HISTORY

—OF—

Grant County,

STATE OF

KENTUCKY.

THE

HISTORY OF GRANT COUNTY,

STATE OF KENTUCKY,

AS COMPILED BY

ROBERT H. ELLISTON,

AND READ BY HIM

ON THE FOURTH DAY OF JULY. 1876.

ALSO CONTAINING THE ORATIONS

—OF—

Judge J. M. COLLINS and I. L. SCHWABACKER, Esq.,

DELIVERED ON THAT OCCASION.

WILLIAMSTOWN, KY.
PRINTED AT THE SENTINEL OFFICE BY E. H. EYER.
1876.

PREFACE.

IN PURSUANCE of an Act of Congress of the United States, recommending that a Historical Sketch of every County and Town in the United States be prepared and read on the 4th day of July of our Centennial year, copies of which were to be filed in the Clerk's offices of the respective counties, and also in the Librarian's office in Washington City, to furnish historical data and incidents from which to write a correct General History of the United States, the people of Grant county held a meeting at the Court House on the 12th day of June, 1876, to determine in what manner they would celebrate the approaching 4th of July, and to arrange a programme in accordance with said Act, they decided to have a "good old-fashioned basket picnic" about one quarter of a mile south of Dry Ridge, in the Anderson Grove, now owned by Judge O. P. Hogan, to which all were invited to attend and bring their "baskets well filled." Urial Harrison was chosen to read the Declaration of Independence, Judge J. M. Collins and I. L. Schwabacker to deliver Orations, and the author to prepare and read a Historical Sketch of Grant County.

For our part of the exercises we have an apology. Our sketch is necessarily and materially incomplete, from the fact that only a few days were allowed us, and from which we could only snatch a few stray hours now and then from other business, to gather the historical data of a county fifty-six years old; and further, from the fact that the forty or fifty minutes accorded to us for the reading, would not permit a full and detailed history, and forbid the recording of many incidents that interestingly claimed our attention while engaged in the work, and especially forbid all biographical sketches or notices.

To Chas. W. Porter, Wm. Conrad, J. J. Daniels, Robt. Elliston, sr., Judge O. P. Hogan, and Mrs. Mary A. Fenley, all of whom have lived in the county since its formation, we gratefully acknowledge our indebtedness for much information we could not otherwise have obtained, and to whom we are more than thankful for the warm interest they manifested in our behalf.

We are also indebted to the personal kindness of Richard H Collins, author of the History of Kentucky, for the dates used in the beginning, from 1772 until the formation of Pendleton county.

Contained in this little volume also are the able and eloquent Orations of Judge J. M. Collins, and I. L. Schwabacker, which will be read with great pleasure, and which will no doubt be preserved as model speeches for our county orators on the celebration of our country's second Centennial birthday. We have extended this sketch so as to give a brief account of the Picnic on the day it was read.

With these explanations and apologies we hope the critic will be lenient, and if our sketch should but slightly meet the approval of those who have heard or may read it, we are amply compensated for the labor bestowed in obtaining the facts therein recorded.

R. H. E.

WILLIAMSTOWN, July 31, 1876.

HISTORY OF GRANT COUNTY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

It is always a pleasant and an agreeable task to acknowledge a favor, hence it is a very great pleasure in acknowledging our obligations and gratitude for the favor and compliment in promoting us to the position of historian on this occasion, but our duty to say that the responsibility and amount of labor required in so short a time as was given us, are too great for one whose acquaintance with the history of the county was so limited as ours.

The History of Grant County, if written in full, instead of being contained in a small essay that could be read on an occasion like this, would fill quite a volume, and, consequently, we only have endeavored to give a tolerably minute history of its formation and character of its early inhabitants, and then a brief sketch of its material improvements up to the present day.

