

***Wyoming
Commemorative
Association***



Proceedings July 3d, 1901

Archives
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PUBLICATIONS OF THE WYOMING
COMMEMORATIVE ASSOCIATION

- Memorial Volume**, a Record of one-hundredth year commemorative observance of the Battle and Massacre, July 3, 1878, Edited by Wesley Johnson, Esq., secretary of the Association, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., 1882, 355 pages. Including proceedings of 1879, 1880, 1881.
- Proceedings for 1882-1883 with historical addresses by Rev. David Craft: Hon. Steuben Jenkins on "Early Gospel Efforts in Wyoming;" "Principles of the Fathers," Charles I. A. Chapman; "Names on the Monument," Hon. Steuben Jenkins; "Flight from Wyoming," Wm. A. Wilcox, Esq.; "Growth of the Republic," John S. Harding, Esq.
- Proceedings for 1893, with address by E. Greenough Scott, Esq., 18 pages.
- Proceedings for 1894, With address by Judge Sylvester Dana, Concord, N. H.: "The Fatherland of the Wyoming Settlers." Address by Sidney Roby Miner, Esq., "Who was Queen Esther?" Memorial sketches of Dr. Hollister and Hon. Lazarus Denison Shoemaker. 47 pages.
- Proceedings for 1895, with address by Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, D. D., of Elmira, N. Y.; historical paper by Mrs. Miles L. Peck, of Bristol, Conn., on "A Wyoming Heroine of the Revolution;" memorandum concerning the Kennedy Family; memorial sketches of Rev. Geo. Frear, D. D., and Sheldon Reynolds, Esq., late vice-president of this Association.
- Proceedings for 1896, with address by Sidney G. Fisher, Esq., of Philadelphia; John Dorrance Farnham, Esq., of Wilkes-Barre, on "Col. John Franklin;" Ralph H. Wadhams, Esq., of Wilkes-Barre, on "Two Years of Self Government in the Second Wyoming Colony;" retrospect on building the monument, C. I. A. Chapman.
- Proceedings for 1897, with address by Rev. Henry M. Keiffer, D. D., of Easton, on the "Old Sullivan Road;" and poem "O Patriots of the Peerless Vale," by Homer Green, Esq., of Honesdale.
- Proceedings for 1898, with address by Francis W. Halsey of New York, on "Pennsylvania and New York in the Border Wars of the Revolution," and poem by Mr. George Coronway, of Wilkes-Barre.
- Proceedings for 1899, with an address on "Our National Tenure," by John Howard Harris, Ph. D., LL. D., President of Bucknell University.
- Proceedings for 1900, with an address on the "Men of Wyoming," by Wm. Henry Egle, A. M., M. D.
- Proceedings for 1901, with an address on "Our Debt to the Pioneer," by Dr. E. D. Warfield, President of Lafayette College.

[The memorial volume is out of print though a few copies in paper are yet to be had from Wm. Puckey & Bro., Wilkes-Barre, at \$2 each. All the later proceedings can be had of the Secretary, F. C. Johnson, Wilkes-Barre, Pa. at 50c. each.]

Report of the Proceedings

of the

**Wyoming Commemorative
Association,**

on the Occasion of the

123d Anniversary

of the

Battle and Massacre of Wyoming,

July 3rd, 1901.

**WILKES-BARRE, PA.:
PRESS OF THE WILKES-BARRE RECORD,
1901.**

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FRANCIS A. PHELPS.

Program.

Selections { "*Whispering Flowers*," *F v. Blon*
 { "*Star Spangled Banner*," _____
 ALEXANDER'S BAND.

Invocation—

REV. HENRY H. WELLES, D. D.

Trombone Solo—"The Holy City," *Adams*
MR. JOSEPH B. LIPPINCOTT.

Patriotic Song—

WYOMING CHOIR.

Remarks of the President—

BENJAMIN DORRANCE.

Overture—"Drummer of the Guard," Till
ALEXANDER'S BAND.

