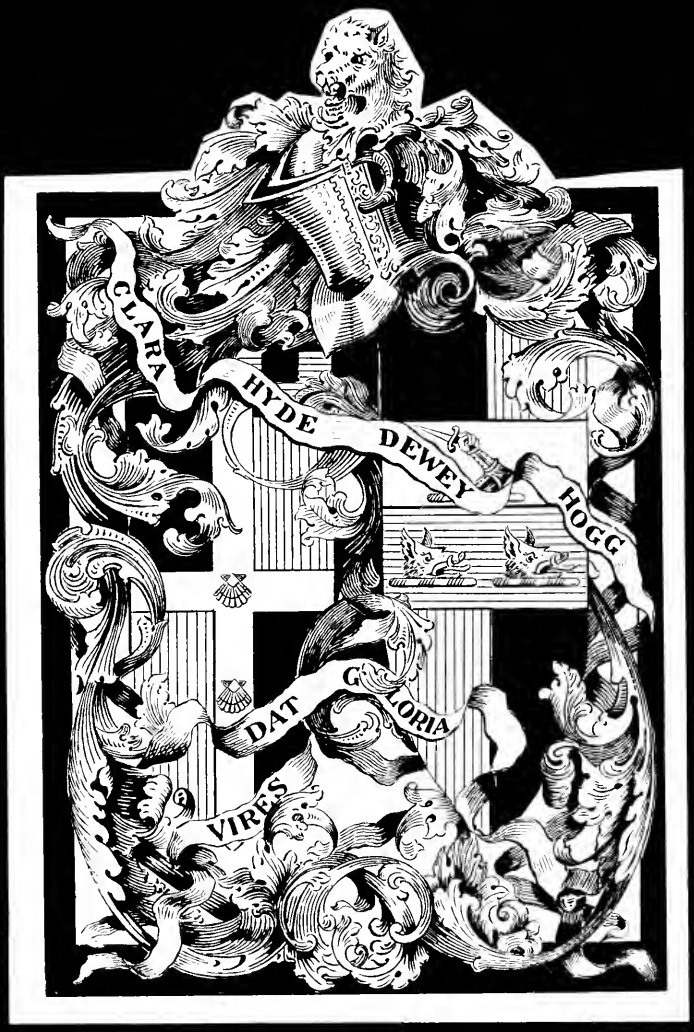
Our Church and Our Village

Claysville, Pa.



REV. THOMAS HOGE.

Our Church and Our Village

I. HISTORY OF THE CLAYSVILLE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

II. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF REV. THOMAS HOGE

III. REMINISCENCES OF CLAYSVILLE, PA.

BY

GEORGE W. F. BIRCH, D.D., LL.D.

NEW YORK
WARD & DRUMMOND
1899

Press of J. J. Little & Co.
Astor Place, New York

To the Memory of

THE PRESBYTERIAN PIONEERS OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH RACE

OF

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA

AND THEIR DESCENDANTS

THIS BOOK IS MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY ITS AUTHOR.

Preface

This book is a response to the request of the descendants of Rev. Thomas Hogg, and to the call of those whose childhood and youth were spent in the town and vicinity of Clayville

I hereby acknowledge my obligation to the numerous friends who have been my helpers in the preparation of this record of the days of yore. It may satisfy the critic to know that the advice of one of the most intelligent educators in the land constrained me to print the addresses as they were delivered.

George W. F. Birch

Introduction

Introduction

During the summer of 1895 the Presbyterian congregation of Claysville, Washington County, Pennsylvania, decided to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the organization of the church, which occurred on September 20, 1820. Accordingly the necessary arrangements were made for an appropriate observance of the event on September 20, 1895. The following description of the celebration is compiled from the Wheeling (W. Va.) *Intelligencer*, the Washington (Penn.) *Democrat*, and the Washington (Penn.) *Observer*, under date of September 21, 1895.

Friday was a memorable day in the history of the Claysville Presbyterian Church. The occasion was the celebration of the seventy-fifth, or diamond, anniversary of the organization of the church. An admirable programme had been prepared, and was carried out almost to the letter. Only two of the speakers scheduled for addresses failed to put in an appearance. The leading idea of the celebration, as the invitations read, was to commemorate the organization of the church, revive old and pleasant memories and the early struggles of a church which has been so richly blessed of God.

Seventy-five years, relatively speaking, does not seem a very broad span in the affairs of the world, but when measured in connection with events coinci-

dent with that period, and which long since have passed into the pages of history, one almost wanders in the valleys of tradition and the fast-darkening chambers of memory. Since the Claysville congregation was organized its story has become rich in the history of the Presbyterian Church in this region and opulent in reminiscences of the early struggles and triumphs of its first fathers and the succeeding generations that kept its altar fires burning. It was therefore with the object of renewing the memories of those days that the celebration of yesterday was held; a reconsecration of the fealty of the living to the honored dead.

The church was tastefully decorated with evergreens, and immediately back of the pulpit were the figures, in evergreen, "1820-1895." A water-color picture of the church building was hung just below the dates. The windows in the building were all removed, which made the auditorium very comfortable during the entire afternoon. The building was at all times crowded to its utmost capacity, and seats were arranged along the outside to accommodate those who were unable to gain admittance to the building. The addresses could be heard almost as easily on the outside as in the church.

In the morning, just before the dinner hour, the congregation gave a reception to the pastor, Rev. Frank Fish, and Mrs. Fish, who had just returned from their wedding tour. Following the reception a splendid dinner was served to the visitors and speakers in the church yard.

The celebration exercises proper began at one

REV. JOHN M. MEALY, D.D.

o'clock, and were opened by a voluntary by the choir. This was followed by the invocation by Rev. James I. Brownson, D.D., the oldest minister in the presbytery. Rev. T. R. Alexander, of Washington, read the Scripture lesson, and Rev. T. W. Young, of Prosperity, led the congregation in prayer. The following address of welcome was delivered by W. A. Irwin, of Claysville, a member of the church session:

Mr. Chairman and Christian Friends: It is my pleasant duty, as the representative of the Presbyterian Church of Claysville, to extend to you to-day a warm and hearty welcome to our church on this our seventy-fifth or diamond anniversary—this church from which for many years, one by one, you or your parents have gone out to find new homes, form new relations, and, we hope, to bless and gladden the places and people among whom God in His providence has placed you, whether as the humble laborer, mechanic, merchant, farmer, professional man, or minister of the Gospel; and we welcome you here to-day back to the fountain-head of your spiritual life, where many of you have sat in the Sabbath-school and under the Gospel, and have here given yourselves up to Christ and His service. We hope you may to-day be able to again recount God's blessings, to renew old acquaintances and friendships, to gladly join with us in commemorating the time when the altar of God was set up here, and where, thanks to "Him who doeth all things well," its fires are still brightly burning.

While we are all proud of our church and its influence for good, and the moulding of public sentiment

in this place and community, yet it cannot be confined here, for how many that have gone out from this church who have been and are officers, teachers, workers in the C. E. or Y. M. C. A., or simply humble workers in many other churches where they are lending their lives and energies for the extension of the Master's kingdom. While ten ministers are preaching the glorious Gospel of Christ to multitudes of people, nor is the spirit dying out, two have just graduated and three more are still in the Theological Seminary. But these things belong more properly to our honored historian. Nor must we forget to welcome our sister churches, who have come up to rejoice with us to-day, because our interests are mutual and we are all laboring for the same blessed cause. So we welcome all to our meeting here to-day—sister churches, strangers, and children of the old church. So again, in behalf of this congregation, I extend to you a sincere, cordial, and hearty welcome.

Rev. Francis M. Hall, of Conneautville, who was to have delivered the response, was not present. The chief speaker of the afternoon was the Rev. G. W. F. Birch, D.D., of New York, who read the history of the church. The chairman, in introducing Dr. Birch, said that he was the oldest minister of the sons of the church that had entered that profession.

Dr. Birch was followed by the Rev. J. M. Mealy, D.D., of New Wilmington, a son of the church, who delivered an address on the "Pew of the Church." This was followed by addresses on reminiscences of pastors and presbytery. Rev. W. H. Lester, D.D.,

of West Alexander, spoke at length on the life of Dr. McCarrell; Rev. Wm. Speer, D.D., of Washington, on Rev. Mr. Hoge; Rev. Henry Woods, D.D., on reminiscences of presbytery, and Dr. McCarrell and Rev. James I. Brownson, D.D., of Washington, on reminiscences of pastors and presbytery.

The evening session was not less interesting than the afternoon one, and was attended by fully as many people. After the opening and devotional exercises, the Rev. J. D. Moffat, D.D., President of Washington and Jefferson College, spoke on "The Church and College." Since 1848, fifty-four persons from the Claysville Church have been graduated from the college. Among them are Dr. George W. Miller, the first member to graduate; Hon. John H. Craig, Rev. G. W. F. Birch, D.D.; Francis A. Birch, deceased; Hon. John M. Birch, Rev. John M. Mealy, D.D.; Rev. W. A. McCarrell, Rev. J. J. McCarrell, Rev. T. C. McCarrell, Hon. S. J. M. McCarrell, John E. Craig, J. Addison Craig, William Craig, Sr.; William Craig, Jr.; T. F. Birch, J. T. Noble, T. C. Noble, T. F. Irwin, Rev. E. O. Sawhill, Rev. Francis M. Hall, T. S. Anderson, E. H. Graham, Robert S. Calder, Robert Inglis, Harry King, John Inglis, and many others. Rev. A. A. Mealy, a son of the church, who was to have delivered an address on "The Boy at Church," was absent. He was followed by Rev. E. O. Sawhill, of Allegheny, a son of the Claysville congregation, who spoke on "The Social Church." The programme was concluded by voluntary remarks by members and visitors.

One of the unique features of the celebration was the "Songs by Ye Old Folks." These were rendered

by a choir of aged people who in their earlier life had led the singing in the Claysville and other churches of that region. This choir was led by the venerable Robert Sutherland, who is upwards of eighty years old. The other members of the choir were Mrs. J. C. McConaughey, Mrs. Sarah F. Craig, Mrs. Jane Giles, Mrs. Wm. Stewart, Mrs. John A. Dickey, Mrs. Marietta Miller, Mrs. M. P. Fish, Mrs. Thos. McKee, Mrs. Lewis Cooper, Mr. H. C. Noble, Mr. John S. Miller, Mr. John A. Dickey, Mr. Albert Sprowls, Mr. Geo. Y. Holmes, Sr., and Mr. Thomas Steele. Prof. Robert Calder presided at the organ during the rendition of these old tunes. In response to a request, Mr. Sutherland rendered the solo, "David's Lamentation." In his day Mr. Sutherland was a famous singer in the West Alexander region.

The oldest member of the church at the present time is the Hon. John Birch, father of the Rev. Dr. G. W. F. Birch, of New York. He settled in this vicinity in 1830, and is now eighty-five years of age. Mr. A. A. Mealy, father of the Rev. Dr. John M. Mealy and Rev A. A. Mealy, came here in 1829, and is the oldest citizen of the town. Another old member of the church is Miss Mary McLain. Another aged member is Mr. John Finley, now eighty-five years of age. Mrs. John Sawhill, mother of Rev. E. O. Sawhill, is well advanced in years in membership. Mrs. Mary J. Irwin has belonged to the church forty-four years, and was present at the installation of Dr. McCarrell, which event she vividly remembers.

The church has raised up and sent out sixteen ministers of the Gospel, including such men as Rev. Dr.

HON. JOHN BIRCH

Born, August 5, 1810. Settled in Claysville, 1832. Justice of the Peace, 1845–50, 1866–74. County Commissioner, 1848–51. Member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, 1875–76.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.
—PSALM XCI : 16.

Birch, of New York; Rev. Dr. Mealy, of New Wilmington;* Rev. Dr. J. J. McCarrell, of McKeesport; Rev. Wm. A. McCarrell, of Shippensburg; Rev. Thomas C. McCarrell, of Waynesboro; Rev. A. A. Mealy, of Bridgeville; Rev. E. O. Sawhill, of Allegheny; Rev. F. M. Hall, of Conneautville, and Rev. R. S. Inglis, of Jackson, Mich. Four of the daughters of the Claysville Church married ministers. Miss Martha McLain, daughter of Elder Wm. McLain, was wedded to Rev. Dr. Alexander McCarrell; Miss Elizabeth Birch, daughter of Hon. John Birch, and sister of Rev. Dr. G. W. F. Birch, was married to Rev. Dr. J. J. McCarrell; Miss Ella V. King, daughter of W. C. King, banker, was married to Rev. O. T. Langfitt, and Miss Sarah M. Anderson, daughter of W. C. Anderson, Esq., to Rev. William H. Lester, now a missionary to Chili, South America.† Another daughter of the Claysville Church, Miss Kate G. Patterson, went out in 1889 as a teacher among the Indians. Claysville Church has been served by several especially distinguished elders. One of the best known in recent years was Alexander K. Craig, recently deceased, who was an elder for more than thirty-three years, superintendent of the Sabbath-school for fifteen years, and leader of the church choir for forty years.‡ His father, before him, was a distinguished elder of the same church, and also very prominent in the service of the State in several important offices.

* Now of Waynesburgh, Penn.

† Mr. Lester is now a pastor at Greeneville, Tenn.

‡ At the time of his death, July 29, 1892, he was a member of the Fifty-second Congress, from the Twenty-fourth District of Pennsylvania.

Historical Address

Historical Address

DELIVERED BY GEORGE W. F. BIRCH, D.D., LL.D., OF BETHANY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY, AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CLAYSVILLE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The Claysville Presbyterian Church is the vital factor of historic Claysville. If the National Pike was the occasion of the existence of Claysville, I feel that this discourse would not commence aright if it were not to praise God that there were those among the first settlers of this village who were filled with the spirit of Noah, Abraham, and David. Noah took the first step in humanity's fresh start as the lord of creation when he came forth from the ark to build an altar unto the Lord. Wherever Abraham pitched his tent in Canaan, there he had an altar. The son of Jesse felt that Jerusalem, the city of David, would not be the city of God until the Ark of the Covenant was transferred from the house of Obed-Edom to the hill of Zion.

So the little company which formed the nucleus of the Claysville Presbyterian Church was a Noachian band, as it felt that the town could not start right without a church; was an Abrahamic band, as it felt that a cluster of homes without a church was a contradiction;

was a Davidic band, as it felt that the social and political welfare of the community hinged upon the presence of the Church of the Living God.

Hence, when Joseph Henderson and Barnet Bonar, during the summer of 1820, invited the Rev. Thomas Hoge to preach the Gospel in the village of Claysville, they put themselves abreast of Noah, Abraham, and David, and inaugurated in this community that object lesson of the Sermon on the Mount which our Lord presented when He said, " Ye are the salt of the earth." " Ye are the light of the world." " A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid." If Claysville is better than it would otherwise have been; if it has been preserved from moral decay; if it has advanced in material prosperity; if it has been a centre of religious instruction and secular knowledge; if from its homes there have gone forth the torch-bearers of the everlasting gospel; if it has been to fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, friends and neighbors, this earth's revelation of that path of the just which is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day, it has been just because the Claysville Presbyterian Church has been the salt of the earth and the light of the world. The God of Providence stamps the march of events during these seventy-five years of church life as salt which is pungent, as light which is lustrous, as a city set on a hill which is conspicuous. Therefore the Claysville Presbyterian Church is a factor of historic Claysville so vital that without it the history of this town and vicinity would be another story.

If the foregoing line of thought presents a correct view of the relation of this church to the town, we can-

REV. FRANCIS M. HALL

not be too familiar with its history, as it reveals what God has done through His confessors of Christ in this part of His heritage. So that the design of this historical address is to stir your minds by way of remembrance, by recalling the generations who have made the past of this church " a book to be read, a figure to be looked at, a caution from which to learn wisdom." Indeed, the historical philosophy of which such an address is the exhibition has been set forth by both the great Edmund Burke and the versatile Lord Macaulay. Says Burke, " People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors." Says Macaulay, " A people who takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by remote descendants."

The Scripture warrant for the history which is the subject of interest on the present occasion, is the fact that the historic books of the Bible give tone to the whole of the Sacred Record. The very name (Deuteronomy) of the fifth book of the Pentateuch shows that nearly the whole of it is a historical address to the persons (along with their children) who had passed through the Red Sea and had heard the law from Sinai. It was from the platform of the history of their fathers that the venerated Joshua poured into the ears of his countrymen his thrilling appeal, " Choose you this day whom ye will serve." The magnanimous Samuel lays down his authority by the delivery of a historical address. The poet-prophet opens the historical epic of the Seventy-eighth Psalm with a declaration of its reason why.

"Give ear, O my people, to my law: incline your ears to the words of my mouth.

"I will open my mouth in a parable: I will utter dark sayings of old:

"Which we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us.

"We will not hide them from their children, shewing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath done.

"For he established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel, which he commanded our fathers, that they should make them known to their children:

"That the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born; who should arise and declare them to their children:

"That they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments." *

The history of their nation constitutes the thread with which the prophets weave their predictions and their precepts. Isaiah appeals to the seekers of the Lord to look unto the rock whence they are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence they are digged, by looking unto Abraham, their father. (Isaiah li. 1-2.) He canonizes and confirms the ancient books as he sounds the battle-cry:

"Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord; awake, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old. Art thou not it that hath cut Rahab, and wounded the dragon? Art thou not it which hath dried the sea, the waters of the great deep; that hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over?" †

* Psalm lxxviii. 1–7.

† Isaiah li. 9–10.

A " Thus saith the Lord " prefaces Jeremiah's counsel, " Stand ye in the ways and see and ask for the old paths, where is the good way and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." (Jeremiah vi. 16.) Our Lord confounded the Jews with the challenge, " Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me." (John v. 39.) That speech which gave the martyr Stephen the face of an angel is a master specimen of historical philosophy. Guthrie calls the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews " a grand tableau in which the several heroes of faith stand forth and act in as lifelike forms as ever appeared in historical picture or sculptured frieze."

Thus this historical address is an attempt to enforce a truth which the Bible emphasizes, and which I apply to the sleeping generations of this church by the use of the observation that, " When a man of God dies, it by no means follows that his work dies. There is nothing more for him to do in the line of his earthly work, but there may be a great deal more for others to do in the line of his earthly teachings. Whatever of God's truth a man of God declares during his lifetime, is just as truly God's truth after the death of that man of God as before. It is, indeed, just as important that we should do the things which the Lord commanded through Moses ' to a thousand generations,' as it was that the soldiers of Joshua should do them in their day. And a large part of our present duty is simply in the doing what the Lord commanded to our fathers. There are new messages of God to us, beyond all that our fathers knew of; but we shall be worth little in the heeding of

God's new messages to us if we fail of being true to God's teachings to our fathers." *

This day, seventy-five years ago, September 20, 1820, gave birth to the event known as the organization of the Claysville Presbyterian Church. At the time it took its place in the world's history that epoch of the history of our National Union known as the era of good feeling was running its course under the direction of James Monroe, the fifth President of the United States. The First Gentleman of Europe, George the Fourth, sat upon the throne of England. The great Napoleon was languishing in St. Helena. The British nation was aflame with the trial of Queen Caroline. The present Queen Victoria was the babe, little more than a year old, who was known as the heir apparent of the British throne. The literary world was guessing at the author of Waverley as the home circles of the day turned the fresh pages of the "Bride of Lammermoor" and "Ivanhoe." As to poetry, the mention of Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," of Byron's "Childe Harold," of Keat's "Endymion"; as to biography, the mention of Boswell's "Johnson"; as to criticism, the mention of Francis Jeffrey; as to theology, the mention of Thomas Chalmers, will suffice to show that literature, seventy-five years ago, spread a rich feast before our fathers and mothers. In connection with the institution of the National Road, it is interesting to know that Macadam's theory of road-making had been published only the year before. Thomas Patterson represented this dis-

* H. Clay Trumbull: *Sunday School Times*, August 24, 1895.

REV. ELDON O. SAWHILL

trict in the National House of Representatives. Isaac Weaver was State senator, and Joseph Lawrence, Thomas McCall, Dickerson Roberts, and John Reed were members of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. The Claysville of 1820 was composed of men who still linger in the memory of the present generation, and are called up as I speak of George Wilson, whose business energy and public spirit were a large factor in the growth and prosperity of this portion of Washington County; as I mention Alexander Chapman, who appeared to me as a child the model of preciseness; as I recall Joseph Bryant, then the first blacksmith of the village, but afterward the man of leisure who, while respected by our fathers, was the terror of every frolicsome boy; as I can see this very moment that family physician in general, Dr. James Kerr, whirling his cane and fighting the tobacco tempter through the incessant mastication of a pine splinter; as I recollect James Noble, cabinet-maker and undertaker, who, for the period of fifty-four years, was known as the funeral conductor of this community; as I read over the names which appear in the list of subscribers to a fund for the establishment of a school and the erection of a schoolhouse. In the light of the succeeding years the Claysville citizenship of 1820 filled their limited stage of action with the spirit of those who, two hundred years before, made Plymouth Rock the germ of the free men, the free speech, and the free soil of this American Republic.

But the setting of our picture would not be complete without a glance at the men who constituted the Presbytery of Washington when it organized the Claysville

Presbyterian Church. John Chrysostom, "the man of the golden mouth," of the ancient church, was linking himself with Western Pennsylvania Christianity in the silver-tongued Marques, of Cross Creek. Paul's workman "that needeth not to be ashamed" was showing himself in George M. Scott, of Mill Creek, the grandfather of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, who, as a President's wife, dignified her station as the first lady of the land. Scotland, in the person of Thomas Chalmers, on account of a little book on "Faith," had raised to the rank of a master in theology, both in thought and expression, John Anderson, of Upper Buffalo. When succeeding generations cease to reap the fruits of the wonderful, the genuine revivals which cradled Western Pennsylvania Presbyterianism, then the recording angel will strike from Church History the name of that flaming evangelist, Elisha Macurdy, of Cross Roads and Three Springs. The first and only time that I saw Joseph Stevenson, of West Alexander, was at the turning point of my history which made me a college graduate. I remember distinctly the venerable man who responded when Dr. Scott, the president of Washington College, announced that Father Stevenson, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, would lead in prayer. Indeed this church was, in a measure, a colony from the flock of Father Stevenson, who, being dead, yet speaketh in this part of the Lord's heritage. Cephas Dodd, the good physician who made everybody think of the Great Physician, was doing his faithful work at Lower Ten Mile. As a little boy, I have heard my elders speak of the grand, great sermons of Andrew Wylie. No name appears more frequently on the rolls

of the early General Assemblies. What he did for Washington College may be estimated from the remark of Dr. Robert Baird, "It cannot be questioned that he was one of the best educated men in the part of the country in which he lived." James Hervey was feeding and leading the flock of God at the Forks of Wheeling, and fixing that which he maintained through life, viz.: the theological balance of the Presbytery. Thomas Hoge, at Buffalo, was supplementing his work at Claysville. Jacob Cozad had just been installed pastor of the church at Lower Buffalo.

Now let us call the roll of the pioneers of Claysville Presbyterianism; let us make mention of these spiritual argonauts; let us note the actors of an event which, alone of all events in the birth of the village, will survive this wreck of matter and crush of worlds. Fond recollections in more than one instance will bring the dead to life as I repeat the first names on the roll of the membership of this church. The original fifteen are as follows: Barnet Bonar and his wife, Jane Bonar, Joseph Henderson and his wife, Mary Henderson, from the church of Three Ridges, now West Alexander; Widow McGuffin, from the church of Upper Buffalo; Thomas Stewart and his wife, Mary Stewart, from the Associate Church of South Buffalo (Rev. David French, pastor); also Catharine Gemmill and Martha Morrow; Martha Gamble, from the Associate Reformed Church (Rev. Mr. Kerr, pastor); Margaret Miller, from the church of Miller's Run; Andrew Bell and his wife, Mary Ann Bell, from the church of which Rev. Thomas L. Birch was pastor; Samuel Gilmore and his wife, Anne Gilmore, from the Forks of Brandy-

wine church of Chester County, Pennsylvania (Rev. Mr. Grier, pastor).

The first persons admitted to the organized church were William McGuffin and his wife, Mary Jane McGuffin, by examination "as to their Christian experience and doctrinal knowledge," and Nancy Hutchinson by "certificate" from the Forks of Wheeling Church. Mrs. Hutchinson was the mother of Mrs. George Milligan, of Claysville.* This roll suggests a long story, at which I can only glance. No man could live long in this region and not hear of Barnet Bonar. I have a distinct recollection of stories of an accurate marksmanship which made the squirrels he aimed at say, like David Crockett's coon, which were represented as answering the aim of David's rifle with the word, "You need not shoot, Mr. Crockett; I will come down." During the decade from 1840 to 1850, the name of the deceased Squire Henderson was a household word in this community. His wife lived long as Grannie Henderson to make us feel that God's benediction was upon us as our home circles gave her their hearty welcome. The sons and daughters of this noble couple are called to mind; and I think of kind-hearted Bill, the friend of all the children, and the voluntary nurse of every sick person he could find; of the manly Joe, of whose grave no man knoweth unto this day; the respected John, the sterling Thomas, the stirring Sam, the devoted Mary Jane, the beautiful Elizabeth, the

* Two children of Simon Shur were the first infants to receive the rite of baptism. Mr. John Laird, who received the same rite at the hands of the Rev. Mr. Hoge, was present during the delivery of the address.

REV. J. ADDISON A. CRAIG

motherly Becky. I do not know that I ever saw Thomas Stewart, but I do know that all Claysville seemed to make a favorite of his son Jim. And I know also that the pastor who sent Mr. Stewart and his wife to the new church at Claysville was enshrined in every heart throughout this region as Davie French, without the least thought of disrespect. The name of Andrew Bell suggests his daughter, Margaret Karr Bell, who was the teacher of the little boys and girls of our time in Claysville, and who passed to her reward when she finished her great work as the Mrs. President Miller, of Waynesburgh College. Mr. Bell and wife helped to organize the Cumberland Presbyterian Church in Washington, Penn.* He was also a workman on the building erected by that organization. It is as it were but yesterday that I saw the William McGuffin, who, along with his wife, were the first converts in the Claysville Church, and I am once more on our front porch as I witness the long procession that followed his remains to the grave.

As was the wont in Western Pennsylvania, the groves were God's first temples in this community. According to well-established tradition, the first religious meetings in this section of the country were

* The Thomas L. Birch who was pastor of the church from which Mr. Bell came to the new organization, has been the subject of considerable animadversion by those who have dealt with the matters in which Mr. Birch was a leading figure. I do not propose to criticise the unfavorable light in which the historians place Mr. Birch. However, I think it just to say that my personal relation to him has caused me to hear of documents which would seem to prove that there are two sides to that story.

held at the forks of the Burnsville and Haneytown roads, about two hundred yards southward from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. A person still living recalls the incident of a communion service which he witnessed in that locality. This locality appeals to me as memory brings back the impression of my early childhood when I saw Cal King skating over the mill-pond near by.

Afterward the place of assembly was changed to a sugar grove, just about the site of the present residence of Mrs. Thaddeus C. Noble. It was not long, however, until the services were transferred to the field immediately in the rear of the present schoolhouse. Indeed, this schoolhouse stands on the ground occupied by the first house of worship, which consisted of a log schoolhouse already in existence and a frame building adjoined thereto. The construction was so arranged that by the removal of a partition the two buildings were connected when religious services were held. This building was removed to and is the main portion of a building which now stands on the lot of Mr. John Birch, and which has been a part of his tannery for some forty-five or fifty years.

The sum of the recollections of persons still living seems to establish beyond doubt that this building served the purposes of religious worship until 1830. That year dates the erection of the present brick edifice. Mr. Hoge, the first pastor of the congregation, assumed the responsibility of one-third of its cost, which was $2,000. Mr. Josiah Truesdell (the father of Messrs. Joel Truesdell, of West Alexander, and Luther Truesdell (lately deceased), and Mrs. Thaddeus

C. Noble, and the grandfather of Josiah Truesdell Noble, so well known through this whole region) had come to this country as a pioneer from Connecticut. He was evidently a man of affairs, and as a successful merchant and public-spirited citizen was in the front rank of the makers of Claysville. A stage-coach accident brought his promising career to a sudden termination. Mr. Truesdell was so much the home talk of the families of the village during my childhood, that I have never forgotten the time that his widow brought the little china teapot into our house from which she gave her husband his last drink. Mr. Truesdell seemed to be the only person willing to undertake the work of building the new church. He most ardently seconded the efforts of Mr. Hoge to provide the congregation with a suitable house of worship, and threw the activity of his nature and the benefit of his experience into the supervision of the work. William Knox, Simon Shur, and Andrew Bell were the carpenters. Thomas Gourley made the bricks. Mention has been made of Andrew Bell. Any picture of past Claysville would be incomplete without the limping, busy figure of Billy Knox. Simon Shur is no infrequent name in the records of early Claysville. And what Claysville boy from 1830 to 1860 did not know the Gourleys? They kept the inhabitants of this country from forgetting the time when the hunter roamed through these woods. They evidently agreed with an enthusiastic sportsman that "the modern foxhound is one of the most wonderful animals in creation." They would make the wild animal their prey and their pet. I am looking down from our porch now at Tom

Gourley, Jr., as he passes by with thirteen hounds at his heels. And I confess that the impulse of that stirring life and the music of that hound-bay give me the old-time thrill to-day.

This brick meeting-house is to-day the monument of the singular fidelity and transparent honesty of Josiah Truesdell, William Knox, Simon Shur, Andrew Bell, and Thomas Gourley, for after a lapse of sixty-five years the walls which they reared are in an almost perfect state of preservation. And as I think of Mr. Gourley as an old man building upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets by confession of Christ in this church, I realize that his departure into eternity was a transfer from the walls which he constructed so well below to that city whose foundations are what they are because its Builder and Maker is God.

And ever since, the Presbyterian Meeting-House of Claysville has been the principal centre of interest in this community. It gave its name to everything connected with it. There were the meeting-house yard, the meeting-house lane, the meeting-house hill. That locust grove, through whose branches we looked at it from the village, inspired me with all the enthusiasm of a Shenstone. Those aisles showed on each Sabbath a procession the like of which I have never witnessed on the earth. Sculpture, both ancient and modern, has exhausted itself on the church pulpit, but to my eye the old Claysville pulpit, with its steps and its railing and Bible rest, covered with red damask, was a thing of real beauty. And as I looked at the old pews with their numbered doors, I felt that they were no common

CLAYSVILLE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

benches. I admit that the pews might have been more comfortable, but I ever have denounced the vandalism that removed that old pulpit by which our ancestors showed that they were by no means deficient in good taste.

Somebody has written a poem entitled "The Meeting-House on the Hill." I wish I could find it, for its meeting-house filled my mind and heart with our "meeting-house on the hill." Why, dear friends, it is our Westminster Abbey, for, doubtless, you are now peopling it with your dear dead as the Lord's Day found the hearthstone circle in the family pew. And our heaven will link itself to the meeting-house on the hill as the way by which we reached God's temple on high.

