

# THE SCOTCH-IRISH.

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The following address was delivered at the anniversary dinner of the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania, at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, on February 21, 1905, by our distinguished and eloquent fellow citizen, Ex-Attorney General W. U. Hensel. It is a splendid tribute to the many excellent traits of character of one of the most numerous of the various nationalities that settled Lancaster county and contributed so much to its development and progress. Mr. Hensel said:

Mr. Toastmaster: I do not know what "occurrence"\* it was on your right to which you so feelingly alluded, but I have only to say that, if it was the uncorking of this small article, the lines which divide nationalities and counties in this Commonwealth are not so marked that you can expect a Lancaster man not to know the difference between a bottle of champagne and a capsule. (Laughter and applause).

If an invited guest may be permitted, without seeming discourtesy, to speak with proper reserve of the chaste self-restraint of this occasion (laughter), I am very much minded

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\*When the guests had assembled it was discovered that the occasion was "Election Day" in Pennsylvania; and a general law prohibited wines or liquors being served in any hotel on that day or evening. A considerate friend of Mr. Hensel, just before the call was made upon him, passed to his place at table a miniature bottle of champagne, which a thoughtful servant uncorked with considerable show and sound of circumstance, to which the President referred in introducing the speaker.

to recall the very old—but always very beautiful—story of the early days of the Supreme Court of the United States when, after what had been probably too frequent indulgence in “spoon victuals,” it was resolved they would never again drink, as they dined together, except on rainy days. Upon one occasion, when there had been an unusual “dry spell,” Chief Justice Marshall besought Story to look out the window to see if there was not a cloud “the size of a man’s hand” somewhere in the sky. The weather returns being unsatisfactory, the Chief Justice sighed and said: “Well, brethren, the domain over which our jurisdiction extends is so vast that it certainly must be raining somewhere.” (Laughter). I am quite sure that in the north of Ireland it is twelve o’clock. (Laughter and applause). After having abstained from every course here except two, to devote my time to convincing “Larry” McCormick of that astronomical and geographical certainty, I am constrained to believe he must have come from the wrong end of Ireland. I feel about that end of Ireland a good deal as a native of the western part of our country. I met him one night in Cork, about sunset, when the bells of that city were making their tune-ful music, and in an unsentimental kind of way the fellow with a slouch hat turned to me and said: “What is them a-ringin’?” “Those, my friend and fellow countryman, are the Bells of Shandon that in the old books of favorite recitations used to ‘sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the River Lee.’” And he said, “Huh!” About a week after that, in Belfast, standing in the great shipyards of that busy city, after having passed through streets where I saw names familiar in lower Lancaster county—McPherson, Clark, Scott, Morrison and McCon-

nell—and was listening to the ring of five thousand hammers on five thousand rivets, I felt someone nudge me, and turning around I saw my friend from Oklahoma. Thinking, no doubt, over the lack of business spirit and depression that existed in the lower end of Ireland, he said to me, "Stranger, that is a darned sight finer music than the Bells of Shandon." (Applause).

The story of Pennsylvania in the history of American Commonwealths has not yet been written. If the pages assigned to it are not entirely blank the task of filling them out has been at most inadequately performed. While Fisher, Sharpless and Bolles, from the standpoint of the Quaker, and Diffenderffer, Pennypacker and Sachse, from the outlook of the Pennsylvania-German, have been far more than gleaners in the realm of our local history, it will be conceded, I think, that a broad field yet remains unworked for your Society, if it is to realize in full measure its first avowed purpose—the preservation of Scotch-Irish history, and especially the achievements of the Scotch-Irish people of Pennsylvania.

If it be true that, on the one hand, an intelligent study of local history must be in connection with the general history of the Commonwealth and country, and that, on the other hand, one can best understand the great movements, religious, political and material, which have affected the general life by tracing their operations in detail in one's own neighborhood and among its earliest citizens, no apology, perhaps, is needed for the brief claim upon your attention by one who, having vainly sought to establish claim to membership in your Society, brings to the task your committee has set, no

credentials but a friendly and neighborly interest—

“A dreamer of the common dreams;  
A fisher in familiar streams.”