Hymn—"America," *Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1832*
CHOIR AND AUDIENCE.

My country! tis of thee;
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side,
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light!
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

Historical Address—"Our Debt to the Pioneer,"

**ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD, LL. D.,
PRESIDENT OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.**

Lullaby—"Sweet and Low." *Barnby*
ALEXANDER'S BAND.

Presentation of two 100 pound Parrott Guns by Lleut. Charles H. Rellay Post No. 567, G. A. R., to the Wyoming Monumental Association.

JUDGE ALFRED DARTE.

Acceptance of same by the Secretary, Mrs. E. A. Fear.

Patrlotlc Song—

WYOMING CHOIR.

Chorus—"The Heavens are Telling," Hayden
ALEXANDER'S BAND.

Members of the Society.

The only condition of membership is the annual payment of at least One Dollar.

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Archbald, Hon. R. W., Scranton
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Atherton, Mr. and Mrs. T. H., Wilkes-Barre
Atherton, T. H., Jr., Wilkes-Barre
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Beaver, Judge James A., Bellefonte
Bennett, Geo. S., Wilkes-Barre
Bennett, Mrs. Priscilla L., Wilkes-Barre
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Laning, Miss Elizabeth V., Wilkes-Barre
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Leavenworth, Woodward, Wilkes-Barre
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Loop, E. Sterling, Wilkes-Barre
Loomis, W. D., Wilkes-Barre
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Loveland, Miss Elizabeth S., Kingston
Maffet, Miss Martha, Wilkes-Barre
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 Ripple, Susan E., Scranton
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 Rogers, Dr. L. L., Kingston
 Root, A. R., Wilkes-Barre
 Ross, Mr. and Mrs. K. J., Pittston
 Ross, Miss Jessie R., Pittston
 Ross, Miss Mariana F., Pittston
 Schooley, H. B., Wilkes-Barre
 Schooley, J. M., Wyoming
 Schooley, J. J., Wilkes-Barre
 Scott, Eben Greenough, Wilkes-Barre
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 Sharpe, Richard, Wilkes-Barre
 Sharpe, Miss Sallie, Wilkes-Barre
 Sharpe, Miss Mary A., Wilkes-Barre
 Sharpe, Miss Elizabeth Montgomery, W-B.
 Sharpe, Miss Martha, Wilkes-Barre
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 Shoemaker, Wm. M., Wilkes-Barre
 Shoemaker, Miss Jennie H., Plains
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 Shoemaker, S. R., Wyoming
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 Wilcox, William A., Scranton
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 Wood, John G., Wilkes-Barre
 Wright, Geo. R., Wilkes-Barre
 Woodward, J. B., Wilkes-Barre
 Woodward, Mrs. Stanley, Wilkes-Barre
 Yarrington, W. L., Carbondale
 *Died since preceding meeting.

SUMMARY OF EXPENSES FOR 1900 :

Music	\$ 46.70
Address	25.00
Printing	18.00
Expenses on Grounds, 3d of July	27.27
Proceedings	29.00
Postage	13.10
Total, - - -	\$ 184.07
Receipts from Dues, - - -	\$199.00

Report of Exercises.

Though the 3d of July, 1901, had been preceded by two 100-degree days and there was no promise of a break in the hot wave, there was a large attendance at Wyoming Monument. The great canvas was spread and under it the large company found grateful shade. Then, too, there were some delightful little zephyrs which now and then eddied around the monument. The company all pronounced it a comfortable and delightful occasion. From the flag staff hung a fine new flag 12x18 feet. There were other flags, too, and vases of flowers. The Wyoming fire company had sprinkled the dusty roadway. The thirsty could slake their thirst with mountain spring water contributed by Alexander Murdock.

