his brawny shoulders from the Navy Yard to the Court House to be used upon our chief county building. Shame upon the vandals who destroyed it! I always think they were the same who burned the old Block House on Garrison Hill. Judge Eldred, old Judge Vincent and Judge Grubb, with the members of the bar and others, were entering the Court House. I will not attempt to speak of them now. It is about time for

the formation of our Historical Society. When that is done, some member of the bar will give us an exhaustive paper upon the Bench and Bar of the County.

The old brick building adjoining the Court House had brick floors down stairs. To the right, as you entered, the sign upon the door was Prothonotary's Office, and to the left Commissioners' Office, neatly done in script. William Kelley was Prothonotary and Edward Emery was his deputy. James Skinner was Commissioner's clerk. There was a vault in connection with each office. Let us suppose, for this portion of our walk, the time to be 1840. We pass up stairs and find in one office Thomas Moorhead, Register and Recorder. Next door is Gideon J. Ball, Justice of the Peace. Opposite Ball's office is a room occupied by several persons. One of them stands in a long linen coat with broad lappels, his thumb in waistcoat, a Leghorn hat bent down in front and covering one eye. This is Andrew Scott, the Sheriff. The young man in fair hair and full suit of gray clothes is Samuel A. Law, Esq.,—the third, with burly form, is Wm. M. Watts, elected the previous fall with Samuel Hutchins, of Waterford, to the legislature. The fourth room is occupied by Moses Billings, the artist. We look in the open door and see him at work upon a banner representing a half dozen bloodhounds in a row, upon their haunches, with red mouths and glaring eyes, and

underneath the inscription, "Van Buren's Florida Warriors." The gentlemen we meet in coming out are Alfred and Edgar Huidekoper. They are always here at Quarter Sessions attending to sales of land of the old Holland Land Company.

The queer-looking man with saffron-colored face, cane in one hand and strips of bark and herbs in the other, who emphasizes his quick, jerky, mumbled words with a wavy movement of the hand containing his herbs, and a swaying to and fro of his body, and who is accompanied by his gaunt, ungainly-looking son, is Dr. Gotham, one of the hermits of the Raven Woods. His neighbors are John Kelley, John Cue and Mary Figs. There is a gentleman ahead of us we remember to have often seen in the street, always walking at a slow, measured pace, dressed in blue cloth, and wearing, whenever the season would warrant, an overcoat of the same color. His left hand is behind his back, and in it he carries always a red figured bandana handkerchief. In his right hand he carries a cane, the leather thong passing through it looped over the back of his hand and the cane carelessly swinging to and fro. He wears spectacles of colored glass. His name is Brooks. We stand a moment at John Warren's corner. Coming from the west, is a little old man with basket on arm, carrying a cane which he seems to use as a feeler in front of him. His eyebrows are arched and heavy, and he moves in a gingerly sort of way. This is Joseph Cratz, Esq., and

he is going straight to Smith Jackson's store, and will take a seat in front of the stove upon a low hickory chair, with a seat made of splits of the same wood, and read the papers of the day. Owning some of the best property here at one time, he was unfortunate, lost all, and died in poverty and obscurity. He, too, lived in that early home and refuge for the friendless, the Raven Woods.

There was a large yellow barn below Beers's corner, afterwards connected with the Eagle Tavern. Judge Sterrett lived then as now in his brick house upon State street. Just south of it, in 1840, stood the Log Cabin, and here the Whigs met once a week during that great campaign, some one with strong lungs blowing the long tin horn to assemble the faithful. John H. Walker, Elijah Babbitt and Charles W. Kelso were the standing speakers. A birch bark canoe was on the top of the cabin, and a flag pole passed up through the centre of the building bearing a banner inscribed "Harrison and Tyler. A protective tariff and no reduction of wages." Hard cider was generally on draught in the corner of the room—John Lytle furnishing refreshments for the brethren. Caricatures of Van Buren, Kendall, Woodbury, Price and Blair were on the walls. John D. Haverstick was President of the Tippecanoe Club, and sat in a queer chair, made of natural crooks from the woods.

James Williams's dwelling house was on the corner of Fourth street. There was a fine garden attach-

ed to this pleasant home. Approaching us from the direction of the lake is another little old man ringing a hand bell with great method and regularity. He has rather a solemn-looking face and upon nearing the corner he takes the bell by the clapper and announces in a loud, but rather indistinct voice, that there will be an auction sale this evening, at early candlelight, at the auction room of Henry Clark, upon French street, and after giving an inventory of the wares to be sold he invites all to come, "including old women and abolitionists." This man was Dr. Randall. His cry is imitated by the idle boys of the neigborhood who gather about him, but turning quickly, he shuffles with his feet, the boys scatter and the Dr. starts again his weary round. The old brick building, used by Mr. Pelton as a marble shop, was then occupied as a dwelling by John Riddle, Esq. Capt. Daniel Dobbins lived in the house corner of Third street, and might be seen upon the street any day when the Revenue Cutter, which he commanded, was in port. His aged widow and his son, Capt. Wm. Dobbins, still reside in the old homestead. Dr. Jacob Vosburg lived in the frame dwelling on the opposite corner. Gen. Reed occupied the three story brick dwelling next below for many years. Edwin J. Kelso lived in the brick house upon the corner below, and in a frame house upon the bank of the lake lived the widow of John Kelso, Esq. Across the street and also upon the bank of the lake lived

P. S. V. Hamot, Esq. The fine grassy ground in front of Mr. Hamot's house* was much more extensive than now, and was the fashionable promenade of the town.

IV.

Old French Street and Presque Isle Bay.

Our walk to-day is suggestive of the earliest white occupants of our soil. The name of the street we shall talk about, and the name of the bay, is all that is left us as a reminder of that band of co-workers who simultaneously raised upon our shore the cross and the lilies of France. We might have perpetuated their names in our parks, our streams and our streets, but there was such an absence of a sense of "the fitness of things" with the earlier settlers, that our creeks must be known as "Four Mile," "Six Mile," &c.; and again in our streets the numerals must intervene, First, Second, &c. Indeed the Yankee in this region should be painted with slate in hand, and arithmetic under arm. The same poverty of names still exists. The city, county and lake must have the same name, and the prefix "Erie" must come with bank, cemetery, iron foundry, forge, and so on, "*ad nauseam.*"

* This place is now the Hamot Hospital.

When I was a boy, the enjoyable walk was always on the bank of the lake. There was then no railroad to visit—the park was destitute of tree or fountain. Afterward the mineral spring at Eighth street, and the packet-boat landing at the same place, and the opening, years later, of the cemetery, drew a portion of our people in another direction for their afternoon and evening walks, but the masses went at all times to the bank of the lake. Here, to one standing on the shore of Presque Isle Bay at the foot of French street, on a beautiful afternoon of many years ago, the slight breeze from the west, which fills the sails of the small craft upon the bay, brings to the ear the sound of falling waters from the miniature cascade of Lee's Run, as it empties into the lake. A solitary canoe with a single occupant is headed for the beacon light. The outline of the figure in the stern and the peculiar stroke of the paddle betoken the presence of Old Ben. A goodly number of black bass may as well say good-bye as they come into Presque Isle Bay today. It is very quiet about the dock. A few loads of steamboat wood are passing over the public bridge, and a farmer is loading a barrel of salt in his wagon at one of the shore warehouses. Thomas Horton and his men are calking a fish-boat and mending a seine at the foot of French street. The shore of the bay toward the mouth of Mill Creek has a fringe of bushes and trees.

Off to the east the smoke of the old steamer,

North America, which has just left the harbor, is seen. The Block House looms up grandly on Garrison Hill, and the reflectors of the shore lighthouse glisten in the sun. Down there near the mouth of Mill Creek the French had their fort and settlement away back in 1749, with its bastions, chapel, guard-house, surgeon's lodgings, commandant's houses, &c., and the soldiers, stationed here for many years, welcomed their comrades as they drew their bateaux upon the beach at the mouth of Mill Creek, after their weary journey from Quebec and Montreal, and bade them rest for a while before taking up their march out (what is now Parade street) upon the old French road to River au Bœuf (Waterford), called by the Indians Casewago, or still further to Venango or Du Quesne.

De la Roche and Brabœuf, clad in the vestments of their holy orders, often raised the voice of supplication on this spot, and amid the throng of worshipers down at old Fort Presque Isle stood such men as Morang, Derpontency, De Ligenrie and Legardeur de St. Pierre, Knights of the order of St. Louis, surrounded by the soldiers of France and the curious faces of their savage allies, the natives of the soil. In a few years these banks had British occupants, and "the meteor flag of England" supplanted the banner of France, and in place of the Jesuit fathers, their Indian allies and the French troops, here in August, 1764, runners were passing over the old French road from Col. Bradsteet, en-

camped at Presque Isle, and sent to Gen. Gage to co-operate with that grand soldier, Col. Boquet, who was marching westward from Du Quesne to give the Indians a sounder thrashing than they had yet received.

A party of Indians sent by the Shawnese and Delawares met Bradstreet at Presque Isle, and made a treacherous treaty with him while their tribes were preparing to fight Col. Boquet. Again long years passed away, and in 1795 another flag was raised here by that noble old Pennsylvanian, Anthony Wayne. That flag still flies at Presque Isle. The next year Mad Anthony Wayne ended his stormy life and was buried on the banks of Presque Isle Bay. He had forced peace with the Indians; and then came civilization to Presque Isle with Reed, Miles, King, Reese, Cochran, Foster, Dobbins, Colt, Kelso, Stewart, Wilson, Duncan, Irvin and others in the van, and then we had streets and squares laid out, and they called it Erie. An ancestor of mine on arriving here in 1800 met Judah Colt among the trees of what is now the Park, and asked him how far it was to Presque Isle. "Why, bless you, man," said he, "you are right in the heart of the city." From that time until about thirty years ago *the* street of the town was French street. If you wanted to find Reed or Hamot, Colt, Foster, Duncan or Knox, you must go down on French street. The post office, the Bank, the

printing office, the court house, the inns, the academy and the stores were all on French street.