Into the historic bailiwick of my county there entered almost contemporaneously three ruling strains that have made the composite citizenship of Pennsylvania for nearly two centuries. On that theatre of action there have been displayed the play and counter-play, the relation and inter-relation, the action and counter-action of the several religious and political forces that were set in motion early in the eighteenth century by the English Quaker, the Scotch-Irish and the Pennsylvania-German. Whether Robert Galt was the first white settler who crossed the ridge that separates the Chester from the Pequea Valley, or if he was shortly preceded by the Pilgrim Palatines, to whom, in 1711, Penn “required the friendship” of the Conestoga Indians—it is difficult to determine and it may be profitless to inquire; but it is notable that the early assessment lists of Conestoga township, then Chester county, which bore such characteristic names as James Patterson, Collum McQuair, Thomas Clark and John McDaniel, discriminated as “Dutch inhabitants,” the Herrs and Kauffmans, Brubakers and Swarrs, the Brenemans and Zimmermans, the Brackbills and Shenks.

It is equally certain that, with characteristic persistence, the Scotch-Irishman pushed past his German neighbor; so that when, as early as 1720, the territory of West Conestoga, beyond the Pequea, was cut off and called “Donegal,” it was already peopled almost entirely by the more aggressive race. They held the frontier and stood on the firing line; at once they bore the odium and won the glory

of battling with the savage. They worked out that great moral and political problem which has always to be solved when a weaker race throws itself across the path of advancing civilization. They made stern wrestle with all the difficulties that confront those who would at once break a new soil and settle new institutions.

Carrying his religion with his rifle, the Scotch-Irishman in Lancaster county, as when he moved thence South or Westward, stamped an iron heel where he settled and wheresoever he trod. (Applause.) Regardless of disproportionate numbers he dominated the situation over his German neighbor for a century and a-half. His history is indelibly written on the early records of the church and State. Two distinct trails are marked by ecclesiastical edifices and surviving congregations, whose history is the record of his race everywhere. The minutes of their "sessions" and the mute eloquence of their gravestones tell the virtues of unyielding fortitude, undying patriotism, high civic virtues and elevated social life.

Almost immediately they advanced across the country, leaping from Pequea to Leacock, from Leacock to Donegal, in the upper end of the county; and, on the lower side of the "Mine Ridge," they occupied what was once "the great township of Drumore," stretching from the west branch of the Octoraro to the west bank of the Susquehanna, and from the Martic hills to the disputed Maryland line. In the valleys of the upper end, where "their furrow broke" the limestone lands, the pioneers whose history we commemorate were surrounded by the patient, plodding and tenacious German peasants; while in the lower end, where the slate lands were more

easily cleared of the lighter timber, they were confronted by an alien element in the meek followers of Penn and the unwarlike worshippers with Fox. As in the swift current of the Rhone, the turbid waters of the Arve and the lustrous stream from Lake Geneva flow side by side without commingling, so, for nearly two centuries, the different strains that peopled and organized Lancaster county and made its history preserved their identity and illustrated racial distinctions as diverse as those of Ulster and the Palatinate. I know and can recommend to you no more interesting field for that kind of historical study which epitomizes the making of our complex life, and no more attractive and suggestive basis for imaginative and romantic literature, than that which is afforded by the conflicts of race and religion in this community of 160,000 souls dwelling within the borders of a single county of the Commonwealth.

To deny to the German farmer the larger share of credit for its pre-eminence among all the counties of all the States in agricultural wealth and productiveness would be to gainsay the indisputable; but to minimize the potent influence of the Scotch-Irish in the development and upbuilding of this sovereignty would be to misread or misinterpret the testimony within easy reach. Around the half-dozen original historic rural Presbyterian churches—and as many more of their offspring—all of which still remain, there cluster memories of a hundred and seventy-five years with which chords every note of national pride! How simple, for example, these entries in the Bible of a Londonderry immigrant, converted by Whitfield at fifteen: "December 27, 1749, licensed to preach the Gospel; May 22, 1750,