All the present State of Kentucky, one hundred years ago, was a part of a single county of Old Virginia, named Fincastle. In 1776 this matronly old county of Fincastle, that enclosed within her boundery lines the territory upon which States were destined to be formed, was extinguished by the division of that territory into three counties, Washington, Montgomery and Kentucky. In 1780 the county of Kentucky was subdivided into three divisions, each taking the name of a county, Jefferson, Lincoln and Fayette. In June, 1792, this territory was formed into a State, having been previously further subdivided into counties. So that while the territory of Kentucky was a part of the State of Virginia, what is now Grant county was first a part of Fincastle county, formed 1772; then a part of Kentucky county formed 1776; then a part of Fayette county formed 1780; then a part of Woodford county formed 1789. Before another change was made Kentucky was admitted into the Union as a State, and in September, 1792, the territory of Grant became a part of Scott county, of the State of Kentucky. Then a part of Bracken and Campbell counties, the latter formed 1794; then a part of Pendleton county, formed in 1798, in which latter connection it remained for twenty-two years.

Thus it appears that Grant county is the child of many foster mothers. But the time came at last when she attained her majority, so to speak; not with the secret, shrinking reluctance of the maiden, who sees the last roseate summer of her "blushing teens" receding from her, but with all the gushing, animating pride of the ambitious

youth, who counts the last minutes of the last hour that free him from parental restraint and allow him to go forth in the world and manage his own concerns.

We all seem to know by intuition that Grant was taken from Pendleton. Her identity does not seem to extend further back, and hence it was not uncommon formerly, when Grant, from any political or sectional cause, showed symptoms of waywardness, for Pendleton to assume the old responsibility of a good mother and urge her, by much kindly advice from her abundant store, to follow, and learn from the example of her maternal friend and guide; but Grant, be it said to her credit, has always had a will of her own, and has reared sons and daughters with capacity and energy to execute that will. The formation of Grant county was talked of long before the people then inclosed within the Territory realized the bright dream that constituted them an independent people. It was exceedingly inconvenient for them to attend their courts at Falmouth and transact all the business of so large a territory, necessary to be transacted at the county seat. And if there is an alleviating circumstance which the historian can now discover for the onerous responsibility in the discharge of their duty as citizens and loyal subjects of their county, it is the romance connected therewith. At this day it was a circumstance that was probably (?) animating and gratifying to the heart of a good citizen whose patience and endurance were trained by the hardihood of pioneer life, to accoutre himself in his buck-skin trowsers, his moccasins, his coon-skin cap, sling over his shoulder, his bullet pouch and powder-horn, take up his rifle and start upon his journey to Falmouth through the long, dismal woods, a distance of perhaps thirty miles, to answer the suit of Mr. A. or Mr. B. in some trivial matter or controversy; or perhaps this long tour had to be made in order to have spread upon the Books of the Court of Record, to be known by all men that his stock-mark was a "crop and underbit out of the right ear and a swallow fork out of the left ear." This was romance; but people weary of romance as well as of other good things when protracted too long.

Upon the issue of the formation of a new county a very strong and heated contest was made for the Representative in the year 1819. Those desiring a new county brought out for their candidate, Mr. William Littell, a clever and worthy gentleman, and a brother of James Littell, now one of our oldest citizens. The opposing candidates were, Elijah McClannahan and Dr. John Bennett. Mr. Littell was very warm in behalf of the new county and pledged his very *ears* to his people that should he be elected, to never let the Legislature rest until the fondest wish of himself and his friends was realized. The people, knowing that Mr. Littell thought a good deal of his ears, and believing that he would work to the last moment to save them, elected him by a majority of about forty votes. True to his promise, no Legislature was ever more frequently and earnestly reminded of a local bill than was this Legislature of Mr. Littell's bill for the new county. After much delay and opposition the bill was finally passed by the

