Donegal in the Revolution—Patriotism and Piety.

A notable historic event in the history of Lancaster county, binding the present to the past by an enduring chain of events, was the unveiling of a monument in Old Donegal churchyard, on Thursday, October 4th, 1899. This interesting memorial shaft was projected by Witness Tree Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in honor of the patriots of Donegal and the adjacent townships who gave their services, and many of them their lives, to the cause of independence.

The memorial shaft is fifteen feet high, and the names on it are those of the men whose memories it perpetuates. On the southern face of the shaft are the names of the officers of the Third Battalion, who took part in the battle of Brandywine, September 11, 1777. On the west face are the names of the two companies attached to the Flying Camp, who were in the disastrous conflict on Long Island, on August 27, 1779, and also in the battle of King's Bridge. In addition are the names of the officers who participated in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, and of the delegates to the Convention held in Carpenter's Hall, on June 18, 1776; also, the name of James Bayley, a wagon-master in the Revolutionary service, and of his his brother, John, and the Justice before whom the loyal men of Donegal took the oath of allegiance. On the east side is inscribed the name of Colonel Bertram Galbraith, who commanded a regiment during the war and participated in the fights at Trenton and

Princeton. On the north side are the names of the Donegal officers who participated in the Indian wars prior to the Revolution and also in the latter conflict.

The dedicatory services began at 11 o'clock, with an eloquent invocation by the Rev. George Wells Ely, which was followed by the noble poem, which is subjoined, written by Lloyd Mifflin, Esq. "The Star Spangled Banner" was then sung by the multitude gathered about the monument, after which Miss Lillian S. Evans pulled the cord that released the National flag which had up to that time hidden the graceful shaft from view.

After these ceremonies, the exercises were adjourned to the historic church of Donegal, a few yards distant, where the Hon. Marriott Brosius, M. C., and a member of the Lancaster County Historical Society, delivered the eloquent and valuable historical address herewith printed; a noble tribute to a worthy people on a memorable occasion. The ceremonies were concluded by the singing of patriotic music and the benediction. F. R. D.

PEACE TO THE BRAVE.

BY LLOYD MIFFLIN.

Read on the occasion of the unveiling of the monument to the memory of the Revolutionary soldiers of Donegal, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, October 5, 1899.

Peace to the Brave! They do not need
our praising,
For in all hearts is treasured every
name;
Yet for the future we to-day are raising
A tablet to their fame.

And while the trees put on their fading
splendors
And trail their banners like to knights
of old,
Let Freedom drop a tear for her defenders,
Now crumbled into mould!

They are not dead, so long as recollection
Enshrines them in the temple of the heart;
Heroic, with no fear, and no defection,
Bravely they did their part.

If some, perchance, were of a lowly station,
They were ennobled beyond mortal breath;
Co-equal with the proudest of the Nation,
Made eminent by Death.

O'er those who die for Fame there rests a beauty,
Dimmed by the human craving for renown;
But on these patriot brows, the Angel, Duty,
Enwreathed her purest crown.

Here their descendants, rapt in veneration,
In distant days full many an hour shall stand;
The alien, too, shall bend in adoration
O'er these who freed a Land.

Sometimes in Spring, with flowers as a token,
Children of sires as yet unborn may come,
And place around this shaft, then still unbroken,
Their wreaths of laurel-bloom.

Far from this vale, the heroes, lone, are lying
In peaceful fields, now tilled by happier men;
The patriots fell, but each dim eye, in dying,
Looked to these dales again.

Some near the Wissahickon shades are sleeping;
On far Long Island some as bravely died;
And sylvan Brandywine has in her keeping
Some whom death glorified.

Forget not those—the warriors worn and gory—
Who here returned to till the fruitful fields;

They only lacked the great and crowning glory
Of dying on their shields.

Still may the Morning with her roseate finger
Touch these engraven names with gracious light;
Still may the sunset 'round this tablet linger—
The stars keep watch by night.

O, shade the spot, historic oaks centennial,
Here by the ancient Kirk of Donegal;
Ye evergreens, and church-yard pines perennial,
Stand sentry 'round the wall!

O, River, with your beauty time-defying,
Flowing along our peaceful shores today,
Be glad you fostered them—the heroes lying
Deep in the silent clay!

Be jubilant, ye Hill-tops, old and hoary—
Proud that their feet have trod your rocky ways;
Rejoice, ye Vales, for they have brought you glory
And ever-during praise!

We leave their memory to the hearts that love them;
Their sacrifice shall still remembered be;
The very cloud shall pause, in pride, above them
Who fought to make us free!