married Betsey Blair; October 9, 1750, accepted a call from Pequea and Leacock; March 25, 1751, ordained and installed; March 16, 1751, on Saturday at 10 o'clock p. m., my son, Samuel, was born. 1 Samuel, 1, XX., 'She bare a son and called his name Samuel, saying because I have asked him of the Lord.' " Then in rapid succession—before the days of "race suicide"—the Lord so heard him—within thirteen years, eight in all! (Laughter and applause.) And yet in that humble parsonage, up there almost in the wilderness, where Robert Smith served his God and ministered to his people continuously for forty-two years, "a great part of the clergy of this State received the elements of their education or perfected their theological studies." Under that lowly roof, associated for a time with the great divine who was the head of its household, was James Waddell, the "Blind Preacher," whom William Wirt immortalized, whom Patrick Henry declared to be the greatest orator of his time, and who became the progenitor of the giant Alexanders of Princeton. One of Smith's pupils, John McMillen, became the apostle of Presbyterianism in Western Pennsylvania, founded Jefferson College, and, from a log cabin in Washington county, sent more young men into the ministry than any other individual on the continent before the days of Theological Seminaries. From the loins of that same Robert Smith sprang a son, John Blair, who became President both of Hampden Sidney and Union Colleges, and that eldest son, Samuel, whose birth he reverently chronicled as "asked of God," lived to become Professor of Moral Philosophy, reorganized Princeton College when the incidents of the Revolutionary War had dispersed its students and faculty, mar-

ried Witherspoon's daughter and succeeded him in the Presidency. (Applause.)

To that same seat of Presbyterianism in Lancaster county, as early as 1724, had come Adam Boyd, from Ballymean, in Antrim, by way of New England, with credentials from both Ireland and Cotton Mather. There, to acres of people, Whitfield preached on two separate visits to America, first from the outreaching limb of the great black walnut tree that stands by the side of the brooklet, and again under the white oak in the graveyard in whose branches four times "the century-living crow grew old and died."

Of the one hundred acres donated at Middle Octoraro by the Penns for school and church purposes, none has been diverted from the objects of the grant; side by side, along the old "State Road," were reared the Presbyterian and the Covenanter Churches. In one of the graveyards a stone to the memory of John Cuthbertson, the first Reformed Presbyterian who ever preached in America, attests his forty years ministrations among the Dissenting Covenanters in America, and that "the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." Tablets of 1733 trace the origin of the first church in Little Britain. At Chestnut Level the roofless walls of the second edifice awaited the end of the Revolutionary War before they could be completed. Volumes would not record the picturesque incidents—nor could the most skillful delineator of character complete the story of the rugged personalities—that marked the early community and congregation of Donegal, the farthest outpost of early Presbyterianism.

How tame is the recital of the felicitous electioneering of the beautiful



Duchess of Devonshire by comparison with the animated political campaign in which Andrew Galbraith ran for Assembly against George Stewart, the ablest and most accomplished Quaker in Lancaster county! At a time when the only poll was in Lancaster city and none save freeholders voted, Galbraith's wife, mounting her favorite mare, roused the Scotch-Irish settlements, led the horseback procession of her husband's clansmen to the election, rallied other voters with such enthusiasm and addressed them with such eloquence as to not only then elect her husband, but to start him on a political career of unopposed success. Little wonder that when a member of the House of Bonaparte sought an American wife he found her in a granddaughter of that same Ann Galbraith; and that the great Chief Justice Gibson, whose fame was bounded by no hemisphere, was descended from the same royal lineage! (Applause.)

The conflict of ideas as to the treatment of the Aborigines reached its climax in the slaughter of the Conestoga Indians by the "Paxton boys," an incident that so vexed the placid soul of Franklin, and which remains to this day a burning question in the dispute over the Colonial policies of the Scotch-Irish and those of the Quaker and his sympathetic ally, the peaceful Mennonite.

In the "stress and storm" of the Revolutionary period, neither in Massachusetts nor in Virginia was there a more fervid patriotic spirit than burned and blazed among the Scotch-Irish of Lancaster county; nowhere were vows of hostility to the Crown and Parliament more devoutly sealed than in the group which encircled "the Witness Oak" at Donegal. They were of a race no more deter-

mined to have "a church without a bishop" than to live under "a State without a king."