Lower House and sent up to the Senate. Here it met with opposition from Jesse Bledsoe, a Senator from Bourbon county. Mr. Bledsoe was a prominent member and had a pet bill of his own for an appropriation to Transylvania University, which had been bitterly opposed by Mr. Littell. Being a bluff, humorous old gentleman, he told Mr. Littell that if he would "vote for the appropriation in the Lower House, the bill for the new county should be pushed through the Senate, but if he wouldn't vote for it Grant county might go to h—, and he (Mr. Littell) could go home and be cropped." Mr. Littell, realizing the terrible dilemma in which he was placed, concluded to vote for the appropriation, which he did. His bill was then passed through the Senate, and on the 12th day of February, 1820, was approved by the Governor. This was the sixty-seventh county formed in the State and contained then all the territory that it now has, except a small strip added from Campbell county in 1830, a larger strip (about twelve square miles) from Harrison in 1833, another small strip from Boone in 1868, and that territory which was cut off from Owen and annexed to Grant at the last session of the Legislature. The county is now a parallelogram in shape, nearly square, and contains about four hundred and sixty square miles. In the bill creating the county it was provided that the new county should be called and known by the name of Grant. As to the reason it took the name of Grant there are various and conflicting opinions. It is said by some of the oldest inhabitants that owing to Mr. Littell's repeated efforts with the Legislature to grant him a hearing on his pet bill, that the word "Grant" became in connection therewith quite a stereotyped phrase or saying, and hence when the bill was finally called up, out of a facetious spirit some member had "Grant" inserted for its name. But the best founded opinion, in our judgment, is that it was named in honor of General Squire Grant, a prominent citizen of Boone county and who was a very particular and warm friend of Mr. Littell.

In the bill it was provided that the county should have seven Justices of the Peace, who should meet at the house of Henry Childers, still standing on the west side of the turnpike, about one hundred and fifty yards below the Old Childers Farm, now owned by Judge O. P. Hogan, and hold the first Court The new county was to still vote with Pendleton in the election of a Representative. It was further provided that John H. Rudd, of Bracken county, John Curry, James R. Curry, and Robert Huston, of Harrison county, Garrett Wall, and John T. Johnson, of Scott county, act as Commissioners to locate and fix upon a permanent site for the new county seat.

It was now that the people of Grant county began to taste some of the bitter of the proposition that was so dear to their hearts. A large territory had been cut off to them—the western half of Pendleton county—the most remarkable features of which were its boundless forests and scattering population. They were without a Court House, without a Jail, without any public building, and the most significant of all, without wealth. 'Tis true that there were owners of large bodies of land, but that did not then constitute wealth, as it now does,

for it could be bought in any quantities for the pitiful price of 12½c per acre. But our rough old pioneer fathers had lived in the woods too long, as the saying is, to be scared at an owl, and they did not fear or try to shirk a responsibility. They fought through their financial difficulties with a courage that was truly surprising. Contrary to the present custom of all counties, towns and corporations, they did not issue bonds upon which they borrowed money to meet the financial demands before them, but true to their sturdy, iron-willed principles, levied a poll tax of four dollars per tithe the first year, at the expiration of which time there was sufficient money in the hands of the Sheriff to pay almost two thirds of their present and prospective indebtedness for the erection of public buildings and the completion of public improvements. According to the best information we can get from the public records, there were in the first year of the county's existence about three hundred and fifty tithesmen. This number, multiplied by five, (being the rule generally adopted by statisticians) would give a population of 1750.