With the long line that files into Death's portal
They pass, with honor blazoned on each breast;
They camp afar, upon the Plains Immortal,
Each in his tent of Rest!

ORATION.

BY HON. MARRIOTT BROSIUS.

That the patriotic women of "Witness Tree" Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, had their interest engaged and their exertions stimulated by the work of erecting the commemorative shaft which has just been unveiled is due to their profound veneration for the sterling patriotism and heroic character of the citizens of Donegal whose illustrious example and salutary lessons in the struggle for independence are to be perpetuated in the remembrance of mankind by this simple, chaste and beautiful memorial monolith.

It is a noble testimonial and an honor to its projectors. It has the sanction of an age-long custom. History does not record a time when monuments were not the customary means of commemorating great events, historic occasions and distinguished services.

Standing in the midst of your people, on a central and commanding site, in the shadow of your ancient church, this shaft will arrest the eye, awaken the admiration and stimulate the devotion and loyalty of the generations that shall come and go while its enduring granite resists the tooth of time.

Out of a seething human caldron in which singularly diverse race elements had boiled together there came one of the sturdiest of races—the Scotch-Irish. Subjected to persecution which aimed at the overthrow of their Presbyterianism, they accepted William Penn's gracious invitation and sought freedom of worship in the wilds of the new world. By 1750, twelve thousand Scotch-Irish had come over, most of whom found homes in Pennsylvania.

Among these newcomers were the Galbraith brothers, John and James.

The former tarried in Philadelphia, but James sought the inviting lands beyond the Conestoga. As soon as he had sheltered his family under a home roof he organized a church. In less than two years, it is said, a meeting house stood upon the sweetest spot in Pennsylvania, a pleasant wooded hill, with a perennial spring bubbling up its cool water for man and beast. In this cabin church they worshiped God and rejoiced in their new freedom.

This little Donegal meeting house near the spot where we are now assembled became the nursery of Presbyterianism for the colonies. Andrew, son of Jas. Galbraith, was one of the first elders of the church, as well as the first coroner of the county. Later he became a Justice of the Court of Common Pleas and was a member of the General Assembly for seven consecutive years.

James, the brother of Andrew, was visibly touched by the charms of the daughter of the new minister just called to the Derry Church. She was beautiful and accomplished and besides had expectations through her mother, Elizabeth Gillespie, who was heiress to a handsome estate in Edinburg. It shortly came to pass that Elizabeth Bartram, daughter of Rev. William Bartram, became the wife of James Galbraith, Jr.

James was a man of light and leading in the Donegal community. He was twice Sheriff of the county, was Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, Captain in the "Associators" and Lieutenant Colonel in the French and Indian War. In 1777 he was appointed Lieutenant of Militia. He died at the age of eighty-three years after seeing all his sons officers in the War of the Revolution.

From the union of Galbraith and Bartram there came Bartram Galbraith, whose name appears conspicuously upon this monument. This dis-

tinguished citizen and soldier did more perhaps than any other to rouse Donegal to arms and organize her battalions for the war. He had been an officer in the French and Indian War and was an early and strenuous advocate of the independence of the Colonies. In the first movement toward the organization of the county for defence he was elected a member of the Committee on Observation and Correspondence; he represented Donegal in a provincial convention held in Philadelphia in 1775; he was Lieutenant of Lancaster county and as such was charged with grave and responsible duties in connection with the military organization of the county and the safe-keeping of the British and Hessian prisoners in the barracks at Lancaster; he was a member of the Provincial Conference in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, in June 1776, a conference called in pursuance of a resolution of the Continental Congress to make provisions for a suitable frame of government; he was also a member of the Provincial Convention which met in pursuance of the agreement of the previous conference to draft the constitution of 1776; he commanded one of the Pennsylvania battalions, recruited largely in Donegal township, and was engaged in the New Jersey campaign, in the summer of 1776. While at Bordentown, three or four of his companies were assigned to the "Flying Camp," a body of troops authorized by Act of the Continential Congress, and which rendered valuable service in the battles of King's Bridge and Long Island in the fall of 1776, sustaining heavy losses in killed and wounded.

Colonel Galbraith, after the war, followed his profession,that of a surveyor, at Bainbridge, where he resided for many years. He died in 1804, at the age of sixty-six years—"beloved in life and lamented in death."

