

Report of the Committee which Conducted the General Hand Celebration.

Lancaster, Pa., October 2, 1912.

To the Lancaster County Historical Society.

Your committee to arrange and conduct the public ceremonies comprising a celebration of "Lancaster County in the "War of the Revolution," with special reference to the services of General Edward Hand, has completed its labors, and—supplementing preceding announcements of preliminary arrangements—now finally reports:

It arranged for a programme of exercises, which, as hereinafter appears, was fully carried out September 20, 1912. It prepared, published and sold extensively a souvenir programme, containing illustrations of General Hand, as a military officer, and of "Rockford," his home; a sonnet by Mrs. Mary N. Robinson to General Hand; a genealogy of his family, and a chronology of the leading events of the Revolutionary War related to Lancaster county. Ten copies of this programme are herewith submitted for the archives of the society.

It secured the interest and attendance of a number of the direct descendants of General Hand, and of many other Lancaster county Revolutionary soldiers. It procured a massive granite memorial tablet and caused the same to be permanently fastened upon the face of Indian Rock. It received individual contri

butions sufficient to defray all expenses, without making any draft upon the society's funds. All the details of these features of the celebration appear in the report appended hereto.

It especially recognizes the valuable aid of Miss Margaret Humphreville, in organizing and conducting the musical features of the programme, by school children; and as an expression of its obligation and gratitude places at her disposal two hundred copies of the souvenir programme to be distributed, in her discretion, among those who aided her efficient work.

Having concluded its labors it asks for honorable discharge.

Respectfully submitted,

W. U. HENSEL,

Chairman.

H. FRANK ESHLEMAN,

Secretary.

BENJ. C. ATLEE,

Treasurer.

THE EXERCISES.

The amplest measure of success crowned the General Hand celebration that took place at Williamson Park on Friday afternoon, September 20, 1912, and the highest hopes of its progenitors, the members of the Lancaster County Historical Society, were realized in full. Several thousand citizens of the city and county were in attendance and the event, so timed as to mark the anniversaries of the Paoli massacre and the adoption of the Federal Constitution, will go down in the chronicles of the Society as a worthy chapter in the series of its illustrious records that now embrace the Fulton, the Hans Herr, the Christiana riot and the Hand celebration, all of which centered around the

dedication of enduring monuments erected by its generosity to commemorate sites and deeds and men of renown who have made Lancaster county "rich with the spoils of time."

The warm September sun, with its genial glow, and the balmy air proved so alluring that the original intention of the committee of arrangements to hold the exercises in the park pavilion was abandoned and the gathering took place on the green hillside of one of the northern slopes. Nature furnished a charming amphitheatre. The lingering verdure of summer glinted with the first touch of autumn's glory, the grateful shade of a cluster of trees and the dome of spotless blue lent a tender grace to the scene and framed a picture of unforgettable beauty to the beholder. Then, the purpose of the occasion, the recollection of the heroic and exalted deeds of him who was honored, the presence of several hundred school children and their choruses of patriotic hymns, served to thrill the spectator with deep emotion and must have been gratifying indeed to the Historical Society members whose labors of love in the research of local lore are finally finding fruitage in a widespread, even enthusiastic, public interest. On the face of Old Indian Rock, around which centers the romance and sentiment attaching to legends of the native red skins, and on whose heights the ancient Hand mansion still stands, their granite tablet is embedded and its fitting inscription will attest to "generations yet to come" the recognition that a grateful people, feeling their obligation, paid to one of their most illustrious fellow citizens.

The programme, as announced, was carried out to the last detail. The guests of honor, the speakers, the committee, the officers of the Histor-

ical Society, the Judges of the Courts and the members of the Park Committee of City Councils assembled at the free library building and were conveyed to the park in autos.

Interest was heightened by the presence of the following direct lineal descendants of General Hand: Mrs. Marie Atlee Worthington, the Misses Atlee, Mr. George F. Atlee, and Mrs. John S. Hough, of Trenton. State Librarian T. L. Montgomery motored down from Harrisburg, bringing with him Messrs. Daniel Dull, George Nauman and Samuel McCullough.

A procession was formed at the park by the officers, committee, speakers and school children. The latter, all of whom were girls, dressed in white, carried miniature United States flags. The Hand regimental flag, a handsome standard, reproduced by Mr. Walter C. Hager, was proudly carried by Master T. Cuyler Clendennen, of Fairmount, Little Britain township, using the same flag pole as that carried in the Revolution by his great-grandfather, James Clendennen. The occasion would not have been complete without the flag of the City of Lancaster, and the Red Rose banner was carried in the procession by Masters Billy Kinzer and Harry Hopkins, descendants of Revolutionary soldiers. Mr. H. S. Williamson marshalled the line of parade.

After proceeding to the spot designated for the exercises, there was an overture by the band, an invocation by Rev. Dr. L. S. Mudge and a chorus by the children, who sang well, as they always do, under the direction of Miss Margaret L. Humphreville.

The addresses of Hon. W. U. Hensel; Miss Martha B. Clark and Rev. George I. Browne, who spoke of Gen. Hand as a churchman, referred

to his activities in St. James' Episcopal Parish, this city, in whose graveyard his remains are buried. He was a liberal contributor and was a member of the vestry. The address also bore testimony to the General's exalted Christian character and his exemplary private life.

The address of H. Frank Eshleman, Esq., reviewed the valorous share that General Hand bore in the famous expedition of General Sullivan against the Six Nations. This campaign broke the Indian power, which was aiding Great Britain against the colonies, and through it all Hand was conspicuous as the main support of the commander-in-chief, and for his services in this cause he received a high tribute from General Washington. Mr. Eshleman detailed the interesting features of the toilsome marches and stirring clashes with the enemy.

The presentation of the tablet was made by Hon. W. U. Hensel, who was introduced by B. C. Atlee, Esq., who presided and said:

"The making of Lancaster county's history has been the work of many men. The present day interest in local history and in large measure the more valuable contributions to local lore have been the work of one man. Leader of the Bar, talented with tongue and pen, but, above all else, citizen, generous with purse and time, within the four corners of his State, he needs no introduction. I present Mr. Hensel.

In accepting the tablet, Mayor Frank B. McClain took occasion to pay a well-deserved tribute to the Historical Society for its important educational work.

When the preliminary programme was concluded, the band struck up

the stirring march, "Williamson Park," and led the assemblage through the park to the public highway that skirts the river at the base of the rugged hill. Chairman Atlee then escorted Mrs. Worthington to the platform, and after introducing her to the audience she released the Stars and Stripes and the handsome tablet stood revealed. Prolonged applause followed as the climax of the celebration was reached. A feeling closing prayer was offered by Rt. Rev. A. F. Kaul, rector of St. Anthony's Catholic Church, and the band brought the exercises to a conclusion with "The Star Spangled Banner."

GEN. HAND IN PRIVATE LIFE AS A CITIZEN.