If the oppressions of the mother country aroused revolutionary resentment in Lexington and Mecklenburg, no less was the patriotic spirit of freemen excited at Chestnut Level and at Kingsbridge; if Peter Muhlenberg threw back the ecclesiastical gown and showed the sword of Gideon girded to his loins, in the Valley of Virginia, declaring there was "a time to fight as well as to pray," Parson Latta, years before, stimulating his people to the defense of their rights, had taken his knapsack and blanket like a soldier and marched with the militia of Muddy Creek. (Applause.)\* If the Starks and Sullivans, of New England, and the Sumpters and Marions, of South Carolina, braved and suffered peril for the cause of all the colonies, the Steeles and Porters led their neighbors with like valor and bore the fate of war with the same fortitude. If the Scotch-Irish of lower Lancaster county have not been as tenacious of land as their German brethren beyond the Mine Ridge and Martic Hills, yet it is to be recalled that the muster rolls of the Revolutionary companies of Watson and Whiteside and Steele and Boyd, and Morrison and Campbell, bore many

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\*James and Francis Latta, father and son, distinguished scholars and preachers, had not only the pastorates of Chestnut Level Church prior to, during and after the Revolutionary War, but they established and maintained for many years what was known as "The Latin School" on a Fishing Creek farm, in Drumore township. This institution gave an impulse to higher education that has lasted ever since. It sent scores of young men from Lower Lancaster county into the learned professions and other fields of great achievement. Three lineal descendants of these distinguished forebears were in attendance at the present dinner.

names found to-day on the registry lists of Colerain, Martic, Little Britain and Drumore, such as Ankrim and Acheson, Black and Blair, Barnes and Brooks, Clark, Caldwell and Culley, Ferguson, Jones and Jenkins, King and Kyle, Long and Linton, Moore, Moderwell and Maxwell, McComb and McPherson, Penny and Pegan, Pennell and Patterson, Rea and Ramsey, Scott, Snodgrass and Stewart, Walker and Wilson.

If when the storm of war had passed and the victories of peace were to be gathered, American commerce was vastly enlarged by the application of steam power to navigation, it was because within this same district Robert Fulton had birth. If American history, literature and medicine were to be enriched by the experience and labors of the most superior genius graduated in his day from the foremost college of medicine, who united talents and knowledge, strength and memory, and imagination with surpassing judgment and polish of manners, it was because, more than one hundred and fifty years ago, among the Scotch-Irish of lower Lancaster county, was born Dr. David Ramsey—for forty years a distinguished citizen of South Carolina, whose career from his birth in a Drumore cabin, as orator, physician, historian and president of Congress, to the date of his tragic death from the bullet of a maniac, offers as fine a subject to the pen of the biographer and romancer as American history can suggest.

If some of the Greggs were honorably dismissed from Chestnut Level as early as 1747, a century and a-half later their distinguished descendants—one the great War Governor of Pennsylvania, and another gallant Union cavalry leader on the bloody field of Gettysburg—were proud to

trace their ancestry to a farm in lower Lancaster county. If Sally Hastings' slender volume of verse, published at Lancaster in 1808, liberally patronized in every Scotch-Irish settlement,\* at times gives signs of a somewhat jaded Pegasus, it is to be remembered that the progenitor of both Edgar Allen Poe and his wife, John Poe, married to Jane McBride, of North Ireland, went south from Little Britain Church; and in its graveyard lie the ashes of the Morrisons and Fosters, from which union sprang that sweet singer of the cabin and the canebrake, who was to give a new note to melody and a new voice to American literature. (Applause).†

Although the relative increase of the Pennsylvania German after the Revolution was greater and his acquisition of land ownership much more marked, it was nearly three generations before he attained a commanding voice in public affairs. If the Scotch-Irish could not write all "the songs of the nation," they, at least, felt themselves competent to make its laws. That citizen of Lancaster county

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\*"Poems on Different Subjects, to which is added a Descriptive Account of a Family Tour to the West, in the year 1800, in a Letter to a Lady, by Sally Hastings, printed and sold by William Dickson, for the benefit of the Authoress, Lancaster, 1808," pp. 220, is a most interesting publication from every point of view, sentimental, historical and genealogical. The list of subscribers appended to it, after the fashion of that day, indicates an active canvass in the Scotch-Irish townships and a loyal support from the Presbyterian congregations. It is by no means the least valuable feature of the publication.