The exercises began promptly a little after ten and were all over by 12 o'clock. They were interspersed with selections by Alexander's Ninth Regiment band and vocal selections by the Wyoming choir, led by Rev. Stephen Jay. One of the band men, Joseph Lippincott, played a trombone solo, "The Holy City." Led by the choir the audience, in accordance with custom, rose and sang "My Country, 'tis of Thee."

The oration of the day was by Dr. Ethelbert D. Warfield, president of Lafayette College. Dr. Warfield prefaced his address with some remarks expressive of his pleasure at being able to revisit this spot which marks so great a sacrifice on the part of the pioneers of Wyoming Valley. He said that on the occasion of his first visit he was deeply impressed with the story of Wyoming, and these memories had haunted his thoughts as he revisited this beautiful and historic locality. Then, taking for his subject "Our Debt to the Pioneer," Dr. Warfield gave an historical address in which he unfolded his theme in a masterly manner. Dr. Warfield was listened to with great interest. Dr. Warfield is one of our leading

students in American history and the Commemorative Association was fortunate in being able to secure him as the speaker of the day.

The president of the association, Benjamin Dorrance, then spoke informally. He thanked the assemblage for its presence. He alluded to the decoration of the soldiers' graves on each 30th of May, and said this 3d of July is a second decoration of the graves of our soldier dead. He deplored the fact that more members of the Commemorative Association do not bring their children to this historic spot. Parents should bring up their offspring as true Children of Wyoming, to honor those who died that we might be free. Unless we perpetuate their heroic deeds we will lose that which will make our country great and glorious in the future. When this era of speculation and prosperity through which we are passing shall end, and a reaction shall come, there will be needed—unless love of country prevails—an emperor to perpetuate this government.

Then came the presentation to the ladies of the Wyoming Monument Association of two 100-pound Parrott rifle guns, each weighing about five tons, and having twenty projectiles, the gift of the United States government to the Lieut. Charles H. Reilay Post, No. 567, G. A. R., of Wyoming. They were mounted during the Civil War in the casemates of the old fort at Sandy Hook, N. J., and formed part of the defenses of the southern entrance of the New York harbor. A few years ago the guns were dismounted, as the old fort was partly torn down to make room for modern coast defense. They were obtained by the Wyoming veterans and placed in the monument grounds. The address of presentation was by Judge Alfred Dart and was informal. Judge Dart began with a beautiful word picture of Wyoming Valley—a valley famed in song and story—a valley beautiful as the Mohammedan dream of Paradise. Here is commemorated each year, not a victory but a struggle followed by defeat and death, destruction and devastation. But though it was a defeat for those who fought on that July day, 1778, others took up the fight and carried it

on to victory. Some of the greatest battles of the world have been followed by seeming defeat. After picturing the bravery of the soldiers of the Revolution and the soldiers of the Civil War, Judge Dart presented the guns to the Wyoming Monument Association. The response was made by Mrs. Fear, the secretary. The Monument Association and the Commemorative Association are not the same. The title to the land on which the monument stands is vested in the former, while it is the Commemorative Association which holds the annual exercises at the monument. Mrs. Fear said:

"Veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Among the specified powers granted to the Wyoming Monumental Association by the act of general assembly incorporating it is the following:

'And the said corporation shall have authority to receive gifts and bequests for the purpose of maintaining the grounds around the said Wyoming Monument, and to hold such personal estate as they may deem necessary to carry out the objects of the association.'

In pursuance of this power and authority we accept the gift so eloquently presented and place it here as the tribute of the sons of '61 to the fathers of 1778.

We disclaim any purpose to make here a pantheon. The purpose of this association, the purpose to which this monument and plot are dedicated, is a simple one and we will not in any way willingly mar or confuse that simplicity. But, just as these chaplets of rare flowers, grown with infinite pains, the choicest product of the florist's art and skill, may in a way be considered as peculiarly expressive of the affection of our women, so may these grim, now mute, relics of a later war, sent here by the national government, presented through an association of veterans who have proven their valor on fields of blood, be regarded as the expression of our men and soldiery and government, testifying both, to the grateful remembrance in which our heroes are held.

