



HARRY J. PEAIRS

~~~~~  
NOT FAR FROM PITTSBURGH  
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OTHER BOOKS BY THE AUTHOR

LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET
HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF THE CIVIL WAR
LINCOLN AND HIS GENERALS
SERMONS ON OLD TESTAMENT HEROES
ANCIENT WIVES AND MODERN HUSBANDS
SERMONS FROM LIFE
THE WAY OF A MAN WITH A MAID
THINGS MOST SURELY BELIEVED, ETC.

NOT FAR FROM PITTSBURGH

PLACES AND PERSONALITIES
IN THE HISTORY OF
THE LAND BEYOND
THE ALLEGHENIES

CLARENCE E. MACARTNEY, LITT.D., 1879

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*To the memory of men of iron and
faith, who with rifle, axe, and
psalm book conquered a wilderness*

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FOREWORD

As the title suggests, these brief sketches were prepared with Pittsburgh readers in view. However, as some of the events narrated and the personalities described are of more than local importance, it is possible that these papers will be of interest to a wider circle of readers than those living in Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio, and West Virginia.

The sketches are the fruit of many years of investigation in the records of the past, and many pleasant expeditions through the beautiful hills and pleasant valleys of Western Pennsylvania. The history of this part of our country has undoubtedly been neglected. It is of first importance, and full of human interest.

CONTENTS

I.	Harmony	13
II.	Moravia	17
III.	Upper Buffalo and Joseph Smith	20
IV.	The Hill Church and John McMillan	24
V.	Florence and Macurdy	27
VI.	Canonsburg and Jefferson College	31
VII.	Legionville and Mad Anthony	35
VIII.	Eudolphia Hall	38
IX.	Amity and the Book of Mormon	41
X.	Economy	46
XI.	Braddock's Grave	51
XII.	Blackhawk and a Famous Murder Trial	57
XIII.	The Cumberland Road	64
XIV.	Morgan's Raid and a Church in the Wildwood	71
XV.	Darlington and William McGuffey	74
XVI.	Lisbon and Her Famous Sons	79
XVII.	Salem and Sojourner Truth	84
XVIII.	New Richmond and John Brown's Body	92
XIX.	Friendship Hill and Albert Gallatin	98
XX.	A Canal Boy Who Became President	106
XXI.	Bethany and the Campbells	111
XXII.	A Mountain Girl and Her Baby	115


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HARMONY

ON A HILL hard by the Connoquenessing Creek, and not far from where the Perry Highway crosses that meandering stream, one can see under a few lonesome pines the gray walls of a rural cemetery. He who is interested not only in the loud today, but also in the silent past, and in the mysterious tomorrow, will find it worth his while to ascend the hill and visit that quiet acre of the dead.

Entrance is had to the cemetery by a massive monolith gate under a graceful stone arch, but so delicately poised in the center that the slightest touch of one's hand will cause it to swing open.

Entering the cemetery, one is surprised to find no tombstones or markers of any kind. The explanation is that this was the burial ground of the Harmonites, the Moravian mystics, who, under the leadership of George Rapp, settled on the Connoquenessing in 1805. The rules of the society forbade the marking of the graves of the dead. That is why one looks in vain for "storied urn, or animated bust," and for

"Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,"

In death, as in life, they had all things in common. There within those gray walls, and with the pine

trees for sentinels, sleep the original Harmonites, unmarked and undistinguished in the pale communism and vast democracy of the dead.

When George Rapp's only son, John, died in 1812, the old man, greatly moved, had a stone with suitable inscription prepared for his son's grave. But before the stone was set up, his loyalty to the principles of the society mastered his sorrow and John's grave was left unmarked. You can still see this headstone, the only one in all the cemetery, leaning against the wall.

"A day is passed, and a step nearer the end. Our time runs away; but the joy of the Kingdom will be our reward!"

That was the cry you might have heard a century and a quarter ago echoing through the streets of the little village of Harmony as the night watchman made his round. These exiles from Wurttemberg were men who looked for the coming of the Kingdom of God. Like the Pilgrims, they came to America to be free from persecution and abuse.

The two experiments which made the Harmonites famous throughout the world were adopted after they came to America. Their communism—and how different from the atheistic communism which threatens the world today—was the natural outgrowth of their struggle in the wilderness to build a home and habitation for themselves. Each had to help the other, or all would have perished.

Of all the many communistic settlements and ventures which were tried out in America, and especially in Pennsylvania, that of the Harmonites, who afterwards settled at New Harmony, Ind., and then at Economy on the Ohio River, was the most successful.

The disintegration of the society was due to the

HARMONY

adoption of celibacy, which, of course, prevented the growth of the community.

In 1807, under the urge of a religious revival, Father Rapp and his followers abjured marriage and adopted celibacy as the rule of their community. Their expectation of the imminent coming of Christ, no doubt, played a part in their practice of celibacy, for, as St. Paul said in the letter to the Corinthians:

“The time is short. Let him that hath a wife be as though he had none.”

Father Rapp also defended celibacy by a somewhat weird interpretation of Genesis 1: 27, “Male and female created He them.” His idea was that man in the beginning was dual in his nature, combining the male and female elements, and that there would have been some passionless propagation of the race. But Adam, seeing the practice of the animals, conceived a like desire. This, Rapp held, was the real fall of man, when unholy passion arose.

Christ was the second Adam; and hence the regenerate life, here and hereafter, must be celibate.

The fame of this celibate community traveled far, for we find a comment on it in Byron’s “Don Juan”:

“When Rapp the Harmonist embargoed marriage
In his harmonious settlement (which flourishes
Strangely enough as yet without miscarriage,
Because it breeds no more mouths than it nourishes,
Without those sad expenses which disparage
What nature naturally most encourages),
Why call’d he Harmony a state sans wedlock?
Now here I’ve got the preacher at a deadlock.”

Wandering through this ancient village, one pauses before the massive doors of the substantial houses the Harmonites built, and reading the quaint legends carved in the stones, one thinks of the hearts that must have broken within these walls when husband and wife, in the strange infatuation of religious musing, separated the one from the other and forever sealed the fountain of the heart.

MORAVIA

SOME distance beyond the town of Wampum, of pleasant Indian sound, and on the western shore of the Beaver River, lies the hamlet of Moravia; and just beyond Moravia, in an open field, is a stone marker which relates an important event in the history of the country west of the Allegheny Mountains.

It was here that David Zeisberger, the Moravian missionary, established a settlement of the Brethren for the evangelization of the Indians. The settlement was called Friedenstadt, or the town of peace. The Indians responded to the preaching of the gospel, and on June 12, 1770, the wife of the blind chief Solomon was baptized into the faith of Christ.

Among the other converts was a celebrated Delaware brave and orator, Glickhickan, who had been sent by the chief of the Wolf tribe of the Delawares to refute the teachings of the Christians. But he who came to mock and denounce remained to pray, and on Christmas Eve, 1770, Glickhickan was baptized and took the name of Isaac.

The first settlement had been on the east side of the Beaver, but the more substantial town was built on the west side, not far from the present Moravia. Here the God-loving and truth-loving descendants of the great

John Hus of Bohemia preached the gospel of reconciliation and peace to the Delaware Indians. On May 27, 1771, the foundation stone of the church was laid, and on the twentieth of June, the church was dedicated to the worship of God with great rejoicing. It is probable that this was the first church building dedicated to the worship of God in Christ west of the Allegheny Mountains.

The Rev. David McClure, one of the pioneer ministers and travelers of the West, in his diary, gives an account of the Moravian town as he saw it. He describes the village as consisting of one street with houses on each side and gardens back. There was a log church with a small bell. At the sound of the bell the Indians gathered for evening prayer. The church was lighted with candles and decorated with paintings of gospel themes. He relates the following conversation between an Indian and one of the missionaries:

Indian: "Father, I am going a-hunting."

Missionary: "Well, dear friend, be always mindful of your blessed Saviour, and do nothing to displease Him who loved you and died for you. Go not in the way of the wild Indians; but if you meet them show them much love and kindness. Be careful to pray your hymns to Jesus every night and every morning."

In 1773 the "wild" Indians had become very threatening, and it was thought wise to remove the settlement to a safer district. On the thirteenth of April, 1773, the Moravians departed from Friedenstadt, after having razed the chapel which they had loved, so that it might not be profaned by the Indians by being turned into a house for savage sacrifice and war dances. The Moravians settled among the Delawares on the west bank of

MORAVIA

the Tuscarawas, near what is now New Philadelphia, Ohio. From there they moved to Gnadhutten, the Tents of Grace, on the east bank of the river.

When the Revolutionary War broke out, the Moravians and Christian Indians, who were pacifists, and showed Christian kindness both to the Americans and to the British and their Indian allies, were often under the suspicion of the belligerents.

In 1782, Indians made a raid on the farm of Robert Wallace on Raccoon Creek, on the south side of what is now Beaver County, and tomahawked and scalped Mrs. Wallace and an infant daughter. On its retreat this war party passed through the Moravian town of Gnadhutten, and the Moravian Indians, knowing nothing of what had happened, purchased some of the spoils from the Wallace home, and a Moravian squaw came into possession of the blood-stained dress of Mrs. Wallace. Thus the innocent Moravians were charged with being accessories to the massacre on Raccoon Creek.

On the eighth of March, 1782, the avenging militia from Pennsylvania, pretending to have come for the purpose of removing the Moravians to Fort Pitt, where they would be safe from the "wild" Indians, fell upon the disarmed lovers of peace and massacred them in cold blood.

UPPER BUFFALO AND JOSEPH SMITH

DRIVING from Washington, Pa., in the direction of Wellsburg, W. Va., you come to a lofty, well-built Presbyterian church, standing in the midst of a pleasant park. This is a famous church and a famous spot in the history of Western Pennsylvania, for here preached from 1781 to 1792 the celebrated Joseph Smith. He was also pastor of the congregation at Cross Creek.

About the same time that Thaddeus Dod started his school at Amity, and John McMillan his academy at Chartiers, Joseph Smith opened a classical school at Upper Buffalo. Like Thaddeus Dod and John McMillan, Smith was a graduate of Princeton, 1764, during the presidency of Samuel Finley, the most eloquent of the Colonial preachers. After serving for a time as a pastor in Delaware, and in South Carolina, Smith became pastor of the United Congregations of Upper Buffalo and Cross Creek. He was one of the founders of the Presbytery at Redstone.

In the stately call presented to him by the congregation, those who framed the call said:

“And now, Reverend Sir, when we consider the great loss we have sustained by growing up with-

UPPER BUFFALO

out the state or means of grace, the formality likely to spread over the age and the great danger of ungodliness prevailing amongst both, we cannot but renew our earnest entreaties that you would accept this our hearty call.”

On one occasion, a sacramental day, some of the congregation were getting on their horses to start home before the last address was over. In those days the sacramental addresses were very numerous and very long. Observing that some were departing, Smith called out in stentorian tones:

“We are told that when this supper was celebrated for the first time none retired from the place until all was over but Judas. If there be any Judases here, let them go.”

Upper Buffalo was not only the starting point in Western Pennsylvania for the Great Revival, but it was the first training school of James McCready. In 1796, when pastor of three churches in Logan County, Kentucky, McCready and a few other earnest Christians, distressed over the prevalent unbelief and immorality, made the following covenant:

“We bind ourselves to observe the third Sunday in each month for one year as a day of fasting and prayer for the conversion of sinners in Logan County and throughout the world. We engage to spend half an hour every Saturday evening, beginning with the set of sun, and half an hour every Sabbath morning at the rising of the sun, in pleading with God to revive His work.”

This was in 1796. In May, 1797, a cloud, at first no bigger than a man's hand, made its appearance, and

ere long the gracious rain of a mighty revival began to fall. This was the beginning of the Great Revival. When Joseph Smith received that boy, James McCready, into the church one day at Upper Buffalo, little could he have foreseen how God was going to use him for the good of the Church and the welfare of the nation.

One of the famous elders at Buffalo was a "Father Smiley." The times were hard and the congregation was three years in arrears with their pastor's salary. The only way to get money was to ship their flour to New Orleans. This was a journey of many months, and one of extreme danger because of the then hostile Indians. When representatives of the congregation gathered at the mill with their grain, and volunteers were called for, none answered, for none cared to hazard the long and dangerous trip down the river.

Then Father Smiley, sixty-four years of age, arose and said:

"Here am I, send me."

The flour was placed on a barge on the Ohio. Before the ropes were cut a parting hymn was sung and a prayer was offered by Dr. Smith. Then Smiley shouted:

"Untie the cable and let us see what the Lord will do for us."

Nine months afterward, Smiley returned. He had sold his flour for \$27 a barrel, paid off the men who had helped to transport it, and with the money left the congregation paid the pastor's salary, three years in arrears, and one year in advance!

Smith left a remarkable will. The chief item was as follows:

"I give and bequeath to each of my beloved children, a Bible, to be paid for out of my personal

UPPER BUFFALO

estate, and in so doing, mean to intimate to them, as I am a dying man and in the sight of God, that it is ten thousand times more my will and desire that they should find and possess the pearl of great price hid in the field of the Scriptures, than enjoy anything else which I can bequeath to them, or even ten thousand worlds, were they all composed of the purest gold and all brimful of the richest jewels, and yet be ignorant of the precious treasures in God's Word."

On his grave in the well-kept cemetery at Upper Buffalo is this inscription:

"He was:
A Kind Husband
A Tender Parent
A Faithful Friend
A Sound Divine
A Diligent Pastor
A Pathetic Preacher.

What joys malignant flushed the powers of Hell,
While Sion trembled when this pillar fell;
Lest God, who His ambassador withdrew,
Should take away His Holy Spirit, too;
Then some vain hireling, void of special grace,
Be brought to fill this faithful pastor's place."

THE HILL CHURCH

ON your way to Washington, Pa., stop some day and spend a half hour at the Old Hill, or Chartiers Creek, Presbyterian Church. It is on Route 19 at the crossroads. The road to the right will take you to Cansburg, and if you follow the road to the left you will find yourself in the delightful valley of Pigeon Creek.

There, too, is one of Western Pennsylvania's historic churches, for there in the Old Pigeon Creek Presbyterian Church, on a September day in 1781, was established the Redstone Presbytery, under the auspices of which, and by the authority of which, the religious and educational life of the country west of the mountains was developed.

But today we tarry at the Hill Church. The present brick church is not an ancient building, and your chief interest will be in the cemetery. There you will find the grave of one of the great builders of Western Pennsylvania, John McMillan. On the flat sandstone on his grave you can make out the following words:

“An able divine, a preacher of the first order. His distinguished talents, his private virtues, his exalted piety, the skill and ability he displayed in inspiring and training young men for the ministry,

THE HILL CHURCH

his indefatigable zeal in promoting his Master's cause, and the broad interests of his fellowmen have reared a monument to his fame far more enduring than this stone which bears this inscription.

"He died November 16, 1833, entertaining the unclouded hope of a blissful eternity, in the 82nd year of his age."

John McMillan, born at Faggs Manor, Pa., in 1752, and graduated at Nassau Hall, the College of New Jersey, and then ordained as a Presbyterian minister, crossed the mountains in the summer of 1775. On that visit he preached to the Presbyterians at Fort Pitt, and also at a home on Pigeon Creek. The next year, 1776, he again crossed the mountains and became pastor of the church at Chartiers Creek, and also at Pigeon Creek.

For more than fifty years, McMillan was the faithful and able pastor of the Chartiers Creek congregation. It is related that sometime after he gave up the pastorate of the Hill Church a new pulpit was installed. It had two stairways leading up from the sides; but the old Boanerges could never be persuaded to enter it, saying that while the minister was going up one stairway, the devil would be going up the other.

The discarded pulpit stood against the back part of the church, and now and then the old preacher could be seen leaning affectionately and yet sadly, upon the pulpit where he had proclaimed the Everlasting Gospel and stood between the living and the dead.

Not far off, in a lonely glen, are the ruins of McMillan's log house. It was there in that house, and afterward in a little log cabin, now carefully preserved near the one remaining building of Jefferson College at Canonsburg, that John McMillan gathered young men about him to prepare them for the ministry.

His log college is hardly less famous than the Log

College established in 1720 by William Tennent on the banks of the Neshaminy, and which finally became the College of New Jersey, and now Princeton University.

Had we been standing a century and a quarter ago by the road that led from the ravine where McMillan lived to the church where he preached, we would have seen coming up the road a man of large frame, dark and swarthy in complexion, and, long after they had been outmoded, arrayed in a cocked hat, knee breeches, stockings and buckles. In his hand is a stout hickory staff. Such was the shepherd of his flock, John McMillan.

Solemnly and reverently he ascends the pulpit, and, "Let us worship God," sounds out in stentorian tones. The people rise to sing Old Hundredth, "All people that on earth do dwell"; or perhaps it is the Eighty-fourth Psalm, "How lovely is thy dwelling place"; or it may be the Forty-sixth Psalm, "God is our refuge and strength, in straits a present aid"; or if it is a sacramental day, the Forty-fifth Psalm, "Behold the daughter of the King, All glorious is within."

Not far from the Hill Church is a little one-story cottage, well shaded by apple trees. This was formerly the church manse, and of interest to all Americans, because in that manse lived the then pastor of the church, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Wilson, the father of President Woodrow Wilson. Shortly before the birth of Woodrow Wilson, his father removed to Staunton, Va., where he was the pastor of the Presbyterian Church.