Miss Martha B. Clark prepared the following article on "Gen. Hand in Private Life as a Citizen":

The committee in charge of this celebration has prepared and published a complete genealogy of the Hand family. This and the very comprehensive and accurate chronology of the leading events in the history of Lancaster, relating it to the Revolutionary War, render it unnecessary, in treating my theme, to repeat these. I may assume your familiarity with the main events of General Hand's military career; and with the stirring incidents and notable personalities which made the story of Lancaster county's part in the heroic struggle of our forefathers for independence. You have also heard of his devotion to the religious faith he espoused, and are soon to learn the leader's part he bore in the brilliant movement which crushed the savage ally of our English oppressor.

Apart from these, however, the central figure of this celebration had per-

sonal traits and social aspects which make it fit to contemplate briefly his career as a citizen, and the relations of his private life to the family he founded, the city he adorned, and the State he served so well. Emerson says the secret of eloquence is to know your facts; and the simple record of Hand's life and varied services is eulogy enough. If the observation be true that the people who have succeeded best in the United States are those aliens who became most quickly and most thoroughly American none illustrates it more forcibly than this Irish-born surgeon's-mate of a British command, who early foresaw the revolt of the colonies and yet joined their cause when to foreswear loyalty to England was no betrayal of any allegiance he owed. The rupture with the motherland was not without pang on the part of the colonies. Here, in a county founded by John Wright, Englishman, named for his native shire, on a romantic spot where we are reminded that a Williamson Park is one of the proud possessions of Lancaster, England, it is to be remembered the wrongs of the colonies were the result of a weak monarch misled by a weaker Cabinet, rather than the crime or even the blunder of a great parent nation. Here, on this anniversary day of the bloody massacre of Paoli, which so stirred Wayne, Muhlenburg and Hand, just one hundred and thirty-five years ago, we are reminded that the wounded survivors of that ghastly tragedy were brought to the west bank of this now peaceful stream, on which, opposite the Conestoga Inn's present site, Henry Deering's hotel was converted into a hospital. One week later saw the Continental Congress in Lancaster.

By a happy concurrence of anniversaries, it is also to be recalled that precisely one hundred and twenty-five years ago, September 20, 1787, the completed Constitution of the United States, that most wonderful product of modern statescraft, was laid before the Congress of the States.

Years before the earliest of these events Hand was in the public eye. He was no jealous aspirant for military honors, to the exclusion of his associates. Writing to his wife from Prospect Hill, November 10, 1775, he declares that "William Hamilton need not grudge the money his son cost him. His coolness and resolution surpassed his years." He alludes to Maj. James Hamilton, of the Second Pa. Continental line, from Eastern Lancaster county, who moved to South Carolina late in 1778, and there became quite prominent.

Like his illustrious chief, whose confidence he commanded, and who always cherished his friendship, Hand was no less useful and honored in private than in public life; nor was he less eminent and efficient in the ways of peace than in war. Gentleman born, fitted by a classical education for a learned profession, removing to Lancaster to practice it, with a romantic career as a soldier behind him, he married into a distinguished Lancaster family, just a month before the crack of rifles was heard at Lexington; before the honeymoon had waned he was commissioned to the field and front. He had his "dearest Kitty" at times in camp with him; and Dorothy Brian's baby eyes looked on the horrid front of war from her father's tent in the New Jersey campaign. Like many a weaker man, he was willing that his family should remember him at his best; and, after

he lost an eye crossing the Delaware, that awful and icy Christmas night, his portraits were always in profile.

Exactly how and when Gen. Hand acquired "Rockford" the records in the Lancaster county Court House fully tell. It seems that on September 14, 1785, the executors of James Davis, of Lancaster, for a consideration of fifteen hundred pounds, conveyed to him one hundred and sixty acres and twenty perches of this estate. Subsequently, on February 4, 1792, Samuel Boyd conveyed to him an additional thirteen acres and one hundred and thirteen perches. The title from his heirs to its present owner appears in the already-published history of this day. He was not a landowner within the borough limits; nor was he assessed for personal property before 1782, when he was rated for one pound, ten shillings. In 1786 he was assessed fifty shillings for one bound girl valued at ten pounds, a negro girl for twenty-five pounds; four horses, for sixty pounds; two cows, for six pounds, and plate to the value of two pounds, ten shillings. Prior to this he was a slave owner when that sort of chattels were untaxed, for in 1780, as a Brigadier General, he enters, as their owner, "one negro woman, named Sue, aged thirty years, a slave for life; also a slave boy, Bob, fourteen years old; and one mulatto girl, Bet, aged thirteen."

On March 31, 1802, he advertised \$30 reward for the return of a negro man, "thirty years of age, speech mild, and rather affectionate when sober. Carried away with him a green broadcloth coat, a dark brown coat patched in the sleeve, with a pair of buckskin breeches, and answers to the name of Frank, etc."

When the commissioned officers of the American army established the hereditary order of the Society of the Cincinnati, at a meeting on the Hudson river, May 10, 1783, Hand was conspicuous in the movement, and, together with Major General Knox, Brigadier General Huntingdon and Captain Shaw, was appointed by the presiding officer, Major General Baron de Steuben, to prepare the plan of institution for the order. At a later meeting, June 19th of the same year, he attended and his name was written into the parchment of original members signed by Washington. In 1799 he was the president of the society, and his son, Jasper, succeeded him in membership in 1809.

When Hand became Adjutant General he was put in possession of all the general orders, papers, etc., relative to the organization of the army and the conduct of the war from the time of the appointment of General Horatio Gates, who was the first Adjutant General. Being himself the last, General Hand's accumulation of these now priceless documents was, of course, enormous in number and bulk. When Bernhard Hubley undertook to write his comprehensively planned History of the American Revolution, he was allowed to select freely from them, still in Hand's possession. Bernhard Hubley was a son of that German immigrant, Valentine Krug's tanner apprentice boy, owner of the Brady farm, assistant burgess, County Commissioner, barrack master, ardent Whig, then a potential Federalist politician, husband of two wives and father of twenty-one children, who long served and died, at eighty-four, in the faith of old Trinity Lutheran Church. His first and only volume was copyrighted by him in

May, 1805, and issued from the press of Andrew Kennedy, Northumberland, Pa., the same year.

If anything were needed to assure Hand's fellow citizens of the regard had for him by his old Commander, President Washington; or if Washington needed any assurance of the esteem in which Hand's fellow citizens held him—as of course neither did—it was furnished by the incidents of Washington's notable visit to Lancaster, July 4, 1791, when he celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of Independence with our people. It will be remembered by none here who saw it, but by all who have read it, that imitating the example of many of his illustrious successors, Washington swung around the circle in 1791. Leaving Philadelphia, then the seat of government, on March 21, he journeyed to Mount Vernon, thence as far south as Savannah. Everywhere booming artillery and pealing bells greeted him, receptions and banquets waited on him. Returning he came to York July 2, stayed there Saturday night, attended church next morning, and listened to German preaching that fell on ears that heard not, then crossed Wright's ferry; Lancaster met him on horseback. During all his trip he rode in a white coach, with four horses, followed by a two-horse baggage wagon, four saddle horses and another led with them, a valet, two footmen, coachmen, postillion and a major domo.