Let, then, these cannon remain here to speak to us, to the pilgrim to this shrine, and to the chance visitor here, these messages: That, fortunately for the world, no time, no locality, no race or class, no age or sex, has monopoly of heroic valor in self-sacrificing devotion to home and country; that the patriotism which inspired those who fell here in 1778 was not only the inheritance but the actual inspiration of the inhabitants of this valley in 1861, as we trust it shall ever be of the children of Wyoming; and that all desire to do reverence to the memory of Zebulon Butler and his associates.

We thank you of the Grand Army of the Republic for your valued gift, and you, Judge Dart, for your eloquent words of presentation, and you, Mr. Dorrance, and your association, for the privilege of receiving these cannon in connection with your exercises."

Our Debt to The Pioneer.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED

BEFORE THE

WYOMING COMMEMORATIVE ASSOCIATION,

JULY 3, 1901,

BY

DR. E. D. WARFIELD,

PRES. OF LAFAYETTE COLLEGE.

There is nothing more striking in the study of that department of history which may be called "current opinion" than the way in which facts take on new forms and episodes receive different interpretations from those accepted in other times.

Perhaps I should spend a moment in justifying the expression which I have used and in explaining what I mean in speaking of such a department of history as "current opinion."

Mr. Browning has illustrated this in his "The Ring and the Book." He speaks of the book, as you will remember, as, "A book in shape, but, really, pure crude fact." But Mr. Browning was too acute a student of human affairs to stop there. How could a fact be a mere simple phenomenon to such a man as he? Hence he sets us right as he goes on to say:

"A book in shape, but, really, pure crude fact
Secreted from man's life when hearts beat hard,
And brains high-blooded ticked two centuries since."

And then proceeds to place before our eyes "a Roman murder case," not in a bold and brutal way, but in the shifting lights and shadows of the minds

and speech of those who testified and otherwise took part in that celebrated case. In short he finds that Guido Franceschini and the cut-throats in his pay, however, much they did a certain deed and died for it, were regarded very differently by different men. The history of that case includes the passion that preceded and produced the deed, and not less the opinion held by the public and the Pope, sitting as courts of unequal powers, but alike of jurisdiction and high appeal.

So we have the familiar spectacle of men disappointed and baffled in their own times making with confidence their appeal to posterity. It is as much history to weigh the opinion men hold of certain things as to recount the deeds they do. It tells us more of the true character of the mind of Marcus Aurelius to relate that he, despite the fine sentiments of his "Golden Book," persecuted the Christians, than to relate in detail his campaign against the Marcomanni. Indeed we can test many a character by the simple question, "What think ye of Christ?" Poor Isabella of Spain misled by a too zealous heart given over to the guidance of man interpreted the command, "Go ye, therefore and make disciples of all men," in a sense very different from Wilberforce, who set as many men free in the Master's name as she forged shackles for. The Knight of the cross who with shield and blade marked with the hold symbol fell before the walls of Acre or Damietta in the Crusade, left an answer very different from that recorded in the life and death of the recent gentle martyrs of Pao-Ting.

Each age has its own ideals, its own standards, its own opinions. It is as much the business of history to record these things as to record physical facts. Indeed the history of thought is more important than the history of deeds. Because the deeds are poor, voiceless things till we know what mind guided, what heart inspired them. Were I to picture to you to-day a simple tomb of brick, built into a hillside on an ordinary American farm you would remain unmoved—but when I speak the name of Washington memories of Boston, Trenton and Yorktown; of the blood-tracked snow of Valley Forge; of the victorious general, of the sagacious

statesman, of the self-denying patriot, bring joy to your heart and tears to your eyes, and that humble tomb stirs you as the vision of the mausoleum of the greatest conqueror is powerless to do. You gather here to-day around this simple memorial with a reverence which few ever show to the tomb of kings. Men go to gape and stare at the monuments of the mighty dead—but to few with the feelings that bring you here. This fact—the mere fact of your presence and of mine—tells the story of our regard for those who hewed a path for civilization and Christianity thro' the forest and met here one of the common reverses of the pioneer.