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FLORENCE AND MACURDY  
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TRAVELING from Pittsburgh to Steubenville by Route 22, about halfway to Steubenville one comes to the cross roads village of Florence. The road to the right leads to Frankfort Springs, in the middle of the last century a fashionable watering place for people from Pittsburgh, Steubenville, and other towns in this neighborhood. Driving through Florence, one passes on the right a venerable brick Presbyterian Church. Back of the church is the graveyard, and down near the fence there is one grave of great interest. It is the grave of one of the chief builders of the civilization of Western Pennsylvania, Elisha Macurdy. On the flat stone you will be able to make out the following epitaph:

In Memory of
The Rev. Elisha Macurdy
Late pastor of the congregation
of Cross Roads
Born Oct. 15, 1765
Licensed June 24, 1799
Ordained and installed June, 1800
A pastor for 35 years and a
Minister of the Gospel 46
Died July 22, 1845

He took an active part in the Great Revival of 1802 and was distinguished for his arduous labors in the cause of Indian missions.

Like so many of the leading men of Western Pennsylvania, Elisha Macurdy was born at Carlisle, Pa. His father afterward removed to Ligonier. At twenty-nine years of age, in 1794, Macurdy became a student in the famous academy of John McMillan at Canonsburg. He was licensed to preach at the Hill Church, Dr. McMillan's Church, and in June, 1800, was installed as pastor of the united congregations of Cross Roads (now Florence) and Three Springs, a congregation a little farther along the road to Steubenville. Here he served out his notable ministry.

Macurdy was one of the pioneer temperance reformers in this part of the country, having been a teetotaler from his youth. On one occasion, having been called to preach at a funeral, he found the people formed in a circle waiting to receive the usual whiskey and cakes. Asked to pronounce the blessing, he refused to do so. When the repast was over he addressed the people with a powerful sermon on the text, "Whiskey at a Funeral." As a result of this sermon, whiskey was rarely seen again at a funeral in that part of the country.

Macurdy was one of the leading spirits in the formation in 1802, in the First Church of Pittsburgh, of the Western Missionary Society, one of the chief objects of which was to evangelize the Indians. At that time it took considerable courage and a great amount of Christian zeal to start any movement for the evangelization of the Indians, as outrages and murders committed by the savages were still fresh in the minds of the pioneers.

Macurdy was also one of the moving spirits in the establishment of Princeton Theological Seminary, going

FLORENCE AND MACURDY

through the country district soliciting funds. On one occasion he stopped at the home of a well-to-do farmer. The farmer pleaded poverty when asked to subscribe to the School of the Prophets. Macurdy then skilfully led him into a secular conversation, in the course of which the parsimonious farmer carelessly let it drop that he was contemplating purchasing another farm. Macurdy then got on his horse, although night was at hand, to continue his journey. When the farmer pressed him to stay, Macurdy told him that his conscience would not permit him to receive his hospitality, since, according to his first statement, he was in such reduced circumstances.

But the movement with which the name of Macurdy will be forever associated is what was called the Great Revival, a movement the social and religious results of which it is impossible to exaggerate. The first signs in Pennsylvania of this Great Revival which swept the country appeared in Macurdy's Three Springs congregation, where devout women met in ardent prayer. In his farewell appearance at a convention of Ministers and Ruling Elders in the First Church of Pittsburgh in 1842, Macurdy, urging the ministers and elders to personal testimony, attributed the outbreak of the Great Revival in a large degree to the intercessions of a "wrestling Jacob," one of his elders, Phillip Jackson, with whom he used to pray in the forest thickets.

One of the most memorable scenes of the Great Revival took place at Upper Buffalo on November 14, 1802. Ten thousand people had assembled from different congregations for the sacramental occasion. Dr. John McMillan invited Macurdy to get into a wagon and preach to a part of the throng who had not yet received the sacred elements. Macurdy ascended the wagon pulpit with fear and trembling, for he had no sermon, not even a text, in his mind.

After leading the people in prayer and asking God for direction, he opened the Bible at random and his eye fell upon the Second Psalm, "Why do the heathen rage?" This gave him his cue, and he startled his hearers by telling them that he would preach a sermon on politics.

The incidents of the Whiskey Rebellion were still fresh in the minds of the people. Macurdy told the throng that there had been an insurrection against the government, but that he would now read to many of the rebels who were in his congregation the government's proclamation of amnesty. He then read the Second Psalm and announced this as the terms of amnesty: "Kiss ye the Son, lest He be angry."

The Spirit gave him great utterance, and before the sermon was over, afterward always known as "Macurdy's War Sermon," hundreds of his congregation were prostrate on the ground. Another minister who was in the wagon with Macurdy wrote that "the scene appeared to me like the close of a battle in which every tenth man had fallen fatally wounded."

The Great Revival flamed throughout the country, spread to the south and the west, and reached even the godless students of the New England College. It left behind it the Sunday School, the Prayer Meeting, the Missionary Movement, the crusade against strong drink, and the crusade against slavery.

Macurdy died in 1845 at his home in Allegheny, where he had resided since he relinquished his pastorate at Cross Roads. Just before his death, his physician, Dr. Dale, asked him if he would have some water. "Yes," replied Macurdy, "the Water of Life." And so he passed over.

CANONSBURG AND JEFFERSON COLLEGE

WHEN driving through the now smoking and industrial town of Canonsburg, pull your car up to the curb and climb the hill to take a look at the old-fashioned, lofty brick building on the top of the hill. If brick and stone and timber could speak; if, as the ancient prophet said, "the stone shall cry out of the wall and the beam out of the timber shall answer it," what a story this old brick building could tell, for it is none other than Providence Hall, built in 1831, and the principal building of Jefferson College.

The college dates its history to an act of the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed in 1802; but the real beginning of the college was on a July day in 1791, when three ministers and two pupils took their position in the shade of a sassafras tree near a worm fence in Canonsburg. The chief mover in this new educational venture, John McMillan, thus addressed the little gathering:

"This is an important day in our history, affecting deeply the interests of the church and of the country in the West, affecting our own interests for time and for eternity and the interests, it may be, of thousands and thousands yet unborn."

Prophetic word, indeed!

From this old brick building on the hill, then regarded as a magnificent structure, went forth a long and distinguished line of teachers, ministers, lawyers, judges, soldiers, and men of affairs. The old-time commencements were great events, with interminable orations and addresses by graduates, faculty, and distinguished visitors.

The class day exercises afforded the student body opportunity to give some expression to the "old man" that was in them. Sailors, clowns, soldiers, drunkards, peddlers, and Negroes appeared and played their parts, producing an immense effect upon the assembled throng, who had thus, for the greater part, their only taste of the theater.

Always, too, the brass band added to the noise and the enjoyment of the occasion. In the early days all the students wore black gowns, and it was a serious offense to be found anywhere within two miles of the college without the scholar's robe. "Town and gown" it was then, as in ancient Oxford.

On the top story of Providence Hall one can see the rooms that were devoted to the historic literary societies, Philo and Franklin. In those days the chief events of the college year were not the Junior Prom nor the intercollegiate games, but the annual contests between the debating and literary societies. These exercises were carried out with the gravest formality and stirred the most intense interest and excitement.

Here are some of the questions discussed and debated: "Is it right to inoculate for smallpox?" This was decided in the negative. "Is it naturally immoral to have more wives than one?" "Is it right in public worship to give out more lines than one?" This was decided in the negative. "Would the state of Pennsylvania be better with or without lawyers?" "Is it

CANONSBURG

right to drink whiskey in a tavern?" "Does marriage weaken the powers of the mind?" In this debate the affirmative was upheld by two unmarried students, and the negative by two married students. Since the latter had the advantage of experience, they were able to carry the day against those who spoke only as theorists.

Some of the old questions which they then debated still remain to plague our day and generation, such as: "Should capital punishment be inflicted in a well-regulated government?" "Is war naturally lawful?" "Is our present Constitution more likely to terminate by the encroachment of the state governments on the powers of the federal government than by the consolidation of the powers of the states in the federal government?"

The two literary societies not only cultivated the muses, but they sat as courts on the conduct of their members. A James Lytle was charged with "acting riotuously" at Morrow's tavern, and "bantering James Smith to fight either in a lot or even in the streets of Canonsburg." Two members were found guilty of card playing and dice casting, and one was convicted of "having shaved himself on the Sabbath day in his room at the house of Joshua Emery."

What shades of the past appear to join you as you wander through this old building!

There is Stephen Foster, who spent several restless months at Jefferson; and there is Benjamin Bristow of the class of 1851, Secretary of the Treasury under Grant, and who cleaned out the iniquitous Whiskey ring of that day; and there is James F. Woodrow, the brother of Woodrow Wilson's mother.

And there is Joseph R. Wilson, Woodrow Wilson's father.

And there is Matthew Stanley Quay, son of a Presbyterian minister at Beaver, and major general of the

most powerful political machine which the United States has ever seen.

And there is Elisha Macurdy, Son of Thunder in the Great Revival.

So we might go down the list. To call the roll of the graduates of Jefferson College is to call the roll of makers of Western Pennsylvania.

LEGIONVILLE AND MAD ANTHONY

ON a December day in 1791, a horseman drew up in front of the executive mansion in Philadelphia. He flung the reins over the neck of his horse, and running up the steps pulled the huge knocker on the door and demanded a personal interview with the President of the United States, George Washington. The President's secretary informed him that he would take the message, for the President was at dinner. But the officer, who was Ebenezer Denny, on the staff of General St. Clair, and afterward the first Mayor of Pittsburgh, said his message could be delivered to none but the President.

The secretary then went into the dining-room and whispered a word in the President's ear. When Washington returned to the dining-room, none of his guests looking upon his immobile countenance saw any sign of the tempest that was raging within him. Not until the dinner was over and the guests had departed did he give way to his emotions and express his rage and mortification at what had happened.

The tidings which Major Denny had brought him was the defeat of St. Clair's army on the Wabash by the Indians under Joseph Brant.

“And yet,” exclaimed Washington, “to suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hacked, butchered, tomahawked, by a surprise, the very thing I guarded him against! O God! O God! He’s worse than a murderer. How can he answer to his country? The blood of the slain is upon him! The curse of widows and orphans, the curse of heaven!”

Then he added in a calmer moment:

“General St. Clair shall have justice. I will hear him without prejudice. He shall have full justice.”

Near the Beaver Road, and within the limits of the present town of Ambridge, there is a stone, the inscription upon which tells the next chapter in that frontier duel with the Indians, and also records the fruit of Washington’s rage and chagrin after the destruction of St. Clair’s army by the Indians in the battle on the Wabash. It was at this place, Legionville, that Gen. Anthony Wayne, appointed by Washington to suppress the Indians, organized and trained his “Legion of the United States.”

General Wayne arrived at Pittsburgh in June, 1792, and collected his troops at Fort Lafayette, the successor to Fort Pitt, and which stood more along the Allegheny River, and farther up the river, than Fort Pitt. A tablet at the northwest corner of Ninth and Penn marks the site of the fort.

In November, 1792, Wayne descended the Ohio and went into winter quarters at Legionville, where he had established a well-planned and strongly fortified camp. Wayne was taking no chances with the Indians. The disasters which had befallen the troops under Harmar and St. Clair had unnerved them, and the soldiers trembled when there was so much as a rumor of approaching Indians.

LEGIONVILLE AND MAD ANTHONY

Suffering from a serious, and finally fatal, disease, Wayne marched and drilled his troops, and before the winter was over had a compact army, well drilled and full of confidence and patriotic spirit.

The long winter's drill was not without brief interludes of reviews and banquets. The program for Washington's Birthday had, among other toasts, this one:

"Our friend and brother Lafayette. May a generous nation forgive his errors (if any) and receive him to her bosom."

A suggestion as to the kind of discipline that Wayne established is found in a request to Major Craig at Fort Lafayette to "please send down some whip cord for cats—they have no cats to whip men with."

The men were scientifically trained in marksmanship, and rewards were given to the soldiers who excelled. The first prize was one pint of whiskey. Wayne however, was opposed to whiskey drinking, except under regulations and as a part of the army rations. In one of his letters he tells how the men were sober and orderly, being kept out of reach of whiskey "which baneful poison is prohibited from entering this camp except as a component part of a ration." In the orderly book of one of his officers is recorded this opinion of Wayne in connection with liquor drinking—"the cardinal crime, which introduces almost every other vice."

On April 30, 1793, Wayne's Legion embarked on their flotilla and dropped down the river to Fort Washington, now Cincinnati. After a year of waiting and negotiations, Wayne crushed the Indian army under Blue Jacket in the battle of Fallen Timbers on the banks of the Maumee, July, 1794. Then the land had rest.

EUDOLPHIA HALL

the Dutch Reformed Church at New Brunswick, N. J., founded in 1784. The second oldest was that of St. Sulpice and St. Mary's Roman Catholic, at Baltimore, in 1791; and the third oldest, therefore, Eudolphia Hall, established in 1794.

The famous faculty of this wilderness school of the prophets was the Rev. Dr. John Anderson, trained in the Scottish Universities, who came to the United States in 1783, and was ordained in the ministry of the Associate Church in 1788. In 1792 Dr. Anderson became pastor of the Service Creek Associated Church on the south side of Beaver County.

When the Associate Church established a theological seminary, Dr. Anderson was elected to the post of professor of divinity, and located the seminary not far from the Service Church, where the memorial stone now marks the site.

Members of the Associate Church (Presbyterian) in Scotland donated 800 books of divinity for the use of the school. The classes met first in Dr. Anderson's house, but in 1805 a two-story log building was erected. This became the home of the theological seminary, and there the "sons of the prophets" were gathered together to receive instruction in Hebrew and Greek Exegesis and in Didactic and Polemic Theology.

From this rude seminary there flowed forth for many years a stream of theological learning and Christian culture which made the western wilderness blossom like the Rose of Sharon.

Dr. Anderson had the habit of reading his theological volumes when riding his horse through the country. It is related that on one occasion he was belated and lost his way. Coming at length to a house where he saw a light in the window, the absent-minded professor knocked on the door. When the door was opened by a woman, he explained to her his plight and asked if he

might come in and spend the night. "Yes," said the woman, "come right in; I shall be glad to have you spend the night." It was his own wife.

Hard by the site of the ancient seminary, and a little farther along the Service Creek, and high up on a hilltop, is the old Service Creek Church, where Dr. Anderson preached. Around the church, waiting for the morning of the Resurrection, sleep the rude forefathers, men of simple ways, but great faith, and who made straight in the wilderness a highway for our God.

In the valley below the church, the Service Creek still winds its way over the rocks, under the laurel, and through the meadows.

AMITY AND THE BOOK OF MORMON

DRIVING south from Washington to Waynesburg, you come to a little hamlet with the pleasing name of Amity. The early Calvinistic settlers were idealistic and poetic in the names they chose for their churches and their communities. Sometimes they fell back on the names of the Old Testament and the New Testament, and sometimes they chose such names as Congruity, Concord, and Amity.

In the center of Amity, and in the midst of a well-shaded lawn, is the Presbyterian Church. The church was known in early times as Lower Ten Mile Church, being that far from Washington. If you have an interest in the history and making of Western Pennsylvania, and in the making of Utah, too, you will find it profitable to pause for a half hour and wander through the churchyard.

There are two graves which are of great interest. One is that of the Rev. Thaddeus Dod. Like John McMillan and Joseph Smith, Thaddeus Dod was a graduate, 1773, of the College of New Jersey, now Princeton. He became pastor of Lower Ten Mile Church at Amity in 1779. He was one of the four ministers who established the famous Presbytery of Redstone, taking in most of the territory west of the

mountains. The other three were John McMillan, James Powers, and Joseph Smith. The first meeting was held at the Pigeon Creek Church, when Thaddeus Dod preached the sermon on Job 42: 5: "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eyes seeth thee."

In January, 1789, Thaddeus Dod became the principal of Washington Academy, which, in 1806, became Washington College, and was afterward merged with Jefferson College at Canonsburg. As early as 1782 Thaddeus Dod conducted a classical school at Lower Ten Mile. Joseph Smith, pastor at Buffalo, opened a school there in 1783. John McMillan's school at Chartiers, afterward at Canonsburg, was probably opened as early as 1782. Thus McMillan, Dod, and Smith are the three mighty names in the history of higher education west of the Allegheny Mountains.

On the much-worn and weathered stone over Thaddeus Dod's grave is the following inscription:

"Messenger of grace to guilty men,
Beseeching them to turn to God again.
By whom we heard the thunders of God's law,
Which fill the heart with terror and with awe.
And while engaged in deep discerning thought,
He sought self-righteous and the flatterers out.
The slumbering conscience, roused up at the call,
Beheld a tekem written on the wall.
Yet still to such in moving terms he'd show'd
The way of peace through the Redeemer's Blood."

Behind the church is another grave on which is this inscription:

"In Memory of Solomon Spaulding, Who Departed This Life October 20, A.D. 1816, aged 55 Years."

There is the grave of the man who wrote the most influential book in the history of the United States, yet

it was a book which was never published. How can these things be? Let us see.