In pursuance of the Act, Jediah Ashcraft, Wm. Layton, Nathaniel Henderson, Wm. Woolyard, Samuel Simpson, John Sipple and Benj. McFarland, who had received their commissions as the first Justices of the Peace of Grant county, met at the house of Henry Childers on the 12th of April, 1820, and constituted the first Court held in the county. Mr. William Arnold, a farmer owning the land upon which Williamstown is now built, and of whom further notice will be made, having been commissioned by the Governor, was sworn in as first Sheriff, giving bond in the sum of $13,000. Hubbard B. Smith, of whom the people want no other history than the public record he has made for the county, was appointed Clerk of this Court during the period of his good behavior. It is a tribute, but justly deserving to this early and prominent citizen of Grant, to say that his good behavior continued for a long time, for having been appointed Clerk of the Circuit Court at its first session on the same conditions he held, and faithfully discharged the duties of both offices for nineteen years. He was an uncle of our present distinguished lawyer and citizen, E. H. Smith. At this Court, Simon Nichols was qualified as first Coroner of the county, and Wm. Mt. Joy and John Marksbury recommended to the Governor to be commissioned as the first surveyors, that being a profession in that day of considerable dignity and demand. The county at this time was divided into four Constable precincts, designated as First, Second, Third and Fourth, and Lewis M. Simpson, James Childers, Joseph Childers and Robert Elliston were, respectively, appointed and sworn in as Constables, each giving bond in the sum of two thousand dollars. In January, 1821, the Third Precinct was divided into two, and in March, another precinct was made out of the First and Second, making in all, six precincts, which number was not changed until 1874, since when three other precincts have been made. At this first term of Court there were tavern license granted to Samuel Simpson, Wm. Pierce, James Gouge, William Arnold and Henry Childers. There was also a list of tavern rates fixed which

will enable us to draw some idea of the difference between the taverns of that day and this. It was ordered that breakfast, dinner and supper be had for twenty-five cents each; lodging, 12½c; horse, to fodder and hay, per night, 25c; corn and oats, per gallon, 12½c; pasturage, per night, 6¼c; whiskey or brandy per half pint, 12½c; rum, French brandy, or wine, per half pint, 50c; cider or beer per quart, 12½c. From these facts we can learn also that it did not cost a man much money to brighten his ideas with a few swigs of that "precious article," a custom to which the generous good natures of our pioneer fathers caused them to be slightly addicted. On the 12th day of June, 1820, (it being the second County Court) the Commissioners appointed, in the Act to locate the county seat, reported that they had located the same on the farm of Wm. Arnold. Strangers, in passing through our county, and seeing there are other more favorable locations for a town, often wonder and ask why the location of Williamstown was selected for the county seat. It was not from the reason that no other site was examined, for we are informed by Charles W. Porter, whose extensive information and vivid memory of the early history of our county are actually surprising, that the Commissioners were at work for several days and examined all the favorable places for many miles north of Williamstown before they finally determined upon the present site. There are two circumstances that induced them to locate the town where they did. The large spring, just below the Court House, now known as the Public Spring, was the first natural feature that recommended the present site. It was a custom peculiar to all our first settlers that, in looking out locations to build, they always sought a place convenient to a spring of natural water, in many instances entirely disregarding the quality and location of the land; and this idea seems to have prevailed to a considerable extent with the Commissioners. The digging of wells and cisterns, especially the latter, to obtain a supply of water, was an idea not comprehended by many of our first settlers, and it was a long time after the "water-wizard" came around with his forked switch, "bobbing" and "dipping" here and there, before the people could be made believe there was truth in his mysterious art, and began to search in the bowels of the earth for the hidden fountains. But perhaps the stronger reason for the present location of the town is that Mr. Arnold, being a liberal and zealous citizen and anxious for the town to be built on his premises, obligated himself by an article of agreement that if the Commissioners would locate the town on his land, to donate to the County one acre and a half of land on which to erect the public buildings, and to furnish to the County, and to all persons purchasing lots from him, building timber for the period of three years free of charge, and all the firewood and stone necessary to be used for seven years. This proposition was considered very liberal and magnanimous of Mr. Arnold, and was accordingly accepted by the Commissioners—Mr. Arnold donating the one-acre lot on which the Court House now stands, and one-half acre lot near where the present Methodist Church stands, on which the first jail was erected. And the new county-seat, on the day this report

was received, was ordered to be called *Philadelphia*, the glory of which name it was destined to be shorn at the expiration of one month, for at that time it was discovered that there was another town in Kentucky by that name, and, to prevent the disaster of getting the two towns mixed, it was thought proper and wise by the Court to change the name of our town; and, hence, it was entered upon the records that the seat of justice should be called *Williamstown*—taking the baptismal name of William Arnold, who might properly be called its founder. After the second term the County Court was held at the house of Mr. Arnold until December, 1821, at which time the first Court was held in the new Court House, which was then completed.