But on that Sunday night when he came down the pike at Brenner's tavern, he left his coach, mounted one of his saddle horses and rode into this town beside General Hand—and "nobody else in all that crowd had a hat on his head, whether humble or proud."

Hand was then recognized as easily

the first citizen of Lancaster. He headed the list of Burgesses who presented to Washington the testimonial of Lancaster's people. With him Paul Zantzinger, Burgess, John Hubley, Adam Reigart, Casper Shaffner and Jacob Frey, assistants, subscribed to the fervid declaration:

"We have seen you at the awful period, when the storm of war was bursting around us and our fertile plains were deluged with the richest blood of America, rise above adversity and exerting all the talents of the patriot and the hero to save our country from the threatened ruin, and when, by the will of Heaven, those exertions had restored peace and prosperity to the United States and the grand object for which you drew the sword was accomplished, we have beheld you, adorned with every private social virtue, mingling with your fellow-citizens. Yet that transcendent love of country, by which you have always been actuated, did not suffer you to rest here, but when the united voice of myriads of freemen, your fellow citizens, called you from the repose of domestic life, actuated solely by principles of true glory, not seeking your own aggrandizement, but sacrificing the sweets of retired life to the wishes and happiness of your country, we have beheld you possessed of the confidence of a great people, presiding over their councils and by your happy administration uniting them together by the great political band of one common interest. It is therefore that the inhabitants of this borough seize with joy the only opportunity which is offered to them to testify their approbation of, and their gratitude for, your services. Long, very long, sir, may you enjoy the affections of your fellow citizens. We pray for a long continuance of your health

and happiness and the choicest blessings of Heaven on our beloved country, and on you, its Father and its friend."

To all of which Washington modestly replied:

"While I confess my gratitude for the distinguished estimation in which you are pleased to hold my public services, a sense of justice to my fellow citizens ascribes to other causes the peace and prosperity of our highly favored country. Her freedom and happiness are founded in their patriotic exertions and will, I trust, be transmitted to distant ages through the same medium of wisdom and virtue. With sincere wishes for your social, I offer an individual prayer for your individual welfare."

And then, after a goodly fashion of Lancaster hospitality, which age has not tamed nor custom staled, they sat down to an elegant banquet in the Court House, in Centre Square, when fifteen formal toasts were drunken and some not on the programme.

Where General Hand lodged that Sunday night is a question some bright high school pupil might set himself or herself to find out. His own diary records that on the night of the Fourth he took tea with Mrs. Hand; and as he had a heavy dinner at three o'clock, teas in that day, as in this, must have been places where women invite men to get nothing to eat and less to drink. Albeit it took the President two more days to reach Philadelphia. He arrived there on the sixth, in perfect health. His approach to that city was announced by the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells. He had been absent from the seat of government from March 21 until July 6.

Washington's arrival, stay and departure put no end to Hand's activities as a citizen of Lancaster. He was foremost in the good works of

that day. His future son-in-law, Samuel Bethel, was a man of wealth and distinction. He was a lawyer, but, like some lawyers of to-day, he was too rich to practice. He founded Bethelstown, now part of the Eighth ward, and moved on to Columbia to conquer new worlds. But neither Mrs. Bethel nor Mrs. Brien was married until after their father's death.

He continued in the regard of his fellow citizens as "primus inter pares," and had many evidences of popular esteem at home and abroad. The Lancaster relatives of Col. Lewis Dubois, of New York, and of the Fifth Continental Line, recall their kinsman's respect and friendship for Hand. Although he had served or came to serve in the more eminent walks of State Assemblyman, Federal Congressman (elected November 12, 1783) and elector, there was no municipal duty that Hand shirked, no local enterprise he did not support. He was a manager of the Lancaster and Susquehanna turnpike in 1794; and one of the commissioners to secure stock in the pioneer turnpike, the Philadelphia and Lancaster, 1792. He was a commissioner to superintend the lottery which raised money for the early paving of Lancaster's streets; and he deposited sixty-four tickets with George Ziegler, in Harrisburg, June 16, 1797. He was a member of the Friendship Fire Company, December 31, 1791, and served with Casper Shaffner on a committee to confer with other companies on the erection of houses for their engines. To him were confided responsible trusts; he was guardian, in 1794, of Burd and Henry Bates, the minor children of Peter Grubb, of Hopewell Forge, who had been his companion in arms. When the yellow fever panic struck and desolated Philadelphia, in 1797, Hand's generous heart dictated

and his open hand wrote an address to his fellow citizens and fellow farmers of Lancaster county, for grain and other relief supplies for the sick and suffering; and a 'citizens' meeting, Paul Zantzinger presiding, endorsed his prompt action. He headed the list of those whom the General Assembly commissioned to locate, June 7, 1798, the county almshouse where it now is. When Washington died in 1799, it was by Hand's order that on the day of his funeral all shops closed and a solemn funeral procession marched to a dirge at high noon. When he ran, as a Federalist, for the Assembly, in 1801, it was recalled that he captured the Hessians at Trenton; and as a citizen and soldier he had proved "the possession of a sound judgment, a virtuous and benevolent heart." As Inspector of the Revenue he gave timely notice to all persons anxious to save a 7½ per cent. discount for prompt payment.

All the while Rockford Mansion and estate were the home of domestic felicity and the seat of refined hospitality. Its broad hall and easy stairway, the low door frames and cozy porches, the square rooms and tiny panes of glass attest the most perfect specimen of Colonial architecture that yet abides with us. The names of the Yeates and Hand girls—now ghostly shadows—traced with jewelled rings on those windows a hundred years ago, indicate the social standing of the proprietor, no less than the time-stained card which lies before me as I write whereon "The Minister of France presents his compliments to General Hand and requests the favor of his company to dinner on Thursday next, at 5 o'clock precisely," and adds, politely but unmistakably, "Answer, if you please."

And when the end came, it was peace!

After a short sickness, aged only fifty-eight, he died September 3, 1802, at "Rockford," leaving a widow and six children. The local newspaper paid him the compliment of a Latin obituary, and weeping relatives and sympathizing friends followed his body to the last resting place at the southwest corner of St. James' churchyard. He was buried from No. 15 (then No. 22) South Queen street, the building in which Alderman Spurrier now has his office. When Lafayette visited Lancaster, September 4, 1824, he recalled Hand as a comrade in arms, and paid his respects to his daughter, Mrs. Brien. Edward Grubb, writing to Jasper Yeates, September 8, 1802, said, what a hundred and ten years later local history may well approve:

"We all sincerely sympathize with you in the unexpected Loss of so dear a friend and Connexion and so excellent a man, as Gen.l Hand. His Loss is a public one in the different relations in which he stood. It is a great one to your Family and his friends generally, but to his own it is irreparable. Happy it is for us that Providence has so blinded us that we are not constantly sensible of the fleeting and transitory State we are in, or we should be deprived of every enjoyment it has so kindly afforded us. We know with absolute certainty that our stay will be short, and yet we act and feel as if it was permanent. Fortunate Delusion, when it does not affect our moral Character, and prevent our acting with propriety in life. Our dear friend has led the way, and in a very short time, we all must follow him."