†The late Hon. Morrison Foster, of Allegheny county, Pa., took great interest in tracing the descent of himself and his brother, Stephen Foster—author of "Old Kentucky Home" and many kindred melodies—from the earlier families whose members are buried in the Presbyterian graveyards of lower Lancaster county.

to whom gradually came with dignity and by merit all the honors which the Republic could bestow, was, of course, a Scotch-Irishman, from the Cumberland Valley, reversing the usual order of immigration; but at Bench and Bar it was near the middle of the century before any Pennsylvania-Germans attained distinction; professional honors prior to that being divided between such of the English line as Yeates, Ross, Atlee, Franklin, Hopkins, and the Scotch-Irish Thomson, Barton, Wilson, Lewis, Rogers and Montgomery.

On the first Grand Jury drawn in Lancaster county there were no Germans; and of the four Quakers on it all were subsequently "read out" of meeting. (Laughter.) The first petit jury was composed almost entirely of Scotch-Irish; and in these days of mawkish and sentimental sympathy with criminals—it is refreshing to read that for the larceny of "fourteen pounds, seven," not only restitution was imposed as part of the sentence, but twenty-one stripes "well laid on the bare back;" and, after restoring the stolen property and getting the whipping, the prisoner was jailed a year for the costs; and, still failing to pay them, he was sold into six years servitude. (Laughter.) If these ancestors of yours were "disturbers of the peace," they were likewise its wholesome conservators! (Applause.)

None of Pennsylvania-German descent represented the Lancaster district in Congress or sat upon its bench before 1831. On the other hand, from the beginning, in medicine, the German asserted himself, and for a hundred and fifty years that race in my county has contributed to the healing art such names as Neff, Carpenter, Kuhn, Ebersole, Ziegler, Breneman,

Muhlenberg and Musser—no mean associates with your Agnew, Girvin and Deavers. (Applause.)

I need not say that when the Pennsylvania-German came, he came to stay. If he was kept out of the offices for a hundred years, he gets them all now—and keeps them. If he was denied the judgeship when there was but one on the bench, he now claims all three, with Congressmen and Senators “thrown in.” The heel-print of the Presbyterian once ploughed down was never uncovered!

As you travel the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, for the forty miles it traverses that splendid Lancaster landscape, between Gap and the purple rim of the Welsh Mountains, the walls of Bellevue Church (the daughter of Pequea) and of Paradise (the offspring of Leacock) are almost within touch; they mark the withdrawal of population from the old “King’s Highway” toward the path of the steam carrier; the parent churches, though loyally preserved and reverently beautified, stand almost alone among a population who knew them not in the days of old.

Near Ronk’s station a fine old double mansion, just south of the track, is a monument of colonial domestic architecture. Built by a Presbyterian preacher in 1770; there Whitfield was a guest; it passed from the Woodhulls to the Porters, and from the Porters to the Steeles; there dwelt the Collector of the Port of Philadelphia under President Monroe. It is now owned by an Amishman, named Stoltzfuss, who, a hundred years ago, if caught on the Octoraro side of the hill, would have had to change his name to “Proudfoot,” even as the Zimmermans became Carpenter, and Schwarzholtz was transformed into Blackwood. The change illustrated

there has gone on all over the county; and in one generation in a single locality I have seen scores of farms pass forever from the Scotch-Irish to the German Mennonite, or Tunker—the lands of the Clarks passing to Groff; those of Snodgrass changing to Keen; Barclay and Patterson to Herr, Rea to Hershner, Gardiner to Wissler, Crawford and McCullough to Bucher, Maxwell to Swarr, Ewing to Hershey, Deaver to Kachel, Watson to Nissley, Steel to Eshleman, Hamilton to Horting, Patterson to Herr, and so on to the end.