The fifty-first chapter of Jeremiah was spoken to the Jews when they were captives in Babylon. A long captivity was in prospect. Seventy years must roll away before God would fulfil His promise to His people. "I will turn away your captivity, and I will gather you from all the nations, and from all the places whither I have driven you, saith the Lord; and I will bring you again into the place whence I caused you to be carried away captive." "But," says one, "the land of their fathers must not be forgotten." The prophet, foretelling to the Jews their reverses, their defeat and conquest by the king of Babylon, and their long banishment from home, bids them, notwithstanding, "Remember the Lord afar off, and let Jerusalem come into your mind."

This meeting-house on the hill is our Jerusalem. If I could gather together the men and women living

on this earth whose birth, whose moral training, or whose conversion make this church God's Jerusalem unto them, I would speak to them what I say to you now. When business toils and cares so press with earthly solicitude that they narrow communion with God; when, in the multitude of our thoughts within us, we are so beset and burthened that we long for the old-time Sabbath morning when we clustered around our Sabbath-school teacher; when with father and mother, brother and sister, schoolmate and playmate, we felt that this old house was full of Sabbath fragrance; when the feverish pursuit of worldly good or the alluring entanglements of temptation so crowd out our religion as to make us indifferent to the moral and spiritual training which we have received through the instrumentality of this church; when the throes of cankering care and the darkness of sorrow, the stings of disappointment and the depths of despondency, may make us think that the God of the old church is not our friend; when we would fill the life that now is with more of the life which is to come—whatever your condition on the earth, wherever you live on the earth, let the meeting-house on the hill be in your mind.

The Pastors

The initial step in the organization of the Claysville Presbyterian Church was taken, as has been intimated, when Joseph Henderson and Barnet Bonar invited the Rev. Thomas Hoge to preach the Gospel in this village. This invitation was soon followed by the

organization of this church, seventy-five years ago to-day.

The Rev. Thomas Hoge was a native of Ireland, whose participation in the Irish Rebellion of 1798 caused him to flee to the United States, where he became the founder of the branch of the family which bears the name. He landed in Philadelphia, and after a short sojourn in that city went to Carlisle, Penn. During the period which embraced his residence in the latter place and its neighborhood he married Miss Elizabeth City Holmes. During the interval between his arrival in Carlisle and his marriage, he conducted an academy in Northumberland, Penn. Afterward we find him at Greensburgh, Penn. From Greensburgh he removed to Washington, Penn.

The Presbytery of Ohio received Mr. Hoge as a licentiate from the Presbytery of Tyrone, Ireland, on April 17, 1816, and ordained him to the ministry as an evangelist on January 21, 1817.

As a member of the Presbytery of Ohio Mr. Hoge acted as Stated Supply of the churches of Upper Ten Mile and East Buffalo.

The name of Thomas Hoge appears as one of the members constituting the Presbytery of Washington at its organization, October 19, 1819.

Mr. Hoge discharged the duties of the Claysville pastorate until some time in the year 1826, when, at his own request, the relation was dissolved by the Presbytery of Washington. After an interval of two weeks he commenced his labors as Stated Supply, which continued until about the middle of the year 1828. In 1830 the congregation earnestly requested Mr. Hoge

to return to his former pastorate. He acceded to its request and was again installed. During the interval, Mr. Hoge had been engaged in evangelistic work and had organized a church at Mount Nebo, near Washington, Penn. During the same interval the Claysville Church had been supplied by appointments of Presbytery. The people seemed willing to call a Rev. Abner Leonard. Mr. Leonard, however, declined the acceptance of a call.

The second pastorate of Mr. Hoge continued until 1835, when the relation was again dissolved at his own request, and he was dismissed to the Presbytery of Philadelphia. Having served his generation according to the will of God, he fell asleep in Jesus, 1846.

Mr. Hoge's successor was the Rev. Peter Hassinger, who was born near Newark, Del., November 24, 1801. Entered Princeton Theological Seminary in 1824; ordained by the Presbytery of Erie, October 1, 1828, and of the twenty-five years of his ministerial life in Pennsylvania, spent the three years extending from 1836 to 1839 as pastor of this church. In 1853 he changed his residence from Pennsylvania to Illinois, and after serving six churches in the latter State, he closed his life as a Presbyterial Missionary, dying at Lebanon, Ill., on January 24, 1890, in the ninetieth year of his age. It was my privilege once to meet Mr. Hassinger at a meeting of the Synod of Illinois, when he impressed me as a sincere, humble man of God, thoroughly devoted to the work of his Master. The reading of the record of the Princeton Catalogue has made me feel that his record, along with that of the patriarch Job, is on high.

In my boyhood there were stories afloat concerning peculiarities of Mr. Hassinger. He seems to have been noted for his closeness in financial matters. Most probably this was true. However, the records of the contributions to our Boards and the bequests of his will show that his accumulations were consecrated to God. If a faint recollection serves me aright, I think that Mrs. Hassinger, while her husband was preaching at Somerset, Penn., paid a visit to Claysville.

Mr. Hassinger's residence was in the house which was once my own home, and which now stands in the rear of Mr. W. C. Anderson's store. At that time it was in the place now occupied by Mr. Anderson's store.

The thirteen years which followed Mr. Hassinger's pastorate was what may be fitly designated as the era of the Stated Supply. The first minister in this relation to the church was the Rev. John Knox, whose labors were confined to the years 1840-41. I have a perfectly distinct recollection of Mr. Knox in the pulpit—indeed so distinct that I hear to-day the sound of his voice. I remember also that he was present in the pew behind that occupied by our family one Sabbath during the early ministry of Mr. McCarrell. Mr. Knox was an extreme Abolitionist, and by his fanaticism brought discredit not only on his usefulness and success as a minister, but on the good cause in defence of which the country poured out its treasure and its blood. I have understood that Mr. Knox was no ordinary preacher, and that in the course of everyday life he was a genial companion. His wife was one of the Gordon family, whose home in the

vicinity of Washington, Penn., is so well known. His death took place some years ago, and it has been the common report in this community that he forsook the faith which once he had preached.

During the years 1841-42 this church was under the care of the Rev. William Wright. Mr. Wright was a native of Scotland, and, as I remember him, was very energetic and earnest in the pulpit. I also recall a religious service on a week-day afternoon which he held at our house when we lived on the site now occupied by the First National Bank building. After one year's service Mr. Wright returned to Scotland.*

The next supply was the venerable and venerated David McConaughey, D.D., LL.D., the able and faithful President of Washington College. I remember nothing of the matter of Dr. McConaughey's sermons, but I have a distinct impression to-day of the restlessness of a boy under their great length. I remember that once during the doctor's ministry a travelling Episcopal minister was holding a series of meetings in the Methodist Episcopal Church. A number of persons of the Presbyterian congregation thought that they would take the privilege of an occasional hearing, expecting to attend the usual afternoon service at their own church. After the service at the Methodist

*The fact that the church's records for a period of ten or twelve years cannot be found is said to be due to Mr. Wright, who, according to report, carried them to his native land. Our friend, Mr. Joel Truesdell, remarks that Mr. Wright was a fine preacher, and was so inclined to the customs of the Associate branch of Presbyterianism, with reference to the singing of hymns, that he himself composed a version of the Psalms to be sung by the people.

Church was completed, I was one of a number who stood at the junction of the alley and the meeting-house lane, waiting for the close of the morning service at the Presbyterian Church. We waited and waited and waited, until as the hour hand approached the figure two, the congregation commenced to empty itself into the meeting-house yard, The procession down the lane was led by Mr. William Humes, who, in his shirt sleeves, was speeding his way homeward, sawing the air most vigorously with his arms. On being hailed by our company, he said that the doctor, on account of the length of the service in the morning, had promised a shorter meeting in the afternoon. Some one made a remark about the length of the service. I can see Mr. Humes now as, with every feature of his dark face growing darker, he shouted as if forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, " It was outrageously long."

A boy seven or eight years of age could not understand Dr. McConaughey's sermons, but he carries to this day the conviction that when he looked at that old ambassador of Christ he saw a man of God. I will never forget a communion Sabbath which occurred during his ministry here. The old man had talked about it for weeks. As he stepped from his carriage that Sabbath morning, I think that I scarcely ever saw a more finely dressed person. Hence I came to the conclusion that he felt it to be a great occasion.

Dr. McConaughey was followed by the Rev. Joseph Gordon, concerning whom I retain no recollection but that of his personal appearance as a scholarly, refined, and spiritual man.

Mr. Gordon was licensed by the Presbytery of Washington, April 19, 1843. He was dismissed to the Presbytery of Coshocton, April 17, 1845.

The successor of Mr. Gordon was the Rev. John Miller, whose stature was commanding and whose pulpit work was quite impressive. Mr. Miller's wife was a daughter of the Claysville Church, being Miss Rebecca, the daughter of Mr. James Warrell, whose home gave the name to that portion of the National Road known as Warrell's Hill. Mr. Miller was licensed by the Presbytery of Washington, October 4, 1843, and dismissed to the Presbytery of Allegheny, April 16, 1851.

The next prophet in this valley of vision was Nicholas Murray, whose praise is in all the churches of Washington Presbytery. We all know the romantic story of his introduction to the Christian ministry. As he prophesied from Sabbath to Sabbath, the dry bones of the Claysville Church began to show signs of life. A sermon from the text "Strengthen the things which remain that are ready to die" gave him occasion to say that it had been proposed in the Presbytery of Washington to give the church of Claysville over to die. Professor Murray went through these churches like a flaming seraph, helping believers to Heaven and sinners to Jesus when he was not, for God took him.

And now we come to the golden age of the past history of this church—the thirty-five years' pastorate of the Rev. Alexander McCarrell, six years as stated supply and twenty-nine years as pastor. In the Assembly Minutes of 1844 the roll of licentiates in the Washington Presbytery reads thus: "John Miller,

Thomas M. Newell, Joseph Gordon, and Alexander McCarrell."

Mr. McCarrell commenced his labors at Claysville in October, 1846, preaching for half the time, the other half being given to Unity in Greene County, which united with Claysville in his support. It was not long until he ceased to preach at Unity. He continued as stated supply at Claysville until his installation as pastor, December 16, 1852. Death severed the relation, April 18, 1881. No man during his life contributed more to the spiritual, moral, material, intellectual, and social good of this town and country than Dr. McCarrell. It was the aim of his life to help everybody and every good thing in the community. He kept pace with the spirit of the age. He prepared the boys for college.

Soon after Dr. McCarrell's death I poured out my heart in a tribute to his memory, which was published in the Claysville *Sentinel.* I do not know that I can do better than repeat that tribute on this occasion.

ALEXANDER McCARRELL, D.D.

An English family has the following sentence as its motto: "Through hardships to the stars." The voice of Inspiration informs us that "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

A life closed on Monday, April 18th, which linked these thoughts together. The history of Alexander

McCarrell is appropriately summed up in the sentiment: through the faithful preaching, the sincere tears, the unceasing prayers, the unwaning self-denial, the modest ambition, the uncompromising truthfulness, the loving devotion of a pastorate of thirty-five years to the stars. It is true that one star differeth from another star in glory, but when the day revealeth every man's work of what sort it is, we cannot help but think that eternity will mark its estimate of Alexander McCarrell's ministry in a star of no mean magnitude.

The year 1846 dates the commencement of this pastorate. There are those living who will recall the waste place in Zion in which he summoned God's little, scattered, divided band to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem—the careless and wicked community in which he lifted the standard of the Cross. The National Road rises before us thronged with the tide of travel as it flowed east and west. We hear the peal of the coachman's horn and the crack of the wagoner's whip. The community is agitated by the Mexican war. The Gospel ministry of the neighborhood, of which there was not a more honored and beloved member than our deceased brother, numbered, among others, the patriarchal Hervey, the fervent Stockton, the precise Alrich, the dignified McCluskey,* the dialectic Eagleson, the eloquent Murray, the weighty Sloan, the gentle-

* "The dignified McCluskey," not without humor. A member of the Claysville Church who slept a good deal at church, wanted a transfer to West Alexander, but Dr. McCluskey remonstrated, and said that he didn't want any of those sleepy fellows from Claysville.

REV. JAMES L. LEEPER, D.D.

mannered Fleming, the fatherly James McKennan, the flaming Cyrus Dickson, the honest Dr. J. W. Scott; that one whom we delight to honor to-day, Dr. Brownson, and our worthy brother, Dr. Lester; the positive Pomeroy, the sweet-spirited Alfred Paull.

The whole course of the McCarrell pastorate is surcharged with precious and pleasant memories. Many who are already in Heaven, and many who are on the road to Heaven, were, at its commencement, drunkards, profane swearers, Sabbath breakers, and haters of everything good. The winds of church disturbances might blow more or less fiercely, yet no gale was strong enough to break its anchorage. It contributed a respectable quota to the rank and file of the ministry. It never preached a sermon that did not contain a clear statement that Jesus Christ was man's only hope. It helped the dying to the shore of the dark river, as it illumined that river with the lamp of the Gospel. It entered the sick-room as the angel of consolation. It was that word in season to the weary, which strengthens the bereaved. It left no road untravelled—no home neglected within the vast circuit of its parish. In its official visitations the spirit of Paul went from house to house, testifying repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. Its catechetical classes showed that a lover of the truth was laboring in doctrine. It was the right arm of the Sunday-school. The glorious record finds its appropriate setting as poetry presents the pastor of this pastorate as one whose deeds were

> "Like a living, breathing Bible—tables where
> Both covenants at large engraven were;

Gospel and Law on heart had each its column,
His head an index to the Sacred Volume ;
His very name a title page ;—and next,
His life a commentary on the text."

The pastorate which has just closed is in a great measure the history of the Claysville Presbyterian Church. It has left its moulding impress upon the church and the community. The future history of the church is unwritten; but no mere sentiment is expressed when it is declared that of those who, in the hereafter, take up the fallen standard, no one will fill his niche more faithfully—round his life-circle more accurately—exemplify the Right more wholesomely —work for Christ more lovingly, than Alexander McCarrell.

Mr. James L. Leeper, a graduate both of the College and Seminary of Princeton, was called to the vacant pastorate, and was ordained by the Presbytery of Washington, September 13, 1882. In 1886 he resigned to accept a call to the First Church of Reading, Penn. In 1888 he was invited to the charge of the Second Church of Fort Wayne, Ind., where he is laboring with great success. Of marked pulpit ability and of untiring pastoral activity, Mr. Leeper left an abiding impression upon this region.

The present pastorate, that of the Rev. Frank Fish, a graduate of the Western Theological Seminary, began in May, 1886, and his energetic, evangelical spirit assures us that the old church will take no step backward.

As we sum up the pastorates, we are impressed with the value of biblical preaching, sound doctrine, thorough spirituality, and faithful pastoral labor.

REV. FRANK FISH

The Elders

Joseph Donahey, Sr., September 20, 1820, living for God in his children and children's children; * Archibald Brownlee, September 20, 1820, a name so frequent in the church records of Washington County as to make one of the tribes of God's spiritual Israel; Barnet Bonar, November 26, 1820, a man with the courage of his convictions; Dr. John Hair, November 28, 1824, cut down in the midst of his usefulness; William McLain, February 5, 1832, to me always venerable and apparently stern, yet really full of the temper and spirit of Christ; George McConaughey, by nature a gentleman and by grace an intelligent Christian churchman; Robert Woods, 1841, so genial and kind; Hugh Craig, March 17, 1850, a specimen of meekness, quietness, and reliability; John Hoon, March 17, 1850, a man who, when he found Christ, held on to Him; Nicholas Bearly, March 17, 1850, so keen in intellect; Alexander K. Craig, April 19, 1857, the whole community so mourned him that the heartsore is still fresh; Joseph Donahey, Jr., June 21, 1857, so quick in temper, positive in opinion, unyielding in decision, yet withal the subject of a consecration that laid his open pocketbook at the feet of Jesus; John McLain, June 1, 1863, his walk with God the path of Enoch; Thomas S. Irwin, June 1, 1863, a rigid devotee of order, yet no better

* A person says that once during Mr. Hoge's ministry Uncle Joseph Donahey, who was clerk at the time, fell asleep and awoke in a rage because he was awakened at Mr. Hoge's request.

neighbor; John Sawhill, June 27, 1869, respected by everybody; Thomas Henderson, June 27, 1869, my father's and mother's friend, who now lives in God; Dr. Franklin P. Scott, June 27, 1869, a willing spirit; Hugh McClelland, June 27, 1867, one of the youngest old men I ever knew; Thomas Ritezel, December 23, 1883 (I don't remember when I did not know him. He was always so mature in his thought and ways that he must have been fifty years old when he was born. Tommy Ritezel, who would not honor thy memory? A purer, truer spirit never breathed in Claysville); John A. Dickey, December 23, 1883, serving God in his generation; Joseph R. McLain, December 23, 1883, always energetic; Dr. George Inglis, December 23, 1883, a name which recalls the cradle of Presbyterianism; Andrew Henderson, December 23, 1883, never a busier worker for the Master; James McKee, who finished the work which God gave him to do.

The Congregation

We are told that the early audiences which gathered before the wooden tent of 1820, averaged from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty persons. The Presbytery reports the Claysville Church as follows:

1821....	Mr. Hoge, pastor.....	19 members.
1824....	" "	51 "
1829....	Vacant	116 "
1830....	Mr. Hoge, pastor.....	116 "
1831....	" "	119 "
1832....	" "	127 "

1833....	Mr. Hoge, pastor.....	130 members.
1834....	" "	133 "
1837....	Mr. Hassinger, pastor.....	101 "
1838....	" "	118 "
1839....	Vacant	114 "
1842....	"	66 "
1843....	Wm. Wright, stated supply..	68 "
1844....	Vacant	63 "
1846....	"	50 "

When Dr. McCarrell commenced his work there were sixty-two members. During his pastorate 353 were added to the church on examination, and 150 on certificate—total, 503; and of these, 103 were baptized. A membership of 320 stands to the credit of the church on the Assembly Minutes of 1895.

It would scarcely be in accordance with the conventional use of the term to call the Claysville Church a revival church. Yet I only speak the truth when I say that the only revival I know of in its history is the revival of pure and undefiled religion, which characterized the whole of the McCarrell ministry. That ministry was not a succession of spiritual upheavals, but it was the revival which evinces itself in constant, steady, quiet growth in numbers and in spirituality.

During the first half of the forties the ways of Zion literally mourned as the sparse gathering in the meeting-house on the hill impressed even a boy with the fact that of this community comparatively few came to the solemn feasts. The silent Sabbaths of this period were many, and as the direct consequence the moral, to say nothing of the spiritual tone of the village and the surrounding country, had reached a

very low and discouraging condition. But in 1846 the tide of spiritual life and power commenced to rise, and from the fifties until to-day, the Claysville congregation has been a centre of local influence and has had a good report from without.

I propose now to invite you again to stir up your minds in the way of remembrance with a typical Lord's Day of the period, which includes the later forties and the whole of the fifties. It is a summer Sabbath. Our fathers knew nothing of vacations. It is one of those fine June days which make the Sabbath a bridal of the earth and sky. The farm is at rest. The week-day hum of the village is hushed. The doors and windows of the meeting-house are thrown open. Between nine and ten o'clock the Sunday-school contingent commences to gather, and the town and country children exchange their greetings. The individual boys and girls who composed those Sunday morning parliaments have faded from my recollection, with one exception, and that was Curry's Bill Wallace. But McCarrell's "Fan" drops her load at the hitching rail, and each one makes his or her way into the church. Dr. McCarrell identified himself so closely with the Sunday-school that to his dying day he was a constituent part of it. And why a Sunday-school should be less to any preacher, where providential circumstances do not intervene, than the morning and evening congregation, I cannot conceive. In those days the "Church Hymn Book" furnished our Sunday-school music. We sang over and over "The Rosy Light is Dawning," "Another Six Days' Work is Done," "Dear Saviour, if these Lambs should Stray,"

J. C. Noble

(See obituary notice in Appendix)

"With Humble Heart and Tongue." After the devotional service the exercises commenced.

I want to lay a wreath to-day on the grave of Thaddeus C. Noble, my first Sunday-school teacher. The most prominent class in the school was the pastor's Bible class. As I look from these after years upon that Bible class I do think that it was the Gospel net of the early days of the McCarrell ministry. There was no time wasted on Bible puzzles, but the Word of God was presented as able to save the soul. In connection with that class I recall Joe Craig as mighty in the Scriptures. In the course of time an institution grew up which we youngsters styled "the old boys' class." It was a kind of a theological exchange, where Squire McLain, Squire Craig, Squire Bearly, my father, and others, used to search the Scriptures, and reason out of them. The International Lesson System had not yet come into vogue, and there was a sort of go-as-you-please use of the Bible. In my opinion, the best exercise of that day was the repetition of verses of Scripture committed to memory. Of course, the Sunday-school Convention crank would have pointed his ridicule with our Sunday-school. But when the judgment day makes up its record, methinks that we will understand its usefulness as Heaven's roll-call announces the writing of the Lord that this and that one were born there. One of the great events of my boy-life was the Sunday-school celebration of July 5, 1847. Dr. McCarrell talked about it for weeks. The West Alexander School joined us. Claysville swarmed with people. The procession was almost, if not altogether, the length of the

street. I recall the form of Dr. McCluskey. Joe Henderson, in behalf of the West Alexander, presented our school a lot of testaments to be used for prizes. Then came the feast, and we children were stuffed with ginger-bread and cold water.

But while the Sunday-school is in session, let us stand in the centre of the yard and look to the four points of the compass. I turn to the north, and Dutch Fork sends forth the Meloys, Zeiglers, Hayburns, Moores, and Craigs; Brush Run its Flacks and Georges; Taylorstown its Hodgens, Williamses, Wilsons. I look to the east, and down Warrell's Hill pour, by carriage, horseback, and afoot, the McLains, Donaheys, Craigs, Currys, Hendersons, and Warrells. I cast my eye along Warrell's lane, and from the south pour into the pike the Lucases, the Woodses, the Finleys, the Alexander girls, John McLain, the Sawhills, and the Stewarts. I look to the southwest, and along come the Hairs, the Griffiths, the Herrons, the Abercrombies, the Millses, the George McConaugheys, the Porters, the Robinsons, the Johnnie Andersons. I look to the west, and there appear on Porter's Hill the Lairds, the Dennisons, and the Sam Bonars.* I look

* Says a venerable member of this church: "The first carriage I ever saw at Claysville was one that Mr. Donahey owned—a sort of a wagon of a thing. A great curiosity it was. I scarcely remember whether it had any springs or not."

Another person says that when she and her brothers and sisters were children that their father and mother would ride to church on horseback, and that they (the children) would go in their *bare* feet until a short distance from town, when they would put on their shoes, the usual place for the shoeing being Billy Knox's lane.

down in the direction of the village, and as the men and women of my week-day acquaintance enter the churchyard, I cannot help but wonder at the transformation Sunday clothes do effect upon the inhabitants of Claysville. It was the day of the frock coat, the old-fashioned swallow-tail, and satin vest; and when you saw Mr. Cooper in his Sunday suit, Squire Bearly in his swallow-tail, Pap and Anthony Mealy in their broadcloth, John Hoon in his store clothes, George McConaughey looking like a doctor of divinity, Major Irwin like a military officer off duty, Thomas Henderson in dark brown, Asbury Caldwell, and Jim Finley, and Jim Woods, and Chester Abercrombie, and the rest of the young men who sat in front of the choir, all as spick and span as the weaver and tailor and shoemaker and soap and water and hair oil could make them; and, along with all these, when you saw our mothers in satin and silk and bombazine; the girls, young and old, in every color of the rainbow, and on a warm day clad in white; and the children in the reaction consequent upon the torture of the Saturday night scrub—I feel now, as I did then, that I was proud of the appearance of the Sunday congregation of Claysville. Since those golden days I have seen many brilliant congregations, and have felt the influence of architecture, music, and eloquence in impressing the eye, the ear, and, I might say, the heart, but none of them have wiped out memory's picture of the sturdy, plain, Bible-believing, God-fearing, and God-worshipping folk that were wont to cluster around Jesus on His day in the meeting-house on the hill.

The summons of the opening hymn or anthem by

the choir soon filled the pews. The first psalm or hymn was then sung. It was followed by the long prayer. Then the Scriptures were read. Another hymn was sung. Then came the sermon, the after-prayer, and the last hymn, in their order. The announcements were made either before or after the last hymn.

A chapter of reminiscence, brimful of inspiration, yet not without its sprinkle of humor, might be written on the service of song in the Claysville Presbyterian Church. My first recollections are of a railing in front of the pulpit, surmounted by a Bible-shaped piece of wood, behind which one, if not two, clerks stood to lead the singing. I have a very distinct impression of Messrs. Robert Woods and George McConaughey. I feel to-day the wonder with which, while as a boy, I used to notice the width to which Mr. Woods was wont to open his mouth as the Lord filled it with music. Mr. McConaughey always seemed to start a tune as if he expected a breakdown, but when the people found out what he was after, they came to the rescue. The congregation used Rouse's version of the Psalms of David in my early childhood. I have not forgotten a Sunday that my father brought home a new hymn-book.

The days were when the singing school was the glory of this region. The singing master was one of the institutions. The Todd family, of West Alexander, were famous as instructors in the art of sacred music. Just about the time of Dr. McCarrell's advent a singing school was in progress, under the direction of a Mr. Pease. He instructed both the adults and the young

REV. A. A. MEALY

people by means of the violin. He closed his school with a grand concert. As the result of his work a choir was organized, than which, in my opinion, Claysville never had a better. For several years it was a feature of the religious service which attracted the whole country around. I recall Mr. James Finley, the tenor; Mr. James Woods, the boy alto, and Miss Sarah McLain, the soprano. Another valuable instructor in sacred music was Mr. Coburn, who could not live without his cup of tea. For several years Mr. George Lucas was the faithful leader of the choir, and after his departure to another State Mr. Alexander K. Craig led the service of praise until God called him to join the redeemed in the new song of the heavenly choir. According to our fathers and mothers, the music book of the early days was the "Missouri Harmony." In my day it included the "Psalmodist," the "Christian Minstrel," and the "Presbyterian Psalmodist."

"And how my thoughts go backward
To Sabbaths gone so long,
When voices death and years have hushed
Joined with mine clear and strong!

"In 'Dundee,' 'Mear,' and 'Brattle Street,'
Or 'Windham's' solemn strain,
Glad 'Coronation's' joyous notes
And 'Lenox,' soft refrain."

The thought of that old choir stirs me with the plaintive flow of "Hebron," the sweet measures of "Warwick," the heavenward lift of "Shirland," the longing of "Balerma," and the heavenly swell of "Frederick."

The service of prayer in our village had one characteristic that tried the boys of the period, and that was length. The long prayer was generally *long*.

The sermons of the time consulted length rather than brevity. I grew up on three generally, but often four particulars; three, four, or five remarks under each particular, concluding with a repetition of the sermon by way of application. I think that it is in accordance with the truth to say that the Claysville pulpit throughout its whole history has been given to the scriptural, logical, doctrinal, uncompromising, direct, practical, pastoral *preaching* of Christ and Him crucified.

The red-letter days of these olden times are the communion seasons. The sacrament, Sunday, was an occasion which drew the people for miles around. Ordinarily there was a four days' service, and generally one, and sometimes two or three, strange ministers were present. The reception of the elements by the communicants in their pews was an innovation of comparatively late introduction in Claysville. To my mind the venerable custom of celebrating the Lord's Supper by means of tables has the advantage over the modern custom in the way of impressive solemnity. I, as a boy, felt that Christ was very near as the communicants approached and left the table; the opening hymn being "'Twas on that Dark and Doleful Night."

And those communion addresses — Noah, the preacher of righteousness; Moses, the expounder of the law; Samuel, the faithful minister; Elijah, the prophet of fire; Isaiah, touched with the live coal; spirit-filled Peter; the loving John; the irresistible Stephen; devoted Paul, once and again at the table of their Lord

and ours—made our communion seasons the house of God and the gate of Heaven. And oh, how many of the ministers of God who delivered those addresses, how many of the communicants who heard them, have gone through that gate to drink the new wine with their Master in the kingdom of Heaven!

Right here I must interject a word about the weekly prayer-meetings, which were held from house to house, at the homes, alternately, of the villagers and country people. To have tried to find anything sensational in them would have been to search for hen-teeth. But the same Jesus was in their midst that made the upper room what it was on the Day of Pentecost, and the house of Mary, the mother of Mark, what it was when the prayed-for Peter knocked at the door a delivered man.

Dr. McCarrell also, for many years, alternated the winter season with the pastoral visit and the catechetical class. The pastoral visit was a simon-pure dealing of God with the individual soul, and the catechetical class an effort to ground the people in the truth.

Now, for a little while, let us transfer ourselves to a Sabbath service of the olden time. On the right of the pulpit sat the family of the pastor, the little boys *then*, *now* in the service of the church. Back of that I recall the Meloys and the Mehaffeys. Going toward the door, on the north aisle, in the first wall seat on the north side, are Mr. and Mrs. Hoon, who are still here to testify for the Master they have served so long. Then comes that grand figure, Mrs. Flack, the daughter of Dr. John Anderson. Mr. Mealy is still left to

recall that bright-faced wife and mother whose old age was like Heaven's benediction. And our old family pew awakens thoughts unutterable. Oh, how much of the Henderson, and, I believe, all of the Stewart pew, are in yonder city on the hill! And those quaint Alexander girls—Faithy's voice once heard was never forgotten—as it made a person think of the North of Ireland. Then the Bearlys and Brockmans, and next, the Mecrackens; and how can I have forgotten to notice the Ritezels in my way? I turn my face toward the pulpit, and two or three seats before the pulpit are filled with the young men of the community. Then come the Lucas pew and the Craig pew; and I think of John as, with some college companion, he enters the door; of Joe as he never turned an eye from the preacher; of Will as he sleeps in a southern land. Then Mr. Humes's; the McLains, ever present. I walk over to the southwestern corner, and where are Mr. and Mrs. McConaughey and Warren and Wylie and Kate?—in Heaven. Then Mr. John Kelley's pew. Stately Mrs. Dennison has exchanged her pew for a place in the heavenly temple. Going along the wall pews of the south aisle, Mr. and Mrs. Cooper are not there; but I will never forget the white head that rose above the entrance of the next pew—Mr. Warrell. The next was occupied by Mr. Campsey. Not far behind was one whom everybody knew to respect—John Laird, than whom the Claysville Church never had a more devoted adherent. I turn my face to the pulpit again, and, passing along, see once more the Finleys, the Woods, and the Donaheys.

And as I recall the families of this church and think

of such women as Mrs. William McLain; as the faithful Mrs. McCarrell; as the noble Mrs. Flack; as that exhibition of womanly dignity, Mrs. Thomas Miller, formerly Mrs. Truesdell; as that quiet and noble character, Mrs. Hugh Craig; as the motherly Mrs. Robert Woods; as the excellent Mrs. McConaughey (and this period can only properly be finished by speaking of every wife and mother of the Claysville Israel)—I say that if the ancient Horace felt that it was something that he had raised a monument more enduring than brass, I feel that in the history of this church, in the men and women both at home and abroad, in the citizens and soldiers who have been faithful to their country and their God, the wives and mothers of the Claysville Church, because they were as brave as Deborah and as prayerful as Hannah, and as true to their children and grandchildren as Eunice and Lois, and as true to Christ as the women at the cross and sepulchre, are able to point to this church, this community, to those who live in it, to those who have gone from it, and say, as Sir Christopher Wren said of St. Paul's in London: "If you wish to see our monument, look around you."