But a very few years had passed after the settlement of the town, when, from our stand-point here on the bank of the lake, the sound of martial music was again heard, and the tramp of armed men resounded along Presque Isle Bay. Down there just across Mill Creek, on the sand beach, is encamped Tannehill's Brigade. A company of our Erie men are with them. Next to the lake is Col. Purviance's regiment. Upon the east is Irvin's; Snider's is on the south, and Col. Piper's on the west. They marched away to Buffalo on the morning of Nov. 7th, 1812. Notwithstanding the miserable failure of Gen. Smythe's campaign, and the terrible demoralization of Tannehill's Brigade, not an Erie man deserted his flag. Then the next season, from the west, we hear the sound of an hundred axes and the crash of falling trees. Perry's fleet is building at the Cascade and the Navy Yard. You know its history. And then, after the battle, we had the actors all here. Some who read these words will remember standing where we now stand and seeing Commodore Perry, with the wounded Englishman, Commodore Barclay, leaning upon his breast, and Gen. Harrison and all the others, coming up the hill at the foot of French street and going to Duncan's, corner of French and Third; and then followed the sound of cannon, the illumination, the procession, the transparencies, &c.

What a winter they had on French street, that winter of 1813–14. One wounded English officer, named Knight, whose wife came to him, did enjoy comparative quiet during the winter by going to Thomas Laird's Inn, "*near Erie*,"—corner of State and Eighth streets. That terrible suicide of Purser Magrath, at Duncan's, will be remembered, and some ladies who read this will not forget how Miss D——— took them up stairs and showed them the blood upon the wall so long, long after the event. And the hanging at the yard arm over there in Misery Bay, and the shooting of Bird for desertion, and then the duel, at the corner of Third and Sassafras streets, between Senat, the young Frenchman, and Mc Donald, all about the buttons and the carving of the beef at Cummins's. Poor Senat fell at the second fire, and was buried just there where he fell, and Kitty O——— sat down "and cried, and cried."

Some gentlemen are standing to our left as we face the lake. One is speaking and making gestures to the others with his arms, descriptive of the locality. They are attentive listeners. The speaker is Dr. Peter Christie, of the Navy, and the others are Thomas G. Colt, Capt. W. W. Dobbins, Capt. Homans, of the Army, and Dr. J. Benjamin Stout. Jimmy and Martha Homans are playing nearer the bank with a large Newfoundland dog, the first I remember to have seen. Dr. Christie then lived in his pleasant, vine-covered residence on Sec-

ond street, Dr. Stout had rooms over the Erie Bank, on the Diamond, and Capt. Homans lived in John Teel's house, corner of Ninth and Peach streets. Capt. Dobbins is giving some account of French street in the early days. We draw near and listen, and give you some of the items of interest. On the beach, at the foot of French street, was the warehouse of Thomas Wilson, built of logs in 1807. Between Second street and the lake were several log houses. The largest was occupied, before 1800, by Thomas Rees, and here Louis Phillip and his friends remained for some days, the guests of Mr. Rees, who entertained them hospitably and sent a guide with the party to Canandaigua. Dr. Wallace had an office in Rees's House. John Hay lived in one of those houses, and into another Robert Vosburg moved when he came to Erie in 1818.

V

Old French Street and Presque Isle Bay.

Upon the northeast corner of French and Second streets there was a log house occupied by Mrs. Catharine O'Neil. A high bridge extended on Second, between French and State streets. The south-

east corner of French and Second was Dickson's in 1815. Dickson came to Erie in 1809, had been a sailor, and was generally engaged in the lake trade. In his house the dinner was prepared which was given to La Fayette and suite under the bower on the Second street bridge. "The Mirror," the first newspaper in Erie, was issued from Dickson's corner by Mr. Wyeth from Dauphin county. In front of Dickson's house, it is said, was placed the first brick pavement laid in Erie. Just east of Dickson's was the two-story log store of Thomas Wilson. Wilson was a man of much prominence in Erie, was Burgess, Prothonotary and member of Congress from this district. He owned four slaves —one (old Kitty) is alive to-day (1874) in the county almshouse. The family are all dead save Thomas, the well-known deaf mute. P. S. V. Hamot commenced selling goods here with Mr. Wilson. A brother of the proprietor named John also clerked here.

Opposite Dickson's west was the well-known Cummins Tavern. It was a large building. John Henry of Waterford and James Moore worked upon this building. It was certainly erected as early as 1803; some say at an earlier date. Capt. John Cummins was an army officer and kept this house for more than a score of years. Mrs. David Kennedy was a daughter of Capt. Cummins, and when but five years old fell from the Second street bridge and was picked up for dead by her

brother Samuel. Cummins's barn was burned during a session of Court and a number of valuable horses belonging to Judges and jurors, including one owned by Sheriff Carmack, perished in the fire. Old Charley Logan fired the building accidentally from a lantern. Old Charley was the servant of Colonel Chambers, of revolutionary fame, and died in February 1827, aged 95. He was the father of Bristo, George and Peter Logan. Once, in March, 1800, there was a time of great scarcity of provisions in Erie. The garrison was reduced to three loaves of bread, when Capt. Cummins arrived from Meadville with pack horses laden with flour. Just south of Cummins's was the Knox House, used by Robert Knox as a dwelling, store and post-office. It was of logs. In front was a great tree bole, known as "the lying block," celebrated in story and song in the local papers of the present day.

South of Knox's, and very near the corner of Third and French streets, was a log house built in 1804 and owned by Conrad Brown. It is said the first Court held in Erie county was organized in this building. A man named Culbertson kept tavern here after the war. He had worked as a hatter for John Morris. Directly east and opposite was the house known as Duncan's in 1812 and subsequently known as Buehler, Rees & Mc Conkey's. John McElroy and John Warren built this house. John Warren came here in 1800.

During the war it was the headquarters of Commodore Perry and General Harrison. Commodore Perry's room was on the south side, second story. Here Purser Magrath committed suicide. Opposite and south of Duncan's was a two-story house of logs occupied by Capt. Rough, a Scotchman. Capt. Rough sailed the schooner Mary in 1809 in the salt trade. John Riddell had a law office in or near this building in 1823. Opposite and west of Rough's stands a brick house built by Peter Grawoss. He was a stone mason and kept a billiard saloon. Just west of this house was one of logs, occupied by Robert Knox as store and post-office prior to the erection of his house on French street. Midway between Third and Fourth streets and on the west side of French was the famous Old Red Store and warehouse of Reed. Giles Sanford, Stephen Wolverton, William W. Reed and Thomas Forster clerked for Mr. Reed. "Old Judd" preached there occasionally. Camp started the Academy in the old store, and here the Presbyterians organized the first Sunday School in 1821. Miss Elizabeth Rees was one of the teachers. It seemed to have been a "broad church" affair, for one scholar (at least) was allowed to learn and repeat her Roman Catholic catechism.

Opposite the Red Store was a two story log house which in 1812 was known as Dickson's Tavern. It was built by a German named Lehman in 1808. Cowgill, the old Quaker, afterwards lived there,

and died in 1822 aged 76. Capt. M. Connor had a sail-maker's shop here after the war. Just south of this house was one—long, low and built of logs—concerning which I have no information. The next south was a shoe store kept by William Fleming in 1850. The house next south of the Red Store was a small one occupied by Robert Vosburg, barber, prior to 1840. The next south was known as the Clement House. Com. Deacon resided there and Dr. Christie of the navy followed. Josiah Kellogg lived there in 1818. The post-office was in this building as late as 1836. Next south was the office of Waugh, a lawyer with a crippled hand.

Upon the northwest corner of French and Fourth streets was Hamot's store. Before Hamot, Mr. George Shontz, a chairmaker, lived and had his shop upon this corner. The front of Mr. Hamot's store building was constructed about 1819, the rear portion by Thomas Miller in 1825. It was an old-fashioned frame, with white oak sills, posts, beams, &c., and all manner of goods were sold therein—dry goods, groceries, crockery, hardware, &c. His clerks, at various times, were B. F. Tracy, Leander Woodruff, John A. Tracy, Edwin Tracy, Thomas Moorhead, John Mc Cord, John Mc Sparren, Robert Benedict, Geo. Laird and John J. Swan. The old Erie Bank—the first bank here—was opened in the counting room of this store in 1829, the entrance being on Fourth street. Mr.

Reed was President, Mr. Hamot, Cashier, and John A. Tracy, C. M. Reed, Samuel Brown, Wm. Fleming, Thomas Moorhead, Jr., E. D. Gunnison and Daniel Gillespie, directors. The capital was $200,000. One of the original $5 bills, No. 163, dated March 24, 1829, is now in the hands of the Second National Bank.

Opposite Hamot's store and south was Judah Colt's log house, one and a-half stories high, which was back in the lot near the brow of the hill. Between Colt's and Reed's was the office of Joseph M. Kratz, County Treasurer in 1803, and Fithian's shoe store was in the same region. Reed's store was on the northwest corner of Fifth and French—the dwelling was in the north part of the house. I think the building was erected in 1804. Giles Sanford came here in 1810 and some years thereafter formed a co-partnership with Mr. Reed. James Duncan kept tavern here at one time, and William Lattimore kept store in the corner room. The Erie Gazette was first issued in this building. The east side of the street, from Fourth street to the corner building on Fifth, was unoccupied and was enclosed by a common rail fence.

Upon the corner now occupied by the Farmer's Hotel was a story-and-a-half house of logs built by Amos Fisk in 1805. In 1816 it was Duncan's Globe Hotel. Stephen Wolverton at one time resided and kept a store in this building. At the southeast corner of French and Fifth was the well

remembered residence of Col. Thomas Forster, with its spacious verandas to both stories, and its immense locust trees in the yard before the house. Opposite, north and east of Forster's, is the still elegant Dr. Wallace house, built by John Mc Elroy, who was killed at Niagara in the war of 1812. Next east was a log house where service was occasionally held by the Associate Reformed congregation. The late E. D. Gunnison taught school in this house. The block bounded by the Diamond, and French, Fifth and State streets, was owned by a man named Murray. The whole was surrounded by a picket fence with cedar posts pointed and neatly dressed. Upon the Diamond and French street side was a row of fine Lombardy poplars, a tree very much admired in that day, and brought to Philadelphia by Judge Bingham about 1785. Near the southwest corner was a splendid spring of living water in the shade of a cluster of large hemlock trees. In the centre of this square was Mr. Murray's residence, a house of logs and one and a half stories high. There was a beautiful garden here, and the house was surrounded with the old fashioned snow balls, lilacs, roses, &c. Across Fifth, and near State street, were the cider mill and press of Judah Colt.