Solomon Spaulding was born in Ashford, Conn., in 1761. In 1785 he graduated from Dartmouth College and entered the Congregational ministry. After preaching for some years he conducted an academy at Cherry Valley, N. Y., and in 1809 he removed to Conneaut, Ohio, where he was a partner in an iron foundry. While living at Conneaut he became interested in Indian mounds. One of these mounds was opened and human bones and other relics exhumed. This discovery suggested to Spaulding the idea of writing a history, fanciful, of course, of the ancient races of the continent. When his book was completed, he called it *The Manuscript Found*. This manuscript he frequently read to his neighbors. The general plan of it was to show that the American Indians were descendants of the Jew, or of the lost ten tribes. There was an account of their journey from Jerusalem to America under the command of two leaders, Nephi and Lehi. The style was couched in that of the Bible, and the biblical phrase, "And it came to pass," occurred so often that Spaulding's neighbors called him "Old come to pass."

Spaulding moved from Conneaut to Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1812, where he endeavored in vain to find a printer who would publish his fantastic tale. A printer or publisher in Pittsburgh by the name of Patterson examined the manuscript and spoke well of it, but was unwilling to take the risk of publishing it. In 1816, Spaulding moved to Amity, in Washington County, Pa. There he died in 1816, and there his ashes sleep today in the old churchyard.

In 1830 the *Book of Mormon*, purporting to be the contents of a revelation which Joseph Smith found on golden plates near Palmyra, N. Y., made its appearance. As soon as it began to circulate and was discussed

among the people, those who had read, or heard read, Solomon Spaulding's fantastic tale, Manuscript Found, were struck with the resemblance between Spaulding's manuscript and the *Book of Mormon*. There was the same biblical style and the same names, such as Nephi, Lehi, Moroni, and others, and the same account of the coming of the Jews from Jerusalem to the American continent. Until recently there were those living who had talked with men who had been familiar with the passages from Spaulding's manuscript and were convinced that it was the source of Joseph Smith's alleged revelation, *The Book of Mormon*.

The link between Spaulding's manuscript and *The Book of Mormon* is generally supposed to have been Sidney Rigdon. This Rigdon was born at Library, Allegheny County, in 1793. He became a Baptist minister, and for a time was pastor of the First Baptist Church of Pittsburgh. Then he came under the spell of Alexander Campbell, the founder of the Campbellites, or the Disciples of Christ, and preached at Mentor, Ohio, and also at Mantua, Ohio. In 1830 he became a convert to Mormonism. Four Mormon missionaries visited him on his farm at Mentor and presented to him *The Book of Mormon*. At first he feigned a skepticism about its contents, but after deliberation and meditation, said he had received an angel's visit, and the next Sunday was baptized into the new faith.

Rigdon himself is on record as vigorously denying that he had ever heard of Spaulding. Nevertheless, numerous witnesses have been quoted who declared that Rigdon was familiar with the Spaulding manuscript. Dr. John Winters, a Baptist minister and teacher in Pittsburgh, when Rigdon was at the First Baptist Church of Pittsburgh, testified that one day when he was in Rigdon's study, Rigdon showed him a large manuscript and said, "A Presbyterian minister, Spaulding, whose

health had failed, brought this to the printer to see if it would pay to publish it. It is a romance of the Bible.”

Another striking testimony is that of the Rev. Cephas Dod, M.D., the Presbyterian minister at Amity when Spaulding lived there, and also his physician. After the death of Spaulding, Dr. Dod purchased a copy of *The Book of Mormon* and inscribed on one of the fly-leaves these words:

“This work I am convinced by facts related to me by my deceased patient, Solomon Spaulding, has been made from writings of Spaulding, probably by Sidney Rigdon, who was suspicioned by Spaulding with purloining his manuscript from the publishing house to which he had taken it; and I am prepared to testify that Spaulding told me that his work was entitled ‘The Manuscript found in the Wilds of Mormon,’ or ‘Unearthed Records of Nephites.’ From his description of the contents, I fully believe that this book of Mormon is mainly and wickedly copied from it.

CEPHAS DOD”

Thus it came to pass, if these many witnesses can be believed, that the sick Presbyterian minister, Solomon Spaulding, hoping to pay his debts and earn a little fame by the publication of his fantastic tale of the Jews and the American Indians, became, as one has called him, “the unconscious prophet of a new Islam.” Standing by the grave of Solomon Spaulding in the quiet Presbyterian churchyard at Amity one thinks of the strange drama of Mormonism as it unfolded itself in the history of our nation.

ECONOMY

WALKING down one of the main streets of the present manufacturing town of Ambridge, one suddenly finds one's self in a different world. On the left, surrounding an entire block and extending to the river front, is a stone wall. At one corner, next to the river, is a porter's lodge, and on another corner, now used as a dwelling house, is what was formerly the stables. Fronting the street is a handsome brick structure of solid and yet graceful proportions.

The buildings have nothing about them which suggest any period of American architecture. The one on the left is a long hall which was used as a dining-room. The house in the center was the headquarters of the Society; and the house to the right, the Great House, where the founder of the Society lived.

Across the street stands a building which is beyond all question the most notable building in the whole Pittsburgh area, indeed, in Western Pennsylvania or Eastern Ohio. The moment you look at it you imagine you are in some city of medieval Germany, or perhaps that you are entering upon one of the famous Tower Bridges of Switzerland or Germany. It is the venerable Church of St. John. The walls near the ground are of massive stone, the superstructure of finely wrought

ECONOMY

brick. But the glory of the church is its tower. The tower is square for some distance above the roof of the church, and then takes an octagonal form with two superimposed cupolas.

Standing on the ample balcony, one sees the Ohio in the distance, and all around him, mingled now with ugly modern houses, the splendid buildings, public and private, of America's most interesting, and perhaps most successful, communistic society. The name "communistic" has an evil odor today. But there was nothing about this famous community to suggest the godless communism of today, save that its members had all things in common.

The Harmony Society first established itself in this country at Harmony, in Butler County. But in 1814, because of their remoteness from navigation, and the severity of the winters at Harmony, they removed to Indiana and established New Harmony in a fertile valley of the Wabash River.

Here again they prospered, and their numbers were added to by 130 immigrants from their native Wurtemberg. In 1825, plagued with the malaria in the bottom lands of the Wabash, and annoyed by unfriendly neighbors, they sold their village and the lands to Robert Dale Owen, the dreamer of New Lanark, for \$150,000, and established a new settlement which they called Economy on the Ohio River, much of the area of which is now within the town of Ambridge.

At Economy the members of the Society quickly prospered. They had expert builders, craftsmen, and agriculturalists. Houses, shops, mills, factories, halls, and, best of all, the noble church rose quickly where before the Ohio had washed the banks of a virgin wilderness. Every house had its garden, and in the rear of the Great House, where George Rapp, the head of the So-

ciety, lived, there was a community garden, with fountains, arbors, and fruit trees.

The Pittsburgh district was just then in the beginning of its great development, and the Harmonites, which was their legal name, or the Economites, as they were popularly known, gave substantial aid to the opening up of the country by financing the building of railroads and canals.

They were the liberal patrons also of education and the fine arts, the grounds on which Geneva College now stands being a donation from the Society.

At Beaver Falls they established a cutlery and imported five hundred Chinese coolies to work in the mill. Well do I remember whistling to keep my courage up when some night errand took me through the burial ground of these Chinese on a hilltop at the upper end of Beaver Falls. When the Chinamen had all disappeared, the bodies of these celestials who had been buried at Beaver Falls were faithfully and religiously transported to far-off China.

The land on which the Economites built their interesting and successful commonwealth was purchased from the estate of Ephraim Blaine, the father of the celebrated Republican statesman and orator, James G. Blaine, who went down to defeat in his campaign for the presidency, known as the "Rum and Romanism" campaign, because of the famous and fatal alliteration of a Presbyterian minister, Dr. Burchard, who was speaking at a reception to Blaine during the campaign in Brooklyn.

James G. Blaine, because he was in Congress so long from Maine, is not popularly associated with Pennsylvania, but he is a product of Western Pennsylvania, and the ruins of the house in which he was born can still be seen—at least, ten years ago they could be seen—not far from Brownsville.

ECONOMY

One of the interesting buildings still standing at Economy is the Great Hall, where the Society held three annual festivals, the Anniversary Celebration, the Harvest Home, and the Lord's Supper. On these occasions there was much feasting and singing, and before the celebration of the Lord's Supper, all members of the Society were reconciled one to another.

The Economites were intensely religious. Father Rapp was a devout premillennialist, and many of his followers at the time of his death in 1847 could not believe that he would die before the Lord came again. The members of the Society followed each one at length in the way of Father Rapp, "not having received the promise," and not having seen the Coming of their Lord.

In 1832, 250 members of the Society withdrew, taking much of the strength and finances of the Community with them. A certain Bernhard Muller, the bogus Count de Leon, arrived in Pittsburgh, and sending messengers ahead to Economy, announced himself as the "Anointed of God, the stem of Judah and the root of David."

When he came to Economy he was received with great honors, a band saluting him with the finest German music from the lofty tower of the church.

This impostor succeeded in winning many adherents and threw the whole community into strife and dissension. When he and his followers withdrew with their \$100,000, they purchased 800 acres of land at Phillipsburg, farther down the Ohio, and the site of the present town of Monaca. The fake Count de Leon met his end in Louisiana, where he died of cholera.

Standing in the lofty bell tower of the church, I put my hand on the lip of the great bell, which was cast in Pittsburgh in the year 1836. Even the slightest caress of the hand evoked the sweetest melody from the bell; and listening to the pleasing cadence of the bell, I

thought of these simple, devout, and highly capable Harmonites, who there had built up one of America's most flourishing communities.

Who knows but that the way to arrest and check the flood of paganism now pouring through America will be to establish communities like this; not with some of their extreme ideas; nevertheless, communities whose members shall be taught all the useful occupations, where the arts shall be cultivated, and where moral and religious principles shall be recognized and insisted upon as the foundation of true order and happiness.

BRADDOCK'S GRAVE

TRAVELING along the National Road eastward from Uniontown, shortly after you have scaled the summit of the Chestnut Ridge, you will see on the left-hand side of the road, guarded by a few lonesome pines, a handsome granite shaft. It will pay you to climb the fence and go over to that mountain grave. The name on the grave is Major General Edward Braddock. As you read the name, the great struggle between France and England in the middle of the eighteenth century for the dominion of the American continent rises before your mind.

A little to the west of this grave is Jumonville, where, on the twenty-seventh of April, 1754, George Washington and his force encountered the French who had come out from Fort Duquesne under Monsieur de Jumonville. The French historians to this day take the view that Washington violated the code of nations by firing without warning upon a company of men who had come out as ambassadors. The French historian Montgaillard says of Washington:

“This great man would have enjoyed a renown without reproach; his public career would have been without fault; his glory would have shone

with unsullied lustre had it not been for the fatal event of the death of Jumonville, a young officer sent to him with a summons by the commandant of the French Establishment on the Ohio. Washington, then a Major in the forces of the King of England, commanded the post which assassinated Jumonville. The French could never efface the remembrance of this deplorable circumstance, whatever veneration the political life of this illustrious citizen might have merited."

Washington defends himself against the charge of attacking without warning the French force, saying, "These officers pretend they were coming on an embassy, but the absurdity of this pretext is too glaring, as you will see by the instructions of the summons enclosed." He then goes on to say that the instructions found on the persons of the French showed that they came out to reconnoitre the country as far as the Potomac, and that he regarded them as spies rather than ambassadors. However that may have been, there is no doubt as to the effect of the shot fired by Washington on that April morning in the forest thicket in 1754. It precipitated the world-wide duel between France and Great Britain. In the picturesque language of Thackeray in *The Virginians*,

"It was strange that in a savage forest of Pennsylvania, a young Virginian officer should fire a shot and waken up a war which was to last for 60 years; which was to cover his own country and pass into Europe; to cost France her American colonies, to sever ours from us, and create the great Western Republic; to rage over the old world when extinguished in the new, and of all the myriads engaged in the vast contest, to leave the prize of the greatest fame to him who struck the first blow."

BRADDOCK'S GRAVE

A little farther along the National Road, eastward from Braddock's grave, at the Great Meadows, is Fort Necessity, where Washington with 400 men fortified himself after the attack on the force of Jumonville. There, on the third of July, 1754, Washington and his force surrendered to the French under Villiers, a brother of the fallen Jumonville.

The winning of the American continent for England was due in no small degree to the energy which the elder Pitt, the great Lord Chatham, poured into the British Government, after the disaster which befell Braddock on the ninth of July, 1755, on the banks of the Monongahela. When France was half indifferent to the prize at stake, and Voltaire was wondering why there was so much ado about a "few acres of snow," Chatham, with prophetic foresight and indomitable purpose and courage, marshaled the forces and the resources of Great Britain for the winning of the American continent.

When Braddock's large and well-equipped force, of which were the two fine regiments, the 44th and 48th Infantry, was marching along the wilderness highway in the direction of Fort Duquesne, no one, either among the English or among the French, had the least idea that this well-trained British army could be held back, much less cut to pieces. When Braddock drew near to Fort Duquesne, the French commander, Contrecoeur, had no thought of making a stand; but upon the urgent entreaties of one of his captains, Beaujeau, he gave permission that a party be sent out to ambush and attack the English column. This small party consisted of 36 French officers, 72 regular soldiers, 144 Canadian militiamen, and about 600 savages.

Instead of ambushing the English, as has generally been supposed, this party of French Canadians and savages came into sudden collision with the advance of General Braddock's army, not far from where it had

crossed the Monongahela, from the south to the north side. At almost the first discharge, the French commander, Beaujeau, fell, and the command devolved upon Dumas. This officer has left an interesting account of what transpired. He says:

“Our route presented itself to my eyes in a most wretched aspect. Unless I be charged with the bad management of others, I dreamed of nothing but letting myself be killed. It was then that I inspired with voice and gesture the few soldiers who remained and advanced with the look that comes from despair. My platoon fired so vigorously that the enemy was astonished. The fire increased a little, and the savages, seeing that my attack had silenced the shouts of the enemies, rallied around me. At once I sent M. Chevalier le Borgne and M. Droucheblade to say to the officers who led the savages to take the enemy by the flank. The cannon that fired from the front favored my orders. The enemy, surrounded on all sides, fought with the most stubborn determination. Almost all the officers perished, and the subsequent disorder in the column threw it all into flight.”

The British advance was under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Gage, afterward to be heard of in command of the British in Boston. As soon as the firing commenced, Braddock and Washington, who were at their dinner, mounted their horses and rode to the front. Some of the officers were still wearing their napkins at the throat. The British column, with the enemy no longer in front of them, but in the forest on either side, was firing wildly in every direction. One of the chief reasons for the disaster was the fact that the British were formed in column in the 12-foot road which was

BRADDOCK'S GRAVE

being cut through the woods. Too much credit, however, cannot be given to the courageous and brilliant Dumas, who gave to his men the proper orders for the occasion. The savages, at first frightened by the discharge of the British musketry and artillery, returned to the battle and began to do deadly execution on either flank of the British column. All efforts to get the frightened army to advance courageously or to retreat in order were a failure.

Washington, according to Billy Brown, one of Braddock's colored servants, went down on his knees to Braddock and besought him to let him bring up his Virginians. Before Braddock gave his consent, he declared with an oath that he had a good mind to run Washington through with his sword. Washington succeeded in getting some of his Virginians to the front; but they were fired on by the regulars and many of them were killed. Braddock had four horses shot from under him in succession. Each time, he mounted a new horse and raged like a maniac over the field, first of all beating his men from behind trees with the flat of his sword and cursing them for cowards, and finally cutting them down. According to the testimony of Billy Fawcett, who long survived the encounter, Braddock cut down Fawcett's brother as he was skulking behind a tree. In vengeance for this, declared Fawcett, he shot Braddock.

But whether by an enraged colonial, or by a bullet from the French and Indians, Braddock finally fell, desperately wounded. His two aides, Washington and Orme, stood over him, beseeching the panic-stricken soldiers to help carry the General from the field. Even a bribe of 60 guineas was insufficient to stop any of the soldiers in the mad rout. Unable to do better, Washington and Orme unwound the broad sash about Braddock's breast, and making a tumbril, carried him

for a distance until they were able to put him on a horse, and then into a wagon. Braddock begged that they leave him where he was; and when they refused, tried to seize the pistol out of the holster of Croghan and shoot himself. The old general was chagrined at the thought of being defeated by a handful of "frog eaters" and "dog eaters," as the French and Indians were characterized by the British. They at length succeeded in getting Braddock back to the camp of Colonel Dunbar, whence the whole army continued its retreat toward Fort Cumberland.

On the thirteenth of July, near the Great Meadows, Braddock expired. As he lay in the arms of his aide and looked up through the trees to the stars, he exclaimed with his latest breath, "Who would have thought it!" What he meant was, who would have thought that a Major General of the British Army, who had won renown on the battlefields of Europe, would have met disaster and death at the hands of a few "dog-eaters" and "frog-eaters" in the wilds of Pennsylvania. After his burial the army wagons and the artillery were driven over his grave to hide his resting place and save his body from the mutilating and desecrating hand of the savages. In 1823 his grave was plowed up and the relics with certain military insignia upon them seemed to confirm the identification of the bones. In 1913 a granite monument was set up over the grave. Officers of the Cold Stream Guards, to which Braddock had belonged, took part in the dedicatory exercises. But Braddock's real monument is the National Pike, for that road follows the general course of the road that Braddock and his soldiers hewed out with spade and axe on their way through the wilderness to defeat and disaster on that July day in 1755 on the banks of the Monongahela.