Thus I have endeavored to restore the palimpsest of the Claysville Presbyterian Church. De Quincey tells us that "a palimpsest is a membrane or roll cleansed of its manuscript by reiterated successions." He instances a parchment that originally contained a Grecian tragedy. In the course of time the monks wanted to use it, and made it the transcript of one of their legends. Then the age of chivalry came on, and somebody used it for a knightly romance.

Now, the chemistry by which the monks thought that they had erased the Grecian tragedy—by which the authors of the knightly romance thought that they had erased the monkish legend, was imperfect. The more elaborate chemistry of modern times has restored the original writing. The incidents which link this church to every individual directly or indirectly connected with it are like the original writing on that parchment. That writing may be written over with the toils and triumphs of earth, so written over that we may not see this church's story of the individual. But just as the romance from that Greek parchment, which some young girl may have adored, has perished; just as that knightly legend which may have deluded some boy has gone—so all that this whole world is to the men and women, the boys and girls of this church, will fade away to show the story of what this church has done for these men and women and boys and girls in relation to eternity. I accommodate to my purpose the following:

Chiselling for God

A stone-cutter was at work under his shed, chiselling on a block of stone, preparing it to be placed in the walls of some edifice. A friend stepping in asked the question:

"What is to be done with this stone?"

"I have not seen the plan," was the stone-cutter's reply; and on he went with his chiselling, content patiently and steadily to work day by day, getting it ready for its designed place—chiselling, chiselling, chiselling.

Claysville Presbyterian Church

The history of the Claysville Church is the history of many patient and earnest workers who spent this life chiselling for God—the faithful minister in his appointed sphere, the humble and devoted wife at home among her children, and a thousand other workers who steadily pursued their course, day after day, until life ended.

They did not " see the plan," and yet they toiled in hope. They knew that the great Architect knew exactly where to place each stone in the building, and they went on with their chiselling—it may be, beguiling the weary hours with a song.

Think you the Master will not pay them their wages? As in His presence they are enjoying their wages, they speak to us from Heaven, saying: " He will." *

* Chancellor Day.

A Sketch of Alexander McCarrell, D.D.,

THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS PASTOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF CLAYSVILLE, PENN.

By Rev. William H. Lester, D.D.,
Pastor of the Presbyterian Church of West Alexander, Penn.

The Psalmist's words: "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance," may justly be applied to our departed brother. "None knew him but to love him." His pleasant manners, tender heart, fervent piety, strength of Christian character, and devoted life impressed every one who knew him. These qualities under God were greatly blessed in promoting the growth and strength of this church, and making it a power in this community.

Alexander McCarrell was born near Cross Creek village, Washington County, Pennsylvania, June 15, 1819.

Very precious memories clustered around the hour of his childhood. His father, a moral man, did not become a professed follower of the Saviour till quite late in life. His mother was a devoted Christian. Her example, prayers, and instruction left their impress on his son—the "child of the covenant." He has told me it was the aim and effort of her life that he should become a minister of the Gospel. When only

Alexander McDowell.

a small boy he was a constant attendant with her in the Sabbath services of God's house. In early life he became a subject of grace, and united with the church of Cross Creek, of which John Stockton, D.D., was the pastor. The mother found in her pastor a faithful adviser and helper. He assisted him in his studies and prepared him for Washington College, from which he graduated in 1841. Brother McCarrell regarded Dr. Stockton as his " father in the Lord," and always spoke of him with great respect as the man who, more than any other, turned him to the Saviour and the ministry. In the college his record was that of a diligent student and a consistent Christian. In the town his " godly walk and conversation," his straightforward life, commended him to all. He was taken under the care of the Presbytery of Washington in 1841. His theological studies were under the direction of Dr. Stockton. He was licensed April 17, 1844, and ordained by the same Presbytery, April 17, 1845. With a heart full of the love of Christ and souls, he was ready for his work. Previous to this he was married to Miss Martha McLain, a daughter of Mr. Wm. McLain, long a ruling elder in this church. Her brothers, John and Joseph McLain, served in the same capacity many years, and have been a tower of strength in the Claysville Church, withholding no labor, money, or self-denial to promote its welfare.

In his wife he found a " helpmeet " worthy of his heart and work. I have seldom seen a woman of more tender, prayerful, consecrated spirit, whose whole life was so bound up in her husband's work of saving souls as was hers.

He began his ministerial life in the church of Unity, Greene County, Pennsylvania, in 1846, giving a part of the time as a supply to the church of Claysville. His labors were so blessed that in 1852 he was called to this church, over which he was installed as pastor. This relation continued until his death, 1881. The Unity home was a log cabin in the yard of Mr. Braddock, and was given to the young preacher without rent. The salary was small; the house had one room, and the conveniences were few. But no murmurs came from the occupants, no self-denials discouraged them in their work; they sought not theirs, but them; they labored to save souls, and they gathered in the harvest.

Three children were born to them, on whom God set the seal of His covenant blessing. Like their parents, the sons have done a noble work in the church of Christ. The father has told me that in the old log church of Unity and the log house of one room they had some of the happiest days and most blessed enjoyments of their lives. The spirit of Christ in the heart makes everything bright and beautiful, even in poverty.

His life-work was, however, done in Claysville. Thirty-five years he prosecuted his vocation without interruption and with great success. His zeal was untiring and his labors unremitting. In all this period of pastoral work he took no vacations for bodily recuperation and rest, until infirmity of health compelled it. He toiled on perseveringly, hopefully, until he could no longer work for the Master. He died in the pastorate—the harness on when he fell. This was

what he had prayed for and wanted—to go direct from the earthly labor to the unending rest.

I will notice briefly only a few traits of the character and life of Brother McCarrell.

1. He was an industrious man, prompt and faithful in everything he undertook. He was not a man of profound and varied learning. The constant calls in all his ministerial life—for pastoral work, visiting the sick, attending funerals outside his own congregation, preaching in revival services in other churches, and his own pulpit work—forbade this. His Bible, Concordance, and a few wisely chosen books, well read, were his books of study. As our congregations lay side by side we were close neighbors, and I knew more of his preaching than that of any other man in the Presbytery. He did not point his sermons with sensational incidents—nothing to provoke levity fell from his lips. The sacredness of his calling and solemn import of his message forbade that. "I am determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified" pervaded every discourse. Doctrine, duty, and experience were happily combined in his pulpit efforts. When he stood at the sacred desk his appearance was so solemn, his words so tremulous with emotion, and his soul so full of the tender and beseeching spirit of his Lord, that every hearer felt he was in the presence of a man who had just come from the mercy-seat and received the anointing of the Holy Spirit. One sermon preached in my own pulpit, in a time of revival, especially impressed itself on my mind. It was Eliezer's appeal to the father of Rebekah for the daughter's hand in marriage to Isaac, his master's son. "And

now if ye will deal kindly and truly with my master, tell me; and if not, tell me, that I may turn to the right or to the left." It was a plea full of tears with souls out of Christ for an immediate decision in the matter of personal acceptance of the Lord Jesus. The sermon was full of power. It was greatly blessed of God. I felt then that he came up to Paul's measure of the true minister of the Word: "We are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." It was "in the demonstration of the spirit and of power." He often preached in this manner. No one ever laughed under his sermons. Multitudes here wept. With him the pulpit was too sacred a place for trifling. He was a born Presbyterian. The doctrines set forth in the Catechisms and Confession of Faith, he heartily accepted and preached. They were the creed of his head and heart; yet he was a man of broad Christian views, ready to reach a fraternal hand to those who differed from him. The first step looking to the union of the old and new school branches of the church was taken at the Assembly's meeting in Newark, N. J., 1864. Brother McCarrell was a member of that Assembly. About forty ministers and elders signed a paper, of which he was one, in the interest of a union of the two branches of the church. I asked him why, in the absence of instruction from his Presbytery, he did it. He replied, "It was my own act. We are all brethren, and we must come together to do the Lord's work."

2. In the spirit and power of prayer he surpassed almost any one I have ever known.

In reading the private diary of Dr. Andrew Bonar, published since his death, I was impressed with the spirituality of the man born of prayer. A large part of his waking hours was spent in prayer. He did nothing except by prayer. I was reminded of Brother McCarrell. He was a wrestling Jacob. His face, like that of Moses, shone from spiritual contact with his Lord. There was not a house in the Claysville congregation that was not hallowed by his prayers. In the sick-rooms of his people he was welcomed because he was a "son of consolation" and prayer. I have often seen him so overcome by his feelings that he could hardly go on with the service. Not far from the close of the Civil War, when brethren were alienated and the spiritual condition of our border churches was low, I assisted in a week's preaching before his winter communion. The Sabbath was a stormy winter day; the congregation was small, and there seemed to be very little religious interest among the people. He and his wife were in great distress over the condition of the church. They went apart to pray. That night it was all changed. The Spirit of the Lord came upon the assembled people. More than a score of anxious souls asked for prayer; the meetings were continued, and a large number were converted and united with the church. On the night of that Pentecostal outpouring there was little sleep in that house. I could hear that man and woman, through the thin partition that separated our rooms, agonizing in prayer until near the break of day, and, Jacob-like, they prevailed.

3. Justice requires I should speak of Brother McCarrell as a pastor. In this work he excelled. He

never was a strong and robust man, yet in all seasons and in all kinds of weather, at all hours, he responded to every call. His winning way, warm heart, and well-chosen words fitted him for pastoral work. In sickness, among his own congregation and those not of his church, he was sought for and his labors greatly blessed.

He was wise to win souls for Christ. Those in doubt and spiritual trouble went to him for guidance and counsel. He lifted the veil from many a doubting Christian, and led him to the light and to peace. Anxious inquirers sought him, and his happy way of dealing with them was blessed in their conversion.

He went to every house in the congregation each year in pastoral visitation, except the last year or two, when he was unable through bodily infirmity. He knew every member of the congregation personally, and every child he could call by name. He loved the children; they loved him. They felt at home with him and enjoyed his company. He had the happy gift of speaking to people in the matter of their personal salvation as much as any man I have known. Like one of whom I have read, "he looked on every man he met as a possible saint," and he sought to have him become such. There are peculiar persons in almost every church, hard to approach on the subject of their personal salvation. Pastors hesitate to do it. He did it, even in the case of strangers, with such rare tact as never to give offence and always to have a courteous hearing.

He was a man of remarkable promptness in keeping his appointments and fulfilling his engagements. He

never failed unless providentially hindered, and his brethren felt he could always be depended upon. His last work was done when he was physically unable for it. It was the writing of the annual narrative of the state of religion of this church for Presbytery. It was written with a trembling hand, and when read he had gone to the redeemed in Heaven. He was for many years the stated clerk of the Presbytery. The minutes were always correctly kept and with great care. If the writing clerk blundered, or his work was illegible, it was the frequent remark, "Brother McCarrell will make it right when he transcribes them on the Presbyterial Book," and it was left to him.

He was a conscientious and systematic giver to the benevolent work of the church. He never had a large income, but as money came to him, a tithe was set apart to the Lord's cause. After his death a sum of money was found in an envelope, appropriately marked, to be given to the Boards.

He was an excellent Presbyter. He was wise in shaping and carrying on the business of the body. I never knew him to lose the balance of his temper, or to say an unkind or ungentlemanly word in debate. His self-control was such that he was never called upon to retract or modify any remark he had made. While this spirit of kindness was so manifest, this readiness to defer to others was so marked, he was firm in his convictions and decided in his opinions. When it came to matters of conscience and principle he was as immovable as a rock. He would not yield to any man. He was not obstinate, but unflinchingly true to what he believed to be right. The last time he was at Pres-

bytery was in December, four months before his death. A matter to which he was opposed came before the body. It was postponed to the April meeting for final action. He arose to his feet with difficulty. He could only stand by holding the back of the seat, so weak was he. He said, "If that matter is passed upon affirmatively by this body, and I am alive, I shall enter on the record my solemn protest." These words were the last words he ever spoke in Presbytery, and were indicative of the man.

4. He was a happy Christian. It could not be otherwise. With a buoyant and a hopeful temperament, a heart full of love to his Saviour, and a life so consecrated and abounding in good works, he must be a happy man. He was too modest to parade his piety to the world, but every one who knew him felt the power and charm of that "life which was hid with Christ in God." The peace within was manifested in the spirit of the man in his daily life, which was a "living epistle read and known of all men."

The blessed fruit of his work and life abounded. Its hallowed influence radiated in an ever-widening circle beyond all measurement. Many young men were prepared for college by him who have entered the ministry. The impress of his character was stamped on them, and, like him, they have and are doing good work for the Master. Had he done nothing but this, his life would have been well spent and worthy of honor.

In the early years of his ministry, when his health was comparatively good, he was sought for in protracted meetings by the neighboring churches. He

Martha McCauley

was adapted to this work and blessed in it. He labored in many revivals in these congregations, and was greatly blessed.

But he was married to the church of Claysville. He could say to it, as Paul said to the Corinthian Christians, "Ye are in my heart to live and die with you." If I were to give the result of Brother McCarrell's life in a word, it would be the Church of Jesus Christ in Claysville.

When he came to this congregation its membership was small, its spirituality low, and the outlook not flattering. He "coveted no man's silver or gold." He came to "strengthen the things which remained and were ready to die." He gave himself without any reserve to the building up of this Zion. He had anxious days and nights. He sowed in tears. He reaped in joy. His labors were full of blessing. "What hath God wrought!" This church, large in numbers, abounding in liberality, vigorous in Christian work, united in the bonds of the Spirit, is the God-given fruit of his life.

He was not a perfect man. No one was so conscious of this as he. A sight of himself made him humble and kept him close to the fountain of all fitness and strength. I only claim for him the ability and gifts of other men, made attractive and useful by the indwelling presence of his Lord.

In closing, I venture to lift the curtain of his home life, and see him as the husband and father of the family. Mrs. Martha McL. McCarrell was his long-time wife and companion, passing away only a few months before him. They were heart-satisfied with

each other. So united were they in affections, so similar in their sympathies, and so one in their life-work, it "seemed as if they had but one soul between them." She entered into his work with all her heart, and was no less loved and respected, and, in her sphere, no less useful than he. It was in every sense a Christian family. The children look back to that home, so full of precious associations of their sainted father and mother, with thankful hearts. When he was at the meetings of Presbytery or preaching for his brethren, he was contented until his work was done; then nothing could keep him. His feet and heart were homeward turned. Their children were the children of the covenant, becoming God's children in early life. The eldest son, Hon. S. J. M. McCarrell, is an elder in the Presbyterian Church in Harrisburgh, and a faithful worker in the vineyard. Rev. Wm. A. McCarrell, of Shippensburgh, Penn., Rev. J. J. McCarrell, of McKeesport, Penn., and Rev. T. C. McCarrell, of Waynesboro, Penn., are ministers in the Presbyterian Church. It is enough to say of them—they honor the home, name, and religion of their parents. One daughter, Lizzie, was called to the Master in her girlhood, giving comforting assurance of her interest in the Lord.

The summons to "come up hither" first came to the wife. It was a gradual failing of her strength, extending through several months. I was attending a funeral of one of my members who died while on a visit in Claysville. It was only a few days before her death. I went to their house. She was calm, and peacefully awaiting the time of her departure. It was just such a closing of the earthly life as one might look for in

REV. W. A McCARRELL

REV. J. J. McCARRELL, D.D.

one who had lived so near her Lord, and experienced so fully of His saving grace. It was the going down of the sun without a cloud in its sky. Her husband was broken-hearted. He leaned upon me and wept bitterly. " She has been so much to me in my life, my home, and my work, I cannot give her up. It will be well with her—but what will I do? " were some of the words that came from his stricken heart. From that time he began to fail in health. Her death he regarded as the call to him to set his house in order. Unable to discharge his duties in the church, his people relieved him of all care in this respect by securing supplies for the pulpit for several months, a kindness he fully appreciated. He sometimes thought he would be able to take up his work, but rest brought no return of strength. He gradually sank, and entered into rest, April 18, 1881.

I was often with him during his illness. He was assured of his interest in the Saviour. I think doubts never troubled him as the end came near. It was a happy going home. His funeral service was in the church where he had so long preached, conducted by his brethren of the Presbytery. A mourning congregation followed him to the grave, in which he was gently laid by his four sons, at the side of their sainted mother. They rest securely under the covenant promise of " even so them that sleep in Jesus, will God bring with Him."

Address

By Henry Woods, D.D.,
Professor of Latin in Washington and Jefferson College, and Pastor of the East Buffalo Presbyterian Church, Washington County, Pennsylvania.

It is my privilege to bring greetings to the church of Claysville on her diamond birthday from a congregation which has special reasons for taking a deep interest in these exercises. East Buffalo and Claysville churches occupy contiguous territory. They were organized near the same time. They were united in 1821 under the pastoral charge of Rev. Thomas Hoge, neither of them having had a settled pastor before. Several ruling elders exercised their office in both churches at different periods in their lives. In this list are found the names of Joseph Donahey, Sr., Archibald Brownlee, and Joseph Donahey, Jr. Many ties have been formed in the passing years between the families of these churches, that make them sharers in the memories we have met to embalm.

When I first came into this vicinity to enter Washington College as a student, the Claysville Church was creditably represented in the halls of learning, as she has been ever since. The affectionate regard in which the pastor, Rev. Alexander McCarrell, was held by the students whom he had encouraged to seek a liberal education, was known to all associated with the Clays-

ville boys. At that time my acquaintance began with the historian of to-day, Dr. Birch, an acquaintance which soon ripened into a friendship which years have only served to strengthen. As his guest in his father's house, I spent a Sabbath in Claysville in the summer of 1861, and preached for Dr. McCarrell at one of the services. From that occasion dates my personal knowledge of the man whose influence is still felt so widely and so beneficently in this church and community. My intercourse with him was only occasional, until I became a member of the Washington Presbytery. In the first year of my labor at Upper Ten Mile, we assisted each other at communion services. Similar exchanges were made several times after I began my ministry at East Buffalo, and to me they were seasons of refreshment and delight, the memory of which I would not willingly let die. As a guest at the manse, when the services in connection with the Lord's Supper were protracted more than is now customary, it was my privilege to get something of an inside view of the home life of one of the godliest men I have ever known. And gradually was he sustained in his work by his excellent wife, whose influence was a power not only at home, but throughout the congregation. It was not difficult to understand how, from a family reared in such an atmosphere of virtue and piety, three sons should go forth to preach the Gospel, and the only other son become an elder in the church and an active worker in every good cause. To this devoted pastor and his wife the congregation was a larger family, the care of which was upon their hearts in a degree only less than the solicitude felt for their own children. The

pastor possessed, in a measure that is quite unusual, the confidence of the young people. Their plans in life were freely communicated to him in the assured expectation of sympathy and helpful advice. More than one case has come incidentally to my knowledge of young persons from this church who, being brought under conviction of sin while attending school or college, at once opened correspondence with the home pastor as the one to whom they could open their hearts with least reserve. At all points he touched the lives of those under his ministry. Never have I witnessed more sincere and affecting tributes of love than were rendered by his people when this good man was borne from this sanctuary to his last resting-place.

As a member of Presbytery, Dr. McCarrell was esteemed and loved by his brethren. He was in many respects a model Presbyter. He was punctual in his attendance upon the meetings, ready for any duty that was laid upon him, and free from bitterness toward those from whom he differed in opinion. For fifteen years he served as stated clerk, longer than any other incumbent of the office in the history of the Presbytery. The records of these years are a monument of his accuracy and painstaking.

At the invitation of the session, I presided at the meeting of the congregation which elected Rev. James L. Leeper as Dr. McCarrell's successor. His ministry was characterized by vigor and success, and its termination by a call to another field of labor was regretted by all his co-presbyters. With the present pastor, my interchanges have been frequent, and to him and his

people I tender hearty congratulations on this interesting anniversary.

May Heaven's richest blessings be upon them in the coming years, and upon the work that is to be done in this part of the Lord's vineyard.

Address

By James I. Brownson, D.D., LL.D.,
Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Washington, Penn.

The Rev. Dr. James I. Brownson spoke in substance as follows: *

Having declined to deliver one of the formal addresses of this most interesting occasion, for reasons wholly personal, I come the more gladly, under a modified invitation, to unite my warm congratulations with those of the brethren who have preceded me. If I may not rival their eloquent utterances, I can promise not to be behind them in fervent sincerity. With each of them I can heartily say: "Blessed is the church and happy must be its officers and members who can recount the mercies of a covenant-keeping God which have crowned the fidelity of nearly three generations of Christian believers."

I am not a stranger to the history which has been passing so richly in review before us to-day. I knew the founder of this church, Mr. Hoge, as a college boy gets to know a venerable leader in society. I was a fellow-student with Mr. Gordon, who for a time supplied the pulpit here. The Rev. Peter Hassinger and myself for several years occupied contiguous pastor-

* Because of the lack of time this address was delivered only in part.

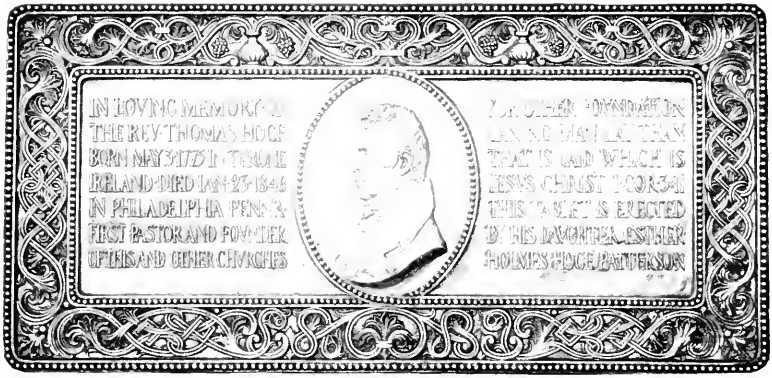
ates in Westmoreland County, after his service in this field. And I sat at the feet of Dr. McConaughey, my revered college president, for nearly four years. Of course, therefore I can add my testimony to their characters, and to what I know must have been their excellent work in the early upbuilding of this church. The fruits of their evangelical labor still abide and will ever, though they sleep. Besides the immediate good accomplished by each in his own time and way, they were joint contributors to the subsequent stability and growth of the memorable pastorate of the late Dr. Alexander McCarrell, so admirably portrayed by the historian of to-day and other speakers.

At my entrance as a co-presbyter and pastor in 1849, I found this faithful servant of the Lord in the middle of his service as stated supply, which ripened into the responsibilities of a pastor in 1852, and as such he continued under manifest blessing from Heaven until death took him to his reward in the spring of 1881. It was his habitual delight to "feed the flock of God, over which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer." It was his holy passion to "preach the Gospel both publicly and from house to house." The material of his official and private ministration was just that provided in the divine Word for souls made hungry and thirsty for the bread and water of eternal life by the Holy Spirit. His centre of Sabbath proclamation was the cross of Christ, and through the week, whether upon the street or in the homes of his people, as opportunity offered, this great theme inspired his tongue and was radiant from his face. With the fullest sympathy of a godly wife, his was a model Christian home,

to which troubled souls resorted for spiritual counsel, and from the altars of which his own children went forth in like spirit to be living epistles of the same grace. Written upon many human hearts, as well as in the Book of God, are the indelible records of that personal, family, and pastoral consecration. The witnesses thereof shall never die.

But, after all, death does remove even the saints of God from mortal sight. "The fathers, where are they? And the prophets, do they live forever?" Where now are your Hoges and your McCarrells; your Donaheys and Brownlees; your McLains and your Craigs, and your long line of officers and unofficial members of this church; your good men and good women who filled these seats in the past generations? Yet the church is still, as ever, the living "body of Christ," with its "members in particular." And this body, by vital union with its head, shares his perpetual life. Newer methods await younger hands and fresher blood for their execution. Rev. James L. Leeper has carried with him to his successful Indiana pastorate the record of four years of very active and prosperous labor here, and the Rev. Frank Fish, taking up the mantle of the long succession in 1886, has, with ability and zeal, brought down the history to this completed period of three-quarters of a century. Let now the congratulations of his brethren intermingle with those of his people upon his attainment of the Lord's best earthly gift to a pastor—a prudent wife! Long may they live in joyful union, and large may the company be who shall hail them as instruments of their salvation in the day of the Lord Jesus!

The Thomas Hoge Memorial Tablet


IN LOVING MEMORY OF
THE REV THOMAS HOGE
BORN MAY 31ST 1778 TYRONE
IRELAND DIED JAN 23 1846
IN PHILADELPHIA PENN'A
FIRST PASTOR AND FOUNDER
OF THIS AND OTHER CHURCHES
FOR OTHER FOUNDATION
CAN NO MAN LAY THAN
THAT IS LAID WHICH IS
JESUS CHRIST 1 COR 3 11
THIS TABLET IS ERECTED
BY HIS DAUGHTER ESTHER
HOLMES HOGE PATTERSON

The Thomas Hoge Memorial Tablet

The diamond anniversary of the Claysville Presbyterian Church awakened the deep interest of the venerable Mrs. Esther Holmes Hoge Patterson, 1728 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Penn., a daughter of the Rev. Thomas Hoge. The result of that interest appears in a bronze tablet, which is described as follows by the Claysville *Recorder:*

The members of and visitors at the Presbyterian Church will take great delight in what is perhaps one of the finest tablets in Western Pennsylvania outside of the larger cities. It is to the memory of the father of the Claysville and other Presbyterian churches, that grand old man—Rev. Thomas Hoge. It is placed on the wall back of the pulpit, about six feet above the rostrum, and facing the audience. The tablet is of solid bronze, four feet ten inches wide by two feet four inches high, with round corners. Its weight is 375 pounds. Around the outer edge is a beaded border; within is scrollwork about four inches deep. Next the inscription is more beaded work, turning off at the upper and lower central points and forming an oval frame for the excellent bust portrait of Rev. Hoge. It is the work of the artist-sculptor, Joseph Lauber, whose fame is not merely national, and whose portrait

of General Washington adorns the national Capitol. To the left of the portrait is the inscription:

> IN LOVING MEMORY OF THE REV. THOMAS HOGE, BORN MAY 3, 1775, IN TYRONE, IRELAND; DIED JANUARY 23, 1846, IN PHILADELPHIA, PENN'A. FIRST PASTOR AND FOUNDER OF THIS AND OTHER CHURCHES.

To the right are these words:

> FOR OTHER FOUNDATION CAN NO MAN LAY THAN THAT IS LAID WHICH IS JESUS CHRIST.—1 COR. 3:11. THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY HIS DAUGHTER, ESTHER HOLMES HOGE PATTERSON.

The formal unveiling of the tablet took place on Thursday, October 8, 1896, and is the subject of an article in *The Presbyterian Banner*, October 14, 1896, from which is taken the following extract:

HONOR TO A FIRST PASTOR

The town of Claysville, Washington County, Penn., is located in the midst of a fertile agricultural region,

and was a place of considerable note in the palmy days of the "National Pike," along which wagons and stage-coaches moved in almost unbroken procession, and its inhabitants and also those of the neighborhood have been distinguished for general intelligence and sturdy Presbyterianism. But it is not too much to say that the special distinction of Claysville clusters in and around its Presbyterian church, of which the Rev. Thomas Hoge was the founder, and from which so many ministers of the Gospel have gone forth.

To the people of that church last Thursday was a delightful occasion. On that day a tablet to the memory of its first pastor, Rev. Thomas Hoge, donated by his daughter, Mrs. Esther Holmes Hoge Patterson, of Philadelphia, was unveiled in the presence of a large assembly, consisting mostly of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of those to whom Mr. Hoge had ministered. The tablet, which is an exquisite work of art, by Tiffany & Co., of New York, was presented to the church, on behalf of Mrs. Patterson, by J. T. Noble, Esq., and was received, on the part of the congregation, by the pastor, Rev. Frank Fish. Rev. Henry Woods, D.D., of Washington and Jefferson College, read a sketch of the church of Buffalo, of which he is pastor, also founded by Mr. Hoge. Rev. G. W. F. Birch, D.D., LL.D., of New York, sketched the times in which Mr. Hoge lived and labored, his character, and the results of his work. Among those present were the following descendants of Mr. Hoge: Robert Patterson (a son of the donor), wife and son, of Pittsburgh, and Miss Hazeltine, a granddaughter of Mrs. Patterson.

Remarks

MADE BY J. T. NOBLE, OF CLAYSVILLE, PENN., OCTOBER 8, 1896, IN PRESENTING TABLET OF HER FATHER BY MRS. ESTHER HOLMES HOGE PATTERSON TO THE CLAYSVILLE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

This church has just completed seventy-five years of history, and is just entering upon the last quarter, which, when completed, will make up the century of history. In reviewing the seventy-five years already completed we see much that is gratifying as well as much that is full of sadness, such sadness as necessarily comes to every church and every community. There has been much that has required hardships and self-denials in connection with this church, but, after all, its work has been crowned with such success as to make the hardships and self-denials on the part of so many, matters of much gratification and pleasure. The work of this church has been full of successes, and it has proven itself in a multitude of respects the equal of any church in the Presbytery of Washington, and I think I may say the equal of any church of like character in Western Pennsylvania. Its success has been so great as to engage the interest and admiration of people in many parts of the country. In one respect I may say this church stands out very prominently, and I think I may justly say as promi-

nently perhaps as any church in the Washington Presbytery—for the number of young men who have become prominent in professions, as well as for the large number of useful citizens it has furnished to so many different communities.

To no one is this church so much indebted for its success and usefulness, and this community as well for its rapid advancement and development, as it is to the early efforts and privations of the Rev. Thomas Hoge. Mr. Hoge bore much the same relation to this community and this region of country as did the Rev. John McMillan and the Rev. Thaddeus Dodd to the regions of country east and south of us. A man of sturdy Scotch-Irish ancestry, well educated at the University of Edinburgh; possessing more means than was usually found among ministers of that day; having a strong and vigorous constitution, but with no desire to be a preacher in that popular sense which his opportunities, his education, and his general surroundings would have naturally afforded to him—but his whole ambition and desire seemed to be simply to establish Christianity permanently in this section of country which was then upon the frontier. He was a man of great ability. His ability was oftentimes recognized by the frequency with which he was elected Moderator of the Presbytery, and the many years that he served as its Stated Clerk; and then, again, by being chosen as Moderator of the Synod. No minister of his time was more highly regarded by his co-presbyters and co-workers than was Mr. Hoge; and, had he so desired, his ability and the high order of his attainments, the high esteem in which he was held, on several occasions

would have placed within his reach some of the most desirable pulpits in the country; but he preferred to labor in the way of extending and establishing Christianity by building churches in this new and undeveloped country, a work for which he was especially fitted and for which he seemed to be especially set apart. The hardships which he endured in coming on horseback each and every Sabbath morning for a period of fifteen years to preach to this congregation; the hardships which he endured visiting the widely scattered families in times of sickness and death; giving at least one-third of the money himself necessary to erect this building, which has been occupied by this congregation for the last sixty-five years—so fully demonstrates his singleness of purpose, and his devotion to that single object—to found Christianity in this region of country for the generations that were to come after. He was largely instrumental in having this church erected at a time when the early settlers were practically without money and were struggling to clear these farms and establish homes for themselves and families. Mr. Hoge was also valuable to the people of this section at that time in many directions, procuring for them assistance in the way of money, and also furnishing them valuable information and advice as to how to clear their farms and build themselves homes, he being a man who was deeply interested in agriculture and familiar with the wool-growing industry, a nucleus to the thrift and prosperity which this industry afterwards brought to all our people.