It is said Mc Donald and his party met and cast their bullets in Murray's house before going to the corner of Third and Sassafras streets to fight the duel with Senat. A gentleman still living inform-

ed me that he, with a number of others (then boys) followed the party until they were crossing Lee's run, when Dr. Wallace turning threatened them with utter annihilation unless they went back. My informant left the other boys and ran down the bank to the neighborhood of Second street, and then came up a path on the west side of the run and hid in the bushes, where he had a good view of Senat. At the first fire Senat was hit in the arm or hand. After a parley the surgeon decided that the wound did not prevent continuing the fight. At the second fire Senat fell dead, and very soon after, hearing a rustling in the bushes, my informant looked up and saw Mc Donald, attired in a drab overcoat buttoned to the throat and reaching nearly to his heels, walking rapidly down the path toward the village.

Mr. Reed purchased the Murray property and erected a store, corner of French street and the Diamond, and occupied it in 1825. Just south of Col. Forster's house was a long, narrow building used as a school house. Here was enacted the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar," the full details of which appeared some time since in "The Academy." My recollection of this building first was when occupied by Dr. Chauncey F. Perkins as a drug store. Then followed R. O. Hulbert's justice's office, and above were Aaron Kellogg, Gillespie & Jackson, Myron Goodwin, J. & G. Kellogg, Fleming & Brewster, Thos. G. Colt, dry goods; the Balls, and afterward

Ball & Ford, watchmakers and jewellers; Daniel Webster, oyster saloon; Haskins & Bates, grocers; S. Smyth, hatter. The young men on French street, in that later day, were Andrew Scott, Wm. E. Kingsbury, Jonas Harrison, T. G. Colt, John Mc Sparren, Geo. H. Kellogg, A. W. Wasson, Samuel L. Forster, Julius Hitchcock, Daniel Gillespie, James L. Reed, P. Arbuckle, Geo. Williams, Jno. W. Hunter. Horace Greeley worked in the Gazette office, on French street, at this time, but didn't train much with the boys.

On the northeast corner of the Diamond and Sixth streets was Bell's Inn, erected in 1806. The timbers in this house were cut upon the Diamond, and John Teel was nailing the weather boards on the house at the time of the great eclipse of the sun in 1806. This was a great place for dancing school, shows of wax works, &c. A Mr. Fox kept a store in this building in 1813. The Bailey house, standing east of Bell's, was occupied by Purser Carr. There is said to be a portrait of the Purser in possession of a lady in this city. Opposite and south of Bell's, known in later days as Sanford's corner, lived Com. Dexter. He also died there. There was a military funeral, and the horses becoming restless while the procession was moving, the remains of the Commodore were thrown upon the ground.

Upon the Diamond somewhere, Jonathan Baird had a blacksmith shop in 1809. In this year John Hay was Postmaster, Jacob Spang, Sheriff,

James E. Heron, Prothonotary. Anselm Potter was an attorney "at Mr. Fisk's opposite Duncan's," and James Duncan was innkeeper at the sign of the "Spread Eagle." On the northeast corner of French street and the Diamond George Moore's house was erected in 1804. On the south end of that lot, and east of Seventh street corner, Thomas Large had a blacksmith shop in 1809. Between Seventh and Eighth streets east side, was the house of Anson Jewett, a butcher, in 1836. Next was the log house of Capt. John Woodward, for many years, transcribing clerk in the House of Representatives. He died in 1823, aged ninety-four.

The next house south, corner of Eighth and French, was occupied by George Wyeth, who removed the office of the "Mirror" from Dickson's corner in June, 1809. The Mirror was Federal and "wore the black cockade." The prominent Democrats were Maj. Cochran, Capt. Dobbins and P. S. V. Hamot. Patrick Farrelly, of Crawford, was a Democrat, and indulged in communications to the Mirror. Across Eighth street and next south was the burying ground connected with the Associate Reformed Church. Above this was the log building one and a half stories high, used by John Mc Donald, blacksmith, in 1810. On the Corner of Ninth and French streets was a log building I remember as occupied by a man named Mc Kinley. Across the street, south corner, were the tannery buildings of Samuel Hays.

VI.

A Boy's walk down Peach Street.

Federal Hill was a noted point in the early days of the borough of Erie. I think I have heard that it was named by George Moore, Esq., a man filling a large space in the early history of the town and county.

When boys, we were in the habit of going to the Hill to meet the caravans and shows that approached from the south and west. Brown's avenue and all the other cut-offs from the Ridge Road were unknown, and everything from the west and south must enter the town by Federal Hill. The people of the populous township of Millcreek always held their elections here. The bars of the rival taverns did a good business on that day, and in the afternoon, when the steam was up and the Lake Road boys got on the Hill, diversions in the way of free fights were frequent.

Groups of men engaged in earnest political discussion were numerous. You would always see Capt. John Justice, Joseph Henderson, Robt. Cochran, Giles and Hamlin Russell, the Sweenys, Mr. Wing, John K. Caldwell, the Mc Crearys, Evanses, Oldses, Parkers, Caugheys, Reeds, Whitleys, Dr. Thayer, Rudy Shank, the Loves, Nicholsons, Browns, Saltsmans, Ebersoles, Riblets and Mc Clellands, Mr. Gingrich, John Butt, Wareham Taggart

and others, earnestly discussing the questions of the time. If it were charged by the Whigs that vile political slanders filled the opposition papers, Robert Cochran produced a copy of the "Globe" and defended its contents. If a Democrat spoke of Blue Light Federalists, the pockets of Andrew Caughey would quickly give forth several numbers of the "National Intelligencer," and in his quiet, earnest manner he would defend the paper representing the party of his choice.

The general excitement was heightened by the constant passage eastward of droves of cattle, sheep and hogs, and the shouts and cries of the drovers. And wagons, bow-topped and covered with canvas —the dog under the wagon—the great spinning wheel fitting the rear end of the cover—the faces of tow-headed children peeping out from front and rear—were passing westward, bound for Michigan and Indiana. And occasionally a wagon like these was headed eastward, with sorry, jaded stock, and people with weary, solemn-looking, tallow-colored faces, and some member of the family, perched on a bed with a quilt about him, told the story—it was his day for a shake. They had been West and were returning, satisfied to live anywhere in the East.

Down this road passed the great Pennsylvania wagons with the belled horses, loaded with iron, nails and glass from Pittsburgh, and team after team with steamboat wood for the docks.

Shouts from the rear are heard, and turning quickly around we see men getting to the sides of the road, and two wagons abreast and well filled, and drawn by rather sorry-looking stock, come rattling along in a race. Every one knows them—"the wild B——s" of Beaverdam, and the C——s of Millcreek. Mark the old chap driving the wagon this side—a short pipe in his mouth, a great purple-red bunch over his eye. He flourishes a "whup," minus the lash, at the cattle. Look at the span of "mears," straddling wide from the tongue of the wagon, and lying down to the work. The mud-flies, the contestants yell, the mob cheer, and down the hill to the town they go like mad.

Our politicians are out from town in force, encouraging their friends with news of the progress of the contest in the borough. Hacks are coming and going, and the boys are very polite to certain blear-eyed, ill-favored old fellows, who are seen in carriages only upon election day. William J. Sterrett and Augustus Walters each arrive with a wagon full of voters gathered up on the Lake road.

Elijah Babbitt and P. S. V. Hamot stand exchanging pleasant words of comment upon the excitement about them. John H. Walker is speaking earnestly to a group, and receiving that attention always accorded to him. Andrew Scott, Wm. Truesdail and Wm. M. Gallagher are chaffing Murray Whallon, who smiles and says confidently, "Wait till you hear from the back townships,

boys." Standing near we note John W. Hunter, Thos. Laird, Adam Pollock, John Shaner, A. P. Durlin, Sol. Wood, O. D. Spafford, B. F. Sloan, John W. McLane, Wm. F. Rindernecht and others, the younger Whigs and Democrats of the borough. The dispute is terminated by the sounds of music from a band in a wagon drawn by four horses driven by Perry Oliver, with Horace Bronson on the seat beside him.

The return of the band to town is the signal for many to leave, and we will go with the music. There was only a house or two between the hill and the old homestead of the McNairs. The old brewery of Dunning McNair stood on the east side of the street and just between the railway tracks as laid to-day. It had taken a "list" to the westward, and was propped up with heavy posts braced against it. It had the old-fashioned mill doors, divided horizontally into two parts, each swinging separately.

All of the "gore" at the angle of Peach and Turnpike or State streets down to Twelfth, and all the corresponding part west of Peach, was a wooded swamp of beach, hemlock and chestnut, and an undergrowth of grape vines.

Jim W——, of West Millcreek, started for home one warm summer afternoon, and when opposite the old brewery discovered a man asleep upon the ground under the vine-covered hemlocks opposite. The man had a worn and neglected

look, and Jim came to the conclusion that he was drunk. The spirit of mischief was aroused, and cutting a fine, supple beech gad he proceeded leisurely to divest it of its superfluous twigs. Jim had often heard that the quickest way to sober a drunken man was to give him a good whipping. Approaching the unconscious sleeper, and measuring his distance, he proceeded to shower the blows upon him. The man—who was as sober as his persecutor—awoke of course in great confusion and surprise, and staggering to his feet threw up his arms to protect himself. Jim redoubled the number and force of his blows, at the same time saying, "Lie still and I'll sober you. I 'll teach you to lie down and sleep in day-time."

The stranger, maddened with pain and now thoroughly awakened, made for Jim, who stepped nimbly backward, still using the whip with merciless severity. But there was something in the man's eye which quickly satisfied Jim that he was only too sober for his well-being, and throwing away the gad he bounced the rail fence and struck down by the brewery for the Mill Creek bottom, the man after him, and uttering such terrible imprecations upon the pursued as chilled the blood in his veins.

Through the waters of the creek, over logs, into and out of thickets of second growth, they sped. The crackling of brush and the awful threats and curses borne on the air, marked their course far up the creek. The stranger began slowly to gain on

him, and coming up with him near Gingrich's, and about overcome with exertion, he reached his hand forward, scraping his fingers down Jim's back, when a treacherous root caught his foot and down he came to the ground.

This decided the contest, but Jim declares that he did not stop running until he reached John Butt's spring-house on the ridge road, and there he stopped and drank long and deep at the famous spring.

At Twelfth street two men are talking derisively of the rumored purchase by parties of the Anti-Masonic swamp, which is immediately across the street, and expressing the opinion that it never will be used for anything but a bog pasture. One of the men is of very rotund figure, not tall, with a sober, red face and side whiskers. The other is tall and slender, hair sprinkled with gray, face rather dark, and never seen without a cigar in his mouth. The old citizen may recognize James S. Sennett and Samuel W. Keefer.