Colonel Alexander Lowery came from the North of Ireland. His father,

Lazarus Lowery, with his family, settled in Donegal in 1729. He was an Indian trader, as were his sons after him. Alexander was a man of great physical strength and prowess. No Indian could outrun him. He was thrifty in business and accumulated wealth, becoming the owner of large tracts of the best land in Donegal. He was, in every sense, a leading citizen,to whom the community looked up with implicit confidence and great respect.

When the struggle for independence commenced, he took an active and effective part on the side of the colonies. As early as 1774, he was a member of the Committee on Correspondence, which met in Philadelphia July 15, 1774. He was Colonel of the Third Pennsylvania Battalion, was a member of the State Assembly in 1775-1776, and again in 1778-1780. For a short period he was a member of the State Senate. He was also a member of the convention which framed the first constitution of Pennsylvania.

He was a brave and accomplished soldier. His battalion, mostly Donegalians, joined Washington's army and won distinction for bravery at Brandywine and Germantown. In the former battle, his command suffered heavy losses. It will be remembered that several hundred of the wounded at the battle of Brandywine were removed to the Cloister Hospital at Ephrata, where more than one hundred and fifty died and were buried at Mount Zion. Whether any of the Donegal boys were among these still unmonumented heroes we may never know.

After the war Colonel Lowery became a Justice of the Peace and administered justice according to tradition in some original ways, but always holding the scales in equal poise. His hospitable home in Marietta was a house of entertainment for the distinguished statesmen in transit to and from York, when Congress was in session at

that place. After the battle and victory at Saratoga, General Gates and wife were the guests of Colonel and Mrs. Lowery. The entertainment was the best the house afforded, and Mrs. Lowery was not averse to ostentatious hospitality.

Colonel Lowery possessed, in a marked degree, the strong characteristics of his race. His business qualifications gave him a pre-eminence enjoyed by few men of his day. He had a remarkable memory, sound judgment and an upright mind. He stood in such high repute that he was frequently called to remote sections to compose business differences and settle disputes about the title of lands.

In no respect, however, was he more distinguished than by his sterling love of liberty and loyalty to the cause of independence. He hated tyranny, despised royalty, and would not tolerate anything that smacked of imitation of its glitter and show.

Gail Hamilton records that, when Mrs. Lowery was ordering the trappings for her new carriage, in the absence of the Colonel, she innocently bespoke a coat-of-arms. When the Colonel came home and saw the accursed thing, he demanded a hatchet and forthwith hacked off the pretty bauble, and buried it with his own hands, "and no man knoweth the place of its sepulchre to this day." Some of the best citizens of this and adjoining communities have the honor to trace their lineage to this good man, this upright citizen, this splendid patriot. He died in 1805, in the eighty-third year of his age, lamented by all who knew him.

Scotch-Irish Character

The limits of this occasion will not admit of an inquiry into the lives of others whose names are inscribed on this memorial shaft. This brief sketch of the two most distinguished of Donegal patriots of the Revolution may

serve as an introduction to some reflections on the character of the race from which these patriotic Donegalians came and which accounts for the record they made in the annals of their country for patriotism and piety.

It has been said: "Every man at his birth is an epitome of his progenitors." He starts out with the elements of his character drawn from the widest sources with which the problem of every life is concerned. It is not the dome of St. Peter's, but how the hand that rounded it acquired its skill; not the play of "Hamlet," but how the mind that gave it its own wondrous birth was developed, that are the concern of history and philosophy.

That the Quaker and German wave of settlement halted for a time at least at the Conestoga Creek, while the Scotch-Irish pressed forward and preempted the fair country lying between the Conestoga on the east and the Susquehanna on the west,finds its explanation in the character of the races. The sweet temper and non-resistent principles of the Quaker and the Palatine little suited them to the hardships and the perils of the frontier to which the Scotch-Irish, by their hardihood, aggressiveness, intrepidity and combativeness were well adapted. The post of the hardy sons of Ulster was always at the front on the firing line. They were a wall of fire between the savages in the wilderness and the men of peace on the Delaware. They were the advance couriers of civilization and were not deterred when rough surgery was needed to meet the requirements of the situation. They seemed to be equal to any and all situations. It has been said they possessed that one transcendent, almost omnipotent quality, the power to shape events by the resistless force of their personality; a quality which some one has likened to the enchanted bow in the Arabian story that took its strength from the arm that

drew it. In a child's hand it was a toy to shoot at birds; in the hand of a warrior it sent its shaft through shield and cuirass; but when drawn by the arm of a giant sent aloft a shaft that kindled with its swiftness and left a track of fire among the stars.