From 1835 to 1846 this church was supplied by a number of pastors who, on account of a variety of

reasons, encountered many difficulties in endeavoring to maintain this church organization, and not until the year 1846, when the Rev. Alexander McCarrell became pastor, were the splendid foundations that were laid by Mr. Hoge builded upon successfully. Mr. McCarrell possessed such qualities as enabled him to successfully supplement the work which had been begun by Mr. Hoge. He continued the pastor of this church for a period of thirty-six years. Under his ministry the lines put out by Mr. Hoge were extended in many directions, and through his earnest labors this church grew continuously. He was not a man who depended so much upon the eloquence of preaching in the achievement of his success, but by sympathy and the gentleness of his nature, and the wonderful regularity with which he performed all his duties, he most successfully extended the boundaries of this church and accomplished a remarkable work, so that when he laid down his life in the year 1881, he left this church a legacy to his successor, a stronghold which will stand forever as a monument especially to the memory of the Rev. Thomas Hoge and himself.

Mrs. Patterson, a daughter of the Rev. Thomas Hoge, living at 1728 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, is the only surviving member of the Rev. Thomas Hoge's family, she having attained the ripe old age of eighty-six. She is a most interesting and remarkable woman; remarkably active in body, and still taking the keenest interest in all passing events. Mrs. Patterson has more than an ordinary interest in this church to-day because of her father's connection with it, he being its founder and first pastor; and she herself feels that

to some extent she assisted her father in rocking it in the cradle of its beginning, because it was her custom in her early life to visit this church and the people of this section with her father, being acquainted with many of the old families whose names are recorded on the first rolls of this church, a number of which she has recalled to me in conversations during the last year. Mrs. Patterson feels a just pride in the history and the work of this church. When we come to review the seventy-five years of history of this church it is certainly a history that is remarkable, and affords to no one more, perhaps not so much, gratification and pleasure than to Mrs. Patterson. Her father was to this country a benefactor, whose memory the members of this congregation and the people of this region will ever cherish and hold in lasting regard.

Mrs. Patterson has desired me to convey her kindliest greetings to this congregation to-day, and to assure you that in the closing days of her life she retains the deepest interest, in fact an interest that she never felt before, in the welfare of the people here and the prosperity of this church. She desires me to say that it would have given her the greatest of pleasure to visit these scenes of her early days had it been possible that her surroundings would have permitted such a visit. Nothing would have given her greater pleasure than to have been present at these interesting exercises which are in honor of her estimable father. She desires me to formally present to you this beautiful tablet, accompanied with her best wishes for the welfare and for the continued growth of this church, and hopes that it may ever serve as a reminder of the long

years of the labor of love which her father so highly enjoyed and so earnestly prosecuted in this new country in his early manhood; a love which he so fittingly and so feelingly emphasized by preaching his farewell sermon to the people here in whom he had such an abiding interest, from the text, " And finally, Brethren, I say farewell."

Reception of the Tablet

By Rev. Frank Fish,
Pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Claysville, Penn.

The Committee on Arrangements has given me the honor, which I gratefully acknowledge, of being the Claysville Presbyterian congregation's representative in formally receiving this beautiful, artistic, and costly tablet—or, at least, the custodianship of it—a solid work of bronze, 4 feet 10 inches long by 2 feet 4 inches high, weighing 375 pounds, requiring weeks for its making; the work of the first artists in the land; a loving daughter's tribute to the memory of the founder of our church.

Allow me to say through you, Mr. Noble, the deputed representative of Mrs. Patterson in the presentation of this memorial of her revered father, that we heartily thank her for intrusting us with such a gift, and promise that we will always give it the care that its value and importance demand.

We thank her for the honor she has put upon us, the favor she has done us, the lesson she has taught us, and the blessing she has given us.

We thank her for the *honor* she has put upon us. To be the recipients, or even the custodians, of a gift so costly—such a work of art, so lasting in value and condition; such an ornament to the building, both this

and any succeeding building, however handsome—is no slight honor. We appreciate it.

We thank her for the *favor* she has done us. The Rev. Thomas Hoge, in starting this church, opened up a spring of living waters, which have flowed on in increasing volume under his own and succeeding ministries; a stream of Gospel privileges, church ordinances, Sabbath observance, Bible study, moral and religious influences, and other blessings which have purified and ennobled our community, our homes, our friends, our souls, our lives, and our eternal future. In starting this church, Mr. Hoge planted a tree of life, a Gospel tree, whose shade has protected multitudes from the scorching heat of sin and sorrow, whose leaves have been healing to many a sin-sick soul, and whose fruit has been the food and delight of saved spirits, many of whom are now in glory. For starting this stream of spiritual blessings, for planting this tree of life, we are the debtors of Rev. Thomas Hoge. Yea, for this building, now sixty-six years old, itself a monument to his labors, precious to many from its sweet associations and memories of loved ones now in Heaven; of souls borne into the kingdom of Christ; of hearts cheered, comforted, and inspired, we are the grateful debtors of Mr. Hoge. As he is thus a man whom in gratitude we delight to honor, it is a favor to us when honor is done his memory; when publicity and permanence are given to his ministry; when this costly tablet is erected as his memorial to be observed, studied, and reflected on Sabbath after Sabbath, and to keep his name and work fresh and bright for perhaps hundreds of years. Whoso honors our benefactor

does us a favor. For this favor his daughter has done us, we thank her.

We thank her for the *lesson* she has taught us. What a graceful act is this honor done a father! Observers of the times tell us that the young of these days need badly to learn the duty of the fifth commandment. Flippant speech, heedless disregard, slighting treatment, indifferent feelings towards parents, are too common. What an object lesson of filial respect is this costly tablet! A picture right before our eyes of filial love, pouring out treasure on the honored parent. Were Thomas Hoge to enter that door to-day which he used to enter, and behold this tablet to his memory, would not his heart be moved, his lips tremble, and his eyes fill with tears at this exhibition of a daughter's love and respect? With this tablet before the eyes of the children and youth of this congregation, saying in trumpet tones, " Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," our young people will be constantly encouraged and stimulated to give honor, obedience, and reverence to their parents, even though at heavy expense of comfort and pleasure. As parents, teachers, and friends of the young, interested in their welfare and well-doing, we feel grateful for this object lesson of honoring parents.

Churches and tablets, stone and bronze, will all crumble into dust, but an act of love, a deed of duty like this, will never perish. Engraved on God's imperishable tablet, the record of this beautiful tribute to a father's memory and work, with all other deeds of love and righteousness, will shine out and be read

with admiration by redeemed throngs when this tablet and church and world will be no more.

We thank her for the *standard* she has set our pulpit and church. Foundation-layers determine the shape and character of the building. The founders of our country—the Pilgrims, the Huguenots, the Quakers, the Scotch-Irish—determined the Christian, Protestant character of the United States. So the founder of a church determines the character of that church. As this admirably appropriate text on the tablet reminds us, Father Hoge founded this church on Jesus Christ, the only foundation for any Christian church, or creed, or character, the foundation already laid by God Himself, the Giver of Christ. On Jesus Christ—the Person Jesus Christ, the Gospel of Christ, the Bible of Christ, as indorsed or authorized by Him, where alone Jesus Christ is found—were this church of Claysville and that of East Buffalo founded.

So this tablet, with its record of foundation-laying, with its scriptural description of the foundation laid, with the noble face of the human founder visibly set forth, and his eye now watching the course of this church from above the pulpit where he himself preached the old, old Gospel truths, is now a public plan—the architect's plan—to direct all succeeding builders how to build up the church and character of this people, an anchor to hold this pulpit and church to the old moorings, to Christ and the Bible. In the shadow of this tablet this pulpit and church cannot, dare not, drift away into a new theology, another Gospel, a mutilated Bible, a different Saviour. This face and record of him who laid the foundation true to his

Master and commission would publicly rebuke and denounce any such departure.

Will you then, Mr. Noble, extend to Mrs. Patterson our gratitude and our good wishes? Our desire, hope, and prayer are that in these last days of her long life she may more than ever enjoy the calming peace and the gladdening hope and all the precious promises her revered father held out here to the people of his day. As she enters and passes through the valley of the shadow of death, may she find the Lord Jesus with her, her Shepherd; His rod and staff comforting her, according as her father taught the people here. When the silver cord is loosed and the golden bowl is broken, when the fleshly tabernacle is dissolved, and, true to her father's Gospel, her soul is taken up to Heaven to be at home with Christ, then may she receive the welcome, the crown, the home, the glory, her father preached here, and there may she meet her sainted father, and be forever with him, in the rest, the song, the service of the heavenly life; and with him and all her loved ones enter into all the blessings of the eternal home he pictured out to the people here. We deeply regret her inability to be present with us to-day, and our inability to look upon her face, but if never in this life, yet in the city of God we hope, by the grace of our Lord, to be permitted to see her face to face and enjoy her and her sainted father, to the influence of whose labors we are largely indebted for our blessed hopes. May the Heaven of Thomas Hoge's preaching and enjoyment be the home of us all!

Address

By George W. F. Birch, D.D., LL.D.

We are here to-day because the history of the Christian church in this community and the reverent love of a child and grandchildren for an honored ancestor testify, through the tablet which has just been unveiled, that the good which Thomas Hoge did during the seventy and more years of mortality was not interred with his bones when he was laid in the house appointed for all living. And while I appreciate the significance of the poet's appeal:

> "Can storied urn or animated bust,
> Back to its earth recall the fleeting dust?"

yet I must say that the face which stands out from this tablet recalls that command of the Emperor Constantine by which the cities of Greece and Asia were despoiled of their monuments to add to the attractions of Constantinople. To this Edward Gibbon refers in his "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" when he writes, "The trophies of memorable wars, the objects of religious veneration, the most finished statues of the gods and heroes of the sages and poets of ancient times, contributed to the splendid triumph of Constantinople," and gave occasion to the remark of the historian Cedrenus, who observes with some enthusiasm "that nothing seemed wanting ex-

cept the souls of the illustrious men whom those admirable monuments were intended to represent."

So on this day, when this old meeting-house makes its mark as the "Westminster Abbey" of Claysville, the fact that the *bas-relief* which centres our interest on this occasion, is an exact copy of a wax portrait which reproduced its living subject eighty-five years ago, and that in it persons now living recognize the founder and the first pastor of the Claysville Presbyterian Church—this fact, I insist, is enough to make our enthusiasm burst forth in the word: Nothing seems wanting here but the soul of the good and faithful man whom this admirable work of art is intended to represent. "Nothing seems wanting," did I say? Indeed, it does *only seem* so. For the Holy Ghost has given us the story of the proto-martyr Abel in order that we may know that in the faith which has had, does have, and will have its outcome in the history of this church, we have the soul, beaming from the eye and swelling forth from the lip, of this likeness of Thomas Hoge. For by this church he, being dead, yet speaketh. The value of the historical pictures hanging in the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington which were executed by John Trumbull consists in the fact that the interest in the figures presented in those paintings finds its reason in the consideration that for the most part they are the life-likeness which the painter transferred to the canvas. A fellow-artist paid a high compliment to Gilbert Stuart when he remarked, "How fortunate it was that a painter existed in the time of Washington who could hand him down looking like a gentleman!" One of the lights of English literature

tells us that "portrait painting is painting from recollection, and from a conception of character, with the object before us to assist the memory and understanding."

So the artist who framed the wax into the life-likeness which reappears in this bronze, deserves our thanks for handing down the one whom we honor today, looking like a gentleman, and has conveyed to us a character study which it will be the work of this occasion to delineate. This delineation, rightly performed, will be a demonstration of the Scripture proverb: "The memory of the just is blessed," as it will be the revelation of a godly parent, a faithful minister, a public benefactor, an individual contribution which the Bible has immortalized in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews. But if that portrait could speak, the godly, faithful, benevolent man would tell us that just as faith-filled Abraham sometimes distrusted God; as patient Moses was impatient; as brave Elijah fled from Jezebel; as the man after God's own heart, David, stained his career with an act of gigantic iniquity; as Time's recording angel has linked forever Peter's noble confession with Peter's base denial, so he fought his battle with the imperfections of human nature, and entered Heaven, not on account of inherent righteousness, but on account of imputed righteousness, as he preached and prayed and lived the truth set forth in the Thirty-second Psalm:

"Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

"Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile."

And like David in his climb toward Heaven, he made descents, but every restoration was a higher ascent.

This delineation will also be a demonstration of the proposition that the undercurrent of the progress of Christianity in general, and of this church in particular, in this community, is the ministry of Mr. Hoge. We are told that "it was long a subject of wonder how the water is always flowing into the Mediterranean Sea, whilst there is apparently no outlet, till it was explained by ascertaining its undercurrents. In 1683 such a strong undercurrent was discovered, which goes out by the Straits of Gibraltar. A vessel full of stones was lowered, and the current was found to be so strong that it dragged the boat along, despite the upper current."

So when human life commenced to congregate in this town, Mr. Hoge turned into its channel the streams of that river which makes glad the city of our God. Once and again the moral current of this church and community has been in the wrong direction, but because the force of the undercurrent of the olden time has not been, to use the word of another, "transient like Cherith, nor muddy like the Nile, nor furious like Kishon, nor treacherous like Job's deceitful brooks, nor 'naught' like those of Jericho," this church and community have, in the main, shown the gladness of the city of our God, as the streams of this undercurrent have appeared in Ralph Erskine's classification: "*the perfections of God, the fullness of Christ, the operations of the Spirit running in the channel of the covenants of promise.*"

The sight of this memorial will awaken and make

permanent a new interest in the history of this church and congregation. During the preparation of this paper an issue of the New York *Observer* came to hand, and I found in it an item which reads as follows:

"Can the common people be made to take an interest in history? It appears that they can be, if only the right means are employed for that purpose. A much needed step, for example, has lately been taken in the direction of making Westminster Hall, in London, more evidently a symbol of history to the crowds who every week visit it. A tablet has lately been put up in the wall close to the stairs which descend into the crypt, thus marking the position of an archway which for upward of one hundred and thirty years was the principal means of access to the old House of Commons. Another inscription locates the spot where the Earl of Stafford stood during his impeachment before the House of Lords. It is said that the Saturday crowds who visit Westminster invariably throng around a tablet, that has been in position some time, which shows the place where Charles I. stood his trial. It is clear that the run of people appreciate history when they know where the history is."

This quotation is the voice of our own experience. Every visitor to Washington City stops to think when he notices on the floor of the Pennsylvania Depot the brass star that marks the spot where President Garfield fell. As you ride over the Pennsylvania Railroad from Monmouth Junction to Freehold, N. J., as you approach the latter place you pass a signboard with the inscription, "Moll Pitcher's Well," recalling the woman heroine of the bloody battle of Monmouth, which was no insignificant factor of the success of the American Revolution. The first time I was in Hartford, Conn., I hunted for the site of the Charter Oak, and it was a

great satisfaction to read the story carved on the monument that marked it.

So this memorial will be a memory of childhood; a permament reminder of the wilderness which saw the beginnings of this tabernacle of Divine worship; an index-finger which will help the antiquarian in his studies of the past.

The proper commencement of a sketch of Thomas Hoge is a glance at the heraldic story of his name. From Burke's "Landed Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland" and other authorities the statement is drawn which runs as follows: "It is the well-known Norwegian name of many a fierce viking, a word which recalls the private bands of Northmen who plundered the coast of Europe in the eighth and ninth centuries, and who are no inconspicuous figures in the traditional and probably mythological history of America. The ancient Scandinavia (the modern Norway and Sweden) was the home of those Gothic tribes who brought with them from the cradle of humanity the religion and language of the Aryan race. Aryan is a name probably meaning 'noble,' given to themselves by the ancestors of the leading nations of Europe and India. As yet they are a small people of Central Asia, feeding their flocks near the source of the Oxus. They were the direct descendants of Japheth.

"The name may be found in various nationalities, as follows: Germany, Hoche; France, Hugo and Hogue; Norway, Hacon and Haug; Holland, Haig and Hague; Scotland, Hogg, Hoge, and Hog; Denmark, Hooch; Saxon, High and Haah. In England the name is generally written Hogg, but it occurs in

old family writings and papers as Hoogg, Hogge, Hodge, and Hoddge.

"The coat of arms of the Hoge family of Scotland presents—argent, a cross crosslet; sable, between three bears' heads; erased azure; crest, an oak tree—meaning, I suppose, that the members of the family who made that coat of arms their sign manual were ready to lay down their lives to the death in behalf of the cause which they defended.

"So that the ancient family of Hoge, whether we spell the name Hogg or Hog or Hoge, was of no vulgar origin, as its members have claimed their descent from one Haug of Norway, a gallant robber and destroyer in his day, who doubtless praised Odin and Thor by drinking from a cup made from the skull of a victim.

"The great antiquity of the surname of Hog in Scotland will appear, as we learn that its use is coeval with the retirement of Cospatrick, Earl of Northumberland about the time of the Norman Conquest. The surname became hereditary in the reign of Malcolm Canmore, and was first assumed by the proprietors of the land of Hogstown, in the shire of Angus. In the bond of submission in 1296 (six hundred years ago) Alexander Hog is styled Alexander De Hogstown. We can at least conceive something of the nature of the environment of Alexander De Hogstown when we remember that the leading figure in the events which preceded and resulted in the accession of Malcolm Canmore to the throne was the Macbeth in whose case the truth of history has been sacrificed to the fancy with which William Shakespeare filled its framework.

So that the man who seems to have been the successful general who led in the revolution which overthrew Duncan and confirmed his pretensions to the throne—the man who during eighteen years sustained his sovereignty, showed liberality to the church, and fell at last, for aught we know, like a hero—this man comes down to us linked with the madness of Lady Macbeth, the murder of Duncan, the ghost of Banquo, the revenge of Macduff, as facts attending his career were transformed by Shakespeare to point the moral he had in view.

"The heraldic story tells us that one of the Hogs of Scotland landed in Ireland in 1656. This member of the Hog family doubtless found Ireland prepared for his coming by the policy of Oliver Cromwell. The iron rule of that man of renown had, according to Macaulay, 'waged war resembling that which Israel waged on the Canaanites; smote the idolaters with the edge of the sword, so that great cities were left without inhabitants; drove many thousands to the Continent; shipped off many thousands to the West Indies, and supplied the void thus made by pouring in numerous colonists of Saxon blood and of Calvinistic faith.'"

So when Thomas Hoge was born, May 3, 1775, the family which still exists in England, Ireland, Spain, and the United States had been in Ireland one hundred and nineteen years. At his birth and throughout his childhood and young manhood Ireland was in a state of ferment, political and religious. On the 19th of April preceding the date of his birth (an interval of fourteen days), the American Colonists had unfurled the flag of freedom as a thing to die for at the battle of

Lexington. It was as a boy who had passed his eighth year that he heard of the treaty of peace which confirmed Great Britain's acknowledgment of the thirteen colonies as free and independent States. A boy would not be indifferent to the circumstances set forth by John Mitchel in his "History of Ireland," that "All eyes in Ireland were turned to this impending struggle, and the obvious community of interest which Ireland had with those transatlantic colonies, made their case the theme of conversation in private circles as well as of debates in Parliament. The attention of the country was still more strongly aroused when the Continental Congress, amongst other forcible addresses issued at this time (1774), directed one to the 'People of Ireland.' That prince among orators, that distinguished Henry Grattan, declared that the 'liberties of America were inseparable from the liberties of Ireland; that the rights of America were the only hope of Ireland and the only refuge of the liberties of mankind.'"

From the time that Mr. Hoge drew his first breath until he fled from his native land during the Rebellion of 1798, the noise of conflict filled his ears. Mr. Hoge grew up in a country which a statesman declared to be unfit to govern itself on account of its "corrupt aristocracy," "ferocious commonalty," "distracted government," and "divided people." An integral part of Mr. Hoge's life in Ireland is related in Green's "History of the English People," as follows: "An association of 'United Irishmen,' begun among the Protestants of Ulster with a view of obtaining Parliamentary reform, drifted into a correspondence with France

and projects of insurrection. The Catholic peasantry, brooding over their misery and their wrongs, were equally stirred by the news from France, and their discontent broke out in the outrages of 'Defenders' and 'Peep-o'-day Boys,' who held the country in terror. For a while, however, the Protestant landowners banded together in 'Orange Societies,' and held the country down by sheer terror and bloodshed.

"At last the smouldering discontent and disaffection burst into flame. Ireland was, in fact, driven into rebellion by the lawless cruelty of the Orange yeomanry and the English troops.

"In 1796 and 1797 soldiers and yeomanry marched over the country, torturing and scourging the 'croppies,' as the Irish insurgents were called, in derision from their short-cut hair. Their outrages were sanctioned by a Bill of Indemnity, passed by the Irish Parliament, and protected for the future by an Insurrection Act, and a suspension of the *habeas corpus*. Meanwhile, the 'United Irishmen' prepared for an insurrection which was delayed by the failure of the French expeditions, on which they had counted for support, and, above all, by the victory of Camperdown. Atrocities were answered by atrocities, when the revolt at last broke out in 1798. Loyal Protestants were lashed and tortured in their turn, and every soldier taken was butchered without mercy.

"The rebels, however, no sooner mustered fifteen thousand men strong, in a camp on Vinegar Hill, near Enniscorthy, than the camp was stormed by the English troops, and the revolt utterly suppressed."

I have not been able to learn the precise part which Mr. Hoge took in the Rebellion of 1798.

As Dungannon, a town in his native county Tyrone, was the scene of the famous Convention of the Volunteers in 1782, the probability is that the youth of seventeen was a champion of the constitutional autonomy of Ireland.

The significant factor in the career of Thomas Hoge is his attendance at the University of Edinburgh, which must have commenced, if it were not completed, during the second decade of his life. As to the advantages which he enjoyed at that notable seat of learning, it is enough to say that the faculty numbered among its members some of the greatest scholars of the age.

Dugald Stewart was in the chair of moral philosophy, who, in Lord Cockburn's estimate, "was one of the greatest of didactic orators, recalled the finest of the old eloquent sages," and warranted the assertion that "no intelligent pupil of his ever ceased to respect philosophy, or was ever false to his principles, without feeling the crime aggravated by the recollection of the morality that Stewart had taught him." As the course of moral philosophy, besides ethics proper, included lectures on political philosophy, the thought is suggested that Thomas Hoge's connection with the Irish Rebellion may have been his application of Stewart's lectures on the theory of government.

The head of the Edinburgh faculty during Thomas Hoge's student life was the distinguished Principal Robertson, whose rank in philosophy and literature will be understood as I name the historic triumvirate

of the eighteenth century—Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon.

As I name Sir Walter Scott, who made forgotten history sparkle with the electric fire of his imagination; Francis Jeffrey, who brought to the Edinburgh *Review* the work of at once "the best critic and the best reviewer of the age"; Lord Cockburn, whose pleadings as a lawyer were remarkable for clearness, pathos, and simplicity; Francis Horner, the great political economist; Sydney Smith, who was too human, too witty, too tactless, too buoyant, too logical, and too independent to reach the preferments on earth which lay within the scope of his capabilities; Henry Brougham, who, as he drove off one morning from the presence of Samuel Rogers, the poet, occasioned the remark of the latter, "There go Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield, and a great many more in one post-chaise"; Thomas Brown, afterwards so remarkable for his originality and subtlety in the domain of psychology; James Mill, the historian, political and mental philosopher, who will never be forgotten as the father of John Stuart Mill; Sir James Mackintosh, the catholic-minded man of culture; Sir Archibald Alison, the celebrated historian—as I mention these names you will have some idea at least of the college world of Thomas Hoge. He must have known something of that "Debating Society," founded by Henry Brougham, where embryo legislators, judges, and preachers tried their early powers.

Then, too, think of the men who appealed to Thomas Hoge's interest as an Irishman. There was Henry

Grattan, who, Protestant though he was, is described by a Roman Catholic historian as "a man of pure spirit and noble genius; an accomplished scholar and a poet, whose scholarship and poetry gave way to a grand, peculiar, and electric oratory, unsurpassed, probably unequalled, by the greatest speakers of any age or nation—not only a consummate orator, but a patriot in the largest and broadest sense."

There was John Philpot Curran, who reached the pinnacle of his fame in his defence of the accused in the State trials which took place in connection with the spirit of rebellion which caused Mr. Hoge to flee from his native land. There was Edmund Burke, to whom Lord Brougham accords a station among the most extraordinary persons that have ever appeared. And old Dr. Johnson said of him, "Burke, sir, is such a man that if you met him for the first time in the street, where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter but for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner that when you parted you would say, 'This is an extraordinary man.'" There was William Pitt, whom Macaulay declares to be "the first English minister who formed great designs for the benefit of Ireland."

That portion of the world's chronology which is measured by Thomas Hoge's life on the other side of the water is one of the mile-post epochs in the history of mankind. It is filled with the seed events of human annals. There are the American Revolution, the French Revolution, the wars of Napoleon, the formation of the Constitution of the United States of America, the origination of the Sunday-school, the

prison work of John Howard, the construction of Sir William Herschel's great telescope, the discovery of vaccination.

So the year 1798 marks the time when the Scotch-Irishman, Thomas Hoge, in the twenty-third or twenty-fourth year of his age, first touched the shores of America, at the port of Philadelphia. The City of Brotherly Love was at that time the seat of government and the chief city of the republic. Thomas Hoge doubtless observed what McMaster so graphically describes, "No other (city) could boast of so many streets, so many houses, so many people, so much renown." There had been made the discoveries which carried the name of Franklin to the remotest spots of the civilized world. There had been put forth the Declaration of Independence. There had long been held the deliberations of Congress. No other city was so rich, so extravagant, so fashionable. Seven years before, 1784, (Richard Henry) Lee had described the place (Philadelphia) to Washington as an attractive scene of amusement and debauch. Lovel, another writer, had called it a place of crucifying expenses. But the features that most impressed travellers from distant lands were the fineness of the houses, the goodness of the pavement, the filthiness of the carriage-ways, the regular arrangement of the streets, and the singular custom of numbering some and giving to others the names of forest trees. When Thomas Hoge struck Chestnut Street, long since given up to the demands of commerce, and lined with warehouses and shops, he would at once perceive the fashionable walk of the Philadelphians. There, on any fine day when business was

over, the bank closed, and the exchange deserted, crowds of pleasure-seekers gathered to enjoy the air and display their rich clothes. As the gentleman of the last century passed him he would notice that he wore a three-cornered cocked hat, heavily laced; that his hair was done up in a cue, and its natural shade concealed by a profusion of powder. His coat was light-colored, with diminutive cape, marvellously long back, and silver buttons engraved with the letters of his name; that his small clothes came scarce to his knees; his stockings were striped; his shoes pointed and adorned with huge buckles; his vest had flap pockets; his cuffs were loaded with lead; that participation in the Revolutionary War would make him affect a military bearing and speak very frequently concerning campaigns; that when he bowed to the damsels that passed him, he took half the sidewalk as he flourished his cane and scraped his foot. As Thomas Hoge saw the lady responding to the salutation as she gravely returned it and courtesied almost to the earth, that which greeted his eyes would seem strange to us. Thomas Hoge's day was the day of gorgeous brocades and taffetas, luxuriantly displayed over cumbrous hoops which, flattened before and behind, stood out for two feet on each side; of tower-built hats, adorned with tall feathers; of calash and muskmelon bonnets; of high wooden heels, fancifully cut; of gowns without fronts; of fine satin petticoats, and of implanted teeth. The implantation of teeth was introduced by a French physician who, according to report, reaped a small fortune from the ladies by the performance of the operation. In one of his advertisements, which is yet ex-

tant, announcing it to be his business to transplant teeth, it is declared that he has, within the six months just passed, successfully transplanted one hundred and twenty-three, and assures those having front teeth for sale that he will give two guineas for every sound one brought him. It is to be hoped that if Thomas Hoge were invited out to dine he was not embarrassed by a specimen of table manners in vogue at that time. A French prince who was travelling in our country, in one of his letters speaks of what took place when he accepted an invitation to dine with the lady of Robert Morris. He was repeatedly asked to have his cup refilled. He consented. When he had swallowed the twelfth cup of tea, his neighbor whispered in his ear, and told him when he had enough of the water diet he should place his spoon across the cup, else the hostess would go on urging him to drink tea until the crack of doom.

Mr. Hoge would also find Philadelphia in the midst of a business panic on account of the threatened war with France. America was preparing for a conflict with her whilom ally, and Washington had been appointed Lieutenant-General. The proposed exactions of the French Minister Talleyrand, acting in behalf of the French Directory, had filled all America with the cry, " Millions for defence and not a cent for tribute."

And he, doubtless, landed in Philadelphia to receive the greetings of many whom he had known as friends in his native land. Hence he would be introduced into the circle of the Presbyterian congregations and would meet their ministers, and thus would be brought into contact with some of the best preachers and pastors

that ever adorned American Presbyterianism—such men as Drs. Ashbel Green, James P. Wilson, and Samuel Stanhope Smith.

But his sojourn in Philadelphia was comparatively brief. Leaving Philadelphia, he came to Carlisle, Penn., doubtless travelling over the road which ran from the seat of American civilization into the wilderness of what was then the far West. As one tells us, "its course, after leaving the city, lay through the counties of Chester and Lancaster, then sparsely settled, now thick with towns and cities, and penetrated with innumerable railways, and via Shippensburgh went over the Blue Ridge Mountains to the little town of Bedford."

As Cumberland County was largely settled by people from the North of Ireland, he must have been attracted thither in the hope of renewing the acquaintances of his boyhood in Tyrone. Carlisle was remarkable in those early days as the home of culture and comfort. Some traveller of that day noted the circumstance that it contained no less than three hundred stone houses. Our country in its early days received many of its most celebrated men in all the professions from Carlisle's Dickinson College. As a licentiate of the Presbytery of Tyrone, Ireland, he would naturally affiliate with the Presbyters of the town and vicinity. There was that pioneer of liberal education in America, Dickinson's distinguished President, Dr. Charles Nisbet, and his erudite successor, Dr. Robert Davidson. There was Francis Herron, the young pastor at Rocky Spring, who was afterwards to do the first works of a ministry which has made Presbyterianism what it is

in Pittsburgh and the part adjacent thereto. There was a young licentiate, but a year younger than himself, Matthew Brown, to whom he linked himself in a life-long friendship. Neither were Carlisle and its neighborhood beyond the range of the archery of Cupid, and Mr. Hoge met his blessed fate by his marriage to Miss Elizabeth City Holmes. The conduct of his courtship does not seem to have interfered with his superintendence of an academy in Northumberland, Penn. So that Mr. Hoge did his part in the great work accomplished by the classical school for God and country during his career as a preceptor.