GEN. EDW. HAND IN SULLIVAN'S EXPEDITION.

The above was the subject of the paper read by H. Frank Eshleman, Esq., as follows:

The winter of '78 and '9 was a dark and gloomy period of the Revolutionary War. The British held New York and Newport—Congress was not respected nor obeyed—paper money was not worth one-eighth of its face value—our soldiers were not paid, and were revolting.

True, France had just joined our side of the cause. But England was infuriated by it. She organized the American Tories—aroused the American Indians. England brought these forces into confederacy—incited them to savage warfare upon the rear of the colonies; into a series of frontier plundering and butcheries in the wilds of Detroit, of Allegheny, the plains of New York and the Upper Susquehanna Valley. These warred for Great Britain on the western edge of the belt of settlements; while British regulars were hurling their thousands against Washington and his generals and armies, and against the fair lands and goodly cities on the Atlantic plains and sea coast.

Brutal barbarians in the rear—bulldozing Britain in front. Disheartened America was doubly disheartened—distressed, dejected. Savage Miamis infested the northern frontier—the western wilderness—thousands of Iroquois savages swarmed southern New York and the upper Susquehanna Valley. They sacked towns and butchered the inhabitants.

The helpless settlers knew naught of the war—heard not of its victories—no report, but that of Indian rifles. They saw Wyoming and Cherry Val-

lay go up in smoke at the touch of the Indian torch. To them the struggle was not a glorious war for independence, but a miserable folly whose only fruit was Indian slaughter, of frontier families, and the ruin of fine farms—an ambitious political game, whose cruel outcome was a trail of blood.

America, prostrate and suffering from foemen, front and rear, must rise again. America's energies must be no longer divided.

America must not faint because of two foes. She must believe in her holy cause. The reign of terror toward the sunset land must end. The prowling foe of the west and north must be exterminated.

The busy brain of Washington conceived the means to break the barbarian backbone—to terrify his heart—to crush and scatter his forces, so that no traitor Tory could ever again call him to council of war or incite him to steal in stealth, by night, upon the sleeping settler. Washington designed to invade the Iroquois country—slaughter his warriors, his women, his children—destroy his crops, his fruit, and burn his towns to ashes. This done, American hopes would revive—American homes would be safe—American hearts would applaud the War for Independence—American heroes would fight a righteous war with new vigor and new valor.

“Warfare in the Wilderness” was Washington’s slogan. He urged Congress. They hesitated. They considered it visionary. He laid his plans before Clinton and Schuyler. They demurred. They thought war at the front with mighty Britain was a sufficiently ambitious project for infant America. He called in General Hand—told him his plan. Full of American

love and loyalty—full of the Irish spirit of fray, of fight and of fortitude, he counseled and cheered the project. Congress yielded to Washington and Hand—ordered the expedition in three columns—one from Easton on the east, on to and up the Susquehanna river—one from the Mohawk—one from Allegheny—the whole, 5,000 strong.

Command was offered to Gates. He declined the task on the score of his age. The prize was held up to Sullivan. It allured him into acceptance. He was given command. It fired his courageous Irish soul. A warrior's heart headed the hosts—martial spirit imbued the army.

What was Sullivan's expedition? A march of three thousand troops from Easton to Susquehanna, up Susquehanna to Tioga, under Sullivan, Hand Maxwell and Poor—a march of one thousand more, up Mohawk and on to Tioga under Clinton—a projected march of one thousand more from Allegheny to Tioga under Brodhead—the combined move of these forces under supreme command of Sullivan to Chemung and on to Newtown, near present Elmira, to annihilate America's internal enemy.

Spectacular and weird and martial was this march. Up rugged Lehigh, over forest-studded, pathless mountain ranges—up canyoned, turbulent, sinuous Susquehanna, trundled the strange army, with its stranger equipage, provisions and munitions. Over rock and ravine, by mountain and marsh, by cliff and cut, through forest and field—in boats and by battleline—with cattle and cannon—by torrent and by current—with surveyors and axemen—road-makers and bridge-builders—with grotesque cargoes on curious batteaux—with Yankee quick-

step military music, from the shrill strident notes of fifes—the stirring rattle of drums—the blasting of crashing cornet and the alarm of calling bugles—with mongrel dress, toned up by a sprinkling thread-bare buff and blue uniform—with gay, yet nondescript flags and banners and bunting—yea those three thousand poorly-fed and much more poorly-paid soldiers, on this unique march, over this waste and wilderness, with all this bag and baggage, accoutrement and equipment, cutting out a virgin path, worming their way, boring along, toiling and moiling from the Delaware on to the land of the Iroquois—that was Sullivan's expedition.

Sullivan was the leader; Hand the life of this expedition. And though it was conceived by Washington; yet but for the pugnacious spirit of Hand it would have dissolved into a dream. The design staggered Schuyler and Clinton. It fired the zeal of heroic Hand. The undertaking conquered the courage of Gates. Thus it fell to Sullivan. Sullivan's strong right arm was Hand. The whole undertaking appealed as a call of God to Hand. Its battle cry was "Avenge Wyoming." Yea, the more ancient command of Jehovah to Israel, trumpeting across the lapse of forty centuries, spurred and inspired him on, "Ye shall destroy the Heathen from the land."

When the die was cast, the expedition determined upon, the tocsin sounded, Hand ordered his brigade to convene at Stroudsburg. In May he took personal command at Easton.

Brigadier General Hand commanded one of the four brigades in Sullivan's expedition. His force consisted of the Fourth Pennsylvania regiment under Lieutenant Colonel Butler—the Eleventh under Lieutenant Colonel Hubley

—the Pennsylvania German regiment, under Major Daniel Burkhardt—Col. Proctor's artillery regiment—Major Parr's Morgan Riflemen—Captain Selin's Rifle Corps—Captain Franklin's Wyoming Militia, and Captain Spalding's Independent Wyoming Company.

June 7, with his forces, he left Easton—half a mile in advance of the main army, protecting the surveyors, axemen, pathfinders and road builders. Far-flung in his advance, with sleepless eye protecting all, Hand placed his riflemen and scouts, scenting the lurking savage.

In a week ghostly Wyoming greets the eyes of his vanguard. The army here delay and drill; forces, food and forage are concentrated—rest and recuperation now, for the spectacular movement up Susquehanna—fleet and foot—craft and cavalcade.