Samuel Phœnix stands talking with David Pence in front of the cooper shop of the latter just within sight on Eleventh street, and the two old men listening, the one with a long, drab, double-caped over-coat, carrying a cane, and having a red, pouchy upper lip, and the other with light corduroy clothes, are old Billy Dougherty and John Glover, the brewer. I have no doubt if the old English brewer were living to-day he would be inside of the same garments. The other old men ap-

proaching from Flynt's fulling mill are Mr. Marshall and Mr. Burnley. As we proceed to Tenth street, we note a man coming up street with a wheelbarrow. He is without a coat, has a stand-up shirt-collar, with a light-colored, plaid gingham handkerchief, passed twice around the neck and tied tightly. His mouth is "pursed" up closely, showing the wrinkles in his cheeks, and looks like a "gash in a frosted squash." What a queer, "wuthering," sputtering voice had George McMurray, the gardener. John Teel's house in that day showed a charred and burned end to the south and was partially occupied by Capt. Homans. One of the Captain's pets was a large brown bear chained to the pear tree in the yard.

School is just out at the Academy, and in the crowd of boys near Peach street we notice Ben. Wilkins, Silas Teel, Wm. Warren, Frank Tracy, John and William Eliot, John Douglass, Wm. A. Galbraith, John and George Selden, Wm. Brown, Alfred King and others.

What a fountain of good in the land has been that old stone building on Peach street! Our early prominent business and professional men came out of that building and its sister institution in Waterford,—brave boys, who reached the highest grades in the army and the navy, and died on the slippery decks and rugged mountain sides for the sake of that which they learned to love in the old Academy; clergymen among the first in the land; men

at the heads of departments in Washington; professors in colleges. One of her sons* bids fair to attain this coming winter the most commanding position, save President, in the land. Another,† with a mighty stride, has gone to the very front rank of the vast army of men who hold the immense railway interests of the nation in their grasp. The thousands are dimly outlined far, far in the rear; only two or three men stand with him in the front. None of these noble men ever said aught disrespectful of their teachings here, nor fouled the nest in which they were nurtured and reared.

Simeon Dunn then lived in the brick house at the corner of Ninth street, opposite the small house of brick built by Holmes Reed and afterward occupied by the famous captain of the borough militia, Charles Wanzo. Geo. W. Gallagher lived in the next house northward, and under that roof poor Tom wasted away and died. The old Brown house, built of stone and marled with lime, looked then, as now, solid and substantial. Its massive walls will stand long after we have passed away.

How the men stood about in groups at election times in that day, and how hot were the discussions. The rosy-cheeked man with gray hair, in the tight-sleeved coat of the times, with cuffs

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*Hon. Michael C. Kerr, who became Speaker of the U. S. House of Representatives.

† John F. Tracy, since deceased.

turned up and high collar, is Clinton George, the hatter. The man in plaid red camlet cloak is Abijah Fross; the little man in black dress coat is Sylvester W. Randall, the lawyer; and there are Cyrenus E. Webster, Walter F. Mains, P. K. Rockwell and Henry Clark. The grave-looking man, with coat of "swallow tail," long behind, and hands in pantaloon pockets, is Solomon Walters; and here we leave them standing at the Eighth street corner, and mayhap we shall return some day to learn the subject of their discussion.

VII.

The Old Academy.*

First Letter.

One dreamy Indian summer day last fall, three middle-aged men entered the Old Academy grounds on Ninth Street. One of them had just returned from the Pacific coast after an absence of twenty years; the second, the gray-haired man,

* The sketches inserted here, under the head of "The Old Academy" were contributed by Mr. Moorhead, in 1870–71, to a paper published at that time by the boys of the school and called *The Academy*. Mr. M. was a loyal son of the old school, and took great pleasure in recounting reminiscences of the days of James Park and Reid T. Stewart, principals of glorious memory. Ed.

is a resident of this city; the third was the writer of this brief communication.

All had been students of the Old Academy twenty-five and thirty years ago, and had passed through the administrations of Park, Bradley, Limber, and Stewart.* In our day the arrangement was somewhat different from what it is at present. The brick wing of the old building is a modernism. We knew it not. The main room inside seemed to our young eyes of vast extent. The round posts of great size, supporters in the interior of the room, had been split and shattered by a thunder-bolt. Huge fire-places in the east and west ends glowed in season with bright fires made from "four-foot" hickory wood. Each boy brought in a stick on his shoulder, at the termination of recess. A. K., G. H., T. D. J., J. F. T., and other wags spent the time of recess in searching for the crookedest sticks in the piles, and generally received an order from "Old Jimmy Park" to "about face" and march out again with their load.

The seats at this time were three lines deep, each line raised higher than the other, faced north, and extended across the entire room. Three tiers of seats occupied the north and east half of the room and faced to the south. Mr. Park occupied an arm-chair, sometimes upon an elevated pulpit-like platform in the west end, and at other times a

* From 1837 to 1845.

little north of the center of the room. I remember this very distinctly, for I was accustomed to select a seat which brought me in a right line with Mr. Park and one of the aforesaid shattered posts, for divers and sundry reasons and purposes. The desks were painted white and had lids to open and close.

My two friends and I sat near each other at school, away back in 1837 and later, and of course had reminiscences of the past as we walked under the great sycamores and maples that afternoon last fall. Every stone, every window of the old building had for us some history. A "wild boy" from "Jerusalem" was once detained after school, and locked in the west room upstairs, during the temporary absence of the teacher. He jumped from the second story window to the ground and walked off uninjured. He was bare-footed; and I remember after this feat (no pun intended), we looked close at the sharp stones in the ground next the building, and wondered how he had escaped unhurt.

One warm day, we that sat up stairs with Mr. James C. Reid had a jolly good laugh. The south windows were hoisted, and a wag of a fellow, known as Jim L., was perched in one of the windows, book in hand, and looking out he coolly remarked: "I guess it will rain to-day, Mr. Reid." Mr. R., ferule in hand (ferule of heavy curled maple), "went for" Jimmie, and he, not relishing

what was in store for him, dropped his book, reached out, caught the lightning rod, and leisurely lowered himself to the ground and walked off. Jimmie was a sad boy at school, and there was no end to his pranks. He died in Michigan many years ago.

In the same upstairs room I was sitting one day in front of the broad fire-place, detained at recess. Mr. Callender was the teacher. Three young ladies, Sarah and Helen W. and Emily H., were reciting, when bang, snap, crack, went something from the fire in quick succession of sound. I was the only boy in the room. The teacher "went for" me, and, my body describing a semi-circle, I "lit" for the center of the room. I denied all complicity in producing the explosion, but circumstances were strongly against me. I was just receiving a lecture upon the heinousness of falsehood, preparatory to a good warming, when several additional explosions were heard, and the ashes flew out lively upon the hearth. The teacher now divining the cause, passed quickly out of the room, up the second stairs, through the garret and out on the top of the building. He saw no one, and was sorely puzzled; but wishing to be doubly sure, he continued his search, and snugly cuddled up behind the east chimney he found a little fellow with a percussion cap in his hand. He had been having fun on his own hook—throwing the caps down the chimney. This "little fellow" was my

gray-haired companion that Indian summer day last fall.

If I were to sit down among you, boys, I could tell you many things concerning the dear Old Academy and its friends and scholars; but as your paper is small I will not run the risk of being called a garrulous old fellow today.

Second Letter.

It requires no effort to remember James Park as he appeared thirty years ago, dressed in solemn black, with his straight dress-coat, large pants, and low shoes. His complexion was sallow, face smoothly shaven, hair brushed forward at the sides and straight up in the center. He always crossed his legs when seated, and had the habit of "cracking" his knuckle joints by pressing the back of his hand against his chin while hearing recitations. Another habit of this old bachelor teacher was the quick nervous jerk of his right arm, and then a severe and enquiring examination of his thumb and fore-finger for superfluous hairs from the region of his nostrils.

My recollection of Mr. Park is, that he was very severe and exacting—not without a quiet humor of his own; but still he seemed to stand upon an elevation, and we never got quite near him. He used to say to us, "The Bible is the best book, and then comes Ross's Latin Grammar."

He never seemed so well pleased as when hearing classes in the languages. He fairly revelled in Cicero, Sallust and Horace, particularly the latter, and after the lesson was over, he would read page upon page for the edification of the class.

The advanced scholars read Hale's U. S. History; the others I think read Parley's first, second and third books. Mr. Park had a way of calling out quite sharply to all idlers while hearing recitations. One day while hearing a class in reading, and constantly prompting and correcting a great hulk of a fellow who came to school from "over the canal," Mr. Park, with one eye continually on the look-out, called out, "Lapsley is idle!" and our blundering reader promptly re-echoed in his loud, loutish voice, Mr. Park's exclamation. We sent up a shout throughout the room, in which the teacher joined.

We had two or three scholars who always took advantage of this tacit allowance of what was almost involuntary merriment, by letting out horse laughs which always prolonged and increased the fun, until the sharp rap of that old heavy maple ruler buttoned the lips of the school with the quickness of thought.

One of those loud laughers led a brigade at the storming of Marye's Heights. I saw him wounded and stretched on a litter afterwards. Since then I do not know his whereabouts. Another laughs as loud as ever in the streets of Erie to-day.

Mr. Park had a class of five in Sallust. Two of them are dead; four of the five went to college; the fifth was early in life thrown upon his own resources, and he has made his way in the world with more pecuniary advantage to himself than any of his fellows.

Two boys of that day had what the scholars called a "pick" at each other. One was shrewd, sharp, and quick at study—the other directly the reverse. The first is to-day an adventurer; the other counts his wealth by millions; but it is possible that the adventurer enjoys life with more zest and has more real happiness than the millionaire.

The idea of wealth necessarily bringing happiness is exploded. There are quiet men going about the streets in Erie, that were scholars in the Old Academy, who have not been what the world calls successful in life; but they learned within those old walls of stone that which raises them immeasurably above many of the so-called successful ones, and gives them a superiority in the minds of those whose good opinions they care for and appreciate. Disraeli says in his latest book that "The feeling of safety, almost inseparable from large possessions, is a surer cause of misery than ungratified desires."

But to return to Mr. Park. He was a thorough disciplinarian, and made his mark upon his scholars mentally and physically. I believe that some years after leaving Erie he was located upon a farm on

the banks of the Ohio, some where near Galliopolis. If any of your readers can give us any light in regard to him after he left Erie, I wish they would do so through your paper.*

Third Letter.