Afterwards we find Mr. Hoge at Greensburgh, Penn., where, according to the recollection of his daughter, Mrs. Esther Holmes Hoge Patterson, he served the church as a ruling elder. His removal from Greensburgh to Washington, Penn., was the occasion of a call to the same office on the part of the church there.

On April 17, 1876, Mr. Hoge was taken under the care of the Presbytery of Ohio on his certificate as a licentiate from the Presbytery of Tyrone, Ireland. The same Presbytery ordained him to the full work of the Gospel ministry as an evangelist. His application for ordination was the result of the earnest advice of such men as Drs. Francis Herron and Matthew Brown. Just about this time he was called to one of the Presbyterian churches of Pittsburgh.

The opposition of Mrs. Hoge constrained him to decline the invitation. As a member of the Presbytery of Ohio, Mr. Hoge acted as stated supply of the churches of Upper Ten Mile and East Buffalo. Some-

where about this time he was chosen a member of the Board of Trust of the Synod of Pittsburgh, for the prosecution of missions, and was also elected to succeed the Rev. Francis Herron as stated clerk of the Synod.

The name of Thomas Hoge appears as one of the original members of the Presbytery of Washington, at its organization, October 19, 1819. This Presbytery made him its Stated Clerk in 1822 for two years. In 1823 he was elected Moderator of the Synod of Pittsburgh. In 1827, 1829, 1830, 1831, and 1832 he served the same body as a clerk.

The initial step in the organization of this, the Claysville Presbyterian Church, was taken when, in 1820, Joseph Henderson and Barnet Bonar invited him whom we delight to honor to-day, to preach the Gospel in this village. He organized this church in September, 1820, and was its stated supply, in connection with East Buffalo, until June 27, 1821, when he was installed the pastor of the united churches.

Mr. Hoge discharged the duties of the Claysville pastorate until some time in the year 1826, when, at his own request, the relation was dissolved by the Presbytery of Washington. After an interval of two weeks he resumed his labors as stated supply, and continued his service until about the middle of the year 1828. In 1830 the congregation earnestly requested Mr. Hoge to return to his former pastorate. He acceded to its request and was again installed. During the interval he had been engaged in evangelistic work, and had organized a church at Mount Nebo, near Washington, Penn. During the same interval the Claysville Church

had been supplied by appointment of Presbytery. The people seemed willing to call a Rev. Abner Leonard. Mr. Leonard, however, declined the acceptance of a call.

The second pastorate of Mr. Hoge continued until 1835, when the relation was again dissolved at his own request, and he was afterward dismissed to the Presbytery of Philadelphia. True to his old love for the evangelization of the world, he acted as treasurer of the Board of Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America from the year 1842 until his death in 1846.

Although everything with Mr. Hoge was subordinated to his work as a minister of the Gospel, he was a thorough man of affairs. Like the men of Issacher of the olden time, he had an understanding of the times and was the peer of any man among the early settlers of this region in public spirit. Such men as Josiah Truesdell and George Wilson found in him an earnest, sympathizing second to their efforts to make Claysville a prosperous town. The house in Washington, Penn., which generations have known as the Green Tree Corner, was built by Mr. Hoge, and was his residence as well as a place of business for his sons, Abram Holmes Hoge and Thomas Hamilton Hoge. During their day in Western Pennsylvania they were large buyers of wool, and took great interest in sheep and the business of wool-growing.

So that I say to-day what Mrs. Patterson directed me to say when we celebrated the organization of the church, that Mr. Hoge, her father, was always a

preacher and never a merchant. According to his means, he aided his sons in order that they might engage in trade. As far as he was concerned, he knew nothing among men save Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

In the controversies which agitated the Presbyterian Church in his day, Mr. Hoge was an old-school orthodox, conservative man. The Bible truths as they are set forth in the Westminster Confession and Catechism were certainties to him, and he preached and defended them with his characteristic energy and determination. His cotemporaries regarded him as a man of thorough learning, and I have heard the mention of him as a preacher of power.

How he loved this church building! The edifice was the fruit of his enthusiasm. After pledging one-third of its cost, he took a trip to Philadelphia and obtained the money. I only wish that the beautiful pulpit of Mr. Hoge's day had been left to emphasize the exquisite taste of the memorial tablet.

Seven persons are still living (November 24, 1898) who remember to have seen Mr. Hoge. They are John Birch, Anthony A. Mealy, John Finley, Joel Truesdell, Joseph R. McLain, Miss Mary McLain, and Mrs. T. C. Noble. They describe him as of medium height, stout build, and of pleasing address.

When he was seventy years of age he had the appearance of a man of sixty. It was the habit of Mr. Hoge to come to Claysville on horseback. Many a Sabbath he enjoyed the companionship of his daughter Hettie over the road from Washington to Claysville. To-day

she must be thinking of those rides as, though absent in body, she is present in spirit at this service.

One of Mr. Hoge's Claysville homes was the hotel of Mrs. Calohan, whom the most of us afterwards knew as Mrs. John Kelley. A part of the time he made his sojourn with the Truesdell family. The sad story of the accident which took Mr. Truesdell away in the prime of life is one of the indelible incidents of the history of Claysville. It is interesting to know that the last friend Mr. Truesdell recognized on earth was Mr. Hoge.

As has been already intimated, Mr. Hoge at the time of his death was residing in Philadelphia. His family consisted of four sons and two daughters, viz.: Abram Holmes, who died in Chicago several years since; Thomas Hamilton, William, and James, who have passed away; Esther (Hettie), who became Mrs. Joseph Patterson, and now lives at 1728 Spruce Street, Philadelphia; and Elizabeth, who was the third wife of General Pleasonton, of Philadelphia, and died but recently, consecrating a considerable portion of her wealth to several of the Boards of the Presbyterian Church. She also endowed the Thomas Hoge Ward of the Presbyterian Hospital of Philadelphia.

Abram Holmes Hoge was, for a number of years, Collector of Internal Revenue at Chicago. His wife's maiden name was Jane C. Blackie. Her father, Captain Blackie, commanded the vessel which carried the first missionaries to China and India. He was a cousin of John Blackie, the celebrated Greek professor of the University of Edinburgh.

Mrs. Abram Holmes Hoge and Mrs. Mary A. Liv-

ermore were the founders of the Sanitary Commission which did such efficient service in our Civil War. Mrs. Hoge was also one of the founders and long the President of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Northwest. She was the author of a book entitled "Heroes of the Rank and File," which Secretary Stanton called "an imperishable monument to the memory of the 'Boys in Blue.'" Dr. Delano, of the Baptist Church in Evanston, Ill., fitly summed up her life as he called her "one of Chicago's bravest pioneers, a saintly mother, a gracious wife, a noble member in the church militant, a friend of God's true ministers, a helper of the poor, an inspirer of missions, a loving counsellor in grief, a patient pilgrim in the highway of trial."

But what is a picture without its background? The background in this case was Abram Holmes Hoge.

And what shall I say for Mrs. Patterson, who rises up this day to call her father blessed? The good cheer of the faith which her father taught her frees old age from the winter of discontent, and makes an interview with her a benediction.

The apostle Paul, in 1 Corinthians vii. 31, would have us, as Francis Jacox puts it, "use the world as not abusing it for the reason that the fashion of this world passeth away." The expression is said by Grotius and others to be borrowed from the theatre, and to refer to the scene-shifting of the stage. Life here below has verily its histrionic aspects; the fashion of it passeth away much as do the scene-painter's creations, the stage-carpenter's framework, the spectacular effects and dissolving views, nay, the very actors them-

selves. For all the world is in some sense a stage, and all the men and women merely players.

> "They have their exits and their entrances,
> And one man in his time plays many parts,
> His acts being seven ages."

"The measure of a happy life," writes Lord Shaftesbury, he of the "characteristics," is not the fewer or more suns we behold, the fewer or more breaths we draw, or meals we repeat, but from the having once lived well, acted our part handsomely, and made our exit cheerfully—or to print it as he wrote it for the lovers of old books' sake, "And made our exit cheerfully and as became us."

So Thomas Hoge, amid the shifting scenes of his life—as it shifted from Tyrone to Edinburgh, from Edinburgh to Tyrone, from Tyrone to Philadelphia, from Philadelphia to Carlisle, from Carlisle to Northumberland, from Northumberland back to Carlisle, from Carlisle to Greensburgh, from Greensburgh to Washington, from Washington back to Philadelphia, to God's Acre—lived well, acted his part handsomely, and made his exit cheerfully because his life kept step to the heavenly rhythm of the word which has been cut into this bronze: "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid which is Jesus Christ"; and if he could fill that face with what he knows, as he sees Jesus Christ as He is, methinks he would close this address with the word:

> "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
> Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
> What more can He say than to you He has said,
> To you who for refuge to Jesus have fled?"

Our Village Home

REV. G. W. F. BIRCH, D.D., LL.D.

Our Village Home

A SKETCH OF CLAYSVILLE, WASHINGTON CO., PENN.,

By George W. F. Birch, D.D., LL.D.

I wish that I could strike from Goldsmith's harp notes such as the imperishable numbers which enshrine "Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain."

I covet that acquaintance with the springs and actions of human life, that profound sympathy with human conditions, that real kinship with human nature which George Crabbe brought to light when he described the "Borough" as its church, its sects, its electors, its lawyers, its physicians, its tradesmen, its clubs, its social meetings, its players, its inns, its almshouse, its hospital, its poor, its Peter Grimes, its prisons and its schools; compose what William Howitt called "the strangest, cleverest, and most absorbing book" he had ever read.

I long for that power of imagination, that creative faculty—that love of nature—that insight of human character which made Scott the poet and Scott the novelist call forth from the mountains, lakes, cities, homes, and traditions of his native Scotland, incarnations of heroism, humor, and uniqueness which are historic.

I would like to have the prerogative whereby William Wordsworth revealed that the ordinary walks of

life preach the grand truth that, as an American critic puts it, "The beautiful is not confined to the rare, the new, the distant—to scenery and modes of life open only to the few; but that it is poured forth profusely to the common earth and sky, gleams from the loneliest flower and lights up the humblest sphere; that the sweetest affections lodge in lowliest hearts; that there are sacredness, dignity, and loveliness which few eyes rest on; that even in the absence of all intellectual culture, the domestic relations can quietly nourish that disinterestedness which is the element of all greatness and without which intellectual power is a splendid deformity."

I feel in my present task the need of that grace, melody, and variety by which Henry Wadsworth Longfellow has responded to every emotion which thrills the heart of humanity.

My subject deserves the smoothness, the elegance, the thoughtfulness with which the genius of William Cullen Bryant crystallized his observation of the everyday life of American homes and communities.

As I recall the dainty pictures of home, childhood, boyhood, which are the charm of Ik Marvel's "Reveries of a Bachelor," I crave, as I trace some recollections of Claysville, Washington County, Pennsylvania, Our Village Home, the right to exclaim, "I, too, am a painter!"

For in Our Village Home, Goldsmith, methinks, would have found his village preacher, his village schoolmaster, and his village inn. Crabbe could have sung of alley, lane, and street in describing our "Borough." Scott would have discovered the ma-

terial to mould the Antiquary or Jennie Deans or Dumbiedikes. Wordsworth would have been acquainted with a Benjamin the Wagoner, evolved the story of Peter Bell, caught the "Song of the Spinning Wheel," and experienced many a phase of the "Excursion." Longfellow would have known a veritable Village Blacksmith, heard the "Old Clock on the Stairs," and contemplated "My Lost Youth." Bryant could have evoked his "Thanatopsis," described the "Old Man's Funeral," and walked through the groves to the music of the "Forest Hymn." Ik Marvel could have made us look through our tears at the home of our childhood.

Hence if we cannot make the story of Our Village Home flash with the light of these stars of the literary firmament, I may at least venture with the flicker of my little lamp to interest and amuse, if not to instruct and impress.

Moreover, the aim of this chapter is not without Scripture warrant. Indeed its appropriate text is found in the farewell song which Moses "spake in the ears" of his countrymen: "Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations; ask thy father and he will show thee; thy elders and they will tell thee." (Deuteronomy xxxii. 7.) The philosophy of this direction appears in the thought that "Human progress is entirely dependent on the memory. By this power the mind retains or recalls knowledge once acquired, and thus garners the materials of thought, comparison, and deduction. Memory is at once the recorder of the intellect and the storehouse of the affections. Without this faculty of mind man would be a

perpetual novice—his past a blank, his future imbecility—indeed he would not be man."

So I recall the invocation which opens a poem by Willis Gaylord Clark:

"Come, Memory, with thy power to paint and sing
The vanished glory of life's little spring!
Back o'er the soul the light of childhood pour,
And bring its blossoms, though they bloom no more.
To fancy's eye unfold each braided wreath,
Once twined on sunny brows, undimmed by death.
Bring back the tale and lay of yore so dear
Which fell in sweetness on the thirsty ear.
When hope was singing like the lark at morn,
And all the flowers of earth were newly born,
Thanks for thy bidden aid—at thy command,
As by the magic of the enchanter's wand,
A thousand scenes returned to life arise
Softer than moonbeams in the eastern skies;
Upspring a thousand roses fresh with dew
And round my path their radiant tints renew.
Their breath seems floating where the winds prevail,
And birds and brooks give music to the gale.
Mid skies where fancy moves the frolic wing
Life's train of morning stars arise and sing."

Our Village Site

Beautiful for situation was Our Village Home. The original survey of the locality designated it as "Superfine Bottom." Its horizon was narrowed by the high hills which inclosed the indented valley, along which the houses lined its single street. Those hills were magnificent parks of the noblest trees of the forest. They were crowned with the towering poplar, the

cathedral elm, the giant oak, the tall ash, the royal black walnut, the stately wild cherry, the straight hickory, the symmetrical maple, the expanding sycamore. To the north, to the south, to the east, to the west, wherever we looked, we saw a grove fit for the temple of a God. How beautiful those hills when spring dotted them with the white of the dogwood; when summer enrobed them in its luxuriant green; when autumn touched them with its tints of scarlet and gold; when winter gave them the whiteness of its snow and the sparkle of its ice!

These forests of Our Village Home swarmed with animal life in the days of the Indian, and within the lifetime of the writer often rewarded the patience and skill of the hunter. An occasional wildcat or lone wolf recalled the days and dangers of the pioneers. Among my first recollections of the county paper are the announcements of "The Circular Hunt," which summoned every man, weapon, and dog from far and near to the capture of the crafty fox. That "same old coon," adopted in the "Forties" as the watchword of a political party, was the frequent occasion of the most exciting sport, as before the flare of torch and the bay of dog he made a brave fight for life. That strange mixture of craft and dulness known as the opossum was an enemy of the hen-roost and lover of the egg-basket, to which no lady of the farm gave any quarter. The nomenclature of our folklore had no word more familiar than "possuming," drawn from the well-known instinct of the animal, when caught, to feign death which became life when relieved of the presence of the captor.

I will never forget the squirrel hunts, which enlisted the interest of every marksman in town and county. The stillness of the early morn would be broken by the crack of the rifle; hill and hollow would be traversed as long as the sun was above the horizon. The hunters would come in with their tale of game in the evening, the aggregate running up into the hundreds, and the day's enjoyment would close with a banquet—in the old-time parlance a supper—at which the victors in the hunt were the guests of the defeated.

What boy of Western Pennsylvania has not traced along the snow the course of the odd, the quaint, and the ludicrous rabbit?

I can hear even now the bird-chorus, whose warblings hailed the opening of the day, filled the woods with their music, and were the voices of the night to the inhabitants of Our Village Home. A yearly epoch was reached when the pretty, sweet-voiced bluebird appeared as the harbinger of spring. I recall the rich, mellow notes of the catbird; the loud, clear, vociferous note of the blackbird; the twitter of the swallows, the "wee-whit-wee-e-whit" which names the pee-wit, the musical cry of the robin, the scream of the hawk, the caw of the crow, the cackle of the wild geese, and the quack of the wild duck, as they left the snow and sleet of the north for the bright skies and warm breezes of the south; the clatter of the martens, the mimic of the blue jay, the "Bob White" of the quail, the love-song of the bobolink, and last, but by no means least, the whoop of the owl, Christopher North's "Nimrod of the night and cat with wings." Indeed the birds made our village forest the exposition

of the faith-inspiring question of our Lord, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings and not one of them is forgotten before God?" (Luke xii. 7), recalling the "Childhood Hymn" of Mrs. Hemans:

"Tribes of the air! whose favored race
May wander through the realms of space,
Free guests of earth and sky;
In form, in plumage, and in song,
What gifts of nature mark your throng
With bright variety!

"Nor differ less your forms, your flight,
Your dwellings hid from hostile sight,
And the wild haunts ye love.
Birds of the gentle beak! how dear
Your wood-note to the wanderer's ear,
In shadowy vale or grove!

"Others no varied song may pour,
May boast no eagle plume to soar,
No tints of light may wear;
Yet know, our Heavenly Father guides
The least of these, and well provides
For each with tenderest care.

"Shall He not then *thy* guardian be?
Will not His aid extend to *thee?*
O safely mayest thou rest!
Trust in His love; and even should pain,
Should sorrow tempt thee to complain,
Know what He wills is best."

With such an environment our village must have been the home of the hunter. There was Perry, the shoemaker, whose gun was his boon companion, and whose career seemed to be a pendulum swinging be-

tween the bench and the woods. There was Samuel, the blacksmith, and his dog Bounce, whose bark at the foot of a tree seldom failed to locate a squirrel. There was Asbury, the merchant, whose Nimrodic exploits I do not forget, but which I cannot repeat. I did all my hunting as a carrier of the game which others shot, several vigorous kicks on the part of the gun having convinced me that I would never be a marksman.

The following story stamps my reputation as a hunter: An adventurous American who was shooting small game in Germany, said to his host that there was a spice of danger in shooting in America. "Ah," said the host, "you like danger mit your sport! Then you go out shooting mit me. The last time I shoot my brudder-in-law in the schtomack."

Among the memories of our village hunting-ground is the case of an Irishman fresh from the Green Isle, who, soon after his arrival, thought that he would take a gunning excursion in America. Noticing a peculiar-looking bird, he fired, and brought to the ground a screech-owl. Turning to the boy who was his companion, he shouted, "Jimmie! Jimmie!" and gave him the charge to run home and tell his father that he had killed his Satanic Majesty himself.

The stream which skirted the southern boundary of Our Village Home was a branch of what was known as the Dutch Fork of Buffalo Creek. The village, being near its upper springs, knew it as a mere brook, which, as it went on winding, twisting, leaping, dashing, growing, became Porter's Run, Anderson's Run, Coon Island Dam, De France's Dam, Cracraft's Dam, Waugh's Dam, until, in the mouth of the Buffalo, it was

lost in the Ohio River. The boys knew its swimming-places as the first hole, the second hole, the third hole, whose preëminence was emphasized by calling it the big hole. Its minnows, suckers, chubs, and catfish filled many a villager with the enthusiasm of Izaak Walton. It was not unusual to return from a fishing expedition without a bite, but it was very unusual to return without a fish story. The customary bait was the ground-worm, and in the search for it we felt, if we did not verify, the following observation: "Darwin estimated that there are in gardens 53,767 worms to the acre. This tallies with our count when we were digging the garden and didn't care a nickel about finding worms; but when we wanted bait for fishing, the garden didn't pan out a dozen worms to the acre. They had all emigrated to the garden of some other fellow who never goes fishing." In the case of our village stream the piscatorial results were so meagre as to confirm Dr. Johnson's definition of fishing, which, according to the old cynic, was a process carried on by a line with a hook at one end and a fool at the other.

But while the fish did not make our village stream their haunt, its banks were the home of the lively, playful, weather-gauging muskrat. Another clerk of the weather made our brook his feeding-place if we are to accept the English tradition that the kingfisher always turns his breast towards the quarter from which the wind is blowing; the kingfisher so swift of flight that I can even now see the streak of blue which marked his course through the air. Besides, to visit our brook was to see the only real dragon of God's creation, as we could not help but observe the glitter-

ing colors of that active and voracious creature, the dragonfly.

But the forest-clad hills and the meandering stream were not the only environment of our village. Our brook not only lined its banks with the bending willows, crowned them with the lily and dotted them with the modest violet; not only refreshed the roots of the giant oak and the shading elm, but it feasted our eyes with green fields and waving harvests.

Those fields were alive with the hum of insect movement as the ear drank in the tenor of the honeybee, the treble of the wasp, the baritone of the bumblebee, the deep, thundering bass of the hornet. Were the men who bore the deadly brunt of Gettysburg, or who laid down their lives in the Wilderness, braver than when, as our village boys, they were the soldiers in embryo who stormed the home of the yellow-jacket, or returned to town from a battle with the terrible hornet, waving his nest as their trophy?

As I write I recall the nights which were filled with the "drummings, bellowings, chatterings, and pipings" of the "Minstrels of the Marshes." And who is not familiar with William Black's "chatterer," "tell-tale," "scandal-monger," whom every boy knows as "katydid"?

Our Village Street

The principal, perhaps it would be nearer accuracy to state the only street of Our Village Home was, from the year 1818 to the year 1850, one of the interesting points in the United States of America. For our vil-

lage avenue was the Great National Road which, in the days of my early boyhood, was the main artery of communication between the East and the West. Indeed, the location of the National Road was the occasion of the existence of our village. So Our Village Home became a relay station of the stage-coach. It was a halting-place of that old timer of Western Pennsylvania whose imperishable likeness has been drawn by Thomas Buchanan Read in his "Wagoner of the Alleghenies." Its taverns furnished the resting-place of the traveller for the night.

As life budded from infancy into impressible childhood, I would stand by the window or at the palings of the yard fence, hour after hour, transfixed by the constantly moving panorama afforded by the National Road. So vivid was the impression and so imbedded by constant repetition that it is graven upon my memory with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever, and I gaze upon that panorama as if I were back in childhood's realm of wonderland.

The National Road in the early "Forties" is to me a reproduction of the Appian Way, over which that distinguished prisoner, the Apostle Paul, travelled to Rome. In the "Life and Epistles of Paul," by Conybeare and Howson, this ancient thoroughfare is described as "that road which was at once the oldest and most frequented in Italy, and which was called, in comparison with all others, the 'Queen of Roads.'" To travel over it was to be, we are told, "on the most crowded approach to the metropolis of the world, in the midst of prætors and proconsuls, embassies, legions, and turns of horse; to their provinces hasting or on

return; which Milton, in his description of the city enriched with the spoils of nations, has called us to behold in various habits on the Appian road."

So the old pike was kept smooth by a steady stream of travel eastward and westward. All hours of the day and night resounded with the blast of the coachman's horn. A Conestoga wagon was nearly always in sight with its team of six and eight horses, in many cases at each step sending forth the melody of sweet-toned bells. It was unusual to travel very far without meeting the private conveyance and hundreds of horsemen and footmen, who, in the pursuit of business, sought health and recreation as they threaded their way through the valleys and over the hills of the magnificent highway. Drove after drove of horses, cattle, hogs, and, as I remember in one instance, turkeys passed on their way to the Eastern markets. Our village street's registry of travel enrolls presidents, senators, congressmen, army officers of every grade, merchants, tourists, Indians—indeed, we may say, every class and condition of humanity. Our villagers shook hands with Andrew Jackson, William Henry Harrison, James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, Henry Clay (whose monument was the pike, and whom the village honored by its name), Lewis Cass, Thomas H. Benton, Thomas Corwin, and scores of others, whose names are identified with the progress and greatness of our country. How we boys were wont to gather around the heroes of the Mexican War on their way to the front or returning home! I can yet see the long-haired May, who made the famous charge at Palo Alto; that magnificent specimen of man, the noted

Captain Walker of the Rangers, who came home, raised a company, and went back to the seat of war to fall before the aim of a Mexican lancer.

But there was scarcely a mile of the highway that did not have its local habitation and its name. There was Sugar Hill, Weirich's Hill, Coulson's Ridge, Caldwell's Hill, McClelland's Hill, Warrell's Hill, Coon Island Hill, Dug Hill, the Three Ridges' Hill, at the base of which runs the line which separates Pennsylvania from West Virginia, and whose top, when reached by climbing up what was known as Hardscrabble Hill, found the climber satisfied that there was something in a name.

Any account of the old pike would be incomplete without the mention of those bridges which are the admiration of observers even to this day, as they stand as if they were constructed but yesterday. The S Bridge at once recalled the letter of the alphabet to which it owed its name. Wickery's Bridge was the locality of a supposed murder and as the fatal termination of a runaway which threw a coach, with its team, passengers, driver, and all, into the ravine which it spanned.

The "Monument," which stood on the road between Triadelphia and Wheeling, was an object of universal interest as well as a point of departure. It was enough to satisfy inquiry concerning a traveller, to learn that he passed the "Monument" at any given time; or to locate an occurrence, to remark that it took place on this or the other side of the "Monument." This monument was a testimonial on the part of Moses Shepherd, and Lydia, his wife, to that magnificent

figure whom America will never forget as the latest generation extols the name of Henry Clay. Mr. and Mrs. Shepherd erected the monument as a token of their appreciation of the great Kentuckian's agency in the construction of the National Road.

It was my privilege during (if my memory be not at fault) the year 1860 to pass part of a morning in a visit to Mrs. Shepherd, when, having passed the ninety-fourth milestone, she was looking down through the vista of bygone years from a bright and cheery old age. She was familiar with the foundation builders and constitution makers of our nation. It was, indeed, something for a person on the threshold of active life to gather from her treasury of recollections eye and ear impressions of the men who were leaders when forensic power was a potent factor in the legislative hall, and the cunning of the orator a prevailing power in political campaigns.

Of course a boy would be interested in the names of the stage-coaches which once thronged the old pike. Every State of the Union was represented in the National Road Stage Company. Its rival, the Good Intent Line, took a wider range in its coach nomenclature. With my pen in hand, I look across fifty years and find the names which a little boy was wont to read as the coach rushed by, standing out plainly and distinctly on the tablet of memory. And I spell out this moment the coach titles: Granite State, Bay State, Buckeye State, Keystone State. I became familiar with the great men of the day as the big letters which made Rough and Ready, at once suggested General Taylor; as the stage register enrolled General Cass,

A SCENE ON THE NATIONAL ROAD

Colonel Benton, and Henry Clay. I was introduced to every phase of fancy in the use of the names Fashion, Pathfinder, Ivanhoe, Industry, and Chancellor. I took lessons in geography, as I pronounced Yucatan, Tampico, Buena Vista, Ashland, Raritan, and Panama.

Oh, I am a boy again as, moved by the absorbing ambition to be a stage-driver, it was my habit with the touch of imagination to change billets of wood into horses, and turning the wood-pile into a stage-mount, my ideal box, pick up the ropes and spliced straps which were my ideal reins, and cracking my real whip, shout to the near leader, make a dexterous cut at the off leader, and lean over to strike the right and left wheel, and throwing out my improvised mail at the visionary post-offices along the route, thus ride by the hour, on the wings of fancy, over the road from my home to the county seat.

And it is the boy in me now which makes me wish for the pen with which Charles Dickens, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," describes Tom Pinch's famous ride from Salisbury into London. There was a "Yo-ho!" in every hilltop and valley from Wheeling to Washington.

Kind reader, let us go over the old pike as the olden-time people were wont to do some fine forenoon during the month of May. The Cincinnati boat is at the Wheeling wharf. The Ohio stage has come to the door of the Wheeling tavern. We have chosen our line of coaches, either the Good Intent or National Line (commonly called the Old Line). We have secured the privilege of sitting with the driver. He may be venerable Billy Rome, or modest Bobby McElhenny, gentlemanly Dave Gordon, good-natured

Paris Eaches, steady Joe Henderson, patriarchal Watty Noble, merry Archie McNeil, daring Jack Bailiss, neighborly Joe Whisson, lofty Tobe Banner, imperious Dave Armour, boisterous John Zinn, graceful Jim Burr, fatherly David Bell, genial John McElree, dignified John Ruth, garrulous Jim Schaverns, or great, big John Hoon.

The passengers are seated, the mails are deposited, and climbing up Wheeling Hill, looking to the left, you think of McCulloch's fearful leap from the summit to the Ohio River, which runs as it did when Adam Poe released himself from the death-hug which he received in its waters from Big Foot, the Indian. These historic traditions remind you that the region through which you are riding is the scene of the hand-to-hand struggle by which the white man wrested from the savage the region of the Upper Ohio.

Down the eastward slope of Wheeling Hill you fly, and roll on through Fulton and up the north bank of the Wheeling Creek, and passing Steenrods, Stelles, and Hornbrooks, so beautiful for situation, until from the valley of Elm Grove you look up the way by the Shepherd mansion, through the trees to the stone church known as the Forks of Wheeling, where full proof was made of his ministry of the Gospel by that humble country pastor, that consistent Christian, that acute theologian, that firm Presbyterian, known through all the region as Father Hervey.

On, on, up the narrow valley to Triadelphia, and who that has ever seen it will forget the Cottage Inn, spread out like an Eastern caravansary, with its colossally proportioned landlord, Frank Lawson?

"Get up, Bill!" "Hurry on, Tom!" "Keep up, Nellie!" "Behave yourself, Bet!" "Gee up!" and with a crack of whip you whirl on as the cattle slaking their thirst in the run, as the sheep scampering up the hillside, the farmer looking up from his plough, the boy leaning on his hoe, the housewife rushing to the door to look at the stage, are left behind; and we stop at Brotherton's for a change of team. It was not until I was engaged upon this transcript of reminiscence, that the light of past days flashed upon this spot as a hive of tender memories. The Brotherton stage-stand was my first dwelling-place away from home. I feel this moment the pangs of that homesickness. Neither has the mental vision lost the impression of that quiet old man, that motherly matron, whose old-fashioned Pennsylvania ways made their traveller's rest a real home.

Our fresh horses soon carry us into Pennsylvania to the foot of Scrabble Hill, and, reaching its summit, we are in West Alexander, where we call to mind three citizens at whom it was not possible for an irreverent man to sneer without telling the truth as he designated the triumvirate as King George, Lord Colin, and Christ McCluskey; because King George's store was the exchange of Donegal Township; Lord Colin, his brother, would have been a man of mark in any community; and if a burning love of souls, a consuming zeal in the advancement of God's Church, an untiring devotion to the benefit, temporal and spiritual, of every man, woman, and child in the community ever made any man worthy to wear the name of Christ, that man was the Rev. John McCluskey, D.D., so long the

pastor of the Presbyterian Church at West Alexander.

Dr. McCluskey answered the prayer which our Lord directs the church to make, as through his superintendence of the West Alexander Academy from eighty to one hundred laborers were introduced into God's harvest.