I note two exceptions to this general rule. When the Mennonite comes to town he joins the Presbyterian Church; and side by side on the rolls of the congregation of that church where James Buchanan, after he had been President of the United States, made for the first time the profession of his faith, I read on last Sunday names like Watt, Anderson and Jackson with Reist, Graybill and Shaub. The other exception is in the case of the Cameron family. Just about one hundred years ago, a Dutch constable named Hollinger sold the household goods of Simon Cameron's father. He often told me how, as a lad, he saved a loaf of bread and hid the family Bible under a straw stack. He and his kinsmen came back to buy fourteen hundred acres of the best Pennsylvania-Dutch farms, and have entailed them even to the third and fourth generation. (Applause.)

That these encroachments were unwelcome to the race we honor I shall not venture to deny. After dwelling side by side for nearly one hundred and fifty years there was no marriage between the Quaker and Presbyterian in lower Lancaster county until the union of Robert Patterson and Joanna Stubbs, in 1855. In the Pequea Valley

I have seen a Scotch-Irish woman shed hot tears of resentment at the sight of her noble ancestral parlors made a storage place for harness and pumpkins, "apple butter" and home-made soap. (Laughter). Feuds, which in their little way were as bitter as that which wrecked the walls of lofty Troy, have been engendered by the invasion of alien elements; and there are passed forever from Presbyterian ownership to Amish, Tunker or Mennonite control homesteads whose children's memory drapes them perpetually with the emblems of an unsoled sorrow.

Some one has said, of the imaginative writers who garlanded the bleak hills of Scotland with the creations of their fancy, that Sir Walter robed Ben Lomond in the glamor of romance and flung a new witchery over the dark mirror of Loch Katrine, so that modern man first saw its loveliness through Fitz James' eyes and ploughed its waters in the wake of Clan Alpine's barge. "It is only in the portraiture of human life and character that even the idealist is at his best." When some future Scott or Burns, Stevenson or Crocket, a Barrie or an Ian MacLaren, with at once the knowledge of the historian, the imagination of the novelist and the genius of the poet, shall search and survey the scenery, the history and legend of lower Lancaster county, what wealth of material will he find on every hand!

If beauty and picturesqueness of natural scenery furnish a fit background for the historical perspective where, the wide world over, can the artist see more exquisite views than of the broad isle-gemmed Susquehanna from Cutler's Heights or Brown's Pinnacle? The famed Afton and the shining Tweed roll no sweeter waters through fairer aspect than the



soft green meadows and clustered groves by which the Conowingo goes singing to the sea. Many of the rivers of the old world, made famous in history and song, are tame by contrast with the Octoraro, as it rushes through the black gorges that mark its course from source to mouth, or at another time rolls its waters languorously under the low arches and through the verdant creek bottoms of Andrews' Bridge, which, like some of the surviving Roman structures, tells the story of "beauty made the bride of use."\*

Seeks the novelist subject to depict strong and diverse individuality? Let him but call the roll and scan the portraiture of the representative men of this locality, still within the memory of the living—their lofty stature, strong features and dignified dress, their independence of political thought and action, their stubborn religious beliefs and their self-assertion in every field of human activity mark the highest type of their race.

The martial lays of Macaulay never sang the valor of a braver family or the virtues of a more intrepid race than the gallant Steeles, one of whom, an officer himself, living on what is now Ezra M. Eshleman's farm, had seven sons enlist on the same day. What a romance could be woven round the incident of their return home to avenge an insult to their patriotic mother by killing the Tory neighbor who had offered it!

The story of "Scott's Manor," and the illustrious family who went out from it; of the no less numerous and notable Pattersons and Morrisons, and Jacksons, and Kings, would cover and brighten many pages of a complete local history.

Who would not catch inspiration at

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\*See Appendix.

the last resting place of that nobleman of nature, Joel Jackson, whose unmarked grave, under the forest trees and wild flowers near Rock Springs, holds a story as pathetic and romantic in its facts as some of the finest creations of Dickens or Irving? What a subject for some future Hawthorne is proffered in the eccentric career of John Jones, pioneer, in slate mining and building of the famous "Red House," near Peach Bottom?