Principal Stewart's discipline was of the most thorough nature. He acted upon the assumption that every scholar was sent to school to gain knowledge, and was capable of learning *something*, and he graduated the number and length of the lessons and the character of the study to the scholar's abilities with the most exquisite nicety. He knew every pupil in all the departments and the exact standard of their acquirements.

At the close of his last term as Principal there were some three hundred in attendance. At that time there was a very large number of students in the languages, and to these Mr. Stewart devoted himself with a peculiar relish. A thorough Latin scholar himself, he could not for an instant tolerate an imperfect lesson, and when it was the result of idleness or inattention, he was swift and merciless in his punishment. The hoarse '*swish*' of that fearful strap, as it descended on

* A subsequent writer in *The Academy* stated that Mr. Park removed to Bardolph, Ill., in 1865, There he still makes his home—an old man, but vigorous both in mind and body.—Ed.

some lazy blunderer's back, used to symbolize to my terrified imagination the horrors of the knout. I took a sort of hideous pleasure in counting the strokes when some boy was getting walloped, and my sympathetic flesh would crawl with every yelp, in anticipation of the time when I should catch it.

He had a happy faculty of catching some blundering translation, or some outrageous pronunciation on the part of a scholar, and instantly manufactured a nick-name that was sure to stick. A student once, in reciting Viri Romæ, had the misfortune to pronounce *miserabile*, miserybilly, and to the end of his career as a scholar he was "Misery Billy." A bright and promising scholar, Henry Law, was "Lex" to the day of his death. John Melhorn, in translating the story of Abraham's intended sacrifice of his son Isaac, discovered "a ram horny in the bushes," and so unmercifully was he quizzed, that it became his principal occupation at the close of school to chase the crowds of small boys that would shout it at him from a safe distance.

Not among the least difficult of Mr. Stewart's tasks was to keep in good order the big girls that were under his particular charge. Those that were the most intellectual he inspired with a spirit of emulation; others again he would drive into studying with his unsparing ridicule. He had an unfailing way of crushing any one that became unusually smart or pert, by suddenly quoting for her benefit,

and in a way to attract the attention of the whole school:

> "O wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
> *To see oursels as ithers see us!*
> It wad fræ mony a blunder free us
> And foolish notion:
> What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us."

Mr. Stewart diligently devoted all his spare moments from the Academy to the study of law in the office of the Hon. James Thompson; and during his last half-term completed his studies and was admitted to the bar, and made arrangements to embark in practice at the close of the quarter. I remember that during all that term he seemed to be imbued with the spirit of sadness. He seemed reluctant to part with the school and scholars. The arrangements for the examination and exhibition were made with unusual pains, and the participants in the exhibition were selected from the brightest of the scholars. He seemed to desire to make it the crowning glory of his life. I reproduce here the

PROGRAMME

OF THE

EXAMINATION AND EXHIBITION IN

ERIE ACADEMY,

FRIDAY, SEPT. 19th, 1845.

9 O'CLOCK A. M., IN THE ACADEMY.

EXAMINATION IN THE MATHEMATICAL AND ENGLISH DEPARTMENTS.

1½ O'CLOCK P. M., AT THE ACADEMY.

Examination in the Clasical Department, and reading of the "Moss Rose," a weekly sheet, edited and contributed to by the following young ladies:

Miss Jane E. Adams,
" Mary Brewster,
" C. E. Fleming,
" Sarah J. Jackson,
" M. E. Jackson
" Eliza W. Kille,
" Maria R. Hayes,
Miss M. M. Lamberton,
" Lucinda C. Lytle.
" E. M. Mehaffey,
" S. G. Thompson,
" H. M. Williams,
" Sarah J. Williams.
" Catherine Sterrett.
Miss Mary E. Winchell.

At the Associate Reformed Church, 7½ o'clock, P. M.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Henry Law, Prologue.
Richard F. Gaggin, Latin Oration.
J. Ross Thompson, Texas.
George Kendig, German Oration.
S. B. Sullivan, Dow, Jr.

ESSAYS.

John H. Warren, The Pilgrims.
George F. Buell, Excerpta.
Darius Lee, Ourselves.
William Brewster, Miscellaneous.
Ebenezer Backus, The Spirit of the Age.
Isaac Moorhead, The Literary Review.

ORIGINAL ORATIONS.

Hugh D. M'Cann,	Roman Literature.
John Melhorn,	Sympathy.
Wm. R. Davenport,	The School-boy.
James W. Shirk,	Henry Clay.
Julius Hoskinson,	Something.
Andrew H. Caughey,	Mutability.

DEBATE.

QUESTION:—"Do present circumstances portend the perpetuity of our Government?"

Aff., H. L. Sloan.—Neg., Wilson Laird.

George W. Taggart, Valedictory, on the part of the Students, to Reid T. Stewart, who leaves the Academy as Principal.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT AND DISMISSAL.

George W. Taggart, who delivered the Valedictory, familiarly known as Honey Taggart, was a scholar of unusually fine acquirements, good address and easy delivery. No valedictory of the many I heard in after years ever seemed to come up to the standard of Taggart's. It expressed with great pathos the love and affection that Mr. Stewart's scholars bore to him, and the great debt they owed him for his unwearied patience with them and his unrivalled skill in his teachings. When Mr. Stewart rose to reply, he seemed at first embarrassed. His voice trembled when he began to speak, and his touching allusion to the many eyes that now looked upon him for the last time as teacher, caused

a thrill of emotion that seemed almost like a dread presentiment to many a heart.

Two days after this exhibition Mr. Stewart was married to Miss Ellinor Reid, a daughter of the late Rev. Robert Reid, the first principal of the Academy, and left for his home in Westmoreland county, Penn., on a bridal trip; and in twenty days thereafter he died at his father's house from an attack of fever.

Thus in the first dawn of manhood, just entering upon a more extended career of usefulness, when his whole future seemed bright, glorious, full of promise, passed away one to whom the Academy owed its greatest glories. Far and wide over the earth are scattered his pupils. They are found in the Army and the Navy; they are Congressmen, clergymen, presidents and superintendents of railroad companies, governmental officials ranking almost with Cabinet Ministers, members of State Cabinets; and even as I write I recall a newspaper paragraph of yesterday mentioning one just elected speaker of a Territorial Senate. But in the hearts of all, I ween, are cherished no more pleasant memories than those of Reid T. Stewart.

SELECTIONS FROM THE HISTORY OF THE BARNETT FAMILY.

From my earliest recollection until July, 1837, I was much of my time with my Grandfather and Grandmother in Fairview Township, Erie County, Pennsylvania, and heard from them very much about Dauphin County, Hanover Church, and numerous persons whose names appear between the lids of this book. When a little boy I made the resolve, if life was spared to me, to visit Hanover and Hanover Church, Beaver Creek, the Swatara and Manada. After a lapse of thirty years I have made good my resolution, and in doing so have gained some items not wholly devoid of interest to our connection.

* * * * * While we are considering the characteristics, the habits and the accomplishments of the men of the past age, not born to fortune and position, great allowance must be made in all cases for the day, and particularly the place, in which they lived. Our ancestors, driven from the homes of their forefathers and the scenes of their childhood, took refuge in the North of Ireland. Rest-

less and dissatisfied, the Barnett Family embarked in 1734 for America.

William Penn had landed in this country in 1682. He had sent a party ahead, however, who settled at Upland, now Chester, Dec. 11th, 1681. Penn had procured his lands by treaty and actual purchase from the Indians. His sons followed the same praiseworthy example. His deeds were from the Susquehanaghs, the Conestogas and the Five Nations. Peace, prosperity and happiness came to Penn's settlement, and he returned to England, dying in Buckinghamshire in 1718, having lived beyond the allotted life of man.

John Harris, a native of Yorkshire, England, settled near an Indian village named Peixtan, at or near the present site of Harrisburg, about 1725. In these early years, colonies of Swiss Mennonites, French Huguenots, Germans and Scotch-Irish were formed in various parts of lower Pennsylvania.

The name of the original Barnett of this family that came to America is unknown. He is buried in Hanover church-yard with his wife, but no inscribed stone marks his resting-place. They belonged to the army of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who began to arrive in this country in numbers about 1719. They came direct from the North of Ireland, and landing in Philadelphia, and pushing across the fertile plains of Derry—leaving these fine unoccupied lands behind them because in that

day they were utterly destitute of timber—they located directly at the base of the Blue Mountain, where timber, water and stone were to be had in abundance—advantages particularly attractive to emigrants from an old settled country.

Here Mr. Barnett bought a large tract, reaching from the forks of Beaver Creek to the top of the Blue Mountain, overlooking "the land of the Philistines."* Here, in the Forks of Beaver Creek, he built a—for that day—large log house, which stands firm and solid to-day. Uncle Richard Barnett says his grandfather, father and all his father's children were born in that log house. Here he lived and reared his family, giving them such meagre advantages of education as were afforded in the wilderness to farmers' sons.

I have heard my Grandfather tell of the old Scotch-Irish school-masters of his day,—stern, severe old fellows, who made the birch the principal persuader to the paths of rectitude and application. I remember one or two school-day incidents. A small boy was to be punished; he was mounted upon the back of a larger one, who stood up while the birch was well laid on. The *denouement* will not do for the pages of this book. One day, in cutting the hair of his son Richard, the son said, "shear me close, daddy, shear me close, so the master can't get a grup of me!"

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* Uncle Richard Barnett so called then. M.

I have heard my Grandfather tell of the return of his brother William from his captivity among the Indians. He was exceedingly loth to give up his Indian dress; was quiet and morose, and would go alone to unoccupied rooms, and sing in a low tone his wild Indian songs. He was sober, sedate, straight as an arrow, and quick in running and jumping as a cat. He died and was buried in Philadelphia.

After he and young Mackey were captured, the elder Mackey's horse was secured and the boys tied upon him with thongs of leather-wood bark. They were carried away to Presque-Isle and thence to Sandusky; "and I have often," said my Grandfather to me, "thought that my feet might have pressed the same earth here in Erie County as did the feet of my poor little captive brother."

In the early life of my Grandfather in Dauphin County, the carrying trade was all done by the great Pennslyvania wagons with five and six horses attached; and he frequently told me of trips made by him to Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and down the valley in Virginia. He often spoke of Winchester, Staunton and the Natural Bridge. He spoke with much enthusiasm of the grandeur of the Natural Bridge, and the fine, open, hearty character of the people in all that region, many of whom went there from Pennsylvania.