We linger a moment at the summit of Scrabble Hill to recall the good times of which the old building, once known as Lawson's Tavern, was the centre. Joseph Lawson, wagoner and innkeeper, was a unique character. At one time defiant of both God and man, he became one of the meekest and lowliest disciples of Jesus. He went down to the grave mourning because he never received any tidings of his beloved boy and namesake, Joe, after he entered upon the bloody campaign of the Wilderness.

We cannot leave West Alexander without placing on record the town's deserved title as the Gretna Green of America. Whatever may be the truth concerning the matches which are made in Heaven, the record shows that Squire Sutherland and Squire Mayes made several thousand matches at West Alexander on the earth, of which some five thousand are said to have been elopements. Doubtless the parties to these marriages shared in many cases the experience which has found expression in the story of the colored gentleman who, during the performance of the ceremony at his second marriage, when the clergyman asked the bride, "Do you promise to love, honor, and obey?" interrupted the parson with the request, "Stop right dar, sah; say that over again, sah, in order dat de female

may ketch the solemnity ob de meanin'. I'se been married before."

But we are all aboard again. How the hoofs clatter, and the limestones as it were shoe the horses with sparks of fire as we whirl around the ridge, and with a glance at the attractive hostelry of John Valentine, with a bow to Billy McCleary, at the quaint polygonal toll-house; with a thought upon the poet of the Donegal Highlands who looked out upon the valley from the top of Coon Island Hill, we fly like the wind down the steep incline to Coon Island, which may have existed during that geologic period known as the *coon* age! To pass Coon Island was to remember that a mile or two northward dwelt old John Hupp, the Indian fighter and deer hunter, and that a little further on was the site of the old block-house which protected the wives and children of the brave pioneers of Donegal Township. On from Coon Island we bowl up the valley which, as I look back upon youth, resurrects a boy friend whose sesquipedalian utterance made the hearer feel that the dictionary had been the mother's milk of his infancy, and which as we near its end makes me think of that stern old matron whom we knew as Aunt Margaret.

Mounting the western rampart of "Our Village," clearing the summit marked by Porter's Spring, we bring up at the home of my playmates, the Kurtzes, or at the home of my playmates, the Dyes and the Walkers. I have known the wheels to scarcely cease revolving before the horses were changed. How the rival lines would race down our village street, and quiet Billy Rome would use the lines as if he were

seized with the jerks, the lazy whip of Bobby McElhenny would be charged with electricity, and the stentorian lungs of John Zinn would change his team into the likeness of four scared rabbits! Then how the whips would crack and the wheels would spin as the prancing teams left for the eastward on the gallop!

The last look at Our Village Home was from the residence of one of whom I often think as I look upon a sickle as he thrust it into the standing grain bareheaded and barefooted. The next house brings the tears, as its father and mother were like brother and sister to my father and mother. The bench of the same hill brought us to a signboard on which was inscribed the announcement, "Entertainment for Man and Beast," accompanied by the picture of a tumbler and a square piece of cake, which every boy in the neighborhood understood to mean Grannie McFarland's spruce beer and gingerbread. The next house was the home of a man who reached old age drinking more whiskey and staggering less than any drunkard I ever knew. It is not long until Mrs. Caldwell, from her famous inn, surveys us through her spectacles. The next hilltop recalls a pair of black eyes which brought a crowd of devotees to the shrine of their owner. In another moment our minds are occupied with the beautiful home and plethoric purse of Big Billy Brownlee. And but a mile to the southward is the Alrich meeting-house, where Gospel simplicity was demonstrated by the veteran mathematical professor of Washington College.

But we have not yet reached the Red Barn. "Gee up!" shouts our driver, and on we glide through

Rankintown until we turn the corner at Chestnut and Main Streets in Washington to stop at the Old Mansion, or to be nearer the Catfish at the tavern of the famous stage agent, Edward Lane.

Hence we indulged in no fancy when we esteemed our village highway to be a world centre. It kept our little town in touch with the round globe. It appealed to all that was elevating in the beautiful and all that was stirring in the romantic.

To-day the National Road is a mere wagon track, fringed with green. A ride over it will show only here and there a traveller. The various neighborhoods through which it runs give it a little stir morning and evening. The innumerable caravan which once moved to and fro over it has, for the most part, joined "the innumerable caravan which moves to the silent halls of death."

The following lines on "The Old Country Road," written by James Newton Matthews for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, so aptly describe "The Old National Road" that I accommodate them to my purpose.

"Where did it come from, and where did it go?
That was the question that puzzled us so
As we waded the dust of the highway that flowed
By the town like a river—the old National Road.

"We stood with our hair sticking up thro' the crown
Of our hats, as the people went up and went down,
And we wished in our hearts, as our eyes fairly glowed,
We could find where it came from—the old National Road.

"We remember the peddler who came with his pack
Adown the old highway, and never went back;

And we wondered what things he had seen as he strode
From some fabulous place up the old National Road.

"We remember the stage-driver's look of delight,
And the crack of his whip as he whirled into sight,
And we thought we could read in each glance he bestowed
A tale of strange life up the old National Road.

"The movers came by like a ship in full sail,
With a rudder behind, in the shape of a pail—
With a rollicking crew, and a cow that was towed
With a rope on her horns, down the old National Road.

"Oh, the top of the hill was the rim of the world,
And the dust of the summer that over it curled
Was the curtain that hid from our sight the abode
Of the fairies that lived up the old National Road.

"The old National Road! I can see it still flow
Down the hill of my dreams, as it did long ago,
And I wish even now I could lay off my load,
And rest by the side of that old National Road."

O glorious old pike! In thy day the route of transportation, the path of the emigrant, the delight of the traveller, well hast thou finished the work which the country gave thee to do. For thou art the inspiration of that mighty instinct that doth unite earth's neighborhoods with friendly bands.

Our Village Hearthstone

Our Village Home might not quicken the fancy of the poet nor excite the attention of the historian. Its dwellings might curl the lip of the architect with a sneer. Its limited extent might prove nothing else

A CLAYSVILLE HOME.

than a prison to the man of the world. But the old hearthstone makes it poetry and history and beauty all the world to me, simply because there is no place like HOME. The perennial freshness with which memory clothes the family nest explains the pathos which moved our whole nation when the news flashed over the wires that the remains of John Howard Payne had been brought to the home into which he crystallized every home by those strains to whose music the heart of humanity responds in the world-wide chorus:

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home."

It took five dwelling-places to make my early home. I analyze the composite picture as I stand once more on the long porch, whose outlook was the whole length of the village street; as I walk up the locust-canopied line; as I drink from the old spring which has never within the memory of "the oldest inhabitant" failed to pour forth its cooling stream; as I walk through the front yard, with its evergreens, its quaking aspen, its silver maple, its beds of pinks, verbenas, geraniums, its roses, red and white; its vines, wrapping trellis and wall in their embrace.

"When thoughts recall the past" I find Old Dog Tray in the field of vision as I whistle for Bony and Bull and Watch and Bruiser. I would I were a boy again as I ride and drive old Suke, Bet the mother and Bet the colt; as thus Alexander was on Bucephalus; Tam O'Shanter,

"Mounted on his gray mare Meg,
Skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind and rain and fire."

But Don Quixote was never on Rosinantes. A daily walk to and from the pasture field made me know when the cows came home.

In the light which crowned the home hearthstone I contemplated the movements of the world as chronicled by newspapers of the time. Tom Grayson's lively pen and George Hart's thoughtful summary in the Washington *Examiner;* John Bausman's graceful style in the Washington *Reporter;* Seth T. Hurd's witticisms in the Washington *Commonwealth;* the weekly compendium of events in Alexander's *Express Messenger;* the fund of tale and miscellany in the *Saturday Evening Post;* the sensible editorials and interesting résumé of the *Dollar Newspaper* (the weekly edition of the Philadelphia *Ledger*)—all contributed their part to make the boy a man of affairs in embryo.

The home library, although not colossal, has been no unimportant element of my intellectual life. Haven's illustrated "Book of Trades" gave me an insight of the various things that man's hand finds to do. Chauncey Goodrich's "History of the United States" was so frequently read that its vivid narrations of the "Battle of Saratoga," the "Treason of Benedict Arnold," the "Capture of John André," the "Desertion of Sergeant Champe," the "Death of Washington," and the "Funeral of William Henry Harrison" are indelibly imprinted on my memory.

A small collection of books (not more than twenty volumes), known as "Parley's Cabinet Library," riveted the enthusiastic interest of youth. I recall the sketches of Josephine, Mrs. Barbauld, Lady Hester

Stanhope, Hannah More, Martha Washington, and Abigail Adams, in the volume entitled "Famous Women"; of Solon, Socrates, Plato, Alcibiades, Demosthenes, Cicero, Cæsar, and Seneca, in "Famous Men of Ancient Times"; of Cromwell, Charles the First, William Penn, in "Famous Men in Modern Times"; of Zerah Colburn, Admiral Crichton, Caspar Hauser, Daniel Lambert, and John Elwes, in "Curiosities of Human Nature," along with as good a description as I ever saw of England and Englishmen, in "Manners and Customs of European Nations."

I still feel the impression of the truth in its imperishableness, its heroism and its triumph, which came to me when I grasped D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation." A factor of my life has been the useful information, secular and religious, which I absorbed from a Sunday-school library issued by the London Religious Tract Society.

I also foraged on the literary wares of my neighbors, and was very much attracted by the "Legends" of George Lippard in the work entitled "Washington and his Generals." I turned the pages of Captain Marryat's "Peter Simple" with the keen interest of a boy who was learning his first lesson in what Washington Irving called "the chivalry of the ocean." I was deeply moved by Jane Porter's touching story of "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and her tales of "The Scottish Chiefs." I took a short excursion into that thesaurus of the past known by our fathers as "Rollin's Ancient History." The summer days will never be forgotten in which I read Shakespeare and Byron. I

remember well how the literary circle in Our Village Home was stirred by the appearance of Macaulay's "History of England," Harper's *Monthly Magazine*, and "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

But the dear ones around the village hearthstone! Where are they now? No longer on Sunday evening do we read aloud from the Bible, each taking his or her turn, from the father to the youngest child; recite the answers of the Catechism, worship God in song, and bow to Him in prayer. No longer do we make the walls ring with music, sacred and secular, vocal and instrumental, as with the aid of the neighboring boys and girls we drummed the piano, scraped the fiddle, buzzed with the jewsharp, thundered with the bass-viol, and waked the guitar. No longer do we wait for the college vacation or for the yearly home-coming of those who had gone out from the old nest, so that the old circle may be itself again. The father, full of years and rich in the love and respect of the community, still sits at the fireside. Death, however, has made us understand the philosophy of Wordsworth's "We are Seven." No more as I turn the corner from the depot do I see MOTHER at the gate waiting to welcome me home. Dear, lovely FRANK, my companion brother, of prodigious memory, of brilliant imagination, quick intellectual perception, acute moral sense, had scarcely entered into the activities of earthly life ere he mounted to the higher life, saying: "I shall soon see greater things than you." Dear, modest, quiet WILLIE wanted us to sing because death was opening his ear to the swelling harmony of the New Jerusalem.

GOD BE THANKED FOR MY VILLAGE HEARTHSTONE! The vacant chambers where the loved ones slept are sanctuaries. The empty chairs where the loved ones sat are altars. As I saw the cradle in which I was rocked, my heart was touched by the following lines:

MY CRADLE

A dark little closet stands under the stair,
  With some scraps of old furniture stocked,
And save these few things it is dusty and bare—
A most unfit place for an object so rare;
Yet something I prize very highly is there:
  'Tis the cradle in which I was rocked.

To me, oft as I've gazed on the treasure before,
  Sweet thoughts of my childhood have flocked,
Of the playmates and friends of those bright days of yore,
Of the father whose face I shall never see more,
And the mother who bent with fondness o'er
  The dear cradle in which I was rocked.

I've had many a couch since in it I have lain;
  The cold world has scorned me, and mocked;
My bravest endeavors have proved all in vain;
The joys have all flown that I hoped would remain,
And it seems naught is left me but sadness and pain
  And the cradle in which I was rocked.

The path of my life is so rugged and steep,
  And with so many hardships is blocked,
That my feet grow so weary I scarcely can creep;
But there's no room to rest, and there's no time to weep
Though I fain would return and again fall asleep
  In the cradle in which I was rocked.

But as oft as I open that old closet door
  The mystery of love is unlocked :
I seem to become mother's baby once more ;
My heart swells with love and with hope as of yore,
And I pray with much faith as I kneel on the floor
  Near the cradle in which I was rocked.

ROY.

MORROW, O.

OUR VILLAGE POPULATION

Our Village Home numbered about three hundred souls. Among these there were the peers of the three hundred who followed Gideon to victory as well as of the three hundred who, with heroic Leonidas, taught the proud Xerxes that there were Greeks who would cheerfully die for their country. Lord Byron sings the following prayer:

> " Earth ! render back from out thy breast
> A remnant of our Spartan dead ;
> Of the three hundred grant but three
> To make a new Thermopylæ."

The history of Our Village Home has more than one Thermopylæ. The one who met death so bravely, the one whom I saw plunging into the death-damp of an old well to save human life, the one who would not be driven from his determination to secure an education—each made a new Thermopylæ.

The range of nativity in our village population was quite extensive. It included, besides those to the manor born, the members of a colony from the North

of Ireland, the h-dropping Englishman, the Marylander, and the Pennsylvania Dutchman. Our village was unique in the absence of the colored people. I remember but one resident, and an occasional visitor, whom all Washington County knew as "Dungy and his sugar-sticks." It was the current report concerning the taffy pedler that he prepared for pulling his molasses candy by spitting on his hands.

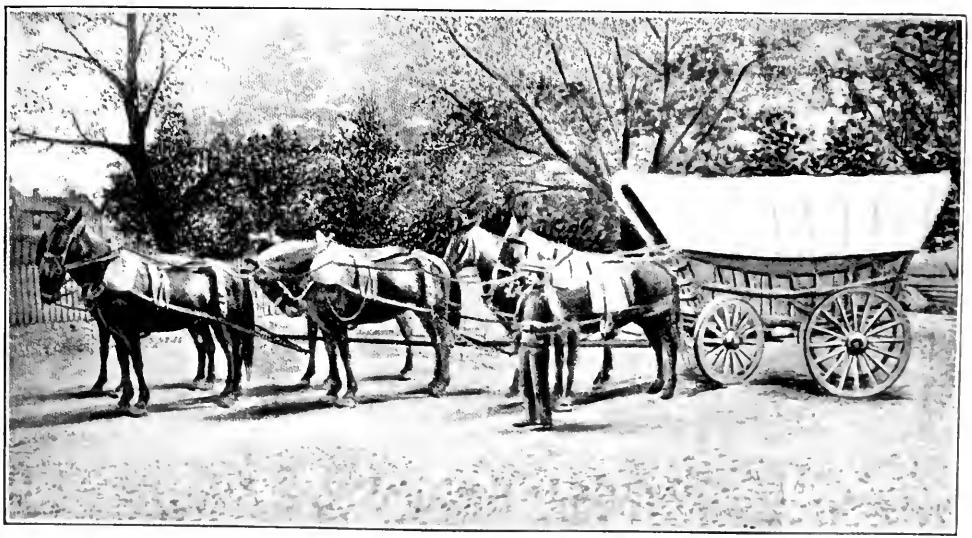
Our village population was a very distinct revelation of the kaleidoscope of human nature. Every grade of talent, every feature of eccentricity, every variety of taste, seemed to have its subject in our little town. There was Uncle Bobby, whether at the blacksmith's forge on the weekdays or in the elder's pew on the Sabbath, so wise, witty, religious, and humble. There was Uncle Watty, who, a retired stage-driver, was a venerable gentleman. There was Squire Miller, a man of wide reading and great mental acuteness, whose conversation was an education. And what genuine old ladies were the admiration of Our Village Home! They were the doctors, nurses, counsellors, and helpers of the whole community. The active citizens were, as a rule, intelligent, industrious, and abreast of the times. There was a general impression of the value of money, illustrating an American trait which was brought to the attention of Professor Park, of Andover, during a tour of Germany. Dr. Park was standing by a magnificent building. A German professor approached him and said, "I perceive, sir, that you are an Englishman." Professor Park smiled and made no reply. A moment later the professor inquired, "Do you know the cost of this building?"

The German at once exclaimed, " I perceive, sir, that you are an American. I do verily believe that when an American comes to stand before the great white throne, his first words will be, ' How much did it cost? ' "

The good wives of the town, in more cases than one, had their husbands under good control. I think of several who bring to mind the related experience of the stranger who called at forty-eight different houses in Cleveland, and asked, " Is the boss home? " There was no man home in any one instance, and yet forty-seven of the women promptly replied: " Yes, sir! What do you want? "

Like all other communities of imperfect humanity, our native place gave a home to the village gossip. Neither was the wag of tongue confined to the gentler sex. The thirst to gather and retail statements, concerning persons rather than things, developed many a masculine talebearer. I recall special instances of the clatter, " I heard," " You don't say," " I don't believe it," " There must be something in it," " Said I," " Said he," " Said she." So that we were familiar with a phenomenon noted by one of our leading periodicals, as follows: " We have many times been an unwilling listener to the ' said she ' and ' said I ' narrations in public conveyances, and elsewhere; but never knew an instance where the ' said I's ' didn't say all the smart things, and the ' said she's ' all the stupid, vicious ones, or where the 'said I's ' didn't come off victorious in the end."

A near relative of the gossip was the exaggerator. This character seemed to thrive on visits to the Great



THE WAGONER OF THE OLD NATIONAL ROAD

West. The prairies in their extensiveness, and his native valleys in their narrowness, gave the truth a distortion which was simply amusing. We were accustomed to hear accounts of the richness of the land which were fully equal to the railroad's agent's praise of the Arkansas Valley. His narrative was so extravagant that he was asked if there was anything that wouldn't grow there. "Yes," he answered quickly, "pumpkins won't." "Why not?" was the question. The reply was: "The soil is so rich and the vines grow so fast that they wear out the pumpkins, dragging them over the ground."

The stage-driver and the wagoner fairly revelled in the big story. The big story was the *ideal* in which they clothed their real experience of the incidents, both humorous and tragical, which marked the prosecution of their calling. Their contact with every phase of human nature made them the news-gatherers and the news-distributors of the communities along the National Road. They were so often in perils of storm and darkness and snow and ice and mud as to compel the most wonderful feats of expertness in the management of their teams. It must be confessed that the narratives which these feats evolved were mainly imaginary. Yet the historical background of their big stories is just as true as that from which came forth the wondrous literary creations of Sir Walter Scott. Hence there is a rough though true photograph of the *real* in a tradition of Our Village Home that a company of wagoners were talking once of their exploits in connection with the spring mud through which they were often compelled to wade. At last old Billy M——,

whom I can see as if it were but yesterday, contributed his tale. "That's nothing," said he. He declared that once when he was on the road with a six-horse team he drove at a place where the mud was so deep that all he had to guide him were the ears of the horse in the lead. The same man gave a true photograph of what we would have felt under similar circumstances when, referring to a time when he was loading his wagon in Baltimore, he affirmed that in going from the store to the wagon with a bag of lead on his shoulders, he sank to his knees in the pavement.

A cousin german of the exaggerator was the professional politician. The newspaper of his party was so much the political Bible of this individual, that where it praised he commended, and where it abused he denounced. The village store and the village barroom were, by turns, the forum of this tribute of the people. His vocabulary was so familiar to the ear of childhood that, before I was twelve years of age, I knew whether I fully understood or not of the "Tariffs of '42 and '46," the "Buckshot War," the "United States Bank," "Whig and Democrat," "Tory and Locofoco," "Neutral and Abolitionist," "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," "Salt River," besides being acquainted with every phase of county politics.

The word "Abolitionist" is the wand which wakes from memory two men who were members of that party when it was but a handful of corn upon the top of the mountains. One was a real prophet of fire and, though without a liberal education, a natural genius; an impassioned orator; breath, blood, bone, and muscle an agitator. Neither the bitter taunt nor angry threat

nor contemptuous sneer could drive our village Wendell Phillips from the crusade in behalf of the slave.

However, the investigations of the village senate, in its several places of assembly, were not confined to the political horizon. I have known the company in the village store to resolve itself into a committee of the whole on mathematical, especially arithmetical, problems. The arbiter of the science of quantity in the community was the proprietor of the brick store, whose delight in the solution of a problem was in proportion to its intricacy of statement.

I cannot forbear the introduction of one of the arithmetical jokes of the village traditions. Two persons of the vicinity, known as Mr. B—— and Patrick C., had met to make a final settlement for work done for the former by the latter. The former presented his statement of the account, and asked the latter if he were satisfied. According to the story, Patrick took the calculation and commenced: "Nort from nort and nort remains." Then, with an expletive as full of vigor as it was destitute of reverence for the third commandment, he asserts, "Mr. B.——, you owe me fifty cents."

Our village senate would often leave the store and the barroom for the schoolhouse and resolve itself into a debating society. The village disputants used to wrestle with such questions as involved the comparative merits of a tariff and a direct tax. I reach over the lapse of years and turn the leaves of the old record book, and "Is there more pleasure in pursuit than in possession?" My ears recall the eloquence

that was poured forth concerning Napoleon Bonaparte and the Duke of Wellington.

The literary world seems to be determined that the close of the nineteenth century shall not be blind to that "little Corsican" who was the prominent figure in the political world at its opening. As my thoughts go back to the days of our village debating club, I am convinced that it was about as successful in its homely analysis of the character of Napoleon as the most acute and judicial of our historians. Sir Archibald Alison asserts that there is no man who can say that he has a clear conception of what Napoleon's character actually was—brave, without being chivalrous; sometimes humane, seldom generous; insatiable in ambition, inexhaustible in resources; without a thirst for blood, but totally indifferent when his interests were concerned; without any fixed ideas in religion, but a strong perception of its necessity as a part of the mechanism of government; a great general with a small army, a mighty conqueror with a large one; gifted with extraordinary powers of perception and the clearest insight into every subject connected with mankind, without extensive information derived from study, but the rarest aptitude for making himself master of every subject from actual observation; ardently devoted to glory, and yet incapable of the self-sacrifice which constitutes its highest honors; he exhibited a mixture of great and selfish qualities such as, perhaps, never were before combined in any single individual. His greatest defect was the constant and systematic disregard of truth which pervaded all his thoughts.

The same writer adopts the sentiment of another,

who styled Wellington "a Cæsar, without his ambition; a Pompey, without his pride; a Marlborough, without his avarice; a Frederick, without his infidelity."

Of course, as a part of that sovereignty which our Constitution has put into the hands of the people, our village debating society would canvass questions in which it would take issue for and against such men as Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, and Daniel Webster. I simply advert to these names to refresh our minds with respect to these great men.

Henry Clay

It is generally conceded that neither ancient nor modern times has presented a so nearly complete specimen of natural eloquence, or a so great power of adaptation to the assemblies whom his wondrous oratory made the subjects of his will. In the personal memories of E. D. Mansfield there is the record of an incident in connection with the "disgust" which Mr. Clay, by some vote in Congress, had created among his mountaineer constituents, known as the "Hunters of Kentucky." Mr. Clay called a meeting, and, in the course of his speech, fixing his eye on one of his old supporters, said: "Suppose, my friend, you had an old rifle which you had borne through the hills many a day, and it had never failed you; but now you put it to your shoulder and it snapped, but hung fire, would you break the stock and throw it away, or would you try it again?"

"I would try it again. We'll try you again, Harry Clay!" shouted the hunters.

Our Village Home had an especial interest in Henry Clay. Its founders saw in the Great Commoner and staunch friend of the National Road the man whom they delighted to honor, and gave the new settlement his name. In his journeys to and fro from Washington, it was his wont to stop and cordially greet the inhabitants of our little town. Well do I remember the day when I formed one of a group which gathered at the stage station to await the arrival of Henry Clay. The impression of that venerable face, the tones of that voice which had been the occasion of such marvels of the orator's cunning, that fur cap and blue coat, will never be dislodged from my memory.

John C. Calhoun

We have no reason to believe that he would have shrunk from the consequences of the seed that he planted as the Apostle of Secession. Let it suffice here to quote Daniel Webster's description of his eloquence: "It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, precise; sometimes impassioned, still always severe. Rejecting ornament, not often seeking far for illustration, his power consisted in the plainness of his propositions, in the closeness of his logic, and in the earnestness and energy of his manner."

Daniel Webster

Thomas Carlyle met Daniel Webster during his visit to England. In a letter to Ralph Waldo Emerson he says: "Not many days ago I saw at breakfast the

notablest of all your notabilities, Daniel Webster. He is a magnificent specimen. You might say to all the world, 'This is your Yankee Englishman; such limbs we make in Yankee land!' As a Logic-fencer, Advocate, or Parliamentary Hercules, one would incline to back him at first sight against all the extant world. The tanned complexion; that amorphous, crag-like face; the dull, black eyes under their precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces needing only to be blown; the mastiff mouth accurately closed—I have not traced so much of *silent* Berserker rage that I remember of in any other man."

But I must not forget that our village population was but a section of

Our Village Neighborhood

Alexander, Brownlee, Carson, Craig, Dickey, Egan, Henderson, Hutchinson, McMillen, Marshall, Mecracken, Meloy, Moore, Robinson, are surnames which show that our part of Washington County was the Canaan of the North of Ireland, the Beersheba where the Scotch-Irishman pitched his home, his school, and his church. Some of these surnames are remarkable for their connection with the same Christian name. Thus in one case the community distinguished the members of a family connection as "Big Billy," "Little Billy," "Miller Billy," "Patton Billy," Hutchinson Billy," "Laughing Billy," "Blue Billy," and "Slim Jim," and "Blue Jim." Another family had a member whom the whole country jocosely stamped as "Imaginative Jim." To the northward

from Our Village Home there was a colony of Pennsylvania Dutch, who seemed to take to the Christian name of Christopher.

Our village neighborhood was given up to the work of agriculture. The farmer of our community was one

> " Who with peculiar grace his station filled,
> By deeds of hospitality endeared,
> Served from affection, for his worth revered.
> A happy offspring blessed his plenteous board ;
> His fields were fruitful and his barns well stored.
> And (flocks) he fed : a sturdy team !
> And lowing kine that graz'd beside the stream.
> Unceasing industry he kept in view—
> The fields his study, nature was his book.
> And as revolving SEASONS changed the scene
> From heat to cold, tempestuous to serene,
> Through every change, still varied his employ,
> Yet each new duty brought its share of joy."

One peculiarity of our farmers was the line they drew between the value of an article while it was *for sale* and after it was sold, thus confirming the word of the writer of the Book of Proverbs: " It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth; " and bringing to mind the somewhat ludicrous but significant story mentioned by Augustine, in which a theatrical mountebank announces to his audience that at his next entertainment he will show every man what is in his heart. When he stood before the immense concourse, he redeemed his pledge by a single sentence: " Vili vultis emere et caro vendere."—" You wish to buy cheap and sell dear." Although they were so neighborly, so hospitable, and

so accommodating that they would share with you any product of the farm, yet it was like pulling a tooth to draw from them the least denomination of the current coin of the realm. I recall a man who, when he went to pay for a farm, would make one think of a person going to mill. He would ride into our village, sitting on a bag thrown across the saddle, the stones at one end of it being balanced by a half-bushel of half-dollars at the other. The panorama of memory presents more than one who were in sympathy with the old farmer, who, as the story goes, came into his town looking for an editor's table on which to build a hen's nest. He explained that he had learned from the papers that the biggest eggs were always laid on the editor's table, and he wished to ascertain whether the papers lied or not.

The tables of our village neighborhood were marvels of culinary skill. The boys who sauntered from town could find the way to this one's honey and to that one's jam. Although it was not customary to eat by courses, I believe that few of our vicinage would have been as unsophisticated as the new member of Congress who sent home the following description of his experience at a dinner in the Capital of the Nation. "There was nothing on the table when I got there but some forks and spoons and bricky-brac. Presently they brought in some soup. As I didn't see nothin' else, I thought I'd eat all the soup I could, though soup is a mighty poor dinner to invite a fellow to. So I was helped four times, and then come on the finest dinner I ever see, and there I sot," groaned he, "*chock full of soup.*"

A marked feature of our village neighborhood was

the intermarriage of kin. In no small number of instances the marriage knot was the tie of consanguinity, making the genealogical record a story of mixed phenomena.

Neither the opposition of parents nor the unfavorable comment of the neighbors prevented the young people of our community from giving the marriage pledge in early life. My recollection of early marriages convinces me that the dire prophecies concerning them have not, by a great deal, been fulfilled. It was rather "John Anderson, my jo John," from the beginning to the end. There was nothing of the feeling that was said to have inspired a Detroit girl who married at fifteen so as to have her golden wedding when it would do her some good.

Let me not be understood as conveying the idea that every household of our region was free from family jars. There were commotions which suggested the story of a North Carolina justice of the peace, who married a couple as he sat enthroned in state on the back of a mule, and the animal, for once realizing that bigger trouble was going on than he could produce, kept his heels still.

It is no exaggeration to state that the BOOK of our village neighborhood was THE BIBLE. The Sacred Oracles furnished the children with their stories. The youth stored away the Scripture system of truth as they said "the questions" of the Shorter Catechism on Saturday in the secular school. "Rouse's Version" of David's Psalms was the standard hymnology of Southwestern Pennsylvania during the earlier decades of the present century. The public service of the Sab-

bath over, the afternoon of God's holy day found each member of the family with the Word of God in hand. Consequently, when such a community congregated in the church, the preacher was in touch with the electrifying power of an intelligent audience. You would have searched in vain for the editor, whom the story locates at St. Louis, who, having by accident received in his morning mail some proof-sheets intended for the employees of a religious publishing house, after glancing over them, rushed to the city editor, yelling, "Why in the world didn't you get a report of that big flood? Even that slow, old religious paper across the way is ahead of you. Send out your force for full particulars —only one family saved. Interview the old man. His name is Noah."

The truth of history, however, demands the mention of that *sui generis,* the horse jockey. This individual kept the summer afternoons from being monotonous. He was as regular as a clock at every public gathering. A satisfactory explanation of his contracts was always on the end of his tongue, something like that of the following colloquy. "You told me, sir, that the horse was entirely without fault, and yet he is blind," said an irritated loser to the successful dealer, and was answered with the air of injured innocence: "I do not regard blindness as a fault, sir. It is a misfortune." More than one of our horse jockeys gave heed to the advice of a gentleman of color. "My advice to the Hoosier brudder am not to lie or deceive in tradin' mules, but to answer as few queshuns as he kin, and seem sort of keerless whether his offer am 'cepted or not."

It must be confessed that our village neighborhood was rather litigious. My father was a justice of the peace, and the Saturday was lonesome which was not set down for a lawsuit. Many a purse was emptied by disputes about trifles. The two Abolitionists already mentioned, whom I shall call the Squire and Malachi, were the parties to one of the traditional lawsuits of the locality. The Squire's son Dan had a flock of ducks which, it was claimed, had been devoured by Malachi's old sow. Malachi brought suit for damages. The case lasted for years, and ran the gauntlet of several courts and a board of arbitration. The most prominent lawyers of the Washington County Bar exhausted their knowledge of law and powers of eloquence in the issues involved, piling up the costs into the hundreds of dollars, and throwing the matter into such a condition of entanglement that the whole neighborhood was alive with the question: "Did the pig devour the ducks, or did the ducks eat the pig?"