How suggestive all this of the romance of the furnacemen, the wagoner and the charcoal burners of old Conowingo and of Black Rock! What master hand shall sketch the rafting days, when fleets of a hundred craft per day floated into port at Peach Bottom, and five hundred raftsmen, with hatchet, spear and rope, wound in single file over the slippery paths of the river hills.

I see again the muster of the populace on the "old fields" on "battalion day," their grotesque uniforms and absence of all discipline; and the ring formed for fair play while the bullies of rival cross-roads settled their disputed prowess.

I feel again the shrill strife of political dissension and catch the odor of the burning tar barrel on election night. I hear the crack of the slave driver's lash as he seeks his lawful property, and the sharper crack of the fugitive's shotgun as the avenging weapon of the bondsman stains the soil of lower Lancaster county with the first blood spilled in attempted enforcement of a law, later to be wiped out in the crimson conflagration of civil war.\*

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\*With characteristic literary and historical thrift, that most accurate, genial and liberal of New England writers, the accomplished Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, in his "Cheerful

And those historic Scotch-Irish homesteads in lower Lancaster county. White stone houses, with dignified porticos and green shutters; long lines of Lombardy poplars, shading broad lanes which led to broader lawns, where the old-fashioned flowers, the four o'clocks and clove pinks, the coxcomb and lady-slipper, marigold and ruchsia, the morning glory and dahlia, gave variegated and fragrant welcome to the stranger at the gate.

Think you the group of Scotch elders whom the last skillful story-teller of that land, so prolific of literary genius, has pictured in "The Little Minister" were more fervent in zeal or sanctified with a larger devotion than those who were wont to gather in the "session houses," regulating the spiritual affairs of these congregations? Has the pen of artist had subject for finer picture than that of

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Yesterdays," published in The Atlantic Monthly (and wisely republished in permanent book form, 1899), fell into the easy error of recording that the death of a United States Marshal's Deputy, named Batchelder, in one of the Faneuil Hall anti-slavery riots in 1854 was the "first drop of blood actually shed" in resistance to or enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law. Unwilling to have the history of Pennsylvania forever written—or unwritten—by New Englanders, I challenged the distinguished historian's accuracy and called his attention to the famous Christiana riot in lower Lancaster county in 1851 when Gorsuch, the slaveholder, was shot dead and his son seriously wounded by their fleeing bondsman in a melee with his assembled sympathizers of different colors. In reply I had the following letter:

Glimpsewood, Dublin, N. H.,  
September 3, 1899.

Dear Sir:

Thank you for your note, calling attention to an undoubted error in my "Cheerful Yesterdays." What I must have meant to say was that the killing of Batchelder was the first shedding of official blood so to speak; i. e., that of a United States officer. As I remember, the persons killed at Christiana were the slaveholder himself & his son,

Father Willian Easton, for fifty years trudging his weary way, almost across Lancaster county, to minister to the faithful handful at Muddy Creek; or that pathetic scene when Barclay Simpson, dying on his feet, with trembling hands, in the narrow circle of his "best room," administered the broken and bleeding elements to four survivors of that little parish!

And that most popular creation in modern fiction, the good Dr. McClure, had his prototype not only in Drumtochty—for the tireless path of Dr. Joshua M. Deaver† led over the "Buck Hills" and the steep roadways of Fulton; his faithful vigil outwatched the morning stars fading into dawn above the peaceful fields of Little Britain and Drumore!

And the loyal servants of Christ—

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which put the matter more on the basis of self-defence as between claimant & slave; whereas the death of Batchelder was that of an United States officer. I have not access to books here, but on my return to Cambridge, will make the needed correction in the plates of "Cheerful Yesterdays."

Very truly yours,

T. W. HIGGINSON.

This incident may seem to be "lugged in" here, as the "Christiana riot" was of Quaker rather than Scotch-Irish patronage; but it is closely interwoven with the history of lower Lancaster county, and some day will be made the background for a stirring composition in the tardy but certain development of our imaginative literature.