I have often heard him speak of a trip he made down there with a cargo of nails to sell. Between

Winchester and Staunton he fell short of money, and finding no sale for his nails was in a strait as to how to get on. He stopped one night at a tavern, determined to pledge his "fifth horse," the leader, for his bill. As he sat in the bar-room a black man came in. The landlord enquired of him: "Is the granary locked?" "Yes." "Is the smoke-house locked?" "Yes." "Is the spring-house locked?" "Yes." Turning to the landlord, Grandfather said: "Landlord, do you think I am come to rob you?" "Oh, no," said he; "but the niggers are such great thieves we have to lock everything up." "I see you have a whipping-post in the yard," said Grandfather. "Yes," said the landlord, "but it is seldom used; and they don't mind it long." Grandfather then told the landlord his pecuniary condition.

A stranger present, hearing the story, enquired how much money he wanted. Grandfather thought about twenty dollars. "Come with me to my house," said he, "and I will lend you the money." He went, received the amount and offered some of his nails in pledge. The Virginian declined them. He then offered his note. He declined that also, saying: "I see you are not a Yankee, and I'll trust you. If you mean to cheat me, you'll do it in any event." Grandfather went on, and in a few days sold his cargo of nails, and coming back he called at the house of his Virginia friend, which was a little off the road. "Well, my friend," said he, "I am not

going to cheat you this time,"—and repaid him ; at the same time thanking him, and remarking that probably he never would have an opportunity to do him a favor. "Well," said the Virginian, "do it to somebody else!" Grandfather would always wipe his eyes at the conclusion of this story.

* * * * * *

My recollections of the time when Grandfather lived in the *old, old house in Fairview* are very indistinct. I think I remember, when a little child, of being at the old house and seeing a deer driven into the yard, hunted by men and dogs. The *new house*, where Grandfather lived when I remember best concerning him, had but three rooms on the ground floor. The east room was the sleeping room, and in it was a large, open Franklin stove. In the west room there was a great box stove, and in the north room or kitchen an open fire-place.

Grandfather always rose early in the morning, and proceeded with some deliberation and nicety to dress himself. He was always dressed in blue cloth—would wrap his handkerchief about his shirt sleeve, hold the ends in his hand, and then put on his coat. This was done after tying an immense black handkerchief of silk twice about his neck. He then proceeded to smoke a single pipe of tobacco, always before breakfast, which he enjoyed with great gusto, but never again indulging during the day excepting when unwell, which was always indi-

cated by his wearing his broad-brimmed beaver hat, made by John Morris.

I remember him in the happy old days of 1835-8 as a great reader of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," "Buck's Theological Dictionary," "Dick's Works," "Knox's Essays," "The Fool of Quality,"—but particularly "Scott's Family Bible," places in its several volumes marked with bits of paper, "old man," rose leaves, &c. I read often to him from the Bible, and after listening with rapt attention, leaning forward in that old arm chair, made by George Landen, he would bring his hand down with great emphasis upon the arm of the chair, saying to me, "Now, Major Pilgore, give us the 'Practical Observations!'" I cannot remember why he called me by that name, but he did so as long as he lived.

We had a large Scotch terrier named "Torry Mc Curtell," and a great mastiff named "Bose." Torry was death on mice and rats, and many a pile of boards and stones did Torry and I overturn to get at field-mice, which we destroyed in quantities.

After being "out of sorts" for a day, Grandfather would rise the next morning very cheerful, and standing erect would say, "Major, I am all right this morning; I feel as though the Swatara had run through me." After breakfast he would take a stiff drink of cider, laced with ginger, and then would, at my request often, tell me the stories of his boyhood. At this time he had passed the three score years and ten—"the days of our years."

I walked with him often about the farm. He always insisted on my walking in advance of him, and would give me sharp directions about walking properly, holding up my head, throwing back the shoulders, &c.; and always was very particular that my clothes were clean and in perfect order. He had a rare stock of laughable stories on hand which he frequently related. His son Richard inherited this peculiarity.

He and his wife Martha joined the Presbyterian church in West Hanover, under the ministration of the Rev. Mr. Snodgrass, in October, 1793. I remember the great earnestness of his prayers. I have often seen him nearly overcome with emotion at such times.

When he broke up house-keeping and went to live in Harborcreek with his daughter Matilda, his passion for a horse did not forsake him, and he announced that while he lived he would own a horse. The last one he parted with was an elegant black. I have two letters written by Grandfather in 1840 and addressed to me when I was a boy. He died at the house of his son-in-law, George Moorhead, in Harborcreek, Nov. 19th, 1848, aged 84.

Mrs. Rebecca Barnett, my Grandmother, died in July, 1837. Although young at the time of her death, I can remember it well. My mother had been absent most of the summer nursing her, and one July day news came that she was gone. I went with my father to Fairview, and was soon face to

face with the great grief of my childhood; for in my earliest recollection her image was blended with that of my mother. She entered fully into all my childish joys and sorrows, and indulged me but too freely in all my idle whims and vagaries.

I can see her now, sitting in the old hickory-split seated chair, in the middle room, at the west window, in her cap and spectacles. She is dressed in brown,—something like the merino of this day —with binding about the ends of the sleeves at the wrists, of velvet of the same color. A blue kerchief—light blue with orange spots—covers her neck and breast, crossed in front and pinned on the waist at her side. Fastened at her side is a quill inserted in cloth, to retain the end of a knitting-needle. Her snuff box is on the stand before her. Upon her knee is her basket of work. Her scissors hang at her side attached by a green tape of worsted. She loosens the fastenings from wonderfully neat-looking little pacquet books of morocco and silk, displaying the treasures within. I seize something, and holding it up, desire to be the possessor of it. Turning her dark smiling face toward me, I read in her soft, chestnut-colored eyes of unutterable beauty the answer framed with her lips, "You can have it in welcome." She was the daughter of Col. Timothy Green, and was born in 1763, in West Hanover, Dauphin county, Pennsylvania. * *

I here insert two extracts from my log book as pertinent to what has been written.

May 27, 1867. Caroline, Ruth, Max and I at Fairview. I walked to the cemetery near the village, and visited the graves of my Grandfather and Grandmother. It was thirty years since I had stood, a little boy, and seen my Grandmother's remains placed in the ground. How plainly it all came back to me to-day—the long procession of wagons winding over the hills and across Walnut Creek (the church was near Swan's and the yard adjoined it); the prayers by Rev. Lewis—the sermon by the pastor, Mr. Eaton, from the text "the days of our years are three score years and ten, but if by reason of strength", etc.

I had spent a great portion of my life with my Grandmother. Losing her was my first great grief. It was the keenest and deepest sorrow of my life. I have scarce felt anything since more desolating.

* * Perry procured a wagon, and I started with the children on the old road to Grandfather Barnett's. The children were on the *qui vive* when they learned that we were going to the old place where I had lived when a little boy, and the scene of so many of the stories I had told them. * * * I stood upon the large stone at the front door, with two little palms in mine, those of my children. In a moment they faded from my presence and I was a child again. The years rolled back. I recognized every vein and seam in that graywacke stepping-stone. The door was open. Grandfather sits in the door where the sun can shine

upon his limbs. He would always say, "Major, the sun in the spring of the year does one's bones so much more good than the fire." Grandmother is in the west window beside her work table, her slight figure a picture of neatness and order.

I turn, and the little hands are again in mine. I look toward the east for the view down the road. A great fir, high as the house, has grown in the way of my view since I was here. It seems not near so far from the door to the gate on the road as it did thirty years ago. Down to the spring-house—up in the loft, the stairs grown fearfully rickety now—under the monstrous grape-vine—over to the spring with the wild red plum-tree beside it,—is it the same frog that goes *c-lump* to the bottom of its pure waters?—then into and through he house.

O, the blessed, bright and happy memories of childhood! What a weary round I have gone since my feet crossed this threshold. I am past the middle of life; all the children have grown to man's estate; Father and Mother "sleep the sleep that knows no waking;" and here I stand, with two sweet, sober little faces looking with deep interest into mine as I tell them of the past, and point out to them the exact scenes of so many stories of that bright and happy time.

* * * * * *

Uncle Joseph* informed me that they had glorious times at Erie. The town was full of officers and soldiers, and the place even at that early date boasted much good society. The principal loitering place was on French street, and the center of attraction was always about the corners at the intersection of French and Fifth streets. For two years Erie was a great gathering place for the officers, and General Harrison, Commodores Perry and Elliot, and hosts of others sauntered up and down French street, or strayed along the banks of the lake to the blockhouse and fort. Here Senat died a victim to the accursed code duello, and Bird fell at a volley of our own men for desertion. Along these green banks the Jesuit Fathers, De la Roche and Braboeuf, had raised the banner of the cross before the curious eyes of the warlike Eries; and Morang, Derpontency and Legardeur de St. Pierre, knights of the order of St. Louis, had unfurled to the breeze the lilies of France.

Then men of another race came to Presque Isle; but the Indian war-whoop was heard, the garrison all scalped save one, and the "meteor flag of England" carried in triumph to the Indian encampment at the Cascade.

The Forsters and the Wallaces and the Wilsons, from Dauphin County, were settled here, and with

* Mr. Barnett had come as a soldier to the Lake region with the troops from Dauphin county during the war of 1812. ED.

the Duncans and other families made a gay society at Erie. I have heard uncle speak of dancing on the long upper porch of the old Forster house on French street. He said that after Timothy Allen's* death he found in his possession—indeed under his pillow—a lady's handkerchief with a name upon it. It was that of one of the daughters of Col. Forster to whom he paid great attention while the army lay at Erie. Col. Thomas Forster, the younger, in his life-time, said to me that if Timothy Allen had lived he would have been his brother-in-law.

One day's march from Erie to Buffalo always brought the detachment to Moorhead's, my Grandfather's. When the battalion to which the Chambersburg company belonged moved towards Buffalo, it was known along the road in advance, the fame of their soldierly appearance having preceded them. I have heard my father's oldest sister say that the young ladies of that region gathered at the inn kept by my Grandfather, and crowded the porch, waving their handkerchiefs as the company arrived in the evening. She remembered Timothy Allen very well. They had heard of him while he was in Erie, and she spoke in admiration of his very gentlemanly appearance.

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* Timothy Allen was the son of Rebecca Green Allen, wife of Col. Wm. Allen, an officer in the Revolution. After her husband's death she married Moses Barnett, and became the mother of Rebecca Barnett, Isaac Moorhead's mother. ED.