But I cannot erase from my memory the woe, the sorrow, the contentions, the babbling, the wounds without cause, the redness of eyes with which the demon of intemperance stamped his victims in our village neighborhood. In my boyhood days the bar-room of the village tavern was a village centre. The sot, the tippler, the dram drinker, the bitters'-taker, the get-up-early-in-the-morning thirst, gave it a continual run of business. It did its work so thoroughly in the ruin of individuals, in the misery of families, in the waste of capabilities and opportunities, that I want no better temperance lecture than to walk through the old village graveyard, which the village bar-room has

sown so thickly with the drunkard's grave. And if in our village neighborhood it is the general rule in this year of grace for families to have, as old Ben Franklin puts it, " wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, contentment in the house, clothes on the back, and vigor in the body," I believe that the reason is to be found in the fact that for the last thirty years there has not been a licensed bar or saloon in Our Village Home. I believe, further, that our village neighborhood is a proof of the proposition that the best way to promote the growth of temperance is to foster and develop and enforce the temperance that there is in the laws that we have. Still further, I believe that our village neighborhood is a proof of the proposition that a community can be prepared for, and trained to, the practice and support of prohibition.

As a matter of course, in such a survey as the foregoing, I have dwelt upon the impressible features of our village and its neighborhood. I have said nothing of that majority whose lives were so quiet and uneventful that their earthly history finds its model in the fifth chapter of the Book of Genesis, as in their case life is summed up in their birth, their families, and their death. But did they live in vain? Nay, verily. The average acquaintance with the Bible on the part of the community, the average parental training, warrant the following interpretation of their quiet lives:

" In a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender,
Veinings delicate and fibres tender,
Waving when the winds crept down so low.

Rushes tall, and moss and grass grew round it ;
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it ;
Drops of dew stole down by night and crowned it ;
But no foot of man e'er came that way—
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

"Useless ? Lost ? There came a thoughtful man
Searching nature's secrets far and deep !
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone o'er which there ran
Fairy pencillings, a quaint design,
Leafage veining, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line.
So I think God hides some souls away,
Sweetly to surprise us the last day."

And I expect to find many such surprises when, in the light of the resurrection morn, I meet the population of Our Village Home and its neighborhood.

Our Village Holiday

The principal holidays of Our Village Home were the battalion muster (commonly designated by the little children as the *pertallion* muster) and the Fourth of July. The people were too Scotch-Irish to attach any significance to Christmas. A New Year's call was a thing unheard of. Still, both Christmas and the New Year were recognized by big dinners and often by the traditional country ball.

The battalion muster was signalized by the annual visit of the Brigade Inspector. The battalion stands out in line before my vision on the hill to the south of Our Village Home. Dutch Fork had sent forth its

train bands. The Wheeling Hills had contributed their legions. There were the West Finley Rifles, with their green-coated fifer and drummer, and I will never forget how they were wont to scream and beat "The Devil's Dream." There were "The Blues," of Our Village Home, with its military band of boys, marching to the strains of such tunes as "Rory O'More," "The Campbells are Coming," "Yankee Doodle," "St. Patrick's Day," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

But that dress parade—that regimental line. So many uniformed and so many weaponed. Three streaks of regulation uniform at the right: "The Claysville Blues," "The West Finley Rifles," and "The Buffalo Artillery." Then followed a variegated mixture, made up of Sunday-go-to-meeting suits, warmuses, hunting shirts, and waistcoats whose color was relieved by the whiteness of the shirt sleeves. The variety of weapon was worthy the curiosity room of an arsenal. There were the army musket, the State rifle, the six-pounder, the bayonet, the artillery cutlass, the broadsword, the walking cane, the hickory shillalah, the alder stalk, and—memory fails me to tell of the other articles through which the yeomanry showed their ability to strike for their altars and their fires. The field officers, in their array of plume and blue and tinsel, were simply stunning.

The battalion muster was the set time for the pugilistic encounters with which our ancestors usually adjusted their differences. And we boys, following the example of our elders, when we opposed each other on the playground, found it oftentimes more convenient

to say, "Just wait until the *pertallion* muster and I'll lick you." The "big muster" was also the day on which the man who only got drunk occasionally indulged himself. So that when evening came, there were several blackened eyes and staggering forms.

I recall with a glad heart the old-time celebrations of the Fourth of July—the procession to the church, with the "Village Blues" as the escort, Cal King and Josiah Carroll, fifers; James Noble and Aaron Patterson, tenor; and Alexander Wallace and Marcus Dean, bass drummers. The exercises at the church! What an array of officers! President, vice-presidents, and secretaries. Sometimes there were present some old Revolutionary soldiers, who still "lingered on the shores of Time," as well as a more numerous company of the soldiers of the War of 1812, to occupy the seats of honor. Then came, first, the minister's prayer, then the reading of the Declaration of Independence, then the oration. Among the orators were the Hon. John H. Craig and the Hon. Sherrard Clemens, both bearing family names in our village neighborhood.

From the church the procession returned to the village tavern. Turkey, roast beef, roast pig, pie, cake, and coffee were the usual constituents of the bill of fare afforded by the dinner. Then came the toasts: "The President of the United States." "The Governor of the Commonwealth." "The Heroes of the Mexican War." "The Ladies, God bless them."

I believe in the celebration of the Fourth of July. I sincerely trust that "the old-fashioned Fourth" will never become so antiquated as to become distasteful to the American people. The God of nations has given

it a Scriptural warrant in the national festivals ordained in the Constitution of the Hebrew Commonwealth. The question of the Hebrew children: "What mean ye by this service?" suggests the information which the Fourth of July ought to give to the boys and girls of America.

The foregoing picture gives the most prominence to THE VILLAGE BLUES. We thought it a grand spectacle to see them marching along the street with glittering flintlock muskets, blue coats, and white pants. By general consent they were the essential, the attractive constituent of every "big muster" and Fourth of July. One of my early recollections is the interest with which we looked for their return from the Pittsburgh Encampment. Then, too, under their auspices an encampment was held on the village outskirts, which became an epoch in our domestic annals. I suppose that every boy turned out to help the "Blues" escort the visiting commands to the camping-ground. This very moment I hear the roar, and see the smoke, and witness the charges of the Ten Mile Rangers, in the sham battle. I must confess that I have always liked the pomp rather than the circumstance of war. This is certainly an honest confession, for, as a little boy, I quivered and trembled as, at least a half mile away, I looked on that sham battle. Certainly on that day I could have gone beyond Artemas Ward. He was perfectly willing that all his wife's relatives should enlist. I could have added all my uncles, aunts, cousins, even the most distant of my kith and kin.

There were several wearers of military titles in or

near Our Village Home. There was the venerable Col. Benjamin Anderson, who saw service in the War of 1812. His old age was the figure of a gentleman wearing a crown of glory. There was Major Joseph Bryant, who was a welcome visitor at the fireside, and sat in the company which was wont to gather about in the home or in the village store, with the dignity of an oracle. There was Major Irwin, a prince among neighbors, yet of unflinching fearlessness in the utterance and maintenance of his opinions. There was that magnificent personality, Captain Rider, who would spend many a pleasant evening instructing the little boys in the military manual; the legislator who, because he was fifty years ahead of his neighbors, and voted that the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad should have the right of way through Washington County, Pennsylvania, was so shamefully treated by our villagers that he left for the West, to become an honored citizen of the State of Iowa. There was the dignified Capt. Charles Cracraft, who impressed a boy as a master of the English language. There was Capt. James Anderson, whom the whole community recognized as the officer who was born, not made.

I select for description but two of the eccentricities of our military organization. Jonathan —— had the reputation of being one of the most awkward creatures that ever wore a uniform or handled a gun. It would have struck a stranger as very singular that he should always march at the rear of the company. His surprise would have disappeared if he had known that Jonathan could scarcely go through the simplest manœuvre of the manual of drill without threatening

to remove the headgear of every comrade within ten feet of him, or exposing him to bodily harm. The story went the rounds that he had been known to walk clear out of the ranks to fall over a stone or log lying by the wayside. Hence he was relegated to the rear, where he could have plenty of room, and, without endangering others, fall all around.

Another member of the company was known as "—— ——." The "Village Blues" were invited to accept the hospitalities of the military of Wheeling on a certain Fourth of July. Dinner was prepared at the McLure House, at which ice cream and watermelon were served as dessert. The ice cream was a revelation to our friend, and it struck him as one of the most delicious things that had ever passed his lips. It did not take him long to transfer the contents of the plate. The waiter, noticing its emptiness, politely inquired if there was anything else he would have. "Yes," says "——," "you may give me another *sasser* of *cold puddin'* and another slice of *watermillion* if you have any more about the house." In the relation of his adventure at Wheeling, he observed that the dinners at the McLure House were as good as the dinners that were given at a certain farmhouse when they had the threshing machine.

Our Village School

"Oh, were you ne'er a schoolboy?"

Then the reader will not wonder that the boys and girls of the past crowd out the scenes of the present. I have a distinct impression of my first teacher, James

Graham, but time has swept the incidents of his tutelage from the tablet of memory. Another early instructor, Simon Meredith, exhibited every phase of temper as the pendulum swung between the extremes of kindness and cruelty. He was followed by one of the most womanly women I ever knew, Miss Margaret K. Bell. She was succeeded by Dr. John McCall, an able teacher and a stern disciplinarian. The next director of my studies was John P. Gamble, who took great pride in the progress of his scholars. In the foregoing list are to be included Thomas H. Atkinson and George Bright Birch.

As I have pondered over my early school life I am convinced that my education was rather mechanical than thoughtful; that my teachers helped me in the wrong way; that I memorized rather than grasped; that I was not drilled in the art of expressing that which I really knew.

But when I was in my fourteenth year, a teacher (James Ely) came who did all this, and the world of knowledge which spread out before me produced an enthusiasm and delight like that which made Columbus so glad when the New World first greeted his vision.

As I write, my schoolmates emerge from the shades of the past, and I see sober Tommy Ritezel. My head touches that of Bill Humes, as together we hunt for the unknown in the problems of arithmetic and algebra. I study that combination of ability, kindness, and ill temper known as Aaron Scott. I listen to the oracular statements of Dan Miller. I feel, this moment, the depression of the loneliness which possessed my soul

when the Rider boys, George and Tom, went to Iowa; when the Kurtz boys, Ike, Morgan, Bill, and Tom, moved to Ohio. Who that ever knew Mark Dill will forget the appearance of a certain face when the good humor of his nature dissolved it into a grin? There was Bill Cracraft, whose speech found its analogy in the discharges of a Gatling gun. Jack Lloyd, in pluck and positiveness, was worthy to bear the name of Gen. Andrew Jackson. What a wide range of discussion filled the time which two boys, Nelse McNeal and myself, took in our morning and evening walks to and from the cow pasture. Curious Sam Rickey; the Tom Nobles, known respectively as Squire's Tom and Becky's Tom; the Abercrombies, Chester, Ned, and Joe; the Gourleys, John and his brothers and cousins; the Mecrackens, Sam and John; the Warrells, Bob, Bill, and John; the McGills, Jim, Joe, and Sam; the Stewarts, Bill and Reed; the boy of affairs, Kep. Walker; companionable Jim Kerr, as it were, resurrect the old schoolhouse with its lessons and the old playground with its sports.

And as I close this roll-call of memory with the names of Mary Mecracken, now in Denver; of Mary Miller, now in Indiana; of Margaret Jane Mealy and Mary Bell, now in Heaven, I once more bask "in the laughing light and life of childhood"; I once more partake of "the gaiety that has known no check"; I once more act "the frankness that has felt no chill"; I once more indulge "the hope that has never withered"; I once more realize "the joys that fade in blossoming."

A marked change in text-books took place during

my school life. At its commencement the "New England Primer," with its pictures illustrating such couplets as

"In Adam's fall
We sinned all."

"Youth forward slips
Death soonest nips."

"The British king
Lost States thirteen"—

gave the primary scholar the first lessons in history, theology, and patriotism. Lindley Murray's "English Reader" and the "Western Calculator," with its pounds, shillings, and pence, were put into the hands of the more advanced scholars. We used to make the walls ring on the announcement, "Spelling Lessons," with the enunciation of the letters as Lyman Cobb and Salem Town arranged them into words. Our drill-books in the English language were Cobb's and McGuffey's readers, McGuffey's being the more attractive on account of the illustrations. Perhaps my schoolmates will remember the boy on the back of the St. Bernard dog in McGuffey's "Second Reader"; the "Knowledge is Power," with the "'I see, I see,' said the little man" in McGuffey's "Third Reader"; the story of Inkle and Yarico in Cobb's "Fourth Reader"; the "Vision of Mirza" and the play of "William Tell" in McGuffey's "Fourth Reader." I do not know that our schools have ever had better literature than the specimens which were gathered together in our readers.

One of my best text-books was Parker's "Progres-

sive Exercises in English Composition." It taught us to tell what we thought. Greenleaf's "Arithmetic" gave me the best idea of figures. Davies' "Algebra" initiated us into the unknown of the x. Smith gave us the parts of grammar.

There was a sad lack of uniformity in our text-books. The schools were not graded. Instruction, for the greater part, was individual.

School government in the days of our youth recognized corporal punishment as the rule rather than the exception. It was generally understood that if the schoolmaster did not thrash the big boys, those young gentlemen would assume the control of the schoolmaster. Indeed, the teacher felt that until this question was settled his school was not in full operation. I am aware that the general crusade against corporal punishment has been successful. Yet I will risk calling attention to the following from that great medical authority, the London *Lancet:*

SCHOOL CHASTISEMENTS

"Some grown persons would seem to think that there is no true place for chastisement in a system of education. Such, at all events, is our impression of those, and there are many parents among them, who regard an ordinary beating given in school as almost an indictable form of assault. People of this kind have evidently forgotten the singularities of their own wayward youth, or perhaps their lives knew only a genial and untroubled springtime of good conduct. In neither case can their judgment be relied upon to form a rule of discipline for the guidance of school teachers. The bad boy will continue to deserve, and to repay with better behavior, his needful thrashings, and even the good boy will sometimes err and will

profit by corporal reproofs. The truth about physical punishment, we may take it, is that it is indispensable—an evil, perhaps, but a necessary one. It must be borne, but in order to attain success with the least possible amount of injurious friction, it must also be regulated. There must be no impulsive pulling about, no random strokes with the hand or the ruler, no ear-boxing with its probable sequel—the ruptured tympanum. The head should never be struck, not even slapped. We may say the same of the body, but for one most tender but safely padded prominence which appears to mark the naturally appointed seat of childish affliction. We need hardly emphasize the importance of guarding jealously against all displays of temper while inflicting punishment. No doubt this is difficult with refractory children, but such a degree of self-government as will enable parents or teachers to avoid the angry moment is nevertheless requisite for success. A case occurred lately which illustrates this point. It was that of a boy who was beaten about the back and hand the day following a school misdemeanor. Singularly enough, he injured his head next day, and being at the time in poor health, though believed to be well, died in a week from tubercular meningitis. At once his teacher was blamed, but proof being brought that the chastisement inflicted was deliberate, orderly, and proportionate, though the means employed were not quite regular, he was entirely exonerated at a subsequent inquest. It would, indeed, in many cases render the duties of a schoolmaster as barren as difficult if he were not allowed a reasonable freedom in physical correction. The possible occurrence of such incidents as the above must, however, impress what we have said as to method in its application."

A popular feature of our village school was the examination and exhibition at the end of the term. A stage was erected. The seat of honor was occupied by the school directors of the district. There was not standing room left for any who endeavored to push

their way into the crowd which thronged the building. Music, declamation, dialogue, and essay, serious and humorous, relieved the monotony of the examination.

But our village schoolhouse was also the scene of amateur theatricals, which were disguised by the name of exhibition. Those performances cover the extent of my attendance at the theatre. The favorite plays were "Richard the Third" and "William Tell." For weeks previous to their occurrence these exhibitions were the talk of every household. I remember two of the members of the orchestra, which varied in size, but was generally confined to John Hoon and Thaddeus C. Noble, as they played on the clarionet. The former became a Presbyterian elder, and the latter was well known in the political, commercial, and religious circles of Washington County. A friend has told me that, although this orchestra was often encored, its music, in this later day of the world, would set your teeth on edge and make your hair stand straight out. The person, Dick Lamborn, who represented Richard the Third was a consummate actor. Billy Ritezel, who appeared as Queen Margaret, has been a printer, newspaper editor, and publisher in Washington County, and editor in and legislator of the State of Ohio.

The closing performance of these exhibitions was an impersonation of our colored brethren. Alfred Prowitt, who was the "white man" who made himself the "nigger minstrel" of the occasion, died at a good old age a short time since. How he could sing "Dandy Jim," "Coal Black Rose," and "Gumbo Chaff"!

The schoolhouse yard furnished ample space for the sports of childhood. We played " town-hall," " alley-ball," " corner-ball," and " cat-ball," " prisoners' base," and " hunt the horn." We had our repertoire of those quaint doggerels known as counting out rhymes, such as

I

" Onery, twoery, Ickory Ann,
Filison, Folison, Nicholas, John ;
Queebie, Quawbie, English Mary,
Stringelum, Strangelum, Buck.

II

" Onery Urey, Ickory Avey,
Halibout, Crackabout, Tamboavey,
Mingo, Mango, Merry go Me,
Humbly, Bumbly, Ninety-three.

III

" Hayley, Mayley, Chickenny, Chaw,
Heepy, Peepy, Craney, Aw."

In the early period of my attendance at our village school its curriculum was mostly confined to the three R's. It was never widened so far as to embrace German, French, etc. I smypathize with those who believe that but one language ought to prevail in the American common school, and that language is the English. There ought to be no such thing as a German-American. There always will be, however, as long as the encouragement is given to the difference of tongues among the people. The fact ought to be everywhere as a Michigan man is said to have put it:

"I don't believe in this learning German, Spanish, French, or any foreign language. Why, I lived among a lot of Germans and got along with them just as well as if I had known their language; but I didn't, not a word of it."

On being asked, "How did you contrive it?" he replied: "Why, you see, they understood mine."

An amusing phase of this idea is presented in the following: A German enters a restaurant. An Irish waiter greets him with "Good morning!" "Wie gehtes?" answers the German. "Wheat cakes!" shouts the Irishman to the kitchen. "Nein, nein!" protests the German. To which the Irishman responds, "Faith, and you'll be lucky if you get three."

All hail the common school! Rejected be the thought, paralyzed be the effort, overthrown be the church that would hinder, cripple, pervert, sectarianize, destroy the common school. We cannot do without this means of the general education of the people. Without this fulcrum of rational freedom our Republic is a failure.

Our Village Church

In the present paper it is proposed to present the church of Our Village Home after the manner of a composite picture, as we consider it in its interdenominational aspect rather than in its particular phase of Christian life and doctrine.

The Presbyterian house of worship was the principal building of Our Village Home. The beauty of its location served to render one less sensitive to the

plainness of its architecture. The congregation which gathered within its walls embraced the main portion of the community. Its history is the registry of the increase which God has given to the planting of Thomas Hoge, and to the watering of Peter Hassinger, John Knox, William Wright, George Gordon, John Miller, David McConaughey, Nicholas Murray, Alexander McCarrell, James L. Leeper, and Frank Fish. And as I think of the three generations which have worshipped in that church; of the sons of Levi who have gone forth from those family pews to serve God in the Gospel ministry; of the praises, the prayers, the sermons, the communions, the Sunday-school sessions, the singing schools, the revivals, which made the Presbyterian meeting-house of Our Village Home the house of God and the gate of Heaven—I feel that the ideal is the logical consequent of the real when I affirm that the venerable pile is a monument whose proper inscription is, " Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

At the west end of Our Village Home there stood the church home of a little band of the disciples of John Wesley. Its exhibition of the consecration and zeal of the noble founder of Methodism caused the venerable men, godly women, and stalwart Christians who made the quarterly meeting the event of the year, to be a power for good in the community. Its roll of ministers is an honorable one. I have a dim recollection of Rev. Mr. McCaskey. Among my first impressions of the power of personal presence in a preacher, one was derived from a little boy's view of the famous presiding elder, Battelle. The utterances

of Father Hudson, that old man eloquent, are still ringing in my ear. To look upon the venerable Father Hudson was to feel that you were before a man of God. The time would fail me to tell of Messrs. Deeves, Dempsey, Pugh, McGuire, Turner, Morrison, Boyle, and others forgotten here, but not forgotten in God's book of remembrance.

As I write, the congregation rises before me, the males on one side of the house and the females on the other, and Father Noble and Father Milligan are in the Amen corner; that miracle of grace, John Zinn, is shouting "Hallelujah"; James and Samson Patterson are holding to Christ in true Methodist fashion; that man of affairs, Samuel D. Rickey, is walking with the God who took him to Heaven, and sweet-tempered Phillip Sliffe is singing the songs of Zion.

Several families of Our Village Home worshipped God in the Associate Church of South Buffalo. This church represented the "straitest sect of the Presbyterians" in our community. They praised God in Rouse's version of the Psalms of David. They were averse to occasional hearing. Their religious services were somewhat protracted. They observed the Thursday fast-day. They reverenced the holy Sabbath.

The South Buffalo pulpit was filled by able men. "I always bowed in reverence before the good, grey head" of Rev. David French, whose name was a household word throughout the region during my childhood. As long as he lived, the church customs of the olden time were faithfully observed. Once I heard him fencing the tables on a communion occasion. He certainly proved that no one ought to sit

down at the Lord's Table who was not on the right side of the Ten Commandments. After Mr. French came that fearless advocate of truth, that well-instructed scribe, that genial companion, Rev. Dr. James Carson. He was followed by the Rev. Alexander McLachlan, under whose pastorate the meeting-house at South Buffalo has been exchanged for the most beautiful church in Our Village Home.

The South Buffalo Church emphasized the family idea of the church. The names of Brownlee, Carson, Crothers, Graham, Grimes, Knox, McMillen, McNeal, Milligan, Ralston, Sawhill, reminded one of the families which clustered around the Tabernacle of the Wilderness.

But the rush of past recollections brings to view a little church which stood on a hill a few miles to the southward from Our Village Home. On that spot, for nearly a century, the denomination with which Peter Otterbein has linked his name has lifted the banner of the cross. During my boyhood it was noted for exhibitions of the phenomena of the old-time religious revival. The personality most prominently identified with the history of the Zion Church of the United Brethren in Christ was known by young and old as Joshua Stoolfire. As a type of the emotional in religion, he was a marked instance. As I think of the times that Heaven came to him in the little church, the Zion of Dutch Fork transforms itself into the Mount Zion of the Book of Revelation, and the voice of Joshua Stoolfire helps to swell the sound of many waters which ascends to the Lamb that was slain.

Thus the Presbyterian, the United Presbyterian, the Methodist, and the United Brethren churches were the *one* Church of the Living God of Our Village Home. "The unity of Christians," it has been well said, "is not found in formality, in credal expression, in propositional theology, in ecclesiastical arrangement; down in the centre of the heart, in a place untouched, so to say, by human fingers, their lies the common organic nerve that unites Christendom in its worship and its hope."

And now I can only express my feeling concerning Our Village Home by the accommodation of the thought with which old Bishop Horne closed his "Meditations on the Psalms": "Happier hours than those which I spent amid its scenes I never expect to see in this world. Very pleasantly did they pass, and they moved smoothly and swiftly along."

It is sweet to have the Present smile upon us. We look forward into the Future with all the charms of anticipation. As we look back at Our Village Home of the Past, "while our tears fall upon her," do we not at least "dream that she smiles just as she did of yore"? As the years roll by is not that Past dearer still? This is natural, for

> "Who that recollects young years and loves,
> Though hoary now, and with a withering breast,
> And palsied fancy which no longer roves
> Beyond its dimmed eye's sphere,
> But would much rather sigh like his son
> Than cough like his grandfather?"

O thou spot in which our spirit dwelt beneath the

glorious dawning of life! beloved world of boyhood! Though round and round thy boundaries the pigeons could fly in five minutes; though the martens, as they wheeled around the signboard box, described a circle which took in the surrounding forests, there is not in all the earth such an interchange of woods and meadows, glens, dells, and rocks; such living beings as those with which memory peoples our infancy and boyhood, whose voices, laughter, eyes, forehead, hands so often grasped, arms linked in arms, have become scarcely more than images and echoes. And I set the strains of my heart to Christopher North's music as I say: " Melancholy and not mirth doth he hope to find who, after a life of wandering, and maybe not without sorrow, comes back on the places and homes wherein to his eyes once grew the flowers of Paradise." Flowers of Paradise are ye still; for praise be to God the sense of the old home is still strong within us, and, methinks, we could feel the beauty of the scene though our heart were broken.

Appendix

Appendix

The Genesis of Claysville

I am indebted to the Claysville *Recorder* of November 17, 1897, for the following article:

A TRAMP PRINTER.

Samuel Haslett is the name given by a tramp printer who sauntered into the *Recorder* office last week. Sixty summers and more he had seen, for he has been a printer for nearly fifty years, and had only recently come from the Pacific coast. He was clothed in a rough suit and wore long iron gray hair and beard, and in his prime must have been a man of striking appearance.

But the curious part of his appearance here—his first visit—it will be interesting to note, is that 100 years ago his grandfather, John Purviance, owned all the land that Claysville is built upon. He said one of Purviance's daughters was now living in Butler County, and is past ninety years of age.

Looking up a little history we find that Claysville is a part of a tract of land taken up by Thomas Waller on a Pennsylvania warrant dated February 25, 1775, and surveyed the second day of the following April

as "Superfine Bottom." It adjoined the Robert Walker tract of 420 acres taken up by a Virginia certificate dated January, 1780, that of Robert Henry and other lands of Thomas Waller. The "Superfine Bottom," which embraces the site of Claysville, was passed by transfer to John Purviance. The old Wheeling road was opened through it. By this road, not long after the year 1800, Purviance opened a tavern in a large two-story log house having three rooms on the lower floor and four on the upper floor. This house stood on the lot now owned by Thomas Griffith and occupied by D. K. Irwin, landlord of the Bell House. Purviance had been keeping tavern a number of years when the preliminary survey was made for the great National Road from Wheeling to Cumberland. When it became certain by the final surveys for location made under Col. Eli Williams, that the route of the road would pass his house, Purviance promptly surveyed and laid out a prospective town. He was a believer in the use of printer's ink and advertised in the Washington *Reporter*. The issue of April 21, 1817, contained this advertisement:

CLAYSVILLE.—The subscriber having laid off a number of building lots in the new town of Claysville, will offer the same at public sale on the premises, on Thursday, the eighth day of May next. Lots will be sold agreeably to a plan or plot exhibited on the day of sale.

Claysville is distant ten miles from Washington westward, and about eighteen east of Wheeling and six from Alexandria (West Alexander). The Great National Road from Cumberland to Wheeling, as located by Colonel Williams and confirmed by the President and now rapidly progressing toward its completion, passes directly through the town. The lots

contain a front of fifty feet on the road and a depth back of two hundred feet, with suitable and convenient avenues to each block of lots. The "scite" of the town is beautiful, well-watered, a fertile country around it and a good population. To persons who may purchase and improve the present season, the subscriber will give timber for any frame building that may be put without price. On the day of sale the terms of credit will be made known.

JOHN PURVIANCE.

The first house built on the site of Claysville after it was laid out by Purviance was erected by Simon Shurr on property now owned by the Claysville Real Estate Company, where the First National Bank now stands. Following were houses built by a Mr. Miller and one by Wm. Brownlee, a tailor, now occupied by W. R. Jones and John Denormandie.

This tramp printer's grandfather also gave the lot on which the first schoolhouse and the old Presbyterian Church in this place were built, $225.50 being subscribed to erect a school building. He is also said to have donated the old cemetery lot.

In 1835-36, John Birch was the tax collector, and William Milligan the town clerk, of the Borough of Claysville. The following names appear on the tax list:

James Armstrong, George Aston, John Barr, Thomas Anderson, William Brownlee, John Brockman, Andrew Bell, Joseph Bryant, Abraham Brewer, John Birch, Moses Bell, Basil Brown, Alexander Chapman, Uriah Clarke, Lawrence Coffield, Eckart Carrol, Samuel Cooper, Samuel Gamble, Aquila Garretson, John Garret, Henry Giger, James Graham,

William Humes, Joshua Howard, James Harvey, Sarah Hartzel, Joseph Henderson, Esq., Inggling (sign maker), Henry Jamison, Lewis Jones, Dr. James P. Kerr, Charles Knight, Hester Kurtz, John Kelly, Daniel Kurtz, William Knox, Thomas Knox, Joel Lamborn, William Milligan, Thomas Miller, Esq., John Marshall, Robert McNeal, Thomas McGiffin, Esq., John McCracken, Joseph McCracken, William Moor, Jonas Mills, Lemon McCarrell, James Noble, William Porter, John Patterson, David Richey, John Ritzell, Daniel Rider, Susanna Ralston, James Shanon, Simon Shur, Mathias Snyder, James Sawhill, Truesdell's (estate), Thomas Williams, Mrs. Vansickle, Robert Woods, George Wyth, Alexander White, James Wallace, George Wilson, William Jones.

The order with reference to delinquents, was that "in case goods and chattels cannot be found sufficient to satisfy the same (tax) with costs, you are authorized to take the body of such delinquent and convey him to the jail of this county, there to remain until the taxes with costs be paid, or secured to be paid, or otherwise discharged by due course of law."

Extract from the records of the Sunday-school, 1847:

Officer: Rev. Alexander McCarrell, Superintendent.

Managers: John Birch, S. D. Rickey, James Noble.

CLASSES

BOYS

1. Teacher: W. Darby.

Scholars: G. Hair, Morgan Kurtz, Joseph Noble,

W. Kurtz, Jackson Loyd, James McCay, K. Walker, John Moore, J. Abercrombie.

2. Teacher: J. Patterson.

Scholars: James Noble, David Marshall, F. A. Birch, C. Haskinson, John Mills, J. Denormandie, George Cracraft.

3. Teacher: W. McCarriher.

Scholars: George McCay, William Craig, George McCarriher, Robert Mitchell, Joseph Craig.

4. Teacher: T. C. Noble.

Scholars: G. W. F. Birch, William Humes, Thos. Ritzel, Aaron Scott, Daniel Miller, George Rider, Isaac Kurtz.

5. Teacher: Alexander K. Craig.

Scholars: George Miller, Wm. Wallace, Samuel Rickey, Martin Moore, Thomas Noble, 1st, Thomas Noble, 2d, William Stewart, Joseph McKee.

GIRLS

1. Teacher: Margaret McCaskey.

Scholars: Mary McCracken, M. J. Mealy, Nancy Miller, M. A. Moore, Anna M. Rider, Mary Bell, Hester Meloy, Mary Meloy.

2. Teacher: Sarah McLain.

Scholars: N. C. Mounts, Deborah Russell, R. Anne Scott, Mary Jane Scott, Mary E. Curry, Hannah R. Craig, Mary Anderson.