BLACK HAWK

AND A FAMOUS MURDER TRIAL

BLACK HAWK is one of the villages through which you can pass and not know it. It must have been named Black Hawk in the Eighteen Thirties, when that renowned savage was causing such alarm and distress in Illinois and on the banks of the Wisconsin. You can still find Black Hawk, if you search diligently for it, in the region southwest of Beaver and Beaver Falls. A pleasant rural district it is, too. But, so far as we are concerned, Black Hawk's one bid for fame was the murder of John Ansley, a Black Hawk farmer, by Eli Sheets, and the ensuing extraordinary trial.

All this was in the year of grace 1862. They were killing men then by the thousands on the battlefields of Tennessee and Virginia, and it may seem strange at first that the killing of one farmer by another should have occasioned such a stir. It was on this wise.

James Sheets, an aged and respected farmer, residing near Unity, Ohio, was awakened on a windy March night in 1862 by the sight of flames. All he could do was to watch his barn burn and mourn the loss of an unusually fine bay horse. When morning came he went poking among the ruins and presently came upon the charred remains of the hoofs of one of the horses. A second glance disclosed the fact that these hoofs were

those of a small and inferior animal, and not those of his powerful bay. That set old Sheets to thinking. Someone, he said to himself, has stolen my horse, put an inferior animal in the stall, and then fired the barn. All this was duly reported in the *Pittsburgh Gazette* of the next week, together with a description of the stolen horse.

Five days after the burning of the barn, Eli Sheets, a nephew of the older Sheets, whose horse had been stolen, a fine-looking, strapping young man of twenty, living on a farm near Darlington, came riding over to the farm of John Ansley at Black Hawk. He wanted to trade the powerful bay horse he was riding for one of Ansley's colts. John looked the horse over and gladly agreed to the exchange. Eli Sheets then took the colt and went off down the lane to his own farm at Darlington.

Ansley thought he had made a fine bargain. But his joy was somewhat dampened when, a few days later, he read in the *Gazette* an account of the burning of the barn and the theft of the horse. The description given of the stolen horse seemed to tally with the horse he had got in the trade from Eli Sheets. Uneasy in his mind, Ansley mounted the big bay and set off for the farm of the older Sheets near Unity, over the Ohio line. When he came up the lane to the house, and near to where the barn had stood, he gave the horse free rein. It walked at once over to the ruins of the barn, and where there had been a watering trough, showing that it was familiar with the premises. Then he rode over to the house and interviewed old Sheets, telling him how he had come by the horse, and saying that he did not care to possess stolen goods.

The elder Sheets would not say that the horse was his, evidently fearing his nephew's wrath. Perhaps if Eli would burn a barn and steal a horse, he might also

kill a man! Better not rouse Eli's wrath. So he told Ansley to ride over to Eli's farm and ask him about it. This Ansley did. And that was the last seen of him alive, riding a big bay horse up the lane to Eli Sheets's farm near Darlington.

Several weeks after, his bullet-riddled corpse was found in a lonely ravine on the Sheets farm, and near it the carcass of a big bay horse. Horse hair on the clothing of Ansley indicated that he had been killed at some distant place and then transported to the ravine on the back of the horse, after which the horse had been slain.

The news of the finding of the body of Ansley was brought to Beaver, and the District Attorney of Beaver County, John B. Young, and other county officers, proceeded to the Sheets farm to make investigations. Sheets met them in a frank manner and offered to assist them in every way in their search. The search quickly disclosed that in a square of woodland directly back of the Sheets farm a horse had been stabled in a lean-to for some time. They found also the trail of a horse through the woods, and on one side were the footprints of a man and on the other side what appeared to be the footprints of a woman.

The shrewd District Attorney, John Young, received testimony from persons living on different sides of this wood about the sound of shots they heard on a March day. Guided by the direction of the firing as they remembered it, Young cut stakes and ran them through the wood, on the theory that where the lines of stakes intersected one another Ansley must have been shot and the body hidden. Sure enough, just where the lines of stakes met, Young found a deep hole where an oak had been uprooted by storms, and plainly visible on the damp leaves was the imprint of a body. Following the trail of the horse and the footprints, Young and his officers discovered that the body must have been

transported by night, for instead of crossing the brook at the ford they had gone down over a steep bank a few rods above. Can you not hear the splash of the horse's hoofs in the little brook as the guilty murderer led the animal with its ghastly load through the waters and up the bank on the other side?

The case now seemed as plain as a pikestaff. When John Ansley, it would appear, charged Eli Sheets with having traded him a stolen horse, Sheets had denied the charge. Ansley then started toward Black Hawk, and, as the day was wearing on, took a short cut through the woods back of the Sheets home. Sheets bade him good-bye, stepped into his house, and taking his pistol, hurried into the woods ahead of Ansley, ambushed him and shot him. The body was then cast into the pit where the tree had been uprooted. But loathe to part with the horse, or perhaps not knowing how to dispose of it, Sheets kept it for several weeks in the forest lean-to. Then, getting uneasy, he came in the dead of night, with an accomplice, put the corpse on the back of the horse, and transported it to the lonely and remote ravine, and then slew the horse, on the theory that dead men and dead horses tell no tales.

The officers put Sheets under arrest, and searching his house, found in the back of an old-fashioned clock a pistol, the caliber of which seemed to correspond to the bullets that had slain Ansley. As it was too dark to proceed the ten miles to Beaver that night, the officers took their prisoner to Cook's tavern at Darlington, there to wait the coming of the day. At three o'clock in the morning, when all were weary and heavy with sleep, Sheets suddenly got to his feet and leaped through the plate glass window to the street. One of his arms was cut in making the plunge, but with rare presence of mind, he pulled off one of his boots as he ran and slipped it over his bleeding arm, so as not to leave a trail of

BLACK HAWK

blood behind him. That was the last seen of Eli Sheets for several months. It afterward came out that he had hid under a country schoolhouse, where he had received rations from those who either feared not to feed him, or who, as is often the case, had a sympathy for the fugitive from justice.

When Sheets finally emerged one night from his hiding place, he stole a horse over the line in Ohio and started his ride toward the Ohio River. In the darkness he lost his direction and rode in a circle. When the morning came he rode to Wellsville, and was about to board a ferry when he was apprehended by the officers and lodged in the Columbia County jail at Lisbon. When his identity was known, word was sent to the officers of Beaver County, where he was wanted for murder. So great was his reputation now for prowess and escape that the sheriff of New Lisbon took no chances with Sheets and fastened him to the floor of his cell by two bars of iron across his body. When the district attorney of Beaver County was admitted to the cell and saw how Sheets was secured, he exclaimed to the jailer of New Lisbon, "My God, Sheriff, you've got him! He'll never get out of here unless he takes the jail on his back!"

When the officers with their prisoner reached Rochester that evening on their way to Beaver, they stopped in front of a tavern to refresh themselves at the bar and invited Sheets to drink with them. He refused to go in, saying, "Whiskey in, wits out." In due season the trial came on in the Beaver County Court-house. The President Judge was David Agnew, afterward Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. The District Attorney was assisted by Thomas Cunningham, and the prisoner was defended by N. P. Fetterman, assisted by S. L. Wadsworth, of Lisbon, and Samuel B. Wilson. It was a clear case of horse stealing, and then

murder to cover up the theft of the horse. Although a circumstantial evidence case, nothing was lacking to fix the crime of murder on the athletic young farmer. But at the last moment the counsel for the defense, N. P. Fetterman, put on the stand two highly respected farmers who knew the stolen horse well, and said they had seen the horse on a ferry on the Ohio in the custody of a man Brown, who was then serving with the Army of the Potomac in Virginia. This surprising testimony completely overthrew the case for the Commonwealth, as it established an alibi for Sheets. But the alert District Attorney had the name of this Brown as one who was employed in the cement works at Wampum. He drove that evening to Wampum, found that Brown was still working there, and that he had not been off duty except on a Fourth of July, which did not correspond with the time the two farmers claimed to have seen him with the horse on the Ohio River ferry.

The District Attorney brought Brown and the books of the company back with him to Beaver. When the case was called in the morning, the counsel for the defense were quite jubilant and expected an acquittal. The District Attorney had Brown in the back of the court room; and when witnesses were called, had the court crier shout out the name of Brown as if he were as far off as the army in Virginia, where the two farmers had said he was. When Brown started down the aisle toward the witness box, the two farmers grabbed their hats, left the court room, ran down the steps of the courthouse, jumped into their buggies, and drove off to their farms. It was a clear case of perjury. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and Sheets was sentenced to be hanged.

A few days before the date set for the hanging Sheets was missing from his cell. There was a suspicion that the turnkey had connived at his escape. At the

advice of an Ohio attorney who had assisted the Commonwealth, the turnkey was locked up in Sheets's cell. The next day this attorney, sauntering through the jail, stopped before the murderer's cell, and seeing the turnkey there, exclaimed, "What, have they got you in there?" "Yes," said the turnkey, "they think I know something about the escape of Sheets." "Oh, well," said the attorney with nonchalance, "we've got to hang somebody. If we can't hang Sheets, we'll hang you." Terrified at this, the turnkey said, "Let me out of here and give me ten minutes, and I will show you where Sheets is." He took them to a fine home on the river front where a Mrs. R. B. Barker and her sister lived. These two women, who were spiritualists, had become infatuated with the handsome Sheets, who was a perfect specimen of physical manhood, and had bribed the turnkey to let him out of the jail. They had him concealed in one of the rooms of the house, blackened up as a Negro, and planned to ship him into Canada. Sheets was brought back to the jail, where he made another break for freedom, but he was finally hanged for his crime.

An interesting aftermath of this strange case was the deathbed testimony of a man living at Darlington that he was the other man whose woman-like footsteps had been found by the trail of the horses through the woods back of the Sheets home. He said that on that night Sheets had come to his house, got him out of bed, and at the point of the pistol had compelled him to accompany him and transport the body of the murdered Ansley from the pit in the wood, where it had first been thrown by Sheets, to the lonely ravine where the body was discovered.

THE CUMBERLAND ROAD

TRAVELING by the National Road from Wheeling toward Washington, you come to a hamlet with the pompous name, Tridelphia. Under the elms on the grounds of an old mansion, once the home of Major Alonzo Loring, you will see a weatherbeaten statue. On the ornate stone base stands a female figure, presumably the goddess of Liberty, whose lower jaw, by the way, is missing; also two hands and one knee. Whether time effected this mutilation, or whether a drunken Democrat took it out in this way on Clay and the Whigs, I know not. On the base of the monument is cut the following inscription:

“Time will bring every amelioration and refinement most gratifying to rational men; and the humblest flower, freely plucked under the shelter of the tree of liberty, is more to be desired than all the trappings of royalty. The 44th year of American Independence. Anno Domini, 1820.”

This monument was erected by admirers of Henry Clay in recognition of his efforts in behalf of the Cumberland Road; also known as the National Road. The National Road, which runs in its Pennsylvania section

THE CUMBERLAND ROAD

through Washington, Fayette, and Somerset Counties, played a great part in the political, social, and material development of the United States. The dominion of Rome was maintained not only by the sword of her legions, but by the great highways which traversed the Empire and bound the farflung provinces together.

After the flag of France was lowered at Fort Duquesne in 1758, a steady stream of colonization, checked for a time by Pontiac's rebellion in 1763, flowed steadily into the Ohio Valley. The increase of population created a demand for better roads, and far-seeing statesmen like Henry Clay saw that national unity and stability also demanded national highways. By the act admitting Ohio as a state in 1803, five per cent of the land sales in that territory was to go to Ohio, three-fifths for state roads, and two-fifths for a road from the navigable waters of the Atlantic to the new state. The first appropriation for the road, \$30,000, was granted April 16, 1811. The first mail stage rolled down the bluff into Wheeling in August, 1818. After that the road was gradually extended as far west as Jefferson, Mo., a total distance of 834 miles. Henry Clay was called the "Father of the National Road," and the Swiss merchant and statesman, Albert Gallatin, and one-time Secretary of the Treasury, whose home was in Fayette County, was also a zealous advocate of the road.

The National Pike, or Cumberland Road, meant to the nation then what the Baltimore & Ohio, the New York Central, and the Pennsylvania Railroads mean today. A senator prophesied that hay stacks and cornfields would walk over the road, and that prophecy was fulfilled when an endless procession of lowing cattle and bleating sheep and grunting swine moved slowly over the mountains on the way to the markets of the East. This unbroken procession of eastwardbound livestock

was met by another westwardbound procession of Conestoga wagons carrying the pioneers and their families to the lush pastures of the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys.

Here and there you can still see the milestones, which are not stone, but iron pyramids, cast in the furnaces in Brownsville, and placed over posts. There are still standing also a few of the graceful, tower-like, octagonal toll houses, on the front of which you can read the toll rates for man and beast. The current coin of the road was a big copper cent or "Bit," and the "Fifany Bit," worth six and a quarter cents, and the Levy, worth 12½ cents. A good dinner could be secured for a Levy, and the bill of fare was such as to exhilarate the feelings of a misanthrope.

Three classes of traffic passed over the road: drovers with their herds and flocks, freight wagons, and stage coaches. The cattle and hogs were driven five and six miles a day, and at night were turned into the fields to graze. The Conestoga wagons were so called because they were built on the Conestoga Creek in Lancaster County. They were drawn by six horses and made from 12 to 15 miles each day. If a wagoner possessed a particularly fine team, he would hang bells on an arch over the hames. It was a custom for the wagoners who pulled a comrade out of the mire to appropriate the bells of his team as a salvage fee. In 1835 a teamster pulled into Wheeling a load of 13,000 pounds. With their long "black snake" whips, their blue frocks, their terrible oaths, and their long black cigars, called "stogies," after their wagons, but made at Pittsburgh, they were a unique and picturesque group.

The stage coaches of the best type were the Troy coaches. The body of the coach was suspended by leather springs, and there was a boot for the mails and the baggage. The outside was brilliant with gold and gilt, and the interior was luxuriantly fitted. Nine per-

THE CUMBERLAND ROAD

sons could be accommodated within, and three persons besides the driver outside. These coaches carried the United States mails and traveled rapidly, ten miles an hour being the ordinary rate of speed. The horses were changed every twelve miles. At the foot of the long hills postilions with horses were stationed to assist the stage up the hill. In 1832, Amos Kendall, Postmaster General, established the Pony Express. The horses were put to the utmost speed and changed every six miles.

It must have been a rare sight to see one of those coaches with rumbling wheels, the horses' hoofs striking fire from the pike, whips cracking and horns blowing, roll up to the massive stone inns at Wheeling, Washington, Uniontown, or Cumberland, and let down Andrew Jackson, Santa Anna, Black Hawk, Henry Clay, Tom Corwin, William Henry Harrison, or Jenny Lind and P. T. Barnum. There is an anecdote of Andrew Jackson, that one night when he stopped at the White Swan Tavern in Uniontown, the keeper, who had laid in a great store for his famous guest, sent a local politician to inquire of Jackson what he wanted for supper. To the consternation of the politician, Jackson replied to his grandiloquent inquiry with a curt, "Ham and eggs." Again the request was repeated, whereupon Old Hickory in a voice of thunder roared, "Ham and eggs, sir!"

The National Pike was seen at its best, and also at its worst, during the political campaigns. Presidential elections were not the tame affairs that we know today. The populace took an almost incredible interest in the national elections. Perhaps the most famous of these elections was the campaign in 1840, known as the Hard Cider and Log Cabin Campaign. When a friend of Henry Clay heard of Harrison's nomination by the Whigs, he remarked, "If Harrison were given a pension of \$2,000 a year, plenty of hard cider and a log cabin to live in, he would never trouble anyone about the Presi-

dency." The Whigs took up this sneer as their war cry, and Harrison, although he lived in something of a mansion in Indiana, was known as the Log Cabin and Hard Cider candidate. Log cabins were hauled up and down the National Road, and hard cider was freely dispensed from barrels. Very often a live coon was displayed in a cage on the top of the cabin. This horse play appealed strongly to the imagination of the common people, and the hero of Tippecanoe was elected over Van Buren by an overwhelming majority. One of the sad aftermaths of this campaign was the host of drunkards in Ohio, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and Maryland who dated their fall from that hard cider campaign.

The old farmhouses and barns along the National Pike could tell thrilling tales, if the stones could speak out and the beam out of the timber could answer, of the fugitive slaves and the Underground Railroad, for, in its Pennsylvania stretches, the road was not far from the Mason and Dixon Line. Tramping over the pike some years ago, I was put up overnight by a Nicholas McCartney. He was the son of one of the best-known tavern keepers in the palmy days of the National Pike. In those days the keepers of the taverns along the Pike were the notable men of the community. This McCartney told me that he had often heard his father speak of gangs of slaves tied together with a rope like so many horses, as they passed to and fro on the road. On one occasion a fugitive slave was recaptured and was taken to the McCartney Tavern. Unguarded for a moment, he made a break for his liberty. One of the tavern hands leaped through a window and started in pursuit. He came up with the Negro just as he was scaling a fence, and had laid his hand on him to drag him back, when the fugitive drew a dirk and stabbed his pursuer to the heart. Well done, thou nameless black!