We have been living in a period which has delighted in recovering the memorials of the past. We have especially enjoyed the task—which when only a duty was neglected—of resuscitating the heroes of the past, and they who have found nothing better to bring forth from antique storehouses, have not hesitated to produce their family skeletons. Family pride has sometimes masqueraded as patriotism, and morbid curiosity as antiquarian interest, but we have vastly profited by the contributions made to local history. There are signs not a few that the natural reaction is upon us and that a cynicism which will weigh the past by its performances rather than its purpose, and judge men by the worst that they did rather than the best, will replace the enthusiasm of the past few years for anything with a past or a pedigree. Thus we have had such estimates as Mr. Fisher's "True Benjamin Franklin," and Mr. Ford's "True George Washington;" estimates which proclaim the undisputed fact that these men were men of the race of Adam, and conceal as much as possible the fact that there were giants in those days. The same spirit deforms the works which are adorned by the careful research of Mr. Edward Eggleston. In the preface to his "Beginners of a Nation," he says:

"The founders of the little settlements that had the unexpected fortune to expand into an empire I have not been able to treat

otherwise than unreverently. Here are no forefathers or foremothers, but simply English men and women of the Seventeenth Century with the faults and fanaticisms as well as virtues of their age."

We could not ask less than this in one sense. We do not ask any man to look on history in any other way than through a perfectly clear medium; a transparent atmosphere of truth. But the pages which follow show that the author has little sympathy with the virtues and great impatience with the fanaticisms of those English men and women who, whether we like it or not, were our forefathers and foremothers. Thus Sir Thomas Dale, whom Sir Edwin Sandys (constant ever in the cause of liberty) praised as the savior of Virginia, is denounced as a "task master," or "more fitly called a slave driver," and the Puritans' zeal for a free church is declared to be "a motive for braving dangers by sea and land hard of comprehension in our Sadducean age." How much truer is the note struck by another contemporary writer, Rev. Alexander McKenzie, D. D., who in speaking of the Puritans, says, in his preface to Byington's *Puritan in England and New England*:

"The time seems to have come when they can be studied intelligently and impartially; and there is good reason to believe that the better they are known and the more accurately their work is estimated, the more thorough will be the admiration which is the result. It is difficult for one to set himself back two or three centuries, and there rightly to judge the events which are around him. Yet it is the grateful and patriotic duty of every person in this country to gain for himself a distinct knowledge of the forces which made the beginning of our national life."

One of the reasons for this change of attitude is undoubtedly the effect made upon us by the richness of our material civilization. A past which possesses none of the luxuries and few of those conveniences which we call necessities seems to one who does not look beneath the surface vulgar and mean. But there is a growing artificiality in social life which places a high value upon a thousand conventions which had no existence three hundred years ago. Many of these conventions, both in language and in manners, are the fair fruitage of the noblest influences in thought and feeling. Men have grown less aggressively individualistic. The

rights of society are better understood and more generally enforced. Yet it is to be feared that the loss of much of the self-assertion of the past is due to a decline in the readiness to sacrifice ease and comfort in the service of truth.

The typical examples of utter willingness to maintain an opinion faithfully formed is found in Sir John Eliot's long imprisonment in the tower in support of his contention that he could not be called in question elsewhere for words spoken in the Parliament; and John Hampden's refusal to pay a few shillings tax under the "ship money" assessment. Each supported at tremendous private cost what he believed to be a great public principle. The easy going philosophy of acquiescence even to-day finds it hard to justify them. Might not Sir John Eliot have found it better to await a time when men were riper for resistance? Might not Hampden have accomplished as much by a protest as by his costly and somewhat theatrical display of popular politics? Truly they might not. There were time-servers enough at court; but they were not of them. On them was laid a compulsion so high and so holy that they could not withstand it. Charles could imprison them, but he could not remove the moral obligation which made it impossible—I speak advisedly—impossible for them to yield. These men are the pioneers of modern parliamentary government. Every lover of liberty hails their names with joy, and rejoices that these men were found worthy of such noble sacrifices and capable of such lofty services.