They were intelligent and thrifty, had wrestled with adverse conditions for generations. Struggle had developed brain and brawn. For centuries they had not known purple or fine linen, or downy beds of ease, or sumptuous living. Danger had made them heroic. Their persecution and suffering made them battling men "of grim face, clenched fist and primed rifle." The constant presence of peril and apprehension that kept them in the midst of alarms made them as alert, quick-scented and keen-eyed as the savage himself. They knew their path by day was liable to be ambushed and the darkness of the night to glitter with the blaze of their homes. Fathers saw their sons fall victims of the tomahawk. Mothers witnessed the war-whoop wake the sleep of the cradle. But nothing daunted them; westward they forged their way. At that early day they were quite within the witticism of Charles Dickens, that an American would not accept a place in Heaven unless he was allowed to move West. Their posterity inherited the habit and followed the course of empire. Few of their descendants are found here to-day; while the South and West are rich in good citizens, splendid men, noble women, famous preachers and great statesmen, who sprang from the rich "seed bed" in Old Donegal. The President of the UnitedStates proudly traces his lineage to the same invincible stock. In 1770, or thereabouts, James Stephenson lived across the meadow, where Ex-Senator J. Donald Cameron now resides. His daughter, Hannah, married John Gray; their daughter, Sarah, married David

McKinley; their son, James, married Mary Rose; their son, William, married Nancy Allison, and they were the parents of William McKinley, Jr.

They were the original squatter sovereigns, and did not trouble themselves much about the trivial circumstance of title to the land they occupied. Their argument was short, sharp and decisive to them. They said: "It is against the laws of God and nature that so much land should be idle when so many Christians want to labor on it." The logic of this plea may not be sound; the Quakers of the East did not think it was, but Scotch-Irish pertinacity overcame all difficulties, and they remained in Donegal for a time rent free.

Their combativeness was not limited to the enemies of their race and country. They could quarrel among themselves. Abraham Lincoln, describing the Scotch-Irish in the Civil War, said: "Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invoke His aid against the other; for no two men can by logic plus passion and self-interest get farther apart than two Scotch-Irishmen."

In the controversy between Pennsylvania and Maryland before the line was established, one, Benjamin Chambers, was arrested in Maryland as a spy. He made his escape and went to Donegal and collected a number of Scotch-Irish, whom, he said, "would as soon fight as eat." Their fighting proclivities did not cease until after the War of the Revolution. Another has suggested that when the redskins were vanquished they turned their rifles upon the red-coats and did not stop firing until their independence was achieved.

They were disputatious. They had an instinct for logic. They were metaphysicians, as well as theologians, and argued their way through the intricate problems of theology and philosophy

with the same daring as they fought the "red-coats," and harmonized the doctrines of "free will" and the "foreknowledge of God" as successfully as they could demonstrate the right of the colonies to be free and independent. So the church did not enjoy immunity from schism. At an early day the "Old Light" and the "New Light" controversy dismembered congregations very much as other schisms rend the churches one hundred and fifty years later.

With their brain and their brawn and the general excellency of their character they were not without defects, and they were humble and honest enough to own it. It was their own saying: "If we have a bushel fu' of vartues we have a peck fu' of fauts." Their rugged nature expressed itself in the "working words of the language," at times and on provocations; but it was a gross exaggeration to say that "the Scotch-Irish clothed themselves with curses as with a garment." They were not saints, though they had a firm faith in the "perseverance of the saints." John Duncan, a brother of the jurist, fought a duel with the grandfather of Robert A. Lamberton, LL.D., once President of Lehigh University. It arose, as most duels did, out of some trifling controversy about politics. They were disposed to resist the collection of a tax on whisky. They had emigrated for liberty, which included freedom from restriction in trade. It was said of them that they could not see why they should pay a duty for drinking their grain any more than for eating it. Their second thought, however, reconciled them to the law. If their desire to carry their point and win elections carried them at times into some excesses, it is not believed by candid historians that their turbulence at the York election was great enough to justify the order of the proprietaries

that no more Scotch-Irish should be allowed to take up land in York county. Much that has been said in disparagement of the Scotch-Irish of the early day has value rather for its humor than its truth. At all events, happier days and sweeter experiences with closer contact with the Quakers and the Palatines, together with the "mighty forces of sweetness and light working in this broad, free and many-blooded Republic, have made the posterity of those stern, rugged, fighting ancestors a kindly, gentle and amiable folk."

Patriotism.