The first Circuit Court was held at the house of Henry Childers on the 5th day of May, 1820, Hon. John Trimble presiding. The Grand Jury of this Court were John Marksbury, foreman; Dixon Tongate, John Crook, Daniel Seward, Robert Childers, Richard Lucas, Perry Chipman, Bennett Williams, Zachariah Hogan, Lewis Gregory, John Norton, Ichabod Ashcraft, James Reed, Absalom Skirvin, John Rowland, and Thomas Thomas. This Court adjourned on the day it convened, having transacted all the business, the Grand Jury making three indictments—one against the County Court for not having the County divided into road precincts and overseers appointed.

The new Court House was built by William Arnold for the sum of $2,199, paid in three equal annual instalments. It was a brick building, two stories high, thirty-four feet long by thirty feet wide. The first floor twelve feet high, and the second eight feet. The bar was elevated eighteen inches above the lobby or audience floor, and the "Judge's Bench," as it was called, two feet higher than this. The lobby floor was made of brick, closely laid and cemented together. From the bar ascended the flight of stairs to the jury rooms above. This was held to be an ample and commodious building—the sanctum over which the goddess of Justice was to preside and inspire the long successive line of law interpreters and dispensers with the knowledge of the distinction between right and wrong.

The first jail was built by Absalom Skirvin for $220. It was sixteen feet square, and was built of hewed logs, dovetailed and let down one upon the other. This jail was two stories high, and had two small windows in each story. There was also a "stray pen" built on the public ground for the purpose of holding all the stray stock that was taken up. This was thirty feet square, and inclosed by a post-and-rail fence.

Williamstown, at this time, could boast of but three houses except the Court House and jail—that of Wm. Arnold, situated near where Robert McDuffee now lives; the small log house of P. B. Hume, standing near the present post-office, in which there was a tavern kept by Wm. Mt. Joy; and another log house, built by James Conyers, just below.

The principal settlements in the county extended from Williamstown north to below Dry Ridge. Almost all the land in the county was owned by non-residents, who held the same under large patents

John Fowler, of Lexington, had a patent that covered all the land from just south of Williamstown to the residence of Lewis Myers, and extending east and west to within a few miles of the Pendleton and Owen county lines. The northern part of the county was covered by the patent of John and Jordan Harris' forty-four thousand acres survey. The extreme western, and all the southern part of the county from Fowler's survey, was covered by the patents of —— Leach, May, Banister & Co. and Josiah Watson; and the eastern part of the county was covered by the Moody patent. These patents were not well defined, but overlapped each other, which afterwards gave rise to many large suits in the Courts that furnished rich food for the lawyers and gave to the county a noted reputation for land litigation. It was this character of litigation that gave Lewis Myers, who was a citizens of this county from its formation until his decease in April, 1876, the most extensive reputation as a land-jobber in Northern Kentucky. His correct knowledge of the multitudes of old lines of surveys, and his clear and positive memory of numbers and dates were wonderful, and though he was constantly enrolled upon the docket of the Courts for many years, as either plaintiff or defendant, in almost all the important land suits, he was warm-hearted and generous to a fault, and much beloved by his people, representing them as many as four times in the Legislature of Kentucky. But while the central part of the county was settled sparsely by men who had either bought or leased the land on which they lived, almost all the rest of the county was settled only by "squatters," or families who owned no land, but took up their residence where they chose, erected small cabins in which to live, cleared and cultivated as much ground as they thought proper. These little patches of cleared land were called "improvements," and were bartered and sold with as much freedom as cattle and hogs.