But not all men are called to render the same service in the same cause. When Sir John Eliot was awaiting the approach of that grim ally whom Charles had taken into his service, he made a will in which he named as his executors John Hampden and John Winthrop. The man whose name was thus associated with the immortals took a different view of duty—one not less wise and not less honorable. He determined to be a pioneer of civil and religious liberty in a new land. To this end he made many sacrifices and made them with eyes wide open and in the face of strong appeals to remain in England.

Thus Ryece, a friend whom he had sought to secure as a fellow in his enterprise, wrote :

"The Church and Commonwealthe heere at home, hathe more neede of your beste abylyte in these dangerous tymes, than any remote plantation, which may be performed by persons of lesser woorth and apprehension. * * * Your own estate wylbe more secured in the myddste of all accidents. * * * All your kyndfolkes and most understanding friends wyll more rejoyce at your stayenge at home. * * * You shall be more acceptable in the service of the Hiest. * * * Plantations are for younge men, that can endure all paynes and hunger. * * * For one of your yeeres to undertake so large a taske is seldom seene but to miscarry."

But he had taken very high counsel, even with the Most High, and he had nobly set forth his decision in an appeal to others, his well known "Conclusions for New England." His son, John Winthrop, the younger, in responding to this appeal wrote :

"For the business of New England I can say no other thing, but that I believe confidently, that the disposition thereof is of the Lord, who disposeth all alterations, by his blessed will, to his own glory and the good of his; and therefore I do assure myself, that all things shall work together for the best therein, and for myself, I have seen so much of the vanity of the world, that I esteem no more of the diversities of countries, than as so many inns, whereof the traveler that hath lodged in the best, or in the worst, findeth no difference, when he cometh to his journey's end; and I shall call that my country where I may most glorify God, and enjoy the presence of my dearest friends. Therefore herein I submit myself to God's will and yours, and with your leave do dedicate myself (laying by all desire of other employments whatsoever) to the service of God and the Company herein, with the whole endeavors both of body and mind."

These two men were destined to be the first governors of the colonies of Massachusetts Bay and of Connecticut, and as such to have a profound influence upon the destinies of the American Continent. As Massachusetts was the mother of Connecticut, Connecticut was the mother of the settlements in this part of Pennsylvania, of the settlement whose men were so cruelly destroyed on this spot on the 3d day of July 1778. Hence these Winthrops have a somewhat high claim upon our notice.

They were typical pioneers. They had the great pioneer impulse behind them. That impulse which makes men sacrifice the present for the future and their own well-being for the welfare of posterity.

The land they left was a land which had been rendered singularly dear by the great burst of patriotism which followed upon the defeat of the Armada, and which finds such a swelling voice in Shakespeare's words:

"This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself,
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land;
Dear for her reputation through the world."

They left this land with all its graves of the beloved dead, with all its memories of childhood, with all its appeals of health and happiness and went forth beyond a vast ocean to a land in which they were to be strangers and pilgrims; a land wild and inhospitable in its physical aspects, and with no welcome except the freedom of its air.

A distinguished visitor, Mr. Frederick Harrison, writing of his "Impressions of American," three centuries later, tells us in this year of grace, 1901: (In the Nineteenth Century Review," June, 1901.)

"If you would fully grasp all that the geographical conditions of the American Continent imply, you should cross the Atlantic in its winter gales. * * * No imagination can bring home to you this vast isolation and this boundless expanse, until, for some eight days, you have watched your great ship as it plows across these inexhaustible waters at the rate of a South Eastern Railway train, seeing nothing but waves, clouds and sky, so that the lonely monotony of this enormous ocean seems to try the nerves at last. * * * Make this voyage and then try to conceive what it must mean to the ordinary emigrant rather than to the luxurious tourist, and you will begin to understand how far outside of Europe is this American Continent."