One of the features of the National Road was the

THE CUMBERLAND ROAD

massive taverns which sprang up along the road. They were built of brick or stone, and are little the worse for wear after more than a century. The tavern keeper of that day was landlord, banker, merchant, and contractor, and could count among his friends many of the great of the nation who had dined and slept at his tavern. Outside the tavern, for the French word "hotel" had happily not yet gained currency, was the long watering trough, and on a post was the sign of the tavern, such as the White Swan, or the Black Horse, all thoroughly Anglo-Saxon. The strap which travelers used to hitch their horses to the post in front of the tavern was called the "rum" strap, the name readily suggesting the reason for the halt. The main room was the barroom with its enormous fireplace. A poker, six feet long, hung over the hearth, and none but the landlord dared to lay hands upon it. One tavern boasted of a fireplace twelve feet wide. When fuel was needed, a horse hauled a huge log in at one door and then was driven out at another.

One of the noblest monuments of the old National Road is its great stone bridges. Notable among these is the bridge over the Youghiogheny between Jocky Hollow and Somerfield. The iron mileposts still persist in calling Somerfield, Smithfield. The traffic of ten generations has rolled across this bridge, and the floods of more than a century have surged against it in vain. But the old bridge with its massive and graceful arch still stands, while the river runs seaward over the rocks, stealing away like the river of a man's life. Standing by the parapet of the bridge and looking into the river, one thinks of those words of Thomas Carlyle about his stone mason bridge building father:

"A noble craft it is that of a mason; a good building will last longer than most books, than one book in a million. The Auldgarth Bridge still spans

the water, silently defies its chaffing. There hangs it, and will hang, grim and strong, when of all the cunning hands that piled it together, perhaps the last is now powerless in the sleep of death. O Time! O Time! Wondrous and fearful art thou, Yet there is in man what is above thee."

As the sun westers beyond the distant ridge, the harvest bell, the angelus of the fields, tolled by thrifty housewife, calls the reapers home to supper and to sleep. At Keyser's Ridge, 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, the white mist is drifting over the green pastures through which run the still waters of the meadow brook, while above the highest wall of the mountains a soft, golden, compassionate harvest moon takes up the wondrous tale of the mystery of heaven and earth. In the forest thickets the whippoorwill lifts his sad complaint, and up through the valley mists floats that sweetest of all woodland sounds, the far-off music of a cow bell. But never again will the great coaches rumble down the hill, past the Meadows, through Jockey Hollow, over Nigger Mountain, and down through the Shades of Death. The noble bridges still span the mountain streams; but the stone taverns wait now in vain for the expected guests; and the stately Conestoga wagons, with their tinkling bells and proudly stepping teams, and the flying mail coaches with their echoing horns and galloping horses, and the passengers with their high white hats, blue cut-away coats, high stocks, watch fobs, and their lordly familiarity, are all gone; vanished completely, and the place that once knew them now knows them no more forever. The brief stay in life's bustling tavern is over forever, and the last stage for each of them has rolled over the top of the hill and through the Shades of Death to the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns.

MORGAN'S RAID AND A CHURCH IN THE WILDWOOD

IT was a warm Sunday in July, 1863. The congregation had assembled for worship at the Bethel United Presbyterian Church, Columbiana County, Ohio. The horses fastened in the nearby sheds were making the music so familiar to the worshipers in the country churches of that day, as they kicked at the sides of the stall, or bit one another on the neck, and the preacher was getting well launched on his lengthy exordium, when an excited messenger broke up the divine worship with the cry, "Morgan is coming!" Preacher and congregation headed for the church doors, and untying their horses, started for their homes.

Who was this Morgan who caused such a stir among the worshipers in that rural temple on the quiet summer day in 1863? He was none other than John Morgan, the daring Confederate cavalry leader and raider.

When Bragg's Confederate Army in Tennessee was slowly withdrawing before the Union Army under Rosecrans, Bragg sent Morgan northward with 3,000 troopers, the object being to threaten Rosecrans' communications. Morgan was to go into Kentucky and, if he could, capture Louisville. But he was forbidden to cross the Ohio River.

Unable to resist the temptation of a raid into Indiana and southern Ohio, where Copperheads swarmed in the land and the Knights of the Golden Circle were numerous, Morgan crossed the river and appeared in Indiana, brushing away the militia which was sent against him as one would pestering flies.

Morgan crossed from Indiana into Ohio on the thirteenth day of July. Strong forces were posted at Cincinnati, but Morgan in a night march slipped around the city and continued northward. On the fifteenth he passed through Washington Court House and on July 18 reached the ford at Buffington Island, where he hoped to cross back into Kentucky.

In the fight for the ford Morgan was worsted by the Union forces. In this battle Major Daniel McCook, father of the famous "fighting McCooks," of Lisbon, Ohio, was killed. The father and eight sons were officers in the Union Army. The most noted of the sons was Gen. Daniel McCook, who commanded a corps at Chickamauga.

Driven still farther north, Morgan made another effort to cross the river into Kentucky, heading first for the Muskingum, and then doubling on his trail toward Blennerhassett Island.

Baffled again, he rode on in the direction of Bellaire and Wheeling, and on the evening of July 25 went into camp at Old Nebo, known now as Bergholz.

The next day, surrounded by the Union soldiers, Morgan was brought to bay and surrendered his troopers at a point not far from the West Beaver Church. A large granite stone records his capture.

This stone is the real high-water mark of the rebellion, for it was the point farthest north reached by any Confederate force. Farmers along the Ohio and Beaver were running off their cattle and horses and hid-

MORGAN'S RAID

ing them in the woods, and Pittsburgh was throwing up earthwork fortifications.

Morgan's subsequent career was not less thrilling and adventurous than the former chapters of his life. He was confined in the prison at Columbus, Ohio, dug his way out and resumed his raiding operations with the Southern Army.

If you look out of the window on the left, as the train on the Southern Railroad passes through Greeneville, Tenn., going south, you can see the house in the yard of which Morgan was shot to death when trying to escape from Union soldiers who had surrounded his hiding place.

The West Beaver Church is off the Lincoln Highway, between East Liverpool and Lisbon, Ohio. It stands in the midst of a grove of oak trees, and back of it is the cemetery with its undistinguished but godly dead, whose names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life. At the foot of the slope upon which the church stands, winding its way through the forest, is the Little Beaver River, flowing quietly away like the river of a man's life.

DARLINGTON
AND WILLIAM MCGUFFEY

NEXT to an old church, a venerable school is the most interesting memorial of a generation that is past, for in the old school, as well as in the old church, minds were developed, ambitions planted, and characters molded. One of the most notable of old school buildings in Western Pennsylvania is the Old Stone Academy at Darlington, in Beaver County, affectionately referred to by its former pupils as "the old stone pile." The fine old stone building is still to be seen at one end of Darlington, where, long after the Academy had disappeared, it was used as a station on the railroad running from New Galilee to Lisbon, Ohio.

The Academy was chartered in 1806, when Darlington was called Greensburg. There is a tradition, apparently unconfirmed, that John Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame, was for a time a student in this academy at Greensburg, or Darlington. The famous master of this academy was the Rev. Thomas E. Hughes, the Presbyterian minister in the town. We have a record of a resolution from the meeting of the Board of Trustees in the early years of the Academy which outlined the menu for the students. It was as follows:

“Resolved, that breakfast shall consist of bread with butter, or meat, and coffee. Dinner of bread and meat, with sauce. Supper of bread and milk.”

Evidently it was thought that those who dined on the fare of the Greek and Latin gods could get along with a light diet in the things of this world.

The Academy's chief claim to fame is that within its gray walls there was once a student who was destined to become, through his books, America's greatest teacher. This was none other than William Holmes McGuffey. McGuffey was born September 23, 1800, on a farm near West Alexander, in Washington County, Pennsylvania, where a monument has recently been erected to his memory. His father, Alexander McGuffey, was an Indian fighter under St. Clair and Wayne. In 1802 the father settled on the Connecticut Reserve near Youngstown, Ohio. He received his early training from his mother, and read Latin with the Presbyterian pastor at Youngstown. He was marked as a precocious lad, and could recite from memory whole chapters of the Bible.

In 1818 he entered the Academy at Darlington, or Greersburg. It is related that the Rev. Mr. Hughes, the master of the school, was one day riding his horse down a country lane, when, passing a cottage, he heard the voice of a woman in prayer asking that God would open up some way for the training of her boys for His service. He spent the night with the family and, impressed with the worthiness of the mother and the capacity of the boy, William, made arrangements for the boy to enter the Academy at Darlington. Here McGuffey received from old Dr. Hughes an important part of his scholastic training. In a real sense the famous McGuffey readers go back not only to McGuffey, but

to that fine old Presbyterian pastor and teacher, Thomas Hughes.

McGuffey was graduated from Washington College, now Washington and Jefferson, in 1826. In 1829 he became Professor of Languages at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. There he was licensed to preach the gospel in the Presbyterian Church. He was never ordained, but frequently preached. One of his preaching posts was Darrtown, near Oxford. McGuffey afterwards said that he had preached as many as 3,000 sermons. The sermons were never written, but were preached extemporaneously. In 1839 McGuffey became President of the Ohio University at Athens. After that he served for a time at Woodworth College in Cincinnati. In 1845 he became Professor of Moral Philosophy at the University of Virginia, where he served until his death, May 4, 1873.

In 1836, 1837, and 1844 McGuffey produced his famous Eclectic Readers, being assisted in the work by a younger brother, Alexander. These readers, together with the Eclectic Spelling Book, reached an extraordinary circulation of 22,000,000. No series of books save the Bible, has played such a part in the moral and cultural development of the American people.

Leafing through McGuffey's readers one notes the following Lessons in Prose: "The Forest Trees, a Fable"; "Touch Not, Taste Not, Handle Not," from Dr. Lyman Beecher; "The Value of Time"; "Respect for the Sabbath"; "Control Your Temper"; "The Love of Applause." Among the lessons in poetry are "The Battle of Waterloo," from Byron; "The Immortality of the Soul," Addison; "The Death of the Flowers," from Bryant.

These titles suffice to show the difference in the intellectual menu of the children of that day and those

who are fed on the Sunday comics of our day and generation.

Among the lessons in prose is "The Blind Preacher," William Wirt's beautiful account of the preaching of James Waddell, the blind preacher of Virginia. There are numerous passages from the Bible. The account from the Second Book of Samuel of the death of Absalom, and King David's lament, is given as an example of pathos. Discerning professors of style still rank that passage from the Bible as a masterpiece of pathos. At the end of every lesson there are a number of questions about the subject matter of the text, and sometimes the moral is formally drawn.

In the Fifth Reader, too, is found the speech of Logan, the Mingo Chief, a speech that was oft recited by the aspiring young orators of two generations ago. Logan was a noted Indian chief whose village was on the Beaver River, where it enters the Ohio, probably the site of the present town of Rochester. Logan's family was massacred near the Yellow Creek in 1774. His sister was the Indian wife of a well-known and important frontier character in Pittsburgh, Col. John Gibson, who served under Forbes in the campaign against Fort Duquesne, and afterward settled at Fort Pitt as a trader. He was captured by Indians at the mouth of the Beaver River. His two companions were burned at the stake, but Gibson was saved from death by the intervention of a squaw, who adopted him in the place of a son who had been killed in battle. The next year Gibson was surrendered into the hands of Colonel Bouquet.

It was to Colonel Gibson that Logan delivered the speech which was to be given to the Virginia governor, Lord Dunmore, after the massacre of Logan's family at the mouth of the Yellow Creek. The speech first appeared in *Jefferson's Notes on Virginia*. As it is a

good sample of the prose readings of McGuffey's books, let us hear what Logan had to say:

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white men.' I had even thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man.

"Colonel Cresap, last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relatives of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace; but do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

“LISBON AND HER FAMOUS SONS”

THE Lincoln Highway, after it leaves Pittsburgh, passes through Crafton and thence into a beautiful, unsmoked agricultural section of Beaver County, the “South Side.” It crosses the river at East Liverpool, Ohio, and then takes you through the picturesque region of Columbiana County. The county seat is Lisbon, sometimes called “New” Lisbon. This quiet and pleasing town was the cradle of a number of men who rose to eminence in American public life.

Near the square you can see the brick house in which was born, on September 24, 1837, Marcus Alonzo Hanna. Mark Hanna came to national fame as the manager of the McKinley campaigns of 1896 and 1900. In those campaigns his portly figure was cartooned in almost every newspaper of the land, his checked suit covered all over with dollar marks. This was part of the attack made on him as a friend and leader of “big business.”

At Lisbon, too, was the home of the famous “Fighting McCooks.” The head of this remarkable clan was Daniel McCook, known as Major McCook. He was born at Canonsburg in 1798, and was educated at Jef-

erson College. When the Civil War broke out he was sixty-three years old, but offered his services to the government and was commissioned a major. When John Morgan swept with his raiders into Ohio, Major McCook was an officer in the force which tried to intercept him. In the battle with Morgan's raiders at Buffington's Island, July 21, 1863, Major McCook was mortally wounded.

Of this remarkable family, ten sons served in the Union Army during the Civil War. The father and three of the sons were killed in battle. The two most notable of the ten fighting sons were Daniel McCook, who commanded a brigade under Sherman, his old law partner, at Kenesaw Mountain, July 21, 1864, where he was mortally wounded, and Alexander McDowell McCook, who commanded the right wing of the Federal Army at the battle of Stone River, and under Rosecrans was commander of the 20th Army Corps in the battle of Chickamauga. Charles A. Dana, an observer at this battle, gives a graphic account of the great disaster which befell the Union Army. He describes a meeting at General Rosecrans' headquarters on the night of the first day's battle, September 19, 1863. After the labors of the day, General Thomas, who was to play so heroic a part the next day, was so fatigued that he fell asleep every minute. But whenever Rosecrans spoke to him, his prophetic answer was the same, "I would strengthen the left." When orders had been given to all the corps commanders, hot coffee was brought in and General McCook was called upon to sing "The Hebrew Maiden."

A FAMOUS COPPERHEAD

Not far from the Presbyterian Church is the brick manse where was born, July 29, 1820, the famous Clement L. Vallandigham, the bitter, fiery, and eloquent adversary of Lincoln and the administration in the Civil

"LISBON AND HER FAMOUS SONS"

War. Vallandigham studied at Jefferson College, taught for a time in an academy in Maryland, and then returned to Ohio, where he achieved distinction as an editor, lawyer, and member of Congress.

In Congress he opposed all the war measures for the suppression of the Rebellion. In one of his speeches he said:

"History will record that after nearly six thousand years of folly and wickedness in every form of government, it was reserved to American statesmanship in the nineteenth century of the Christian era to try the grand experiment of creating love by force and developing fraternal affection by war; and history will record, too, on the same page the utter, disastrous, and most bloody failure of the experiment."

In May, 1863, he was arrested at Dayton by order of General Burnside, for treasonable utterances, and sentenced to close confinement at Fort Warren, Boston. His arrest caused a tremendous explosion of rage and protest among the enemies of the administration. It was in answer to resolutions adopted at one of these meetings of protest that Lincoln wrote one of his most carefully considered papers, in which he said:

"Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier boy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert? I think that in such a case to silence the agitator and save the boy is not only constitutional, but withal a great mercy."

Lincoln showed his common sense, and also his sense of humor by instructing Burnside to send Vallandigham within the Confederate lines. After a brief stay in the South, Vallandigham ran the blockade and

made his way to Bermuda, and thence to Canada. When he was in exile in Canada the Democrats of Ohio nominated him for governor. In June, 1864, defying the order of expulsion, Vallandigham returned to the United States and delivered speeches more violent than those for which he had been arrested and deported. Lincoln let him alone, the reason being, according to Schuyler Colfax, that he did not wish "to give any pretext for disloyal organizations to light the torch of Civil War all over the northwest."

It was Vallandigham who ruled the Democratic Convention at Chicago in 1864, which nominated General McClellan for President. Vallandigham wrote the fatal platform which doomed McClellan's campaign to defeat, although McClellan was quick to repudiate the platform. The platform read:

"Resolved that this convention does explicitly declare as the sense of the American people, that *after four years of failure* to restore the Union," etc.

Vallandigham met his end at Lebanon, Ohio. He was counsel for the defense in a murder trial, and was endeavoring to show that the defendant could not have inflicted the wound. As he was handling the pistol, it exploded and he was mortally wounded. He died in peace, affirming his confidence in the doctrine of predestination.

Bitter and vitriolic in his political utterances, Vallandigham, in a letter to his brother, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Newark, Del., penned one of the most beautiful tributes to godly parents which can be found in any literature. In that letter he wrote:

"The prayers of my childhood have lingered like the odor of sweet perfume in my memory; my mother's yearnings and my father's precepts have

"LISBON AND HER FAMOUS SONS"

passed before me in the silent watches of the night. The old homestead and the ancient family altar and the rooms hallowed all over by prayer, and the grave of him who, while living, compassed about as he was by poverty and affliction, yet served and honored God with the constancy and purity and firmness of a martyr and a saint; and the calm, mild eyes and countenance of her, full of meekness and faith and piety, who yet lives to bless and pray for me, have fenced me all around as with a wall of fire, and guarded me even when I knew and felt it not."