July 8, Hand pushed four miles up the river for provisions. The ninth, fifty boatloads from Sunbury arrive. The 10th, Hand is ordered to Harris's Ferry, 130 miles down the stream, to hurry on provisions whose delay in coming holds the army inactive. Lancaster and Cumberland supplies are his quest. A few days later his runners reappear at Wyoming from out of the wilderness and ask for the large batteaux to help the insufficient boats hurrying on the provisions. After a fortnight's absence he arrives with 112 boats and batteaux laden with provisions and gaily decorated. Slowly approaching the camp by stream—keeping up pace with the brigade, led by its music on the bank—these boats and this army (says an observer), presented a beautiful spectacle; and were wildly cheered by the entire encampment. The commander-in-chief publicly thanked Hand and his men for

his dispatch and execution in safely bringing on these stores.

The whole army is now ready to march to Tioga to join Clinton and destroy the foe. If inspiration were needed, desolate Wyoming, where they lay many days and from which they were now to depart—poor Wyoming—lent that inspiration. Fair Wyoming one year before smiling in its beauty lay in naked ruins before them. The charred skeleton of the court house—the black ruins of the jail—the ashes of one hundred humble dwellings—the bleaching bones of scores of the once-happy settlers—the absence of all human life here, except the army—the ghostly silence of death—all the work of cowardly Indian murderers—called for vengeance. “Remember Wyoming” was the battle cry.

The last day of July the march from Wyoming to Tioga began. Sullivan again arranged that Hand's light troops march a mile in advance of the main body—flanking parties right and left—the main body in the center. Hand arranged his troops as before—his rifles, under Major Parr, in the van—his scouts right and left—his main force in the center—his artillery following.

August 1st, Hand, knowing the imminence of Indians, made a patriotic speech to his brigade. He said experience taught him that maintaining a good countenance and perseverance, such as was becoming the known valor of the brigade, would bring success against any enemy; that the troops must not turn their backs, be they pressed ever so hard, for that would end in their ruin.

August 4th, the “Narrows” were reached, and Hand began to march at 5 A. M. Monstrous hills on either side of the river made every step danger-

ous. August 6th, the highest part, "Break-Neck Hill," 180 feet high, with a perpendicular side and a narrow path on top, was reached. The army, the train of horses and cattle six miles, long, marched over it—two horses and three cattle falling over the precipice and being killed.

August 13, Tioga was reached, and Hand's scouts discovered a savage force a few miles on. He requested Sullivan to allow him to attack them. It was granted. Hand met the Indians and in the fight the first blood of the expedition was spilled.

The Indians fired and fled to a hill. Here they attempted to stand. But with astonishing rapidity, Hand's Eleventh Pennsylvania, under Hubley, rushed up the hill and the savages fled. Hand followed their flight toward Newtown; but Sullivan recalled him to the scene of the battle, to destroy the houses and crops of the vanquished savages and then to come back to Tioga. In this battle and chase, a score of redskins were killed; one hundred acres of corn destroyed and a march of thirty miles performed. Hand lost twelve men, mostly of Hubley's regiment, and a very touching and impressive funeral was held over them.

August 16th, Sullivan selected nine hundred picked men and placed them under Hand and Poor to march up the main branch of the Susquehanna to meet the troops and boats of Gen. Clinton, who left Lake Otsego a week before, having come up the Mohawk valley. August 22, Hand returned with his force escorting Clinton's army, one thousand strong, on foot, and two hundred and seven small batteaux of provisions and ammunition, on the Susquehanna. A grand salute was fired—cheers were given—ban-

ners raised, and general jubilation followed. With Clinton's addition, at Tioga, Sullivan had nearly four thousand men.

"On to Newtown," the main rendezvous and fortifications of the Iroquois and Tories, near present Elmira. With imposing martial splendor, patriotic decoration, high spirits and inspiring music, the march on land, the movement on river, began.

Hand again was placed in the van. Again he led the strangely moving forces trailing in their serpentine length, six miles long, toward their goal. In six days they reached the hostile camp and earth works. Hand's scouting riflemen under Major Parr came upon the outposts of the savages at daybreak, August 20. The Indians yell and whoop, fire and flee into the fortifications at Newtown.

Hand formed his light corps in the woods three hundred yards from their works. His riflemen kept skirmishing to hold the attention of the Indians and Tories while Sullivan was steadily arriving with the main army through the thicket. Hand held the center and covered the artillery. Sullivan placed Maxwell on the left (west); Poor on the right (east). He ordered Poor to gain a hill a mile in the rear of the savages and directed Hand to keep his riflemen in the center, playing upon the foe till Poor should reach the hill, and then have the riflemen retire and the artillery bombard the works and drive them back to the hill, held by Poor in the rear, who was to capture and slaughter the terrified sons-of-the-forest till not a soul remained.

Hand's riflemen played half an hour. Then his artillery thundered heavy shot and grape and cannister among them. The din and roar—the flying

debris—the gaps in their rude embankments—the flying dirt and logs—the quivering trees—their limbs, large and small, split into splinters, raining in a strange shower upon them, struck terror to their souls. Bedlam broke loose in less than an hour. They fled to the hill in the rear. They gained it. They did not run into the jaws of Poor. A swamp delayed his reaching the crest. The desperate savages, gaining the top, rallied and stood firm again. Poor was at the foot. He began vigorously pushing up the slope—fire and bayonet charge. The savages pluckily returned the fusillade. Clinton's regiments rushed up to the support of Poor. The cannon of Hand reached the hill, from the west, and boomed anew upon them. The savages believed some awful nemesis, or the vengeance of God Himself, was descending with fiery sulphurous annihilating hail upon them; and giving one terrific bellow of defeat, they broke and fled, with a flight so fleet, no white man's foot could equal it. The army followed a mile and gave up the chase. Hand rushed on three miles farther, then lost their vanishing forms in the horizon, and returned.

The army, then, went back to the Indian town and destroyed it—one hundred and twenty-eight houses, several hundred acres of corn and beans and hundreds of fruit trees.

The wide-flung terror of the invasion had done its work. All Indian towns were deserted far and near. Wherever there was one not burned, the army destroyed it completely. The Indian and Tory power was broken. The Sullivan expedition had accomplished its end. In its wake, forty Indian towns—160,000 bushels of corn and beans—tens of thousands of fruit

trees lay ruined; and not a savage could be found throughout the regions, where terror reigned supreme before.

The results of the expedition were important beyond expectation. The Tory and Indian power broken, American spirit blossomed anew; American armies released from two foes concentrated their aim and energy on one, in the front; backwoods' settlers rescued and guaranteed from Indian fagot, torch and tomahawk, believed again in America and America's struggle, and kindled anew the spirit of independence on the frontier, as ardent and determined as that on the coast; a pathway for immediate settlement and civilization into the ancient fields of the foe was opened; a rearward channel of commerce and communication was cut, a path for progress was blazed—a new tie uniting Pennsylvania and New York was created, a new force in forming the "United Colonies of America."