If such is the impression made on an intelligent modern traveler what must have been the weariness and the weight of the weeks which dragged heavy-footed by as the small ship with its scanty crew battling with wind and wave slowly traversed the long seaway which separated home from the strange land the toiling pilgrim sought?

But the spirit in which these emigrants began their work would have carried even lesser men through.

Let me select a single passage from the letters which John Winthrop wrote in the weary weeks when farewells spoken the actual departure of the little fleet was delayed by bad weather and worse workmen. He writes from London to his wife at Groton, Suffolk, 10th March, 1629 (1630.):

"Mine Owne, Mine Onely, My Best Beloved: Methinkes it is very longe since I sawe or heard from my beloved, and I misse allreadye the sweet comfort of thy mose desired presence. * * * John is returned from S. Hampton, where he left our boyes well and merrye; and this morning we are ridinge thither, and from thence I shall take my last farewell of thee till we meet in New E; or till midsomer that it plase God our shipps return. My deare wife be of good courage, it shall goe well with thee and us. The hairs of thy head are numbered, he who gave his onely beloved to dye for thee, will give his angels charge over thee; therefore rayse up thy thoughts and be merrye in the Lorde, labor to live by Faith."

How can such men and women be treated unreverently! The tenderness and sweetness of the letters exchanged by this family are the most fitting commentary on the fortitude and strength exhibited in their lives. All of these qualities are characteristic of the first age of pioneer planting in America. These men loved well, but like strong men; not like dallying lads. These men endured hardships, but with the heroism of a high faith, not with the brutal indifference to separations and self-sacrifices of the French courier du bois, or the Spanish seeker after gold.

I have dwelt perhaps unduly on this early episode because it is distinctly characteristic. It exhibits the moral purpose

of the early emigrants, it shows the spirit in which the seed was sown. From this sowing generation after generation reaped rich harvests.

As men have had many and various opinions and have had the courage of these opinions so our pioneers have stood for many ideas. Many, even most of the early settlements, owed their origin to religious impulses, but not a few had in them little more than a commercial purpose. But even where the colony was planted for commercial objects and the capital was obtained from wealthy merchants and mercantile corporations, those who went forth to the colonies were very largely drawn from the oppressed classes. Often, no doubt, the desire for freedom was sub-conscious. Many a young man who is restless under restraint becomes docile when his soul finds the liberty he unconsciously craved. And to the men of the seventeenth century the law of the land was a less severe tyranny than the customs of every people, and the rigid rules of iron etiquette. To be free from such swaddling bands was a boon. To breed up in a wide land a race of men who free from all artificial restraints should be estimated only according to their personal worth, who unhindered by prince or prelate or pope should be free to serve God according to the dictates of their own consciences, was the wish of these pioneers.

It matters not what language they spoke with their tongues, their lives nobly proclaimed one desire for their posterity. They sought for them—nay! for us—freedom. Not as the broken man who flies from the pale of civilization and hides himself in the forest that he may be free from the penalty of his crimes, and if he finds a wife in his refuge brings up children to regard the law as a task-master, the school as a prison house and the church as a persecutor. They had looked into the perfect law of liberty. They knew that law and liberty are two aspects of one truth. They knew that love has reconciled the apparent discord between them. So they built in every settlement a court house and a church, and lest the children should forget the facts and the faith which the fathers cherished, a school.