SALEM AND SOJOURNER TRUTH

A TRIP through the pleasant, well-watered rolling country which lies along the western border of Pennsylvania and the eastern border of Ohio makes one think of the Holy Land, for the names of the churches and the villages are reminiscent of the Old and New Testament. The churches take you back to Pisgah, Hebron, Rehoboth, and Mount Carmel; and among the names of the towns are East Palestine, Enon, Galilee, and Salem. I have often thought that in bestowing these musical names from the Bible on their settlements and churches those stern Presbyterians and Covenanters who conquered the wilderness with axe and rifle, Latin grammar, the Psalm Book, were giving expression to the latent tenderness and mysticism which was in them.

Salem is just over the line in Ohio. The town was settled, for the most part, by Quakers who were ardent Abolitionists. Salem was the headquarters of the Western Anti-Slavery Society and an important station on the Underground Railroad. The diary of a Salem Abolitionist, Daniel Howell Heise, a most interesting document, tells of frequent Anti-Slavery meetings and the passing on by Salem inhabitants and farmers of fugitive slaves. Edwin Coppock, of Quaker family, and his brother Barclay were born in Salem and both took

part in John Brown's raid against Harper's Ferry. Edwin Coppock was hanged in Virginia December 16, 1859. A monument to his memory stands in the Salem cemetery.

On one of the main streets of Salem stands an old building known as the Town Hall, and where the offices of the municipality are located. This hall was a favorite meeting place of the Abolitionists, and in pre-Civil War days it echoed with the voices of the eloquent anti-slavery orators. I would like to take you with me to this building on a night in 1847. The old hall is crowded to the doors with people standing in the aisles. The accent of the "plain speech" on the lips of those about us lets us know that there are many Quakers present.

We are a little late, and the chief speaker is well underway. He is a colored man, but one who bears all the marks of native distinction. Erect and stalwart, heavily bearded, and his head covered with a mass of thick hair, this black orator, himself a fugitive from slavery, is doing what he can to tear down the walls of the prison from which he had recently escaped. One by one he emptied the vials of his Apocalyptic wrath upon the oppressors of his people and the iniquity of slavery. The audience hangs on his words, for he is one of America's greatest orators, and those sitting in the front rows of the gallery are leaning over the railing in rapt attention to his fiery periods. As he speaks, a note of sorrow, almost despair, comes into his voice. Only the shedding of blood, he declares, can destroy slavery and set the Negro free. Suddenly, there is a loud, penetrating, vibrant, soul-searching cry from one of the galleries, "Frederick! Frederick! Is God dead?"

The black orator was eloquent Frederick Douglass, and the voice which suddenly interrupted the flow of his passionate speech was none other than the celebrated

Negress, a black Deborah, and a prophetess of her people, Sojourner Truth.

Frederick Douglass was born in 1817 on a plantation at Tuckahoe, Talbot County, Maryland. His real name was Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey; but when he was at New Bedford, Mass., after his escape from slavery, Nathan Johnson, a Negro who had befriended him, advised him to change his name, so as to make his recapture more difficult. Johnson had been reading Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, and Douglass seemed to him the embodiment of all that was worthy. Henceforth, it was Frederick Douglass.

Although Maryland slavery was supposed to be mild in comparison with that of the cotton and rice states, the iron of the "peculiar institution" entered early into the soul of Douglass. His separation from a kind grandmother, the sight of a brother beaten and stamped under the foot of a brutal master, and the flogging of a slave girl, Esther, because of a secret meeting with her lover, filled the mind of Douglass with deep questioning as to the ways of God with man and taught him to hate slavery with a perfect hatred.

At ten years of age he was in service with a family in Baltimore, and there he secretly taught himself to read and write. From Baltimore he was taken to a plantation at St. Michaels, on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. There he was brutally treated, being farmed out to a "slave breaker"—that is, a man who trained and "broke" slaves for their owners. His physical and mental sufferings were intense. He tells how on a still Sabbath afternoon he would watch the white winged ships on Chesapeake Bay and contrast their freedom with his own slavery. Overworked and abused, he was tortured by the thought, "I am a slave—a slave for life—a slave with no rational ground to hope for freedom."

After two vain attempts at escape, followed by

beatings and imprisonment, Douglass was sent back to Baltimore, where he worked as a caulker in his master's shipyard. In September, 1838, he made his escape from slavery, going by train to Wilmington and thence by boat to Philadelphia. From Philadelphia he went to New York, where agents on the Underground Railroad, learning he was a caulker, passed him on to New Bedford, Mass. There he secured work and found kind friends.

In the summer of 1841 he made his first anti-slavery speech at a convention at Nantucket. The other speaker was William Lloyd Garrison, editor of the *Liberator*. So great an impression did the young black orator make, that at the close of the meeting he was offered the post of Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society. He accepted the offer, and henceforth his life was devoted to the destruction of slavery.

Douglass was in great demand as a speaker, and traveled through the New England states and as far west as Indiana, often mobbed, often threatened, but always eloquent and magnetic. He was frequently introduced at anti-slavery meetings as a "graduate from the peculiar institution with his diploma on his back," referring to the scars of his scourgings as a slave. In 1847 he established his home at Rochester, N. Y., where he published the *North Star*. A bronze bust of Douglass now stands in Sibley Hall at Rochester University.

About this time he made the acquaintance of John Brown, even then turning over in his mind great thoughts for the emancipation of the Negro. It was John Brown who helped to bring Douglass to the conviction that only after a struggle and the shedding of blood would the slave be set free. Yet when Brown raised the standard of attack and violence at Harper's Ferry, Douglass refused to join him. The two men had a secret meeting in a stone quarry near Chambersburg, Pa. Brown urged Douglass to join him, saying, "Come

with me, Douglass; I will defend you with my life. I want you for a special purpose. When I strike the bees will begin to swarm, and I want you to help hive them." That night they parted forever, Douglass going back to Rochester, but leaving with Brown his friend Shields Green, one of Brown's bravest heroes in the attack on Harper's Ferry.

After the arrest of Brown, it became known that Douglass was one of his correspondents and friends. Governor Henry Wise of Virginia called on President Buchanan to aid in capturing Douglass as a conspirator against the peace of Virginia, and United States marshals were on his trail at Rochester, but he succeeded in evading them and took refuge in England. He had been in England in 1847, on that visit and at this time received an enthusiastic welcome from the enemies of slavery.

When the Civil War broke out he had an interview with Lincoln and sought in vain from Stanton a commission in the army. After the war he resided in Washington and edited the *New Era*. In 1889 he was United States Minister to Haiti. He died in 1890.

Those who heard him in his prime ranked him as one of the greatest of orators. As an orator he had the unspeakable advantage of being the spokesman of an oppressed race and of delivering his speeches at a time when men's passions were at white heat. Perhaps never in the history of mankind, because of the moral feeling which was roused, has there been a period so favorable for eloquence. What Douglass wrote in description of the eloquence of Daniel O'Connell, who welcomed him to Ireland, could well be said of his own power of speech, "His eloquence came down upon the vast assembly like a summer thunder shower upon a dusty road."

SOJOURNER TRUTH

Sojourner Truth, the tall and spare prophetess who interrupted Douglass in the midst of his impassioned

address at Salem, was a full-blooded Negress. She was born in Ulster County, New York, probably about 1775. Her father was the child of a Mohawk Indian and a Negro. Even in New York she experienced cruel treatment as a slave. Like Frederick Douglass, who had seen the slave girl, Esther, brutally beaten because she met with her lover, Sojourner Truth looked back to the day she saw a black lad, who had come secretly to visit his sweetheart, beaten with clubs and driven away bleeding and bruised. It was then that the iron of slavery entered into her soul. She used to say to herself, or rather to God, when she saw the iniquities of slavery, "Do you think that's right, God?" She married a Negro man, Thomas, and by him had five sons, one of whom was sold into slavery in Alabama. This was an illegal transaction in New York, and the mother showed her courage and persistence by pleading with judges until her boy, Peter, terribly scarred from beatings, was returned to her.

For a time Sojourner Truth was a domestic servant in New York. She had deep experience of religion and for the first time began to associate Jesus Christ with religion. Hitherto she had thought of Him only as a man, like Lafayette or Washington. Early, too, she evinced a social consciousness and was wont to say that the rich robbed the poor and the poor robbed one another.

In June, 1843, she fled from New York, convinced that she heard the voice of God saying to her, "Go East." She had prayed for a name with "a handle to it," and chose for herself the name by which she was afterward known, "Sojourner." Probably this was a reminiscence of the Thirty-ninth Psalm, "I am a stranger with thee and a sojourner, as all my fathers were." Then she reflected that she was the servant of God, and since God

was Truth, she might add the name "Truth." Hence the name by which she was afterward known, "Sojourner Truth."

From this time, Sojourner Truth became a wandering prophetess, crying out to men to repent, pleading for her people and denouncing the wrongs of slavery. Undoubtedly, from all accounts of her, there was a truly regal tone to her mind; and when she was aroused and stood erect, for she was six feet in stature, and poured out her cries and anathemas against slavery, it must have produced a never-to-be-forgotten impression. "The Lord," she said, "has made me a sign unto the nation, and I go round a-testifyin' and showin' on 'em their sins agin my people." She was unable to read, but was familiar with the Scriptures. It was her custom to have the Bible read to her by a child. The leaders of the Seventh Day Adventists, with whom she had had some association, said of her that "she had learned much that man had never taught her." To Wendell Phillips she once said, "You read books; God talks to me."

As effective perhaps as her speeches was her wild chanting of hymns, such as:

"I'm on my way to Canada,
That cold, but happy land;
The dire effects of slavery
I can no longer stand.

O righteous Father, do look down on me,
And help me on to Canada,
Where colored folks are free."

Wherever she went Sojourner carried with her what she called her Book of Life, in which were the autographs of the noted Abolitionists of her day. She was also an ardent advocate of female suffrage. At a convention at Akron, Ohio, she delivered herself as follows:

“Ef de fust woman God ever made was strong enough to turn de world upside down all 'lone, dese togedder ought to be able to turn it back and git it right.”

During the Civil War she had an interview with Abraham Lincoln. Sojourner told Lincoln that she had never heard of him before he became a candidate for the Presidency. Lincoln smiled and said kindly, “I had heard of you many times before that.” Sojourner died at Battle Creek, Mich., in 1883, well over one hundred years of age. Wendell Phillips, speaking once of the power of the French actress, Rachel, to move and bear down a whole audience by a few simple words, said he never knew but one other human being that had that power, and that was Sojourner Truth.

Wendell Phillips gives an account of Sojourner Truth interrupting Frederick Douglass when he was speaking at an Abolition meeting in Faneuil Hall, Boston, with her cry, “Frederick, is God dead?” Harriet Beecher Stowe, who wrote perhaps the best account of Sojourner Truth in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, relates a similar occurrence at the celebrated Stone Cabin at Andover, Mass. It is quite possible—indeed, it seems to be undoubted—that on both these occasions Sojourner Truth interrupted the eloquent Douglass with her cry, “Frederick, Frederick, is God dead?” The incident is often related by those who uphold the doctrine of the sovereignty and government of God in human affairs. Douglass, they say, in his bitterness of soul, had forgotten the patience and the power of God. But in the account which Douglass himself gives of the famous Abolition Convention at Salem, Ohio, in 1847, when Sojourner Truth interrupted him and startled the audience with her loud cry, “Frederick, Frederick, is God dead?” he relates that he answered at once, “No; and because God is not dead slavery can only end in blood.”

NEW RICHMOND
AND JOHN BROWN'S BODY

MEADVILLE is the capital of Crawford County, and thirteen miles northeast of Meadville is New Richmond. A little distance out from New Richmond you come upon the crumbling, grass-covered ruins of an old tannery. Not far from the tannery is a plain farmhouse, and on the hillside back of the farmhouse are two lonely graves. On one grave is this inscription:

“In memory of Dianthe, Wife of John Brown. She died August 10th, 1832; aged 31 years.”

On the other grave is this inscription:

“In Memory of Frederick, Son of John and Dianthe Brown. He died March 31, 1831, aged 4 years.”

Musing by the lonely graves, one thinks only of the tender pathos of the here and the hereafter, and wonders who Dianthe was, and who this John Brown, whose wife and son lie buried here. Then suddenly the pulse quickens and the mind begins to stir itself. John Brown! Yes; it is he, the very same. John Brown, of Ossawatimie, of Harper's Ferry and of immortal fame! John

Brown's body passed this way. Pennsylvania, too, as well as Connecticut, New York, Ohio, Iowa, and Kansas, played its part in the making of the Body and Soul of John Brown.

John Brown was born in Torrington, Conn., May 9, 1800. When he was five years of age, his parents migrated to Ohio and settled at Hudson, where his father was a tanner. From his earliest years he was taught to fear God and keep His Commandments, but his schooling was exceedingly meager. An inflammation of the eyes ended a brief term in Connecticut where he attended Morris Academy. When he returned to Hudson he pursued with success the trade of a tanner. At sixteen years of age he made a profession of his faith and united with the Congregational Church. About this same time he conceived his first abhorrence of slavery. A fugitive slave took refuge once in his cabin. Hearing the sound of horses' hoofs, Brown hid the Negro in the woods near the cabin. It proved to be a false alarm, and he went out to get the Negro. "I found him behind a log," he said, "and I heard his heart thumping before I reached him. At that moment I vowed eternal enmity to slavery."

In 1820 Brown married Dianthe Lusk, daughter of a widow who kept house for him. In his brief autobiography Brown says of this, the first of his marriages:

"At a little past twenty years, led by his own inclination and prompted also by his father, he married a remarkably plain, but neat, industrious and economical girl; of excellent character; earnest piety, and good practical common sense." By this wife Brown had seven children.

In the spring of 1825, probably attracted by opportunities for the tanner's trade in the Pennsylvania forests, John Brown removed from Ohio to Rich-

mond, Crawford County. The settlement is also called Randolph in Brown's correspondence. Here Brown cleared twenty-five acres, built a tannery, and sunk vats. In this new community he established a reputation for probity, intelligence, and leadership; so much so, that to say "as enterprising and honest as John Brown, and as useful to the country," became a proverb in the neighborhood.

Always interested in cattle and sheep and horses, Brown introduced blooded stock into Crawford County. In 1828 John Quincy Adams appointed him postmaster of Randolph, or Richmond as it afterward was known. His home was the schoolhouse and his barn was the church.

The first of many sorrows to visit John Brown came in 1831, when his son Frederick, four years old, died. The next year his wife Dianthe died, taking down into the grave with her a babe who lived but three days. Within a year the young widower comforted his heart and provided for his motherless children by marrying Mary Day. Mary's elder sister was the housekeeper for Brown, and sent for Mary to help with the spinning. She was a plain, silent girl of sixteen. She quickly found favor in her master's eyes, and one day John Brown handed Mary a letter to read. That was the fashion in those days, not to tell it, but to write it. Mary was both thrilled and terrified when the stern widower handed her the envelope, for she well knew what it meant. But the next morning she plucked up courage and read the proposal. With fast-beating heart, she took a pail and went down to the spring to draw water. John Brown, who knew his Old Testament well, no doubt remembering Jacob and Rachel at the well, followed her to the spring, and there Mary gave her answer.

A strong, rugged, unemotional, faithful wife Mary proved to be. She bore him thirteen children in twenty-

one year, and saw seven of them die in childhood. Two of them, Oliver and Watson, were killed at Harper's Ferry in 1859. Mary was at Harper's Ferry when her husband was changed at Charlestown and brought his body north to the mountain grave at North Elba in the Adirondacks. But it was more like a triumphal march than a funeral procession, for everywhere tolling bells and crowded station platforms and thronged churches and halls saluted the passing body. Eloquent Wendell Phillips, standing over the mountain grave, said:

"Marvellous old man! He has abolished slavery in Virginia. . . . True, the slave is still there. So when the tempest uproots a pine on your hills, it looks green for months—a year or two. Still, it is timber, not a tree. John Brown has loosened the roots of the slave system; it only breathes,—it does not live,—hereafter."

John Brown was without fear and taught his children to be like him. Their readiness to follow him and lay down their lives in support of the cause he advocated is a singular tribute to the man's force of character. It was during the ten years Brown lived at Richmond that he began to formulate his plans for the freeing of the slaves. In the haymow of his barn, skillfully concealed, he had built a hiding place for fugitive slaves on their way to Canada. A Richmond friend related of Brown that his first query of a new settler was whether he was an observer of the Sabbath, a supporter of the gospel and common schools, and opposed to slavery.

In a letter written to his brother, Frederick, in 1834, the year before he left Pennsylvania and returned to Ohio, John Brown speaks of his hope to "devise some means whereby I might do something in a practical way

NOT FAR FROM PITTSBURGH

for my poor fellowmen who are in bondage." He hopes to secure a slave boy, buying him if necessary, and bring him up as one of his own children. He plans to "get a school for blacks." Richmond, he feels, is favorably located for such an attempt. "If," wrote Brown, "the young blacks of our country once become enlightened, it would most assuredly operate on slavery like firing powder confined in rock, and all slave holders know it well. Witness their heaven-daring laws against teaching the blacks."

When John Brown left New Richmond for Ohio to begin his many migrations and wanderings to and fro in America, although he moved sometimes west, and sometimes north and south, and although he was sometimes a tanner, sometimes a shepherd, and sometimes a cattle driver, he was ever following with iron will the rugged and hard path that led to martyrdom at Harper's Ferry. In the decade of his life spent in the Pennsylvania forests John Brown came to see clearly the "vision splendid" which attended him till that November day in 1859, when, as said "Stonewall" Jackson, who attended the execution as head of a company of cadets from the Virginia Military Institute, "the wind blew his lifeless body to and fro."