Prior to leaving Erie, Timothy Allen made his will leaving a portion of his estate to a little fair-haired sister of six years, far away in Dauphin County. At this first camp from Erie he saw a boy of nine years—the Innkeeper's son—gleaning a harvest of sixpences in the camp by furnishing tow to the soldiers to clean their firelocks. The little girl found her way to the shores of the great lake, grew to womanhood, and married the Innkeeper's son; and I who write these notes call them Father and Mother.

I detail now the account given me by Aunt Jane Barnett: "After a wearisome march of hardship and exposure they reached the village of Buffalo. Your Uncle Allen sickened with cold, and camp-fever ensued. Your Uncle Joseph in vain tried to get shelter for him in Buffalo. The place was small and the accommodations few. He took him out on the Williamsville road to Landis's tavern, about eight or ten miles from Buffalo. They came to the house and found only Mrs. Landis at home. 'That young man is sick,' said she, pointing to your Uncle Allen; 'and I think he is going to die.' 'You can't stay here,' she added.

"Uncle Joseph announced that they were ready to pay for everything in gold, and that they had no place to go. The woman steadily refused permission to remain.

"The man of the house came; the woman met him in the outer room and Uncle heard the muttered dis-

cussion between them. Both came in, and the man, on being appealed to, peremptorily and gruffly said that he had no accomodations for soldiers, and they must leave. Uncle followed the man out of the house, pressing his suit and urging with all his eloquence the dying condition of the young Pennsylvania gentleman, who had come so far to help to defend Landis and his neighbors on the frontier. But Landis was inexorable. Uncle Joseph turned on the man and said, 'Mr. Landis, we are going to stay here whether you are willing or not.'

"'Who are you, sir,' said Landis, turning fiercely upon the stripling in years, 'that you dare to talk so to a man of my age and upon my own soil?' Looking him full in the face your Uncle said, '*I am the son of Major John Barnett, and that dying young man in the house is the son of Col. William Allen of Hanover, Dauphin County, Pennsylvania.*"

"Landis, amazed beyond measure, placed both of Uncle's hands within his own, and his eyes filling with tears, he said, in a very humble manner, 'You shall stay, both of you, as long as you wish;' and immediately they re-entered the house, and Landis welcomed the sick soldier and his attendant, Brigade Surgeon Culbertson, to his home.

"The secret of this sudden change of treatment was, that in the days of the Revolution, Landis resided in Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, and was a tory, and Col. William Allen and Maj. John Barnett rescued him, at great hazard, from the

hands of his infuriated neighbors, who had the rope about his neck and were in the act of hanging him. He fled the country and came out to this far away place, within sight of British soil, where he became a man of wealth.

"Surgeon Culbertson attended your uncle faithfully during his last sickness, and Landis's wife prepared the body for the grave. * * * Your Uncle never loved a man as he did Timothy Allen, not even those of his own blood, and thirty-five years after his death he visited his grave. I was with him. I never saw him so much overcome with grief as he was on that day. We were in the room where he died, and saw the woman who prepared his dress for the grave. Timothy Allen's tombstone was cut in Pennsylvania and sent out to George Rogers, a cousin of my father's living near, who set it up and watched and cared for the grave."

* * * * * * * * *

What a tumultous tide of thought came upon me as I scanned this somehow strangely familiar landscape.* I felt myself saying "I'm back again." The memory of all that I had heard of these places came fresh, and it seemed to me that I had returned to scenes and grounds familiar to me long years before by actual presence, and I felt as though I

* What follows immediately is taken from Mr. Moorhead's account of his visit, in the winter of 1868, to the home of his ancestors in Dauphin County—introduced into the Barnett History. Ed.

would like to take a whip and drive out this mongrel race that have possessed themselves of this fair heritage, and cry with a voice that would reach to the Northern Lakes, to the fair and broad savannas of all the west, to the golden sands of the Pacific,—aye, the voice must reach to the white walls of a South American city,* and traversing the seas fall upon the ear of one† who is in that city hard by the Pyramids—whose projecting balconies crowd the narrow, curved streets cluttered with humanity,—directed by infinite goodness and mercy, as he believes, to bring light to souls darker than the tawny bodies in which they dwell.

Oh, wondrous power of faith and trust in God! to leave home, friends, ease—*all*, and walk the streets of barbarous cities; to mingle with those of an alien tongue and race; to meet disease continually in that great pest-house of the East; to see everywhere the scowl of hatred upon the swarthy faces of superstitious devotees! But in lines of living light to him, though dim and clouded to us, he reads the promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee;" and as he remains during the long years, until the silent messenger beckons him to the shore of the dark river, the eyes, which first saw the light here at the base of the Blue Mountain in Old Hanover, will grow dim in death as

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* Mr. Simonton, Missionary in Brazil.

† James Barnett, Cairo, Egypt.

they rest upon the purple of the mountains of the Holy Land.* "It matters not: In a little while our lips are dumb."—Fathers! Mothers! Friends! come back to the hills of old Hanover!

Aye, let them pass in review! Come back, Grandfather Moses Barnett, with your tall, erect, well-made form, in your suit of blue cloth, your coat and vest trimmed with brass buttons, your shoes well polished, your hands covered with buckskin gloves, a cane with ivory top whereon was a crack forming an elongated and fantastic letter O, a red handkerchief with light-colored spots upon it hanging partly out from the flapped coat-pocket upon your "hench,"—one of your eyes a little crooked, and inflamed by reason of small-pox. Your children—here they are; Richard, Ann, Margaret, Matilda, Rebecca and Moses. Your young wife, Martha Snodgrass—she was dead at twenty-nine—lies in Hanover church-yard. But a widow, with oh such beautiful, dark, chestnut-colored eyes, came along one day riding her elegant horse "Hotspur," and as he stooped and slaked his thirst in the clear waters of Beaver Creek, those beautiful eyes charmed you so that you got on the horse with her, and rode, maybe, as far as that stately house of stone upon the hill which was her home.

The rumor goes, old Grandfather, that you asked her that day to come and live with you on

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* His charge extends to Mount Lebanon.

Beaver Creek, and widow-like she consented; and in her brown silk dress she came down to your house, in due time, a bride, and your children filed in one by one and met their new mother, and her children doubtless made mouths at her for what they considered her strange desertion of them.

* * * * * * * * *

Hark! Hear the deep bay of the hounds upon the Blue Mountain. How it echoes back from these hills! Away they go with the fleetness of the wind toward Mauada Gap. That noted fox-hunter, Major John Barnett, mounted upon his favorite horse "Pad," is out this morning with his friends and his hounds. Here stand his family. At the head are Joseph, John and James—James the brilliant one, whose light burned the more intensely by reason of the shortness of its duration; John, of great energy but hard fortune; Joseph—here he stands beside Timothy Green Allen. Both are in the uniform of their country — ruffles at their wrists and their breasts. It is the fashion of the year 1812. The bloom of youth is upon their faces, the light of battle is in their eyes; their faces are turned to the north, toward the great lakes.

Farewell, young men! Tearful eyes follow them. Mother, from that stone house upon the hill, let your eyes look long upon your son; they will never rest upon him again in this world. Major John, reign up a moment and look upon your boy. As

your record in the revolution was noble, so will your son's be in this second war with the old enemy. Old Timothy Allen, look upon your grandson. He remembers the record of his father in the Revolution, and yours, Col. Green, in the same war and in the old Indian and French wars, and he never will disgrace you.

Thank God, the future was unknown to you then. Hands, then unformed, oh young man, gathered your bones* tenderly more than half a century later, and placed them beside your mother—the widow in the stone house upon the hill. Lips, then unformed, do continually bless the name of your soldier companion, and thank God that a man of so much nobleness and generosity was permitted to live out nearly the allotted life of man, and leave an example so worthy to be followed.

Robert Rogers's name I learned to love by reason of the tenderness with which it was always mentioned by my mother. Come back with your wife with her loving liquid eyes, inherited by her daughter Jane,—come back with Rebecca and Jane and Effie and all of them. And don't forget David, though far away; bring him, and he and I will sit down and talk about the girls in the Miami Valley in 1846. David Ferguson, come upon your horse "Hunter." It is a long, long ride to return. You must come from beyond the shores of the

*Mr. Moorhead himself performed this pious service. Ed.

great river. But did you not ride on "Hunter," with Grandmother upon "Hotspur," once upon a time, from Hanover to Philadelphia in a day?

Come back, Dr. Simonton, and battle with the rider of the white horse. The "King of Terrors" has conquered nearly all of us here in Hanover. Why do you remain so long away? Come back, Mr. Snodgrass, to your old pulpit in Hanover. True, the pieces of it are scattered throughout the land, but we will gather them together again and cement them with our love.

Some such idle vagaries as these flitted through my brain as I sat beside Robert Stewart on that hill, and I thanked God that I sprang from a race of such blessed memories.

To Robert Rogers's noble-looking old house, with its ancient paper on the walls, its heavy and plentiful locks of polished brass, and all the taste and elegance of a house of the olden time, with its single Lombardy poplar standing like a sentinel guarding the spot, we went. "In that room", said Mr. Stewart, "poor Andrew died." Twice to-day, how tenderly he spoke of "poor Andrew"!

We went to the grand residence of David Ferguson—a house that will stand for centuries. Nothing short of an earthquake can overthrow it. It pained me greatly to know that this kind, amiable man—this friend of the widow and the fatherless, this healer of divisions and settler of disputes—was forced by reason of his very goodness of heart to

leave this delightful spot; and died nearly alone, with none of his kindred near him, and but few of his friends to perform for him the last sad offices of affection. But great is his reward in Heaven. He lives in a "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Mr. Stewart pointed out the room in which they used to be catechised by Mr. Snodgrass.

We went then to the large old stone house of my Grandmother, built in the last century, standing on the hill, with its bell upon the gable in a little turret, and the rope attached, hanging within reach of the kitchen. To the noble old house I went, and through it to the very garret. The wonderful doors, locks, and hinges! I felt as though I would like to relieve John Kramer of his tenantry, put it in order, and live there the remainder of my days.

I returned to my friend's house charmed beyond measure, and yet saddened with the thoughts and sights of the day.

OLD HANOVER CHURCH.*

"I really begin to believe you are a Presbyterian and Hanoverian in good account; but what do you propose to do?"—*Rob Roy.*

"Far from me and from my fireside be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery or virtue."—*Dr. Johnson.*

My little collection of facts and incidents† would be very imperfect without some description of Old Hanover Church. Here all the affections of our people centered, and here they were taught those wholesome truths, and treasured up and carried away those faithful teachings of Mr. Snodgrass, for erudition and practice during the intervals of public worship. During the last century this church was very large in numbers. We have definite information that at one time there were one hundred and twenty families in the congregation.