Generation after generation the march of civilization passed further and further West. The forests were hewn down, the rivers were spanned, the mountains were scaled. The external pressure was more and more relaxed, but the purpose to build homes for the future, to call communities into existence for posterity was never abandoned. As we study each little community we see that it is made up of simple men and women. In every body of settlers there are some who are no credit to it or to our common humanity. If we seek with pitiless pertinacity to find flaws we may find them in almost every character known to us. The man who has sacrificed much to rear his log house in the fair valley beyond the mountains may seem to us to sacrifice more in over sharp trading with the dusky denizens of the forest. The stalwart leader of a band of heroes may be convicted of offenses against good society which would shock a drawing room to relate. They were men, often passionate men; they loved possessions of land and the usufruct of it; they were jealous of intrusions, especially of strangers into what they had marked as their own; they became careless of conventions, even of some deemed essential to the stability of society. But they had in them the root of the matter. They strove to keep the Ten Commandments and kept them even with the Indians as well as the curled favorites of King Charles 1st or 2d kept them with the people of England in the seventeenth century, or as the dear bosses keep them with the people of America in the twentieth century. And they struggled against every difficulty, every limitation, ever towards the light.

What a wonderful story is the story of this valley in this respect. The men and women who came here had many vicissitudes. The region is singularly marked by the folly, the meanness, the passion of men. But England in all the pride of her place in the forefront of the world's life, sinned more when she sent the Iroquois into this valley as the instrument of the same madness which, in the name of peace, is making of South Africa a wilderness to-day, than the Pennsylvania authorities did when they made war on the brave

emigrants from Connecticut. It is true that there are names of warning as well as cheer in the thrilling story. But after every allowance is made the impulse given here by the pioneer is the impulse which has borne fruit in the wide farms, the populous cities, the noble people of this beautiful region.

Every traveler in America in the eighteenth century was astonished by what he saw. Those of the most penetrating observation were especially struck by the sweetness and purity of social life. The freedom from artificial distinctions among men and women, the universality of honest labor and the not less universal condemnation of idleness, and the eagerness of the people for information. In these qualities all our pioneers have shared, if not equally, yet in essential spirit. I have traced family after family across the Continent, the pioneer spirit having in some become a habit, and it is wonderful to see the same high purpose reappearing in every generation. In undiminished brightness the old Teutonic love of freedom shines in Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri and California, or in Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Oregon. With it goes something more than the faith in trial by jury and that every man's house is his castle, which naturally fall in with frontier ideals; with it goes submission to law, eagerness for knowledge, faith in God. In the humble Scotch-Irish home the only books might often be a bible and the Westminster standards, but they were sufficient to serve as reading books to the young and as title deeds to heaven to the old. The fierce young hunter whose brain was haunted by the vision of a cabin in ashes and a cloven skull among the cinders might perhaps dwell in fiery mood too long upon the thought of hewing Agag in pieces, but in time the spirit was almost sure to lead him who was familiar with the bible to hear God's voice saying, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," and proclaiming that He is love.

For me I cannot regard the men and women who were the pioneers of civilization at any stage of our nation's buildings unreverently. They gave up those things which make life

sweet and happy and choose those things which make life hard and stern. And they did this for us. What part have I in the work that the Winthrops wrought do you ask? Southern born and Southern bred as I am, I could not have such a country as that I love so well were it not for the great Puritan migration which John Winthrop led. You will not refuse a part in George Rogers Clarke's conquest of the Northwest, or in Lewis and Clarke's expedition to the Pacific because they were Southern men. And Puritan and Scotch-Irish alike must feel a deep and grateful reverence for the Quaker Penn, whose land we call ours to-day. If some too captious critics find only things to repel in the more aggressive types of the men who have broken new paths for us, even the most extreme examples can ill be spared from our nation's history. Cotton Mather was a far more useful man than the best of his critics; Andrew Jackson played a part we could scarcely spare from an age of transition. And such picturesque characters as Sam Houston of Texas, Old John Brown of Osawatomie, and many another represent phases of the fierce struggle with the conditions of frontier life which, while we shrink from them, we can yet rejoice that such men as they met and mastered them for us and for our children. Marred as they are by the conflict, let us reverence if we would not imitate, let us honor if we cannot love them.

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