The Scotch-Irish in Donegal, as well as elsewhere, were thoroughly loyal to two things, the cause of independence and the Presbyterian faith. When the church was without a pastor they would go to "land's end" to find one. When their liberty was assailed they clamored for firearms, powder and lead. They believed the "tyrant's foe the people's friend." They were trained in the school of John Knox, who taught what another has felicitously expressed, that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." Accordingly, these pathfinders of our civilization were foremost in the cause of independence. Bancroft says: "Their training in Ireland had kept the spirit of liberty alive." The same writer is authority for the statement that "the first public voice in America for dissolving all connection with Great Britain came not from the Puritans of New England, nor the Dutch of New York, nor the planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch-Irish of Pennsylvania." It was a Scotch-Irish assembly that in June, 1774, made the heroic resolve "that in the event of Great Britain attempting to enforce unjust laws upon us by the strength of arms our cause we leave to Heaven and our rifles."

It was a singular coincidence that at

the moment the Continental Congress was adopting the Declaration of Independence, the Scotch-Irish squatter sovereigns of the Susquehanna Valley, in convention assembled, were declaring by solemn resolution for freedom and independence. The Pennsylvania Assembly instructed their delegates in Congress to oppose every proposal of separation from the mother country. But the Scotch-Irish of the frontier at the same time petitioned the Assembly, declaring:

"If those who rule in Britain will not permit the colonies to be free and happy in connection with that Kingdom, it becomes their duty to secure and promote their freedom and happiness in the best manner they can without that connection." They further prayed "that the last instructions which the Assembly gave the delegates from this colony in Congress, wherein they were enjoined not to consent to any step which may lead to separation from Great Britain, may be withdrawn."

Early in 1774 meetings were held in Lancaster county for the purpose of organizing for the struggle for independence. These meetings all set forth the duty of opposition to the oppressive measures of Parliament; advocating a union of the colonies and an appeal to arms. Thus, it will be seen that the resolves of the people of Lancaster county antedated the Mecklenburg Declaration almost a year, and led the adoption of the Declaration by Congress by more than two years. Nearly all the Scotch-Irish participated in these meetings, joined the liberty associations and held themselves ready to march at a moment's notice. It is believed that nearly every able-bodied male member of the Donegal Church was a soldier either in the French and Indian War or the War of the Revolution.

The Continental Congress provided

for the appointment of Committees of Observation and Correspondence in each county. Donegal was represented in that committee by Bartram Galbraith, Alexander Lowery, James Cunningham, Frederick Mumma and Robert Craig. The duty of this committee was to attentively observe the conduct of all persons touching the use or sale of interdicted articles, or opposing, in any way, the patriotic efforts of the colonists to free themselves from the oppression of Parliament. If any one was found delinquent in these particulars they were declared to be enemies to American liberty, and, thereafter, patriots would abstain from dealing with them. Boycotting was thus early employed to promote patriotism. Few of the Donegalians, however, became amenable to this boycott, for their aggressive patriotism urged them to do too much rather than too little for the cause of the colonies, and they fully agreed with Franklin that a cup of tea, the cost of which helped to pay the salaries of tyrants, would choke any decent American.

During the period of the war of the Revolution there were seventeen citizens of Donegal who held the rank of Colonel in the army, not to speak of the great number who filled the field and line offices. It is recorded that so many offered their services to Lieutenant Miller when recruiting a company that he chalked a small nose on the barn door, and said that he would take only men who could hit that nose at one hundred and fifty yards. "Take care of your nose, General Gage," was the common newspaper salutation of the day.

My friends, well may we honor and venerate such splendid patriotism,such matchless devotion to liberty, as our ancestors of Donegal exhibited in the days that tried men's souls, and we can not render more suitable homage to this commemorative shaft than in its presence to renew our vows to love of

country, and rededicate ourselves to the service of those principles for which they were so willing to do and die.

Piety.

To stop here would leave the patriotism and other admirable traits of our Scotch-Irish progenitors inadequately accounted for. They possessed another trait which was a conspicuous factor in all they did and all they were. That was a deep religious feeling, a sterling piety. That was the leaven that leavened the splendid loaf of their character.

I have alluded to the wide influence of the Donegal Church. It was the nursery of Presbyterianism in the colonies. The Scotch-Irish were trained to recognize the authority of the church and to do homage to it. Buckle assures us the church exerted more influence in Scotland and Ireland than in any other European country. The log cabin church was erected about 1720, very near the spot on which this church stands. The present edifice was erected somewhere near the year 1730. The pulpit was served by a number of ministers, no one remaining longer than two or three years, until Rev. James Anderson came. His incumbency continued until his death, a period of thirteen years. For a few years thereafter the supply was precarious and intermittent. In the early forties, Rev. Joseph Tate was installed and remained until his death, in 1774. In 1775, Rev. Colin McFarquhar, a recent arrival from Scotland, was called by the congregation, and remained for about thirty years.