Many thought that John Brown died as the fool dieth. Even Lincoln thought so, and in his Cooper Union speech the next year practically said so. But wisdom was justified of her children. When John Brown left his prison at Charlestown to go to the gallows, he gave this note to his jailers:

"I, John Brown, am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty land will never be purged away but with blood."

In less than three years from that November day in 1859 when John Brown was hanged, the very ground

NEW RICHMOND

on which his gallows had been erected was quaking and echoing with the roar of the cannon across the Potomac at Antietam, September 17, the bloodiest day of the Civil War. When the moon came up that night over the South Mountains, it looked down upon the rows of corn, swept by the sleet of lead, lying prostrate and trampled. The trim hedges and fences were broken and scattered; the trees in the orchards were mangled and splintered. In the great barns the surgeons with bare bloody arms cut and sawed in the flickering light of the lantern, while the cattle looked on with dumb awe; and down by the river banks, and in the river, and under the stone bridges, and along the roads and lanes, in the trampled grain and beneath the wounded trees, thousands of young men from North and South, most of them under twenty-one, lay still and rigid, their white faces pleading a mute protest to the autumnal moon. John Brown's prophecy about the purge of blood had come true.

FRIENDSHIP HILL AND ALBERT GALLATIN

ON a summer day in 1780 the good ship "Katy," from Nantes, France, docked at Boston. On board were two lads from Geneva, both of superior family, who had run away from home. One of these youths was Albert Gallatin, destined, although a foreigner, to become one of the most powerful and influential American statesmen.

For a short time young Gallatin taught French at Harvard. Then he migrated westward to Virginia and became a land speculator and a merchant in the backwoods of Virginia and Pennsylvania. In 1785 he purchased four hundred acres of land on the Monongahela River, in Pennsylvania, where he built a home. This place he called Friendship Hill. The wild beauty of these mountains no doubt reminded him of the Switzerland from which he and his companion had come.

The Gallatin estate is in the midst of a great forest on a bend of the Monongahela River, about twenty miles south of Uniontown, and near the village of New Geneva. The mansion was built by Gallatin in 1823, after his return from Paris where he was the United States minister to France. The driveway enters the estate near the river and winds through the primeval forest for several miles until it brings you to the elevation on

FRIENDSHIP HILL

which stands the mansion, surrounded by venerable trees and well-kept lawns. Not far from the entrance to the estate are the crumbling ruins of the house of the original settler in that neighborhood, Thomas Clare, and a little farther along is his lonely grave. The well-preserved stone gives the date of his death as 1814.

In 1832 Gallatin sold Friendship Hill to Alvin Mellier. Mr. Mellier held the property until 1859, when it was purchased by the Hon. John L. Dawson, a well-known Congressman from Western Pennsylvania. The property remained in the Dawson and Speer families until 1909, when it was bought by the late J. V. Thompson of Uniontown.

On May 14, 1789, Gallatin married Sophia Allegre, the daughter of a French Protestant widow living in Richmond, Va. He took her to the rude home in the wilderness on the Monongahela, where she died in October, 1789. Save for a nameless grave within the bounds of the estate at Friendship Hill, no record is left of his first wife. In 1793 he married his second wife, Hannah Nicholson, daughter of Commodore Nicholson, of New York, and this wife, too, he carried with him into the wilderness, where he lived with her when he was not at Washington or abroad in the service of his government. In 1789 Gallatin became a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, and in 1795 entered Congress. He was an adherent of the Republican Party and one of the strongest and most influential opponents of the Federalist regime and its policies. Gallatin regarded all kinds of war as fatal to prosperity and progress. He did what he could in Congress to cut down the American navy in the difficulties with France, and also opposed war with the Barbary pirates, preferring to spend money in bribing them rather than in conquering them.

In 1801 Jefferson made him Secretary of the Treasury, which post he occupied under Madison also. He

was one of the Commissioners in 1814 when the treaty of Ghent ended the war between the United States and England. In 1816 he was made Minister to France, and in 1826 Minister to England. In 1832 he gave up his wilderness home on the Monongahela and took up his residence in New York, where he became President of the National Bank, afterward known as the Gallatin Bank.

In one of his letters Gallatin gives a somewhat amusing account of the architecture of his castle on the Monongahela. "Our house," he writes, "has been built by an Irish carpenter. Being unacquainted with the Grecian architecture, he adopted an Hyberno-teutonic style, so that the outside of the house, with its porthole-looking windows, has the appearance of Irish barracks, while the inside ornaments are similar to those of a Dutch tavern." Gallatin loved the Monongahela hills, and yet it was strange that a man of such large parts, familiar with the chief capitals of Europe, should have buried himself in the backwoods of southwestern Pennsylvania for so long a time. In 1827, Lafayette, in his triumphal tour of the United States, spoke at Uniontown and was entertained overnight at Friendship Hill.

In his diary for May 27, 1825, James Gallatin, son of Albert, describes the reception given to Lafayette on this visit. People came from miles in every direction, and brought tents with them in which they camped out. On the spacious lawns of Friendship Hill a thousand sat down to supper. "Mamma had arranged everything wonderfully. Rows and rows of tables in the gardens; hundreds of niggers, all dressed in white, to serve." Gallatin's family did not share his love for the Virginia mountains, and spoke of the place as Castle Solitude. James Gallatin records in his diary that his father soon acknowledged that he had made a mistake in building the mansion.

Gallatin's most notable contribution to the history of Pennsylvania was the part he played in the Whiskey Rebellion in the summer of 1794. As a member of the Legislature, Gallatin had opposed the Federal tax on whiskey, so much so that when the Whiskey Rebellion finally collapsed it was difficult for Alexander Hamilton to believe that Gallatin had defended the government and not plotted to overthrow it.

In that day it was not possible to be born, married, or buried without whiskey. In the region between the Monongahela and the Ohio whiskey was money, the common medium of exchange. A gallon of rye whiskey passed for a shilling. The rich farming districts of western Pennsylvania raised grain far in excess of local needs, and the easiest and most profitable way of marketing the grain was in the form of whiskey, floated on barges down the Ohio, or packed on horses over the Alleghenies. A horse could pack only four bushels of grain, but six times that amount in the form of whiskey. Monongahela whiskeys commanded the highest prices of any liquor produced in the country. When the tax was laid on whiskey, the western counties regarded it as an odious tyranny. If a license had to be had to turn grain into whiskey, why not, they asked, a tax on wool, or other commodities? In his eulogy of Alexander Hamilton, Daniel Webster said, "He smote the rock of national resources and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth." But when Hamilton, in order to increase the national revenue, put a tax of 7 cents a gallon on whiskey, it seemed for a time that he would get, not revenue, but rebellion.

Another grievance of the farmers of the western counties, and the distillers, for almost every other farm was a distillery, was that those who were arrested as violators of the Federal law had to go all the way to Philadelphia to stand trial. Such a journey in that day was

more of a hardship than it would be today to require a man arrested for a federal offense in California to appear in court in New York.

The riots broke out, first of all, in Allegheny County. In the middle of July, when the harvest was at its height, and whiskey jugs lay hidden under every haystack, a United States marshal arrived with fifty-five processes to serve in the western counties. He had served all of these but one without any trouble. But when he attempted to arrest a man named Miller, living on a farm fifteen miles from Pittsburgh, a riot ensued. Absurd stories were circulated that the government proposed levying a tax of fifteen shillings on all boys and ten shillings on girls. Red flags were in evidence all the way from Cumberland to Pittsburgh, and angry drunken mobs danced about the liberty poles.

The Inspector, or Collector, for Western Pennsylvania was General John Neville, appointed partly for his high character and his popularity in the western counties. On July 15 his home, which stood near the present Allegheny County Home at Woodville, was attacked and fired by the mob.

On the twenty-third of July the leaders of the insurrection met at Mingo Presbyterian Church. This meeting sent a formal, but unsigned, invitation to all the townships of Allegheny, Fayette, Washington, and Westmoreland to meet in convention on August 14 at Parkinson's Ferry on the Monongahela River. David Bradford, who had become the chief leader of the insurrection, tried to force violent measures upon his followers and precipitate a clash with the government by robbing the United States mails. The mail post was held up and robbed near Greensburg by Bradford's cousin, and the pouches were opened at the Black Horse Tavern in Canonsburg. In these pouches were letters from people in Pittsburgh containing sentiments unfavorable to

FRIENDSHIP HILL

the insurrection. These letters were published and produced terror in the hearts of those at Pittsburgh who had written them.

On July 28 Bradford and six others took a yet more serious step and issued a circular letter directing the officers of the militia and their forces to gather on August 1 at Braddock Fields. There, on that day, several thousand of the citizens of the western counties assembled, about 2,000 of them being armed militia. The purpose of this demonstration was to overawe the opposition in Pittsburgh, where there was a Federal garrison and stores.

Attending this meeting at Braddock Fields was a prominent Pittsburgh attorney, Judge H. H. Brackenridge. Brackenridge was a scholar and something of a genius. Henry Adams in his life of Albert Gallatin speaks of Brackenridge as one of the first of American humorists, and one of the best. He relates how Brackenridge on one occasion said to a friend of Gallatin, when reference was made to his wit, "Sir, I could sit down and write a piece of humor for fifty-seven years without being the least exhausted." What the effect would have been on his hearers and readers he does not say. It was Brackenridge who said to Gallatin, commenting on the jury trials of that day, that if it were a case involving murder, theft, adultery, or assault, he wanted a jury of Quakers or Episcopalians; but if it were a case of insurrection, rebellion, or treason, he wanted a jury of Presbyterians and no others. This was his way of paying a tribute to the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian interest in government and public affairs. Brackenridge played an important part in the negotiations between the rioters and the government, but the real leader, and the one to whom the state and the nation is to this day indebted, was Albert Gallatin. Seldom has our country seen such an exhibition of heroic courage.

At the Parkinson's Ferry meeting August 14, 226 delegates assembled in a grove overlooking the Monongahela. David Bradford wanted open and violent opposition to the government and the setting up of a new government. A resolution was introduced "to call forth the resources of the western country to repel any hostile attempt that may be made versus the rights of the citizens." Gallatin opposed this resolution and secured the appointment of a Committee of Sixty to consider the situation and bring in recommendations. This committee was to meet at Redstone Fort, or Brownsville, on the twenty-eighth of August. Out of this Committee of Sixty a Committee of Twelve was appointed to confer with the Federal Commissioners at Pittsburgh.

When the Committee of Sixty assembled at Redstone on the twenty-eighth of August, the smaller Committee of Twelve recommended the acceptance of the government's terms, and Gallatin pled eloquently and powerfully, and, in the end, successfully, for the adoption of this report. The meeting, dramatic enough in itself, was rendered more so by the presence of about a hundred armed riflemen. A word from Bradford, and Gallatin would have been shot. It is said that one man held a rifle at his breast all the time he was speaking. By a vote of 34 to 23 the resolution to accept the terms of the government was adopted. Bradford, whom Gallatin described as an "empty drum," fled down the Ohio and the Mississippi to Louisiana.

The meeting at Redstone broke the back of the insurrection. Early in September the tidings came that Gen. Anthony Wayne had crushed the Indians on the battle on the Maumee. This also did much to restore the prestige of the Federal Government. But President Washington, who never appeared to better advantage than in this crisis, had issued a proclamation calling upon

FRIENDSHIP HILL

the rioters to desist, and summoned New Jersey, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Maryland to send 10,000 troops. The army proceeded westward by two routes, the left wing by Cumberland and Braddock's Road, the right by Forbes Road from Carlisle. Washington joined the troops at Carlisle and went with them as far as Bedford. By the time they had crossed the mountains and entered Pittsburgh, the revolution which had flamed so fiercely for six weeks and had threatened the integrity and unity of the government had burned itself out. The insurrection was, in a way, a by-current of the flood of revolution which had inundated France and was sweeping over Europe. That it did not assume more serious proportions, indeed, that it did not end in the secession of western Pennsylvania, was due in no small degree to the wise leadership and the magnificent courage, physical and moral, of the Swiss merchant and statesman who built his beautiful mansion at Friendship Hill on the banks of the Monongahela.

In the United States Senate a Senator from Pennsylvania in the course of his speech had made a remark derogatory to the state of Kansas. One of the Senators from Kansas was the eloquent and fiery John J. Ingalls, the gifted author of the much-quoted sonnet on Opportunity, "Master of human destinies am I." Rising to his feet in defense of Kansas, Ingalls put the Pennsylvania Senator to flight with this sentence, "Pennsylvania has produced just two great men—Benjamin Franklin of Massachusetts and Albert Gallatin of Switzerland."

A CANAL BOY WHO BECAME PRESIDENT

NOT far from my boyhood home there lived in an old farmhouse, on the edge of the college settlement, a retired captain on the Beaver and Lake Erie Canal. I can see him now as he sat, still hale and hearty, on the porch of his house, his white "biled" shirt showing afar off. He was a hearty, bluff old fellow, the sort of man one associates with the sea, although his seafaring had been confined to the packets on the canal that ran from Beaver to New Castle, and thence on to Lake Erie. Perhaps it was the milk and cakes of his kind housekeeper which was the magnet which often drew me and my brother to his porch, where we listened to his tales of the old canal.

One fair spring morning, when the birds had come back from the South, and the robins were on the lawn and in the meadow, Captain Boyle told me and my brother what each generation of boys, I hope, will be told, that if we sprinkled salt on the robin's tail, we could catch him. Nothing doubting—for was not old Captain Boyle a man of standing and renown?—we hurried home, filled our pockets with salt, and sallied forth into the meadow. Robin after robin we chased up and down that meadow. But, alas! we never got near enough to one of them to sprinkle salt on his tail. I have no

A CANAL BOY WHO BECAME PRESIDENT

recollection of having felt that the Captain had cheated us or deceived us. The whole experience comes pleasantly back to me now after the lapse of the years, and I can see myself and my brother in enthusiastic and expectant chase of the robins we never caught. Happy would we all be were that the only kind of disillusionment and disappointment we experience on the long journey through this world.

The Erie Canal was completed in 1825, and the Pennsylvania Canal in 1829. This was the canal which had the famous portage over the Allegheny Mountains by steam engines. The plan for a canal which would unite the western termini of the two great canals through New York and Pennsylvania, the Erie and the Pennsylvania, and afford a waterway between the Ohio and Lake Erie, was eagerly discussed by the newspapers and civic bodies of the towns of Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio, and in 1831 the Pennsylvania Legislature passed the bill for the construction of the canal.

This canal, known as the Beaver and Lake Erie Canal, commenced at Beaver, or Rochester, where the Beaver flows into the Ohio, and followed the east bank of the Beaver to the Connoquenessing and on to Wampum and thence to New Castle, a distance of fifty-six miles from Pittsburgh. South of what is now Mahoningtown the canal met a section of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Canal which ran by way of Youngstown, Warren, and Ravenna to Akron, where a connection was made from Cleveland by the Grand Canal. The Beaver and Lake Erie Canal was finished as far as New Castle in 1834. Within a few years the canal was extended by way of Conneaut Lake to Girard, Ohio, and thence eastward along the lake to Erie.

The ordinary canal boat and packet was a clumsy affair, forty feet by eight, and made the amazing speed of two and one-half miles per hour. The crew

consisted of a captain, two steersmen, two bowsmen, one lock lifter, a chambermaid, a steward, a cook, and the inevitable "helper." Occasionally light-draught steamers ran from Pittsburgh as far as New Castle; but, ordinarily, passengers and freight were transferred from the Ohio River steamboats to the canal boats at Stone Harbor, where the Beaver enters the Ohio. The time of the trip from Pittsburgh to New Castle was twelve hours, and the fare \$1.62½. The time from Beaver to Erie was thirty-six hours, and the fare \$4, including berth and meals. This canal connecting the Ohio with Lake Erie was never a paying proposition, and with the advent of the railroads the canal soon fell into disuse and oblivion. But here and there along the banks of the Beaver one can trace the bed of the canal, and occasionally one comes upon the remains of the huge wall of one of the locks.

Never a commercial success, the canal nevertheless occasioned much agitation and speechmaking and huge celebrations at the breaking of the ground and at the completion of the work. A Beaver newspaper for August 24, 1852, carries this advertisement, which shows the kind of labor troubles they had in those days. One of the contractors, or masters, on the canal project advertises a four cents reward for the return of his fugitive apprentice, Benjamin Arnes. He is described as "18 years of age, 5 feet 8 inches in height, with a down look, except when looking up. He had on a grey coat, blue pantaloons, but no shirt. Any person harboring or trusting him on my credit shall be answerable at the great day of accounts, when their bills may be heavy enough without this addition."

On a black rainy night in 1847, a packet, the "Evening Star," was slowly approaching one of the locks of the canal. A young but husky lad in his teens, who was sleeping below, was summoned on deck to take his

A CANAL BOY WHO BECAME PRESIDENT

turn as bowsman. Still half asleep, he began to uncoil a rope preparatory to paying it out. But the rope caught on an obstruction or ledge on the edge of the deck. The boy gave it a jerk, then another, and another with greater force and more impatience. Suddenly the rope went free and the young bowsman tumbled over the edge of the deck into the black and muddy waters, while the mules drew the boat on behind them. As he sank beneath the water he made an earnest prayer that his life might be spared. He had held on to the rope when he fell, and, to his immense relief, the rope tightened in his hand and he soon drew himself hand over hand to the deck.