Congress shook off its lethargy. Its delegates, generally the inferior of those of the old Congress of '75 and '6, were fired with a zeal like unto those who declared three years before that "these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States." Many of the members of those immortal Congresses were now officers in the field. Sullivan himself was then a delegate from New Hampshire. Washington and others of the first Congress were now gallant warriors.

The Congress of '79 now realized the great importance of the expedition, whose project staggered them—the expedition they so reluctantly ordered and so sparingly financed, fed, supported and maintained. They agreed with Washington that it was the most brilliant event and campaign

of 1779. They voted the thanks of America to those who planned and executed it. They declared and appointed a day of thanksgiving and prayer to God for our deliverance from the butchering foe, for our rid-
dance of that foe, for our revival of hope and courage and all it meant. America rejoiced. The viper, the foe nursed on her bosom, was dead. Through it all Lancaster's gallant Hand rode at the head.

In these days when selfish ambition is so generally the first impulse of the mind, and patriotism a secondary matter—in these days, when there is a growing tendency to lie down upon and live on the Government, how refreshing it is to read of the sacrifice and unselfishness of the men of old, of the heroes of the infant days of our nation—of the fathers of the Revolution. How many men out of a hundred to-day can be found who would volunteer to arise from the enervating ease and luxury of modern life, and for country's sake, take up the hardships and danger of an expedition into a savage-infested wilderness, a pathless jungle; and with no equipment except such as Hand and Sullivan had? How many men of substance and estate would drop selfish ambition and rally to the crisis of their country?

Be not deceived—the spirit of our people toward their country has changed. Unselfish interest in public affairs is dying, or at least until the present stir, was dying. The franchise is hardly appreciated. Many who do appreciate it are discouraged in its use. This is not, to-day, more than a government by two-thirds of the people in any instance and a government by less than half the people during most of the time. Out of 47,000 vot-

ers to-day in our own county it is only in the greatest of struggles that 30,000 vote, and ordinarily only 20,000 or even 15,000 are the plebescite. This is less than half—frequently only a third. When a people do not appreciate the franchise—one of their greatest privileges and one requiring the least outlay of time and no expense to speak of—how can it be expected that in duties requiring hardship and danger to life and limb there will be ready response?

This is a day of unrest—a large mass of people mistrust those who represent them—there is a feeling that the Government is weak—that there are powers, financial and industrial that can defy the constituted authority and laugh its decrees to scorn. And from the weak results—the vicious results—the humorous results—of some of these decrees and the action of certain giant defendants since those decrees were pronounced, there is ground for this popular mistrust and ridicule. God give us men as of old—Joshuas, as in ancient Israel—Washingtons, Sullivans and Hands. God rid us, purge us, of the cowards masquerading as men, in high places, who fail to do right because they fear those forces in America to-day which can and do rise above our Government, and hold it with their iron hands, in a grasp of death, till its genius and vitality are paralyzed and its very life-blood drips from the clutch of their myriad-fingered tentacles.

GEN. HAND AS A CHURCHMAN.

Rev. George Israel Browne spoke as follows on "Gen. Hand as a Churchman":

Rev. Browne prefaced his remarks by saying, "Many eyes have looked

upon the same scene that meets your gaze to-day. Eyes of stranger, born on distant shores, eyes of native and of friend.

"The same scene, yet not the same; the same rocks, the same river, but the waters have flown swiftly, as well as the years, and the trees have grown slowly, in endless succession."

Here by this "rocky ford" for long centuries the original Americans lived their simple lives of savagery and barbarism, swayed by all the primitive needs, the basic emotions, the need to provide food, to guard against the cold, "winter and rough weather under the greenwood tree."

The sway of the Indian has passed with all its romance, pathos and cruelty. Their tribes were caught at a disadvantage in the race for development.

Two centuries ago there came into these valleys, among these hills, along these streams, a new race. Many and mixed were the motives that led them, but never absent from these motives was the strong urge of some religious memory, purpose or hope.

One hundred and thirty-eight years ago a young man joined the settlers and inhabitants already at home among the fair fields of Lancaster county. In character and training he was not only good fruit of the stock and culture that produced him, but a promise and a prophecy of things to come, of things that the race was to do and to be.

Edward Hand, from Kings county, Ireland, had been both surgeon and ensign in the Royal Irish Regiment of Foot. After accompanying his regiment to Fort Pitt, he resigned his commission and was regularly discharged from the service.

He seems at once to have become

a member of historical old St. James' parish. Arriving here in 1774, he plunged at once into the full responsibilities of true citizenship.

In the very next year, 1775, the church records show us that he subscribed £3 for repairs to the belfry and church, as well as replacing the pulpit cloth and his subscription was among the largest.

These old vestry minutes of St. James' Church are a most significant and invaluable possession, they tell us much.

Soon he was elected to the vestry. In those days every man present signed the minutes of every session; they showed an unusual sense of dignity and responsibility of their office.

The signature of Edward Hand constantly appears, and once when absent he took the trouble to sign a sentence of approval to action taken without him. We find him with Jasper Yeates, of moneys given to the church in 1791.

The whole tradition of his personality, the tone and atmosphere of his letters, many of which have been preserved for us, indicate a wholesomeness of soul, a whole-heartedness of life, for which we may well be grateful, and of which it becomes us to be proud. A pleasing and inspiring character full of force and fire, as well as high resolve.

Again we find him leading a dance of merriment with the Indian allies in a moment of relaxation from the stern dangers of war. They speak more than once of his splendid horsemanship.

Washington trusted and respected him and writes to congratulate him upon "his truly happy situation in Lancaster."

When we think and speak of him as

a churchman we do not confine our thoughts simply to his membership in the Episcopal Church.

Appreciate and love, as he may have undoubtedly done (for those old churchmen were uncompromising in their loyalty), the classic beauty of the "Book of Common Prayer," and the noble dignity of its Liturgy, yet he could not have been a bigoted churchman here in America.

No, coming from Ireland, joining England's Church in the Colonies, fighting England's king and armies, he must have sought and sensed an inner, farther truth and good beyond all appearance, seized a golden thread of hope out of the present confusion.

He was, first of all, a Christian before he was a churchman; the first is the inclusive word, and so he did not wholly deny, we may well believe, fellowship with his compatriots from old Donegal, from Willow Street, from Old Trinity, from Heller's or Muddy Creek.

No, thank God, he must have been too big to have permitted the difference to obscure entirely the essential and fundamental unity upon one heavenly King and Master of men.

For what does it mean to catch the full meaning of Christ and fairly serve his Church and kingdom?

What does it signify, to be in any real sense both a "Christian" and a "Churchman"?