* Situated in Dauphin County, Pennsylvania.

† The reference is to the History of the Barnett Family.

Wm. Penn gave lands, usually one hundred and sixty acres, to the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, upon which were erected a church, a school house, which was also the minister's study, and a manse. This piece of ground was always known as the Glebe.

"The Scotch Manse is neither so handsome nor so luxurious in its appointments as the English Rectory, but is yet far superior to the home of an Episcopalian curate. The landed proprietors are bound by law in Scotland to build and keep in repair a church, a school, and a manse, and also to secure a portion of land or glebe for the minister of the established church, which in Scotland is Presbyterian."

These Presbyterians were warlike, having been educated in fighting for generations for their faith in Scotland and Ireland. The wily Quakers in authority, and the quarrelsome and crafty Council of Pennsylvania, pushed these people to their frontiers as a barrier and protection to them from the Indians. A vagrant race of Redemptionists from the south of Ireland were spewed upon the new land and sent up along the Susquehanna. Logan, himself an Irishman, writes to Watson: "I must own, from my own experience in the Land Office, that the settlement of five of these families gave me more trouble than fifty of any other people." Many debauched Irish came in from Cork in 1741. Richard Peters, Logan's successor, makes the same complaint, and gives the names of those engaged

in the troubles about land in 1743. The names are unmistakably Irish.

Cumberland County was created in 1750, and the proprietaries, "In consequence of the frequent disturbances between the German and Irish settlers, gave orders to their agents to sell no lands in either York or Lancaster to the Irish." Advantageous offers of removal were made to the Irish settlers of Paxton, Swatara, and Donegal, and were accepted by many.

Councils turned a deaf ear generally to all complaints of the Scotch-Irish on the frontier. No fostering hand was held out to protect them from the vagabonds sent among them, nor from the savages. But that neglect made them self-reliant, and developed those noble characteristics which are evident everywhere, and moulded and shaped most that is of good report in the centre, south and southwest of this land.

Uncle Richard Barnett, of Girard, in a letter to me dated February 15th, 1868, says: "My first recollection of Hanover Church was when my mother took me to her side in the seat. I asked in a whisper, 'how the man got up in there.' 'Hush!' 'Could not see where he got up so high.' Little pulpit not much larger than a tub. The congregation was large at that time; the church on ordinary occasions was pretty well filled; on Sacrament days the house was crowded." Mr. Sharon of Derry generally assisted Mr. Snodgrass on such oc-

casions, and many of his congregation would be there.

In early times Mr. Snodgrass wore a three-cocked hat. So did the squire of that day, being a badge of distinction and authority. The bounds of the congregation were over twelve miles east and west. On the south it reached to Swatara creek, on the north it extended to the "lands of the Philistines," or north of the Blue mountains. Mr. Snodgrass's salary was at that time $400. He was a practical farmer and owned two farms and had them well tilled.

The trustees settled up every New Year's day, on which occasion they always partook of good cheer at his house, and the guests would often speak in praise of the good old apple and peach brandy, and other good things. He had his tailoring done by one of his members, and once, upon presenting his bill, it was thought pretty high by the old gentleman. Mr. Robinson remarked "it was paying for preaching and was a truck deal—truck for truck."

About the year 1810 the congregation began to diminish. Several large families removed to Ohio, and nearly every year afterward by removal and death the congregation became smaller and smaller, until there were none.

I copy from my own notes as follows: Monday, Dec. 31st, 1866. At 9 A. M., Rev. Mr. Robinson and I started in a close carriage for the country. To-day I am to see Old Hanover Church and the "forks

of Beaver Creek" for the first time. For thirty years I have looked forward to this day. Soon we are in the country, within sight of the bank barns and substantial establishments of Pennsylvania.

Ahead of us is the Blue Mountain. We pass through Singlestown; how familiar the name! Here we received directions for finding Mr. Robert Stewart's. Mrs. S. was a daughter of Thomas Barnett. Mr. Stuart and Mr. Barnett had gone to Harrisburg. The daylight was short, our time of course limited, but when they found who I was I was utterly unable to get away. "John, here John, put out them horses and feed them." "No, you shall not go a step." "The like of it! —From Erie county—Rebecca Barnett's son—not to eat in this house!"—"Yes, yes,—take off your coats. John will go with you to the old place. You must stay all night. We'll go with you to the old church to-morrow and take you back to Harrisburg when you wish."

My friend nodded assent, and down we sat beside a stove—such a stove as was in the middle room at Grandfather's in Fairview thirty years ago; and on the stove were the words "Mauada Furnace." Mauada! how familiar was that name twenty-five or thirty years ago.—"Yes, John will go over and show you where Grandpap Barnett was shot and where Uncle William was carried off by the Indians.—You must go out and look at the old house. Grandpap Robert Stewart lived there;

it's more than a hundred years old. There are port-holes in it to fire on the Indians. Oh what times they had then. If you could only have heard the old people tell how they bid other good bye after prayers when they lay down to sleep! The Indians were all about then."

We entered the old log house. Door of double thickness and cut horizontally, like a mill door. The fire-place was the most extraordinary I had ever seen. There were nine feet of clear fire-place and immense jambs on either side. We stepped into it and looked up the broad, open-mouthed chimney to the clouds drifting overhead.

Nothing but fire could reduce such a house. Indian arrows and bullets would avail nothing against such logs. After going through the house I stopped again on the hearth, and I thought how many feet had rested upon those well-worn stones,—all of my Grandfather's and Great-grandfather's people, and all of their numerous friends and relatives in this region, and many, many others whose names I shall read to-day in Hanover church-yard. Our kind relative and entertainer spoke of the old church. "We are," said she, "the last family of the congregation left in Hanover."

We were called to dinner, and such a dinner I have not seen in many a day. Everything that was good and in abundance. Mr. Robinson gave thanks before and after the meal. After dinner they produced the communion service of the old church—

four plates, three goblets and server. The fourth goblet is in possession of Scott Rogers, of Dayton, Ohio. Aunt Jane Barnett has the christening bowl. I thought of the hands that had carried and the lips that had pressed these sacred vessels—nearly all of them now the dust of the earth.

They are of heavy britannia, or some such ware. Upon the backs of the plates was a crown, with the words "Joseph Spackman, Cornhill, London—made in London." Then Mrs. Stewart produced the old church books of record kept by Mr. Snodgrass. * * * Time was pressing; we bade these kind friends of unbounded hospitality good bye, and about a mile away we forded Beaver Creek, and in the forks of Beaver Creek was our old, old home, the house still standing where Grandfather and Mother and Aunt Matilda and Uncles Richard and Moses were born. It was a large, high-storied, old log house, built more than a hundred years ago. Holes had been cut in places convenient for defence against the Indians. The door had heavy wrought hinges of iron, reaching the entire width of it. The stairs were much worn with the tramping of feet for a century. * * *

But we must go; we had to move rapidly—six miles farther to ride to reach Hanover Church. On we went; we crossed Manada Creek, and at four o'clock, this last day of 1866, we stepped from the carriage in front of Hanover Church.

The building is of stone and has been out of

use for a score of years. The old forest trees stand thickly around the deserted building as they did a century ago. The old church books give minutes of a meeting held in 178—in which it was resolved that the then old church was insufficient, and, by reason of age, unsafe, and a new one was necessary. Then resulted this now old church. The window shutters were all closed—the door locked. In a near house upon the old glebe we procured the keys of the church and church-yard. The steps of red sandstone to the several doors had tumbled down but we clambered in. Leaving the door open we stepped to the centre of the old church.

A portion of the roof had decayed and the ceiling of wood overhead was broken through by the elements, and pieces of boards were hanging down from above; the cornice was perfect and entire all about the inside. The church was paved with bricks. The pulpit and clerk's desk had tumbled through the floor and were a wreck. Nothing remained of the old sounding board but the iron which had supported it, which still hung in its place.

The old stove lay upon its side. All the light we had came from the broken roof and the door left ajar. The old weather-beaten, faded shutters to the windows were closed. Various ruminations of visitors were penciled on the walls. I went to Grandfather's old pew and sat in it, although it was lying half down on its side. I cut the number (26) from the end of the pew and

brought it away. We also possessed ourselves of a portion of the pulpit.

The feeling in this place was one of desolation. Here on this spot for a century had gathered an intelligent, prosperous, happy and godly people. The father and the mother came with their families. Here Grandfather and Grandmother and my Mother, with so many others dear to me, had been borne in maternal arms and baptized in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. They grew up and entered these doors as blushing brides and happy grooms, and here many were brought in their winding-sheets to be laid away in the church-yard adjacent. And now of all that great throng of people but one family remains and they worship in Paxton Church. We experienced a feeling of relief on re-crossing the threshold of this house of the Most High, now deserted and in ruins, and breathing once more the outer air.

Unlocking the gate of the church-yard we entered. There was not a track to be seen. The pure white snow covered the resting-place of the dead. A heavy stone wall surrounded the yard, the top surmounted with a moss-covered roof. One large tree grew in the center of the place, and there were two or three smaller ones scattered about. At the lower end of the ground were very many graves with simple stones and no inscription. These, Mr. Robinson said, were doubtless the very old people of Hanover, our great-great-grand-par-

ents. It was sundown of this last day of the year when we locked the church-yard gates and turned our faces towards Harrisburg.

There was much friendship and sympathetic intercourse between the people of Hanover and Derry. Derry lay immediately between Hanover and Donegal, and the people enjoyed in common the blessed privilege of that charming intercourse so common between neighboring congregations at communion time in the early history of the Presbyterian Church in this country.

For some days prior to Communion Sunday, preparatory meetings were held. The minds of the people were drawn by the dear pastor away from the business of the hour and fixed with great solemnity upon the approaching celebration of that wonder-inspiring, always interesting, never to be fully comprehended sacrifice made by Our Lord for man.

Friday and Saturday arrived, and with these days came the dear friends from Derry, welcomed by the good people of Hanover to their bed and board. Each one entitled to partake in the great celebration on the approaching Sabbath was provided by his pastor with a little metallic piece having the letter "D" upon it, as a proper evidence of his worthiness to sit at the Lord's Table. These meetings have been described to me as accompanied with deep solemnity and searching self-examination. The subjects discussed were generally the amazing love and mercy of God, and the terrible results to