An incident in the early ministry of Mr. McFarquhar is so characteristic of the Scotch-Irish, and so illustrative of their sterling patriotism, that I hazard reproducing it in this connection, though it is familiar to most of you, and is under the suspicion of some of being apocryphal. One Sunday morn-

ing in June, 1777, Colonel Galbraith sent an express to Donegal to Colonel Lowery to move the battalion of Donegalians to meet the advancing British. The express arrived at the meeting-house during service. The congregation adjourned without waiting for the benediction, and, forming a ring around the old oak tree in front of the church, and placing Mr. McFarquhar, who had been lukewarm in the cause, in the middle, made him hurrah for the Continental cause. The congregation then joined hands and renewed their pledge to the sacred cause of freedom and independence. The oak tree, that splendid "monarch" now standing near this church, was witness of their solemn vow,and henceforth was known as "The Witness Tree."

The Scotch-Irish, like Cromwell's celebrated regiment, put religion in their fighting as well as in their praying. If they had to attend church with rifle in hand it detracted nothing from their worship. They hearkened gladly to prayers an hour long. They listened to sermons from eloquent divines like Duffield and others, who were apt to preach from texts which countenanced war, as that from Hosea, "The Lord is a man of war;" or from Samuel, "Wh is this that he should defy the armies of the living God." They believed the Colonists as much the chosen and covenanted people of God as were the Israelites; and that the patriot battalions were the Lord's instruments to overthrow the hosts of tyranny and oppression. A young and enthusiastic minister, preaching to a battalion of departing soldiers exhorted them "to be of good cheer, and when the battle came the Lord would make them like Saul and Jonathan, 'swifter than eagles and stronger than lions.'"

While the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians preached war when that was the last recourse, they countenanced no disrespect to the Book of books. Their veneration for the Bible was deep and

beautiful to behold, although it would not harmonize with modern higher criticism. They believed it to be true and inspired, every word of it, and to contain the divinely authorized rules of life. Rev. Dr. Cathcart preached at Harrisburg on one occasion, and was entertained at the house of an elder.

The Reverend Doctor desired to present a neat appearance on Sunday morning, and, having no hone, he strapped his razor on a leather-covered Bible he always carried with him. His eloquent sermon that day so impressed the elders that they proposed to give him a call. The elder at whose house he stopped, however, objected very strenuously, saying: "I will have none of him; he strapped his razor on the Word of God."

Their reverence was deep and holy. They believed that God's hand was in the sorrows of Scotland, the struggles of Ulster, and the distresses of the Colonies; that out of the darkness His Hand was reaching to lead them, and that His Providence accompanied His loving children day and night; and they died, some one has said, under a contract with God and in full expectation that He would grant them immortal life. So the piety of the Donegalians was as conspicuous as their patriotism; indeed, was the basis of their patriotism; and the union of the two made them good citizens, grand men and women, home builders and State builders, and we can to-day render cheerful homage to the characteristic traits of the Scotch-Irish Revolutionary fathers of Donegal, for there are no other pillars so well suited to sustain the community, the State, the nation, as Patriotism and Piety.

Author: Brosius, Marriott, 1843-1901.

Other Author(s): Diffenderffer, Frank Ried, 1833-1921.
Mifflin, Lloyd, 1846-1921.

Title: Donegal in the Revolution--patriotism and piety / by Hon. Marriott Brosius.

Primary Material: Book

Subject(s): Mifflin, Lloyd, 1846-1921.
Lowry family.
Galbraith family.
Daughters of the American Revolution. Witness Tree Chapter (Lancaster, Pa.)
Scots-Irish--Pennsylvania.
Historical markers--Pennsylvania--Lancaster County.
Donegal (Pa.)--History.
Lancaster County (Pa.)--History--17th century.

Publisher: Lancaster, Pa. : Lancaster County Historical Society, 1899-1900

Description: [44]-62 p. ; 23 cm.

Series: Journal of the Lancaster County Historical Society ; v. 4, no. 2

Notes: Contains poem "Peace to the Brave" by Lloyd Mifflin.

Call Number: 974.9 L245 v.4
Location: LCHSJL -- Journal Article (reading room)

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