First of all, it must mean loyalty, loyalty to an organic ideal, to a mission, to an inheritance, to a future. It means "to endure as seeing Him who is invisible." To be a witness to the truth, to "the faith that is in us," to bear witness to liberty, to the rights of a sovereign people, to the vesting that beckons to the people of God, to the hope that inspires and sustains

those who march steadfastly "towards that one, far-off divine event towards which the whole creation moves," of which all the poets and prophets speak.

There have always been (those) others who have pursued quite the opposite course, even in the garb and uniform of friends, as well as open foes.

Who profess no faith, who own no hope, who serve no cause, who have killed the prophets since the world began.

I confess that I am amazed at the numbers and strength of the traitors and foes to every new and true course in history. The great host of the men who fail to see or accept, who oppose, who doubt, who refuse, who deny, who hate and plot, who pull back rather than lead ahead.

General Hand was second in command under General Sullivan against the Six Nations in Western New York.

There were the green-coated soldiers of the American Royal regiments, under Col. Johnson. There were false friends close to Washington himself.

Not to be like these but to be a true "churchman" in this high and catholic sense is to march ahead joyously with the God of history.

Here to-day we celebrate the insight, the faith of the patriot and every age has need of these farsighted, high-minded men, not faltering, slow and doubting, but those who dare to lead where any dare to follow.

The traitors, spies, laggards of history roll up a melancholy total.

Their race is not died out, and the foes of man are the foes of God and the future.

His servants, on the contrary, serve Him when they serve their race, His

people and the unborn generations. As General Hand did by his loyalty, his allegiance to the best things, his choice and ministry as soldier, doctor, patriot, "Churchman," by his steadfastness to ideals.

The true "Churchman" is the soldier of Christ in His unseen warfare against night and ignorance, all that retards, decays, degrades, His triumph.

In Athens of old traitors within the walls held up polished shields to the sun as signals to the Persian foes without, the enemies of all that Greece held dear.

The Col. Butlers, of Wyoming, the Col. Johnsons, of the long house, the Benedict Arnolds, the Charles Lees, the Conways and their friends seem a mighty host. At every crisis of history we are filled with chagrin and fear. As we watch them will we come to see that "they that be with us are more than they that be with them?"

The reckless hate and opposition and the savage treachery of those who hated and feared the new nation then being born and strove to strangle it in its cradle found confronting them still larger hosts of Edward Hands, Anthony Waynes, Clinton Schuylers and their brothers, and these were the conquering ones.

Always we shall need their like in every generation in our country, State and Nation. May God not refuse to raise them up for us or we refuse to hear them when they appear.

Three dark sisters of night and hate plot like the witches in Macbeth against their fair inheritance our forefathers have bequeathed to us.

In their deep witchcraft, striving to bewitch our people, to becloud their minds, to delude their judgment

and destroy their faith and hope, to undermine the foundations of the liberty for which Edward Hand fought, to overthrow the very structure of the great church of humanity which he served by definite allegiance.

These three dead sisters spinning in the dark and leading the men to call "the fair, foul" and the "foul, fair" are Plutocracy, Anarchy and Special Privilege; and the anarchy of conscious purpose is not half so dangerous as the anarchy of faithlessness and inefficiency, of moral flabbiness, the stagnant inertia of a visionless soul.

General Washington writes to Edward Hand at "Rocky Ford," congratulating him on his retreat from active life and he says, "Such retirement is only adapted to the few who possess sufficient knowledge of the world to see its follies and resist its vanities. He who acts thus may well bear within him a tranquil mind."

These two men, "Good churchmen" both, had fought the good fight together; they knew, trusted and understood each other. Let us try to understand them. We have entered into this inheritance, let us preserve it in our turn for the generations yet unborn. Let us beware lest we betray it and thereby betray both the course of Christ and that future church towards which we strive, and our hearts learn and yearn that larger hope that beckons us onward. That future commonwealth of men free-born, new-born brothers of the highest that men can dream or hope to be, and of which Washington and Hand were in their day and generation the prophets and pioneers as well as the soldiers and servants.

PRESENTATION OF TABLET.

The presentation of the tablet was made by Mr. W. U. Hensel, who spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Mayor and Fellow Townsmen:

It was the happy lot of Lancaster to supply to the cause of the war for American independence not only the illustrious soldier who was so long at the elbow of Washington, in council and in camp, but many others whose names are scarcely less famous and their deeds quite as heroic. Without invidious discrimination there may be recalled the civil and military record of the gifted Ross, of honorable lineage, high in professional rank, fearless in the assertion of his countrymen's rights and efficient in securing them. Nor is less dim the lustre that shines about the name of Henry, whose dauntless ardor as a boy led him across the trackless wilderness that stretched between Detroit and his Lancaster home, and again impelled him to join the hazardous Quebec expeditions, reaching Canada on his seventeenth birthday. His narrative of that wondrous march became an early American classic, because, like Caesar, he wrote his own commentaries; like Xenophon, he described an army's retreat with the pen of a master historian; and he could say with the wandering Æneas—all of which I saw, and part of which I was.

It is likewise the high distinction of Lancaster city and county that throughout that great struggle of the colonies for liberty, begun with misgivings and prosecuted so long in discouragement, no pronounced element of her composite citizenship, racial and religious, faltered or turned tail. Names that tell of Irish an-

cestry—to which race patriotism is a poem and fighting is a fashion—English Episcopal like Shippen and Atlee, and the Moravian Henry; and Welsh, such as Grubb, Evans and Williams; Huguenots, like the Ferees, Lefevres and Lightners; Germans, Lutherans and Reformed, like Slaymaker and Zantzinger, Kuhn and Snyder, Weaver and Klotz, Hubley and Hoffnagle, Bausman, Ziegler and DeHaas—grim and gritty Scotch, passed through north of Irland, like the Patersons and Porters, Lowery, Crawford and Sullivan, Conyngham, Thompson, Boyd, Clark, Watson, Hamilton, Clemson and Steele, Whiteside and McConnell—All with hundreds of others no less notable, commingle in the story of Lancaster county in the Revolution. Under the old oaks of Donegal and beneath the wide-spreading branches of the giant walnuts that shade Pequea Church were breathed the vows of apostolic devotion; and from the far northeast, where the gray crags lift their ancient battlements above the forests of Brecknock, there blazed a trail of fire across the country to the rocky ramparts of the lower Susquehanna.

In the directories of Martic and Drumore, Little Britain and Colerain, one can read to-day the names on the company rolls they mustered into freedom's cause nearly one hundred and forty years ago.

To the honor of all these, and to memory of their deeds, the fidelity of the Historical Society of Lancaster County and the generosity of its friends have contributed to erect a fit monument in a fit place. Thrice memorable—for nature made here a setting and a scene that in themselves are a shrine for heroes; the rugged grandeur of these cliffs and the

graceful beauty of the flowers that wreath them, tell at once of fortitude and sentiment; here, too, Hand himself lived and died, honored as a soldier, respected as a statesman and beloved as a citizen; and here, in the shadow of this rock and on the waters of this river, our greatest inventor, Robert Fulton, made his boyish experiments.