†An old-fashioned country doctor, living and practicing in a strictly rural county, a man of splendid physical presence and high character; endowed with the loftiest professional ideas; educating his four sons to the limit of his abilities and living to see one of them, Prof. G. C. Deaver, President of a Western college, and the other three, Richard W. (of Germantown), John B. and Harry W., of Philadelphia, eminent and honored members of the profession he adorned.

like Lindley C. Rutter,\* stout defenders of the faith as delivered to them by the fathers—fearless preachers of dogmatic theology, assailants of wrong, as God gave them to distinguish it from the right—tender in their ministrations of mercy as they were strong in their denunciations of evil, can the pages of literature furnish finer ideals than the clergy of the race whom we this night assemble to honor, who

“In those dark and iron days of old  
Arose among the pygmies of their age,  
Men of massive and gigantic mould,  
Whom we must measure as the Grecian  
sage

Measured the pyramids of ages past,  
By the far-reaching shadows that they  
cast.”

(Applause).

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## APPENDIX.

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### The Conowingo and Octoraro.

I should hardly have been emboldened to claim so much for two minor streams of the country, along which the Scotch-Irish of lower Lancaster

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\*Rev. Lindley C. Rutter, for fifty years pastor at Chestnut Level Presbyterian Church. He was a leader of thought and of men. In the promotion of temperance, aggressive warfare upon slavery and zealous support of the Union, during the War of the Rebellion, he was conspicuous. An interesting personal story of him is recalled by Col. A. K. McClure. Being by his first marriage closely related with the McClure family, he was called in to baptize the illustrious infant. His father, himself named Alexander, insisted that the lad be christened “Robert.” Pastor Rutter expostulated and urged that the father honor the son with the paternal patronymic. The clergyman finally yielded—apparently—to the family direction, but when he reached the christening period of the service he boldly said: “I baptize thee Alexander.” But for his clerical act of disobedience Pennsylvania politics, journalism and history would have never had their “Alexander the Great!”

county settled, were it not that the finest poetic genius our country has ever nourished found inspiration on their banks for well-sustained flights of his muse. I regret that we can claim for Lloyd Mifflin only a slight infusion of Scotch-Irish blood—he has some. But when one, native to our soil, whom the Westminster Review ranks with Wordsworth as a sonneteer; who is declared by W.D. Howells, the dean of American letters, to have a “mastery of his instrument as extraordinary as the sense is high and noble;” and whom Richard Henry Stoddard, critic of critics, pronounces to be possessed of “a glorious imagination,” in which “he has no superior among living American poets”—so sweetly sings the glory of my boyhood creeks I may be pardoned for supporting my feeble apostrophe with his splendid verse, which in the eloquent language of Dr. Horace Howard Furness “summons up such a charming series of enchanting landscapes:”

BY CONOWINGO WATERS.\*

As Evening came, sedate in hooded gray,  
A wondrous quiet on the valley fell;  
Across the fields a distant-tolling bell  
Made a sweet threnode for departing  
day.

The mavis on the topmost wildwood  
spray  
Ceased the low fluting of his late  
farewell,  
And in dark flocks, above the bosky  
dell,  
The crows winged where the wood-  
lands lay.

The twilight deepened. Pale ethereal  
seas  
Of lilac 'mid the branches slowly  
grew

Star-studded depths unutterably blue;  
While in the upper boughs a delicate  
breeze

Sent soft Druidic murmurs rippling  
through

The faint and tremulant lyre of the  
trees.

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\*From “Castalian Days”: by Lloyd Mifflin; London, Henry Frowde, 1903.

## OCTOBER DAYS BY OCTORARO.

'Tis sweet to roam within the tinted  
woods,  
To tread the crimson carpet of its  
floor;  
To hear the song, and let the silence  
pour  
Within the soul entrancing inter-  
ludes;  
To wade through plummy ferns in list-  
less moods,  
And find the wild grape on the  
sycamore  
In bloomy custers; sweeter still to  
explore  
Brown paths that tend to umber  
solitudes;  
To see the scarlet quinquefolia crawl  
O'er rock and tree, shedding her  
splendor 'round;  
Dreamful to lie on banks of mosses  
browned,  
Listening the partridge pipe her liquid  
cell;  
To watch the goldfinch on the thistle-  
ball,  
And hear, on hill-tops dim, the baying  
hound.

Author: Hensel, W. U. (William Uhler), 1851-1915.

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