3. Teacher: Nancy McLain.

Scholars: Harriet Campsey, Susan Campsey, S. Ligget, M. Mills, M. Campsey, E. Campsey, H. Blythe.

4. Teacher: F. Alexander.

Scholars: E. Nease, Julia A. Mealy, Frances McKee, Frances Loyd, Mary A. Miller, Eliza Mills, C. Ligget, E. Cracraft, C. McIlvaine, Ann E. Abercrombie.

BIBLE CLASS

Teacher: Rev. Alexander McCarrell.

Members: John McLain, William R. Walker, M. McCarrell, Hugh Craig, Thomas Atkinson, Findley Robinson, Joseph McLain, M. H. Dean, T. S. Irwin, Calvin King, M. L. Stillwagen, D. C. Cracraft.

Sarah McLain, Miss Campsey, M. J. Rider, S. Robinson, Mary A. Ritezel, Margaret Anderson, Rachel Warrell, M. A. Noble, M. J. Humes, Hannah McCracken, Rebecca Henderson, Margaret A. Craig, Sarah Warrell, Mehitable Noble, Mary McLain, Susan Humes, Charlotte George, Frances George.

The following scholars received Testaments as a reward for memorizing the Scriptures:

	Verses.		*Verses.*
Thomas Ritzel.....	323	George W. F. Birch...	350
Mary Byers.....	1,027	Mary Alexander.....	253
Mary E. Curry.....	456	M. A. Moore.....	260
J. Craig.....	456	Mary Bell.....	265
W. Craig...	360	George McCay.....	350
James Woods.....	351	Margaret Hall.....	268
Susannah Ralston.....	350	Margaret J. Mealy....	262
Harriet Campsey.....	350	Emma Tjano.....	253
Mary Meloy.....	265	Margaret Campsey....	250

Extract from the report of the gentleman who had

charge of the Claysville School during the year 1844. We give it without any alteration in the way of correction.

Names of Scholars.	*Age.*	*Names of Scholars.*	*Age.*
Jno. Humes	12	S. Lindley	20
M. Lamborn	15	M. Ashbrook	15
C. Garrotson	14	E. Ashbrook	11
E. Dickinson	13	M. Ashbrook	9
Thos. Kerr	14	M. McNeal	7
Wm. Ritzel	14	Wm. Dennison	12
D. Callohan	15	Jam. Dennison	10
C. King	15	Jno. Dennison	6
Matilda Lamborn	11	Jane Dennison	8
M. Ritzel	11	M. Kerr	7
M. J. Rider	11	A. M. Rider	8
Jack Lamborn	17	Jas. Woods	10
Jno. Kerr	11	Jno. Woods	8
Jno. Noble	12	Jane Anderson	13
C. Anderson	16	Jno. Worrell	11
M. Noble	17	S. Worrell	14
J. McNeal	17	C. Humes	13
Jas. McNeal	15	E. Meredith	13
Sam. Henderson	15	H. McCracken	15
Wilm. McConahey	16	L. Cooper	16
Isaac Kurtz	10	Sam. McCracken	15
David McConahey	11	Jno. McCracken	10
James Kerr	10	M. McCracken	7
Thos. Ashbrook	12	Jas. Noble	12
Nelson McNeal	10	Jos. Noble	8
Lemon Shannon	10	Thomas Noble	9
Geo. Rider	10	Mahe. Noble	13
Wilm. Humes	10	M. J. Noble	13
M. Walker	11	N. M. Walker	12
James Anderson	21	Thos. Ritzel	10
Will. Anderson	14	Ann Gourley	9

Names of Scholars.	*Age.*	*Names of Scholars.*	*Age.*
M. Kurtz	7	D. Miller	7
W. Kurtz	6	M. Miller	6
Wm. Woods	6	George Birch	6
M. Dille	12	Jos. White	9
M. J. McConahey	6	J. Lloyd	7
Hen. Gourley	8	F. Lloyd	6
Rob. Gourley	11	C. Coler	7
Jno. Gourley	5	O. Tiffany	6
Jas. McCay	5	S. Ligget	7
Geo. McCay	7	Jno. Ligget	9
Deb. Russel	10	—— Liggett	5
R. Milligan	16	Har. McDonald	11
T. Russel	9	R. Newlan	8
R. Wells	17	M. Bell	7
J. Wells	15	R. Meredith	8
Thos. Dougherty	12	M. Shannon	14
Jas. McConahey	12	Thos. Rider	5
Jane McConahey	11	Mary Anderson	12
—— McConahey	7	M. J. Mealy	6
Aa. Scott	12	J. Peek	12
R. Scott	8	A. Peek	9
W. Worrell	16	Fran. McKee	6
Bright Birch	18	S. Sprout	7
J. Mills	9	Syl. Sprout	8
M. A. Bennett	9	C. Humes	6
S. McDonald	17	Wil. Kerr	6
Joe. McCracken	10	S. M. McKee	8
Jos. McKee	7		

The foregoing report contains a comment on each scholar, such as the following:

"An extraordinary boy; very attentive, and has made progress that riper years might envy."—"A very good boy, and has made excellent progress."—"A very studious girl."—"Has improved very much."

"More attention would be desirable; too fond of writing."—"Would learn if he would."—"Learns very well, but he is hard to keep at it."—"A good boy, but hard to keep at his books."—"An extraordinary boy to learn figures."—"Industrious."—"Learns well; came very irregularly."—"Learns very well; an extraordinary boy; an excellent speller off the book."—"Smart boy; learns well; mischievous."—"When at school, learns."—"Learns well, but is fond of quarrelling."

Remarks of Joel Truesdell,*

WEST ALEXANDER, PENN.

It affords me a great deal of pleasure to be with you on this anniversary occasion. My memory carries me back nearly sixty years at least. I believe that I am the oldest person now living in this vicinity who was born in Claysville—this church being but two years older than myself. I remember some of the first members of this church, the first elders and their successors to the present time. I remember Rev. Thomas Hoge very well; heard him preach when I was a boy not more than six years old.

The first church building, as you are all aware, was a very plain one. Many of the seats were without backs, and the pulpit was unpainted. I attended the Sunday-school in this old building at a very early age. The

* The copy for this interesting address was received too late for proper classification.

late Joseph Donahey led the singing. His father was, perhaps, the superintendent; at any rate he was present in some capacity. We recited Scripture and received blue and red tickets—for ten blue tickets we received a red one.

I remember when the bricks for the present building were made. My father had the contract for building it, as Dr. Birch has told you—and just now I want to thank him for the tribute he has paid him, which I know he deserved. Thomas Gourley made the bricks on the lot north of the alley running east and west. This lot is on what now constitutes the new extension. I think the kiln was located on the present Greene Street. I remember—while this kiln of brick was being made—of going out to Mr. Gourley's and staying all night. After supper I was put to bed with one of the boys and slept the sleep of the just. Many of you may remember the humble log house in which Mr. G. lived. The older members of this church will remember that slaves bought in Virginia and Maryland were taken through this region to the South for sale. When a young boy, as I remember, I heard of two slaves who were handcuffed together and who had made their escape. The story was told that Mr. Gourley saw them, broke their handcuffs and sent them on their way to liberty. I believe this to be true as I have never heard it contradicted. A reward that had been offered was no inducement to Mr. Gourley to assist in their return. These scenes are happily no more witnessed.

Dr. Birch received to-day a letter from Mrs. B. F.

Jones, of Pittsburgh, which I now read to you. The Jones family was one of the early families of Claysville. B. F. Jones will be remembered as the Chairman of the National Committee during the campaign when Mr. Blaine was a candidate for President. The Jones family and that of my father were always on the most intimate terms. Jacob Jones, the father, lived to be over ninety years of age, his wife having died some years before. Of seven sons of Jacob Jones only two are now living—General G. A. Jones, of Mount Vernon, O., and B. F. Jones, of Pittsburgh, before mentioned. Mrs. Frazier, the oldest daughter, is living at Beaver, Penn., and perhaps other daughters are living.

I will omit saying anything about the successors of Mr. Hoge, as Dr. Birch has told you all that I know. I have heard them all preach.

I note with pleasure the many young people of this church who have taken an active part in making this anniversary a success. Two generations have passed away during my remembrance, and the mantles of the departed ones must rest on your shoulders. And may God give you grace to perform your duty in such a manner as will redound to His glory and the good of the church. I may say of this church that I have known it in adversity and in prosperity. I believe that God has always been with you and is still with you, and if you are faithful in duty to Him, He will abide with you unto the end.

And now my prayer is that "Peace may be within your walls and prosperity within your palaces." "That your sons may be as plants grown up in their youth;

that your daughters may be as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace; and that you may always be that people whose God is the Lord."

KEITHSBURG, MERCER COUNTY, ILL.
September 19, 1895.

Messrs. Irwin, T. B. Craig, Sr., T. G. Noble, and others, Committee of Invitation.

Claysville, Washington Co., Penn.

My dear Brethren:—Your kind invitation to your anniversary occasion received. In response would say that it would afford me supreme delight to be present with you, and bear some humble part by presence and word, in your festivities in planting the seventy-fifth milestone in the pathway of the grand old church by which the loving Master has led you, "lo, these many years," but absence from home, the long interval of distance, expense, and the pressure of business and work in this, my new and only field of missionary labor (having recently come on the field), deny me, at this time, a pleasure, under other circumstances, I should certainly enjoy.

As memory recalls the past, what hallowed associations! what signal manifestations of the Divine! what greetings and friendships! what influences spiritual! what godly men in pulpit and home and citizenship! what children, trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, witness to the Christian

character of the household the fathers and mothers who have so faithfully carried out their vows and covenants with God in the history of Washington County Presbyterianism! Of the Rev. Thomas Hoge, who filled your pulpit as the first pastor for fifteen years, and Rev. Peter Hassinger, who succeeded him for four years, I had no particular knowledge. The historic is all I know in reading; but with the sainted McCarrell, who served your church for thirty-five years, I had the most pleasant relationships in Presbytery, in interchanges of communion service, and fellowship and in his own home, of precious and endeared memory. What a grand man he was socially! Contact with him was enchantment, delight; he seemed to lose himself in making others happy. As a minister, while he honorably carried his "D.D.," there was no walking on ecclesiastical stilts; his character, while sacrificing naught of principle, was of the "circulating" order: it showed best among the people with whom he was ever in living contact; he always had a "Good morning" or a "How do you do?" for the non-churchgoer and the unsaved. His sermons were studied and preached in prayer and the richness of the Gospel of Christ. His prayers—as I have listened to them—seemed to be an unction from the Spirit. I shall never forget a prayer of his, at the close of a sacramental season, when, with the tears coursing over his cheeks, he pleaded with God for those who had again refused "to do this in remembrance of me." Those seed-sowings beside all waters have not been lost; his tears have been put into God's bottle, and his works follow him, while he has entered his rest with

Eagleson, Stockton, Marquis, and Greer, of the old Presbytery of Washington.

I should love to hear the addresses of the brethren at your anniversary. Their names certify their interest and character, especially of the sons of the church. May not their orthodoxy on the lines of a German rationalism and biblical inerrancy have its parentage in a godly training in church and homes around Claysville? When I would write of the eldership my eyes fill with tears, for tender, sundered ties are touched, and the recollections of years now past crowd themselves upon me. Oh! what names! what characters! rise up before me: Henderson, Craig, Noble, McKee, McLain, Sawhill, and others whom I might name. What witnesses for Christ in a devoted eldership! The church having such Aarons and Hurs to uphold the hands of the pastor must "go forward." You may find men with more pomp and finish, and much of it too, like our Sabbath day clothes put on for the time, but better men called to the work and willing to work never honored their calling as elders than those in Claysville Church and others in the churches of the old Presbytery.

Of the remaining I must not speak at length. I remember many of them (some of them associated with that "big turkey arrangement") (ask Jonathan about this?), good Christian men. I honor their memories —and your noble women. God bless them! Anything I might say could not increase their good name. I wish you to see that old patriarch, Hon. John Birch; give him a good Presbyterian shake for me and my kindest greetings; remember me to the many friends in Claysville and surroundings. In concluding this

already too long epistle, I want to unite with you in thanksgiving to God for all His tender mercies shown. I congratulate Bro. Fish, his session, and membership upon the God-given success and prosperity of the church in the past, in the present. As verified by the past, let the Davidic sentiment be your inspiration in the years to come: "Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following. For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death" (Ps. xlviii. 12-14).

Fraternally yours in X,

J. D. WALKINSHAW.

THE INVITATION AND PROGRAMME

You are cordially invited to attend the Seventy-fifth or Diamond Anniversary of the Presbyterian Church, at Claysville, on Friday, September 20, 1895, when we will commemorate the organization of our church, revive old and pleasant memories and the early struggles of a church which has been so richly blessed of God.

W. A. IRWIN,
T. B. CRAIG, SR.,
T. G. NOBLE,
W. J. BURNS,
J. T. NOBLE,
Committee.

PROGRAMME

1:00 P.M.

Devotional Exercises.

Address of Welcome, . . . W. A. Irwin, Claysville, Penn.
Response, . . Rev. Francis M. Hall, Conneautville, Penn
History of the Church, Rev. G. W. F. Birch, D.D., New York.

The Pew of the Church, . . Rev. J. M. Mealy, D.D., New Wilmington, Penn.

Reminiscences of Pastors and Presbytery:

Rev. W. H. Lester, D.D., West Alexander, Penn.
Rev. Wm. Speer, D.D., Washington, Penn.
Rev. Henry Woods, D.D., Washington, Penn.
Rev. D. A. Cunningham, Wheeling, W. Va.
Rev. J. I. Brownson, D.D., Washington, Penn.

7:30 P.M.

Opening Exercises.

The Church and College, . . . Rev. J. D. Moffat, D.D., Washington, Penn.

The Boy at Church, . . Rev. A. A. Mealy, Bridgeville, Penn.

The Social Church, . . Rev. E. O. Sawhill, Allegheny, Penn.

Voluntary Remarks.

Programme interspersed by special music, including "Songs by Ye Olde Folks."

ALEDO, MERCER COUNTY, ILL.
September 17, 1895

Messrs. W. A. Irwin and Martin Finley.

Dear Sirs:—I received your letters in due time, stating your arrangement to hold and celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Claysville Presbyterian Church on the 20th of this month, and that you have so kindly invited my presence with you, to participate in the solemn services of the day in giving thanks to Almighty God for His fostering care over His church of Claysville.

I am sorry that circumstances will not permit me to be present in person; therefore I send you this letter regarding the earlier history of the church, so far as my knowledge goes.

The Claysville Church was organized in the fall of

1820 by Rev. Thos. Hoge. I commenced going regularly to the Claysville Church in 1828, when they were occupying the old church building.

In the summer of 1830 there were communion services; the church not being large enough to hold the people, arrangements were made to hold the meeting in a grove near by. A tent was erected. Rev. Hoge preached the sermon from the words: "Prepare to meet thy God, oh Israel."

These words seemed to stir the hearts of the people, showing that God was in the midst with convincing and converting power.

One young man was so deeply affected that he burst into tears and went into the grove to be alone for meditation. There were fifteen received into the church on profession of faith, and eight received by letter. It was a solemn scene when those fifteen came forward and were received into full membership in the church; it was also a glad scene to the parents and the church.

The Church Record is full until Rev. Wm. Wright became stated supply from 1841 to '42. During this time, at one of our meetings shortly before Mr. Wright left, the Church Records were presented to be looked over. He was looking them over and remarked, "If this book goes to Presbytery in this shape it will not come back." Then some one of the session asked for what reason. His answer was, "It is so informal." One of the session said, "Mr. Wright, you take it and fix it in shape to go before Presbytery." That was the last we saw of the book until after he left. I found the book in his room with a part of the records cut out

and destroyed. I went to Presbytery with the book in a worse shape than when Mr. Wright got it. When I explained matters, there was severe criticism against him.

If you look at the old book you will see how much of the record is missing.

In 1856 we had another manifestation of the Spirit's power. About twenty were received on profession, and others by letter. This was under the pastorate of Rev. McCarrell, the winter before we left Claysville. I am so glad God has still remembered His church in Claysville. As I look back over the past and remember the names of those who were ruling elders in the church with me, and who were ruling elders when I was received into the church—Jos. Donahey, Sr., Archibald Brownlee, Thos. Stewart, Wm. McLain, Geo. McConahey, Hugh Craig, Nicholas Bearly, John Hoon—who have all passed away with the exception, perhaps, of one or two, it makes a deep impression on my mind when I remember the happy days which we spent together in the church.

I hope that the blessings of God may continue to follow the labors of the present and coming session and pastors, and that the Church of Claysville may be a bright and shining light that others may see their good works and glorify our Father which is in Heaven.

And with these greetings to the brethren and Church of Claysville, I will close. Please remember me in your meeting.

I remain your brother in Christ,

ROBERT WOODS.

To the Christian brethren and sisters of the Presbyterian Church of Claysville.

September, 1895.

When I first read in the county paper a notice that you were to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the dear old church, my earnest desire was to be with you—to mingle once again in this world with dear brethren and sisters in the Lord—to sit once more within the old sacred walls where, for a goodly number of years, it was my blessed privilege to sit under the ministry of that faithful and devoted man of God, Dr. McCarrell. This desire to be with you, under the circumstances, seems to be denied me, and I send these lines to tell you that my love for and interest in the old church's welfare and prosperity remain with me and have never forsook me during these many years. Since I felt constrained, as I trust from duty and conviction, to sever my connection with the dear old church and connect myself with another, how could it be otherwise, that I should not cherish such feelings towards a place connected from earliest childhood with the holiest and most sacred associations—a place where, if ever I experienced that greatest of all changes, that change wherein only a man begins truly to live, the change from death unto life called the "new birth," it was there—a place where for many years I enjoyed uninterruptedly the means of grace in which my soul was often filled with "joy unspeakable and full of glory" and "a peace that passeth all understanding," where I seemed to "sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus"? How could I but cherish toward such a place the warmest feelings of interest, how could my

prayer be other than "Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces"? "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

My connection with the church commenced in the early years of Dr. McCarrell's ministry. My whole soul was absorbed in religious things. They filled my waking hours, and often in the night, when sleepless, I wanted to read on no other subject. How I longed for the Sabbath when I could give myself wholly to these things, and how precious to me were the communion seasons observed regularly every three months! How eagerly I looked forward to them—a service Friday and Saturday, two on Sunday, and a concluding one on Monday! They were verily feast times to my soul. How I longed to hear those venerated men that assisted the pastor on those occasions, such as Dr. Stockton, Dr. Eagleson, Dr. McKennan, Dr. McCluskey, Dr. Brownson, Dr. Lester, the two Herveys, and the two Griers, and others I need not name! How they thrilled and profited my soul by their able expositions of Bible truth, and what an unction seemed to attend their words so that the old truths seemed fresh and new! What sweet and heavenly and soul-satisfying seasons they were to me, and how often on Monday have I went away sad and burdened at heart that so long a time would elapse before I could enjoy another! I have reason to bless God that my Christian life began under such a devoted and consecrated man as Dr. McCarrell. Few men were so wholly given to the work, or could say more truly with Paul, "This one thing I do." What a high ideal of what the Christian life should be he ever held before his peo-

ple, and how tenderly and solemnly and with many tears did he warn and entreat the sinner to turn and live! What a work he accomplished for Claysville and vicinity, eternity alone can reveal, and how long its influence will last in this world, who can tell? But I will weary you. I will close with one of the weighty inferences of St. Paul. He had been speaking of the Resurrection, of the glorious reunion of all the saints in their heavenly home, of their final victory over sin, death, and hell. He says, "But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

JOSEPH F. CRAIG,
Reserve, Kan.

SHIPPENSBURG, PENN., *August* 27, 1895.

Mr. W. A. Irwin, Claysville, Penn.

My dear Friend Will:—Your letter inviting me to attend the seventy-fifth anniversary of the old church at Claysville on the 20th of next month, came while I was away from home on my vacation. I came home only a few days ago, and I now hasten to reply. It would give me the greatest pleasure, on many accounts, to be present at this anniversary, for I love the old church, and anything I could do for its true prosperity I would do most cheerfully. It was in this church that my sainted father spent the most of the years of his life and almost all of his ministerial life, and it was for this church that he toiled and prayed and sacrificed; and it was here that the Lord gave him such

signal success, and he now wears in heaven, as I believe, the many seals of his faithful ministry. The very fact that so many of the sons of this church have gone into the ministry is the mark of a success which any preacher of the Gospel might well covet. It was in this dear old church that I spent the days of my childhood and youth, and there, as I trust, I gave myself to the Lord and to the ministry of the Word. It was in this church that many of my beloved kindred lived and labored, and it was from this church that they went to "join the general assembly and church of the first-born in heaven"; and here, also, were and are many of my best earthly friends. For these and many other reasons I shall never cease to love the old church and to pray for her true prosperity. Yet, notwithstanding all of this, I feel that it would not be best for me to go there at the present time. Quite a number of my relatives have but recently gone out of the church; quite a number are still in it, and I fear that my coming to this anniversary at this time would not be altogether comfortable for me. Taking everything into consideration, I feel that it would be better for me just now to stay away. I have taken no part whatever in the controversies which have rent the old church; I want to take no part now. That there have been sad faults and mistakes on both sides, every one must admit. My prayer to God is that all of these breaches may be healed; that the past may be forgotten; that all may forgive, as they hope to be forgiven; and that by a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit on those who have gone out as well as on those still in the old church, those who have gone out may come back to the

church of their fathers, and all being "bound together in the bonds of Christ's love," the church may have a more glorious future than it has ever had in the past!

For this consummation I will ever pray; and if there is anything that I can do to bring it about I will do it most cheerfully. I want it to be distinctly understood that that old church is *my* church, and for it I will ever stand. I regret exceedingly that I cannot see my way clear to attend the proposed celebration. You can easily see the position in which I am placed. I thank you for the invitation, and I trust you may have a profitable and pleasant time. I will be glad to have a full report of the proceedings. If there is anything which I can do, let me know. With kindest regards to you and all inquiring friends,

I am, yours most sincerely,

W. A. McCARRELL.

KEOKUK, IOWA, *September* 16, 1895.

W. A. Irwin, Claysville, Penn.

Dear Sir:—Your letter and invitation, inviting me to the diamond anniversary of the Presbyterian Church of Claysville, Penn., received, and I am sorry to write you that my business engagements are such that I cannot accept the invitation and be present on that interesting occasion. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to go back among my old friends and the associates of my childhood days and participate in the celebration of the three-quarter century anniversary of the existence of the old church where I received my religious education. There are so many hallowed memories around the old church where I spent my

early life that it would be certainly a very great privilege to be present with those who will be assembled there, and listen to the reminiscences of its life and history, and if I could possibly spare the time I would consider it a high privilege and honor to be permitted to have a voice in the proceedings. I know you will all enjoy the occasion, and I can assure you that my best wishes will be with you upon that day.

May the Divine Master who has followed that church through all these years and given it so great success, and from whose bosom have gone out so many candidates for the Gospel ministry, cause it to be as highly blessed in the future as it has been in the past.

I am, very truly yours,

JOHN E. CRAIG.

3447 PRAIRIE AVE., CHICAGO, *Sept.* 15, 1895.

W. A. Irwin, T. B. Craig, Sr., and others of the Committee, Claysville, Penn.

Gentlemen:—Your kind invitation to be present on the 20th inst. on the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Presbyterian Church of Claysville, Penn., is just received. I thank you. The time is so short I will not be able to arrange my business so as to attend. This I very much regret.

To me there is no spot on earth about which so many pleasant, sacred memories cluster as about the dear old Church at Claysville. There, under the tutorship of the sainted McCarrell, who was to me both teacher and friend, I was rooted and grounded in the wholesome doctrines of the church, through its

Shorter Catechism and Bible teachings. Through these teachings came habits of logical thought which have ever had an influence upon my life-work.

I would love again to meet the dear friends of my youth and mingle my tears with theirs to the memory of the sainted McCarrell and others of the dear ones who have joined him.

Trusting the occasion may be one of the greatest enjoyment to you all, I am,

Yours truly,

JOHN M. HOON.

ALEDO, ILL., *September* 16, 1895.

T. B. Craig, Claysville, Penn.

Dear Sir and Brother:—Your kind invitation to the Diamond Anniversary of the old home church to hand. What a stream of loving memories it brings to us! A glance at the programme shows so many names of old day and Sabbath-school associates. We are sorry to have to send our regrets instead of being present in person, but will be there in thought and spirit on that day. Our Presbyterian Church here has quite a number who claim the old Brick Church as their parent church. Robt. Woods (whose failing strength only keeps him from being with you), Wm. Woods, John G. and Nannie McGuffin, A. W. Henderson and wife, Mrs. Anna Hammond (*née* Henderson), and J. F. Henderson, are those we can call to memory at this time. That the day may be a glorious and long-to-be-remembered one in social and spiritual blessing, and that you may all be spared for many years of

useful work in the Master's vineyard, is the wish of your friends.

A. W. HENDERSON.
J. F. HENDERSON.

CONCORDIA, KANSAS, *September* 16, 1895.

T. B. Craig, Sr., Claysville, Penn.

My dear Friend:—Your letter of invitation to be present or write a letter for the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Claysville Presbyterian Church is at hand. It is not possible for me to be present, and the time is too brief to write more than to tell you how I would like to be there. I often think of my old church; two names always rise before me in this connection: Rev. Alexander McCarrell and A. K. Craig. It would hardly seem like home to me without them. While the church has had many godly men, the impressions of my youth, or childhood rather, that the above two men were "the church," cling to me. Now, the principal statement I want to make in this letter is the hope that all the addresses, speeches, letters, etc., will be published in book form. I think you could sell enough to cover expenses. I will promise to take one. To me the next best thing to being present will be to read all about it; the book would prove valuable to future generations. If you have not made arrangements along this line I trust you will consider it. Trusting that the blessing of our Heavenly Father may be on the church in the future as in the past,

I am, yours truly,
WILLIAM F. SAWHILL.

WAYNESBORO, PENN., *August* 27, 1895.

Mr. W. A. Irwin.

Dear Friend:—Your favor of August 13th, informing me of the proposed celebration of the "seventy-fifth" or "Diamond Anniversary" of the Claysville Presbyterian Church, on September 20th next, was duly received.

I thank you for your cordial invitation to be present and take part in the exercises of that occasion. It would afford me great pleasure to be with you at that time. The old church is very dear to me, both because it was the church of my youth and especially because of father's long connection with it as pastor. I find, however, that it will not be convenient for me to attend the anniversary exercises. I regret very much that I cannot be present to join with you all in calling to mind the work and the men of the past. I will be with you in spirit, if not in person.

I sincerely hope that you may have a most pleasant and profitable anniversary. And I earnestly pray that the present members of the old church may be blessed with an abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon them, and that in the spirit of "the fathers" they may enter with new zeal upon the Lord's work during the closing quarter of the century. May the last twenty-five years of the hundred years of the church's history be the best!

Thanking you again for the invitation, and wishing you all abundant success, and with kindest regards for you personally, I am,

Yours sincerely,

THOS. C. MCCARRELL.

Obituary

Died November 29th, Thaddeus Clark Noble, of Claysville, Penn., in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

A good man has gone to his reward. A life has passed away that leaves behind it an influence for good. The light in a happy home has been quenched in the darkness of death, and yet the sad hearts that are left are not without consolation. A long life of constant service in the cause of Christ, an untiring zeal and unwavering testimony for Jesus, give absolute assurance that he who has gone has entered into the rest prepared for the people of God.

T. C. Noble was born December 29, 1818, in Amwell Township, but most of his life was spent in the town of Claysville. His life was a busy and industrious one. Constantly and actively engaged in extensive business, he was a public benefit to the community in which he lived. He was strictly honorable and upright in his dealings, and his character for honesty was without reproach. He was a public man. He promoted by his influence and means every useful enterprise. He was a patron of education and one of the earliest advocates of temperance. He was kind to the poor and he never turned a deaf ear to the cry of the needy. A kind and devoted husband and one of the best of fathers, he was especially happy in the relations of home. As a citizen he conscientiously discharged his duty to the State by an active and intelligent participation in public affairs. As a member of the community

he constantly promoted peace and, although engaged in extensive business, never was a party to a lawsuit.

But, above all, as the crowning virtue of his life, he was a humble, devoted, and faithful Christian. His voice and influence in the church were always for peace and harmony. He was a liberal giver to all the benevolent enterprises of the church. His place in the church on the Sabbath was seldom ever vacant, and his voice was ever heard in the social prayer-meeting. He was an active member of the Young Men's Christian Association until declining health forbade the work in which his heart was engaged. He loved children, and it was his special delight to do them good. For many years he had been the faithful and efficient superintendent of the Claysville Presbyterian Sabbath-school. His punctuality was remarkable. In all these many years the writer only remembers two Sabbaths which he missed being in his place until illness kept him away, and even then his heart was in the school. The Sabbath before he died he told his wife he thought he could go. We will ever remember his untiring and unwearied efforts to impress Scripture texts on the minds of the children. No doubt the seed thus sown and consecrated by prayer will bring forth a rich and abundant harvest. His record is on high, and his reward is sure. His home is with the blood-washed throng in the city which has no need of the light of the sun, for the Lamb is the light thereof. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

ALEXANDER K. CRAIG.

The following item is furnished by one of the leading physicians of Pittsburgh :

" I desire to personally acknowledge and express my thanks to Mr. J. T. Noble for the interest that he has taken in not only the historical exercises of this church, but particularly the memorial exercises. He was the first to visit Mrs. Patterson, of Philadelphia, and engage her interest in these exercises, as well as to renew her interest in this church and its future welfare. It was especially fitting for him to do so, as this church had its origin through the influence of the Rev. Thomas Hoge and his grandfather Truesdell."

Rites Tonight

Major W. M. Hogg

Funeral services for Major William Mathison Hogg, 56, assistant to the vice president of the National Tube Company, and World war veteran, who died Monday night in his home, 306 Maple avenue, Edgewood, will be held tonight in the home. Burial will be private, tomorrow morning, in Monongahela cemetery, Braddock.

Major Hogg was born in Dundee, Scotland, and was associated with his father, George Hogg, for many ears as a contractor, one of the jobs he supervised being the erection of the Masonic Temple, Oakland. He was a lieutenant colonel in the United States army ordnance reserve, and saw active service as a captain and major in the production division, army ordnance, during the war. He was made chairman of the claims adjudication board after the war and served until it was disbanded. He had been assistant to the vice president at the general offices of the National Tube Company in Pittsburgh for the last 12 years.

He was past master of the Braddock Field Lodge, No. 510, F. & A. M.; past potentate of Syria Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., and a member of Pennsylvania Consistory, A. A. S. R.; Tancred Commandery; Military Order of the World War, and the Keystone Athletic Club.

He leaves his widow, Mrs. Amelia Bridges Hogg; a son, Wallace B. Hogg; a daughter, Mrs. A. S. Herrington; two sisters, Mrs. John J. Walker and Miss Agnes E. Hogg, and two brothers, George and Charles Hogg.