So now we come with uncovered head, with song and story, but with banners of our city, Commonwealth and county full high advanced, to pay this tribute to the fathers and to the worth of what they did. Too little known and too seldom noted; less often told and taught, may this enduring tablet, framed in the living rock, serve to remind coming generations of their blood-bought heritage, sealed with a sincere and unselfish patriotism that had to solve the problems of peace as vexatious as those of war. To the custody of the city of Lancaster and of its park authorities, we confidently commit its keeping; and to those who come after us we commend the story it tells, to all time:

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are
gone.

ACCEPTANCE OF TABLET.

Mayor F. B. McClain was present to accept the tablet on behalf of the city, and he spoke as follows:

Mr. Hensel, members of the Lancaster City and County Historical Society and fellow citizens: A distinguished writer has said, that "History is philosophy teaching by example." If this is true, then the very acme of the

educational influence of history is achieved in the character of work that has been done in the past and is being done on this patriotic and long-to-be-remembered occasion, by our local historical organization, in providing visible and imperishable commemoration in granite and bronze of historic events and historic personages.

The Lancaster City and County Historical Society deserves far more than simple commendation for the activity it has unflaggingly displayed in preserving the historic traditions with which our city and county abounds. After years of effort to arouse a popular appreciation of its useful and patriotic work, success has at last been achieved, and to-day the whole community exhibits enthusiastic interest.

The policy of our local historical society for the past several years has been to hold at least one outdoor celebration each year in commemoration of some event of great importance in the past history of our city and county or to do honor to the name of some individual related to us by either birth or adoption, who rendered distinguished, helpful service, no matter what the line of that service, to our city, county, State or nation.

The historical society has chosen well in selecting as the subject of its patriotic expression this year that great soldier, statesman and citizen, General Hand, the story of whose life, in all its varied and important activities, we have listened to this afternoon from the eloquent lips of the speakers who have preceded me. Under the circumstances, it would be only tautology for me to attempt to speak of the work or worth of General Hand, and I will epitomize my appreciation of him by saying, ideal as a citizen, a

leader in his chosen profession, wise at the counsel table, forceful in the forum, fearless on the field, the historian ranks him deservedly among the great men of his time.

In the hurry and bustle of our strenuous twentieth century life, we are prone to give attention only to things practical and of the present, and show an unmindfulness of the wonderful achievements which marked the early days of our country's life, and of the part played by the men whose mighty intellects, strong hands and dauntless courage consummated, as well as those who in later years preserved, the greatest work of empire building the world has ever known.

It is through the medium of organizations such as the Lancaster County Historical Society that the memory of great men and great events can best be perpetuated. May the great, useful, patriotic and unselfish work of that society in this community continue unlessened. May the spirit of historic celebration and historic culture increase and exert a wider influence with each succeeding year, in order that the coming generation may be inculcated with a proper appreciation of, and be given an object lesson in happenings, inspiring and patriotic, in the history of their State and Nation, with particular relation to this good old shire town of Lancaster and its surrounding villages, boroughs and broad acres.

And now, Mr. Hensel, and members of the Lancaster County Historical Society, I accept, in the name of the city of Lancaster, the beautiful tablet, which we dedicate to-day, and promise to ever vigilantly and reverently guard and preserve this eloquent reminder of that worthy descendant of that

fearless, fighting race, who have come to these shores from the North of Ireland, and who, in America, have proved themselves to be in all things, save the mere accident of birth, as American as the Americans themselves, Lancaster county's adopted and distinguished son, General Edward Hand.

THE HAND FAMILY.

**Descendants in Kansas Have His Bust
Placed in Continental Hall,
Washington, D. C.**

The fame of General Edward Hand, enhanced so much by the recent local historical celebration, is by no means limited to this city of his longtime residence. Out in Ottawa, Kansas, there is a "General Edward Hand" Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The Kansas State organization of that body of patriotic women, at a cost of \$500, one year ago, placed a marble bust of Lancaster's most distinguished soldier in the D. A. R. new Memorial Continental Hall in Washington, D. C.

That bust was made in Italy, by Preston Powers, who worked from a portrait such as was exhibited here last week, being a replica by Persico, the Italian artist, who came to Lancaster only after Hand's death, and while here painted portraits of and for Dr. Jasper Hand, son of the General. This son's branch of the Hand family, having moved westward, was not immediately represented at the recent celebration, but has been heard from in connection with it.

It will be remembered that Hand had three sons: John, the eldest of them and fifth child, died of suicide at "Rockford," aged twenty-five. Dr. Jasper, next child, died, a practicing physician, at Hillsboro, Highland

county, Ohio, in 1828, aged forty-four. He lived for a time in Lancaster and had some difficulty obtaining an early practice, as even after his father's death he sought appointment as a ship's surgeon on an American vessel outfitting for Calcutta.

He left six children, one of whom, his eldest son, Edward, was a physician, third in the line of his family's profession. The other children in order were John, Katharine, Sarah, Margaret and Mary. Of these Margaret visited her Lancaster relatives, the Rogers family, years ago. She married Dr. W. W. Dawson, and died in Cincinnati, Ohio, March 16, 1883; her husband survived her, but is now deceased. For ten years she was a conspicuous member of the Ohio State Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and Children, and wrought in its behalf with her hand and purse, with voice and pen. She was its first vice president, and her decease was the subject of a notable memorial meeting and evoked many touching tributes.

Her niece, Mrs. Jephthah Davis, a great-granddaughter of General Hand, lives in Ottawa, Kansas, and is a prominent Daughter of the Revolution and Vice Regent. To her is due the name of her ancestor attaching to the Chapter there and the bust at Washington—which it is hoped to exhibit at the Portraiture Exhibition here in November.

Among the guests last Friday, late to arrive and coming unexpectedly without the knowledge of the Reception Committee, was Mrs. Edward Rogers Hopkins, nee Burke, of Philadelphia. She is the widow of W. W. Hopkins' only son. She was accompanied by her only child, a lad of about twelve, bearing his father's name. As stated in the published Hand geneal-

ogy, this youth is the only lineal descendant of both Edward Hand and George Ross, having the blood of both in his veins. His grandmother was a great-granddaughter of Hand and his grandfather a great-great-grandson of Ross; no other offspring of their union survives.

ACCOUNT OF B. C. ATLEE, TREASURER OF HAND COMMITTEE.

Receipts.

Receipts\$377.00

Expenditures.

Iroquois Band\$ 42.00

Comestoga Traction Company.. 22.70

W. Y. Haldy & Sons..... 200.00

L. B. Herr & Son 47.11

Haldy & Sons 62.28

Total\$374.09

Balance on Hand\$ 2.91

Additional receipts\$ 6.00

Balance\$ 8.91

Intelligencer, printing,\$ 5.00

Present balance\$ 3.91

The foregoing is a correct account of the funds passing through my hands.

BENJ. C. ATLEE.

September 30, 1912.

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