Fortunately for the lad, the loose rope had caught in a crevice on the edge of the deck. Amazed at his deliverance, he took the rope and tried to throw it again into the same crevice to see if it would catch and hold. Time after time he threw the rope, but it refused to knot or catch. The odds, he concluded, were all against it catching, and he was convinced that God had intervened to save him from drowning, and that his life must have been spared for some good purpose. Determined that that purpose was something other than a mule driver or bowsman on the canal, he gave up his job and went back to his widowed mother's home in the forests of Cuyahoga County, Ohio. He attended an academy, and was converted at a Disciples meeting. He was urged to go to Bethany College in Virginia, now West Virginia, the school of the Disciples Church, but concluded that it would be good for him to come in contact with people of different views, and entered Williams College. When he left Williams he was for a time President of Hiram College. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of an Ohio regiment and served with great distinction in the west-

ern armies, rising to the rank of Major General of Volunteers.

He happened to be in New York on the day after Lincoln's assassination. In front of the Exchange Building an angry mob was gathering, muttering threats against all foes of the administration and the government. A general was standing with a group of officers, editors, business men, and others in the reception room overlooking the balcony. Walking out on the balcony, he lifted his arm and waved a telegram toward the excited throng. Thinking that another message had come from Washington, the mob became quiet. Then, breaking the silence, the man on the balcony cried out:

“Fellow citizens! Clouds and darkness are round about him. Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne. Fellow citizens! God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!”

The speaker who quieted the mob with the assurance of the Divine reign and the stability of the Washington Government was the canal boy who had become Major General, and who in a few years, President of the United States, was to fall like Lincoln by an assassin's bullet, James A. Garfield.

BETHANY AND THE CAMPBELLS

JUST over the West Virginia line, where Washington County, Pennsylvania, and Brooke County, West Virginia, come together, there stands on a hilltop, beautiful for situation, a notable college building, the main hall of Bethany College. In contrast with most of the college buildings erected in that period, 1859, this building has singular architectural grace and beauty. This is due to the fact that the founder of the college and the planner of the building, Alexander Campbell, was a graduate of the University of Glasgow, and the building follows, to a degree, the plan of that noble Gothic structure in Glasgow.

Bethany, W. Va., is not only the seat of a college, Bethany College, but is the shrine of one of the largest Christian denominations, the Disciples of Christ. Thomas Campbell, graduate of the University of Glasgow, a schoolmaster and clergyman of the Presbyterian "Seceders," left the Presbyterian Church in Ireland and came to the United States in 1807. He preached for a time in Washington County and soon gathered about him a group of followers known as the Campbellites, who, in addition to the fundamental truths of Christianity, held by all Christians, emphasized the following principles:

The unity of the church on the basis of primitive Christianity.

The Bible as the sole creed.

The exchange of party names for Scriptural names, and

The restoration of the sacraments as they were originally administered.

In 1808 Campbell drew up a Declaration and Address in which he deplored denominations and the warring of the sects. His followers were known as the "First Church of the Christian Association of Washington, meeting at Crossroads and Brush Creek, Washington County." There were twenty-nine members. Thomas Campbell was elected an elder, and his young son, Alexander Campbell, born in Ballymena, Ireland, a graduate of the University of Glasgow, and recently come to America, was licensed to preach and serve the Lord's Supper every Sabbath day. From now on, Alexander Campbell is the chief figure in the history of the Disciples of Christ.

In 1812 Alexander Campbell was immersed, presumably in Buffalo Creek. He and his congregation then united with the Redstone Baptist Association. This union did not last long. In 1832 the Campbellites united with the followers of a schismatic Presbyterian minister in Kentucky, Barton W. Stone. This was the origin of the Disciples' Church.

One day, young Alexander Campbell came to borrow a book from John Brown, farmer and miller, just over the line from Brush Run. John Brown had not only a good library, but a good-looking daughter, Margaret, eighteen years of age. On March 12, 1811, Alexander and Margaret were married and took up their residence in the Brown house, which was really a mansion in that part of the Western wilderness.

In order to consolidate the followers of the Camp-

BETHANY AND THE CAMPBELLS

bells, it was determined to colonize at what is now Bethany. In the Brown homestead, now the Campbell home, Alexander Campbell gathered together young men to train them for the ministry. This was the beginning of Bethany College, the charter for which was granted in 1840. Alexander Campbell, an erudite man, was the first president of the college. Here in this Campbell mansion Alexander Campbell wrote his books, prepared his memorable debates with the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cincinnati, J. B. Purcell, and Robert Owen, the Scottish nationalist and Socialist. In the grounds of the estate, not far from the house, is a small octagonal brick structure which Campbell built for his study. There in this brick chamber, lighted only by a skylight, Campbell would be found at work on his manuscripts from four o'clock in the morning until eight o'clock. He had thirteen children, and, no doubt, this numerous family made it necessary for him to isolate himself for his studies. When the tenth child was born, a girl, Campbell evidently had run out of names, for he called her Decima, which is Latin for tenth, and rather a well-sounding name it is, too.

In the chamber where Campbell died the walls are decorated with heavy pictorial paper, representing the Greek tale of Telemachus. This is something to be found in only a few houses in America, one of them the Hermitage, Andrew Jackson's beautiful home near Nashville, Tenn. Campbell was also the postmaster for that neighborhood, and pigeonholes built into the lower part of the old-fashioned clock were the post-office. The hands of the clock mark a quarter before twelve, the hour of Campbell's death on Sabbath, March 4, 1866. It was the old theologian's ardent wish that he might die on the Sabbath, and a few minutes before midnight his wish was granted.

On a hilltop not far from the mansion, well shaded

by fir trees, is the little cemetery where the Campbells lie buried. There, too, lie buried the Presidents of Bethany College and other notable figures in the early history of the church. Reading the names on the tombs, one realizes that this cemetery is indeed the Westminster Abbey of the Disciples of Christ.

The second President of the College was Dr. W. K. Pendleton. He and his wife were sure that the child soon to be born was to be a boy, and they selected the name, Alexander Campbell Pendleton, in honor of the founder of the College. But man proposes and God disposes. The child turned out to be a girl. Not to be defeated by Providence, Pendleton named the unfortunate child Alexandrina Campbellina Pendleton! The heavily named girl turned out to be a beautiful and attractive young woman.

In the early Eighties the young professor of Latin, a graduate of Transylvania University in Kentucky, was James Lane Allen, who fell in love with Alexandrina Campbellina. A worthless, dashing fellow, however, won the heart of Alexandrina and carried her off with him in a marriage that had an unfortunate ending. James Lane Allen remained unmarried and took it out in writing novels, some of which were the best sellers of the gay Nineties, *The Kentucky Cardinal* and *The Choir Invisible*.

Because of its history and because of its beauty for situation, Bethany College, with the Campbell mansion and the hilltop cemetery hard by, are well worth a visit, especially on a May morning, when the hillsides are white with the apple blossoms and the dogwood, and in the valley below the Buffalo Creek winds its way through green meadows toward the Ohio.

A MOUNTAIN GIRL AND HER BABY

FROSTBURG, MARYLAND, is one hundred miles from Pittsburgh. That was far away one hundred years ago, but it is not far now. At Frostburg, leave the National Road and go with me southward into West Virginia. Soon we find ourselves in a sequestered, well-watered country called the Patterson Creek Valley. Repeated inundations have laid down a rich soil, and flourishing farms are to be found in the bottom lands near the river. The houses are not so lordly as those on the east side of the mountains in the far-famed Valley of Virginia; but here and there is a house of distinction, brick or stone, with sloping lawns and umbrageous maples and elms which witness to coolness and peace.

We leave this valley and pursue our journey over the hills to the west until we come to Antioch, a tiny hamlet which sprang up long, long ago, where the road turns sharply southward to cross a murmuring brook. Antioch looks as if it had been trying to die for a long time. No doubt it was a church of the wilderness, probably Baptist, which gave these unpainted crossroads houses and stores the name of the once golden and glorious city on the far-off Orontes, where the "disciples were first called Christians," and where the golden-

mouthed Chrysostom stirred the multitudes with his apocalyptic preaching.

Three miles beyond Antioch we come to another little stream, and crossing it we turn to the north, passing now through a wooded glen, where cool gray rocks jut out from among the trees on the hillside. Now the road leaves the forest ravine, and we come to a farm which lies along the hillside. We shall open this gate and follow the lane as it winds along the shoulder of the hill. The lane brings us to another farm where an old man and his wife are milking in the barnyard, and we can hear as we pass the music of the milk as it is drawn from the swelling udders into the bucket. An impudent little black-nosed lamb comes prancing and frisking at us as we go up by the house to a little knoll, where a huge millstone lies on the grass. Sit down now by my side on this millstone, and as we breathe in the cool, clean air and look off toward the Gap, through which we can see far away the dim line that marks the rampart of the Blue Ridge, the eastern wall of the Valley of Virginia, let me tell you the sad, but wonderful story of a mountain girl and her baby.

About the year 1782, a Virginia farmer settled in the Patterson Creek region, and when he had made a clearing on the mountain side built a log cabin for his wife, Nancy Shipley, and their eight children. The names of the four daughters were Betsy, Polly, Nancy, and Lucy. Lucy is the one about whom I want to tell you.

Lucy, then a girl of nineteen, full-breasted and lissom, and with magic in her eyes, did the usual work that fell to the frontier girl. She milked the cows, churned, stirred the apple butter, dipped the tallow, dried the fruit, smoked the hams, and spun at the wheel, and all the while womanhood was running at the flood in her veins. She was well past the age at which most

A MOUNTAIN GIRL AND HER BABY

mountain girls married; but suitors were few, and those few were not to Lucy's liking.

Save an occasional quilting party, a funeral, a barn raising, or the Sabbath day services at Antioch Church, Lucy and her sisters saw little of what lay beyond their farm. They were far off the traveled way, and few ever turned aside to visit the mountain farm. But one evening, on a late September day, a stranger got down from his horse before the cabin and asked if he might spend the night. Lucy's father made him welcome, put up his horse in the barn, and after he had washed at the spring invited him to sit down to supper with the family.

That night as they lay on their cornhusk mattresses in the loft, Lucy and her sisters, who had never seen a Virginia gentleman before, talked in eager whispers about the fine-looking stranger who was sleeping so near to them on the other side of the loft partition.

The stranger's business kept him in the neighborhood for several days. He had not failed to note the attractive, dreamy face of Lucy and her beautifully molded body as she drew water out of the deep well, with the September sun glinting in her light brown hair, or sat on the stool to milk, with her brow pressed deep into the soft flank of the cow. One night as they sat about the table eating the fragrant bacon, the cornbread, and the fried apples, there was a strange light, of sadness, mystery, and dread, in Lucy's eyes, as if she had tasted deeply of both the Tree of Knowledge and the Tree of Life.

The next morning when breakfast was over, the stranger's horse was brought up from the barn, and he swung himself gracefully into the saddle and was off down the lane, homeward bound. Just before the crimsoning forest swallowed him up, he turned and waved a farewell. The family went back to their tasks, the sisters to the cabin, the men to the barn and the fields,

but Lucy stood gazing toward the Gap which opened to the southeast, and on her heart and on her lips was the unspoken question, Will he ever return? Late September now. When the laurel bloomed in May, that would be the time. But would he ever come?

As the first weeks and months passed, Lucy tried her best to hide what soon could not be hid. Had he been some mountain yokel, it might have gone hard with Lucy; but since he was an aristocratic Virginia planter, though none knew his name, Lucy's distress was mitigated by the feeling that her association with the tidewater gentleman had, in a way, conferred distinction upon her and her family.

At the interval between the morning and afternoon sermons at the Antioch church, at the corn huskings, the barn raisings, and the funerals, the country folk whispered to one another. But who the father was, save that he was a Virginia gentleman, none knew. While the neighbors talked and whispered about, Lucy pondered it all in her heart. Perhaps, she often said to herself, before the baby comes, he will return. But the autumn days faded into winter; the trees were stark and stripped, and snow lay on the ridge, and the valley stream was covered with ice, and the cold wind came howling up the Gap; and winter passed into spring; the Judas trees were in bloom on the hillside, their red flowers contrasting with the white and pink of the apple trees, and the birds came back from the Southland; but Lucy's lover did not come.

While Lucy waited and hoped against hope, nature went steadily forward with her mysterious creation. There were two places where Lucy liked best to be, and where she found the most comfort. One was the barnyard, where she pressed her lovely head into the flank of the cow as she drew the milk from the udders into the pail. The other was the knoll back of the cabin,

A MOUNTAIN GIRL AND HER BABY

where she could sit and gaze through the Gap toward that unknown world whence her lover had come and into which he had vanished again. Sometimes she would go there to watch the sun rise, and when the moon was at the full, for it seemed to her that the moon, too, was full of yearning, passion, and compassion.

It was a lovely morning in late May, 1783, and the mountain laurel was in bloom, and the brook in the meadow was running at the flood, when Lucy lay down for her great hour. In a day or two, as was the habit of the mountain women, she was up again and at her old tasks in the cabin or at the barn, but often turning from her work to look down with sad, dreaming, yet happy, eyes upon the babe where she lay in her chestnut cradle. She was called Nancy, after Lucy's mother. Just another baby, and that by nature's back door. But, Lucy, guard carefully and tenderly that babe of thine, for Destiny hath put its hand upon her brow!

Lucy's Nancy was now a girl of seven years when the family took the Wilderness Trail for Kentucky. There Lucy, her charms increased, rather than diminished by maternity, married. It would have been awkward for a bride to bring a little girl of her own to her husband's home, and Nancy was sent off to live with her aunt, Betsy Sparrow. By and by, the baby girl, Nancy, was a young woman. A kind-hearted, roving carpenter, whom they knew as Tom, took a liking to Nancy, with her cornsilk hair and her blue eyes, and her quiet meditative ways, and asked her to marry him. They were married on June 12, 1806, by Deacon Jesse Head, and after the rough and lewd celebrations which then accompanied frontier marriage, and the "infare," they went to housekeeping in Elizabeth, known as "E-town." The next February Nancy gave birth to her first child, whom she named Sarah. In 1808 Nancy and her hus-

band and her babe removed to the cabin on Sinking Creek.

Early on the cold morning of February 12, 1809, Carpenter Tom left the cabin on Sinking Creek and walked two miles up the road to the Sparrows cabin. When the door was opened, Tom said in his slow drawl, "Betsy Sparrow, Nancy's got a boy baby!" Betsy went at once to Tom's cabin, where she found Nancy and her babe lying on the mattress. She washed the babe, wrapped it in a yellow flannel petticoat, cooked dried berries with wild honey for Nancy, straightened things up about the cabin, and went home again. That was all the nursing Nancy and her baby had. It was all she expected.

Carpenter Tom decided that he could better his lot, and in 1816 migrated across the Ohio to Indiana and settled on the Pigeon Creek, where afterward arose the village of Gentreyville. But times were hard there, too, and the cabin on Pigeon Creek was just as plain and bare and comfortless as the cabin on Sinking Creek. On October, in 1818, when the leaves of the forest had turned to red and gold, Nancy, down with the "milk sick" which was ravaging the settlement, called her two children to her bedside, and putting her hand on the head of the youngest, now an awkward, homely lad of nine years, said, "Abraham, I'm going on a long journey, and I will not return. I want you to remember what I have taught you. Be a good boy; be kind to your father and Sarah, and love God." The faded, worn, thin-breasted Nancy, having done all for her children she could, closed her eyes on a world which she had entered thirty-five years before on the mountain farm at Antioch, Va., and where she had known little but toil and sorrow. Carpenter Tom, his boy helping him, cut down a tree, hollowed out a coffin, folded Nancy's hands over her breast

A MOUNTAIN GIRL AND HER BABY

in the coffin, and buried her on a little knoll under the shade of some oak trees.

Today, if you visit that grave under the oak trees on the knoll near Pigeon Creek in southern Indiana, you can read on the headstone of a grave these words:

“Nancy Hanks
Mother of President Lincoln
Died Oct 5th, A. D. 1818
Aged 35 years
Erected By A Friend of Her Martyred Son
1879”

That, patient listener, is the sad but wonderful tale of the mountain girl of Antioch who, out of wedlock, brought into this world a baby whom she named Nancy. It was through this very Gap yonder that Lucy, as she waited for her babe, used to sit and gaze and dream and hope.

Abraham Lincoln was familiar with the story of his mother's birth. In his brief Autobiography Lincoln spoke with reserve of his mother. All that he says of her is this:

“My mother was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom reside in Adams, some in Macon County, Illinois.”

But once in 1850, riding in a buggy with Herndon, his law partner, to plead in a case in the Menard County Court which touched upon hereditary traits, Lincoln told Herndon that his mother was the daughter of Lucy Hanks and a well-bred but obscure Virginia planter. He argued that from this last source, his unknown grandfather on his mother's side, Lucy Hanks' lover, came his power of analysis, his logic, his mental activity, his ambition, and all the qualities that distin-

guished him from the other members and descendants of the Hanks family.

But now, patient friend, let us be going, lest night overtake us on this lonely mountain side. But before we go, look again through yonder Gap, where the Blue Ridge is beginning to fade from view as night comes down. That was where Lucy Hanks, mother of Lincoln's mother, used to gaze with Destiny stirring in her womb