It is not strange, under these circumstances, that the people cultivated and displayed but little taste in their dress and in the erection of dwelling-houses. The chief occupation, of many of them, was hunting, in which they found a peculiar delight and pleasure, and when wearied and worn out with their pursuit of the deer, which abounded plentifully in the hills and valleys now covered by luxurient meadows and cornfields, they cared but little what kind of houses received them on their return so they were sheltered from the wolves and storms. If the hunter's cabin was large enough to contain a pallet for himself, his wife and his children, a few chairs, a table, (perhaps on which his venison was spread), and more than all, if setting away in one corner there was a jug or even a barrel of "Old Bourbon," it was a home of luxury to him.

Grant county, like all pioneer counties, had famous hunters, the bullets of whose unerring rifles never failed to bring down the "deer" or the "turkey." It is amusing to think now how fond they were of these old flint-lock hunting pieces. They held them in their hearts as something a little less dear than their wives or their children, and fondled them and called them by pet names as though they were objects with life and could talk and smile when their masters would

jump to their feet for "Old Sally" or "Old Betsey" as a deer would go bounding by. The popular ambition of that day was not cultivating fields, erecting fine houses, raising fine cattle, hogs and sheep, and training blooded horses, but to satisfy their innate love for hunting and sporting, and to excel in personal attainments, such as foot-racing, wrestling, pitching quoits, etc. And if there was a personal difficulty to be settled between two or more persons, it was generally adjusted by the very pleasant and satisfactory way of knocking each other down a few times, and then "drinking each other's health over the result; for this was a day when whiskey made men drunk without giving them *delirium tremens*, and they got sober again without being poisoned, and before the deadly Derringer was used to murder him who had offended his murderer."

But we must now notice briefly some of the material improvements of the county. In 1822 there were twenty-five acres of land condemned by Mr. Arnold for the town of Williamstown, which was surveyed and laid off in one fourth acre lots, and Wm. Arnold, William Littell, Wesley Williams, James Collins, Samuel Williams, Thomas Watson, and Absalom Skirvin were appointed the first Trustees of the town. In 1827 the jail was removed to the place where it now stands, and put up in a manner similar to the first one, only the walls were double, and the space of six or eight inches between the logs was filled with broken stone. Several small wooden houses had now been erected in different parts of the town. The merchant had come, and a new era was to dawn upon the people of old-fashioned ideas and pioneer notions. This great man—the merchant—had a very limited supply at first, only dry goods, coarse cotton and calico, arranged on puncheon shelves, supported by wooden pins driven in auger holes that were bored in the wall, and a jug or two of that same "Old Bourbon" could be hid away under the puncheon floor, or just outside the door in the bushes, until a customer would indicate that he wanted a pint or so for family use. Better taste was now displayed by the people in their dress. The hunting-shirt was gradually laid aside; coarse shoes took the place of moccasins, and tow-linen breeches and the dresses of the ladies, made of home manufactured material, were displaced by fabrics of a more costly character. People began to settle here who had been trained by different manners and accustomed to different scenes, and they infused into the pioneers a spirit of improvement.

Crittenden had now attained sufficient proportions to be called a town. The first settler there was David Cooper, who lived there, near where the Sechrest Hotel now stands, at the time of the formation of the county. The first store in the town was built by Captain John W. Fenley, in which goods were sold by Dr. Samuel Singleton. A carpenter by the name of —— Groom, who lived there, and who was of a drinking, waggish disposition, gave the town the name of "Pin-Hook"—a name that it bore until the year 1834, when Mrs. Mary A. Fenley, wife of Capt. John W. Fenley, gave it the name of Crittenden, after the Hon. John J. Crittenden, who was then Kentucky's

most popular statesman. The history of Crittenden is that of a pleasant and enterprising little village of refined and cultivated people. Like almost all other country towns, it has been several times partially destroyed by fire. It now has a population of about 400, and, perhaps, the largest and best assorted dry goods store in the county. R. L. Collins has a large steam corn and flouring mill that is second to no other institution of the kind in the county.

The first settler in Dry Ridge was James Theobald, and its favorable locality has made it quite a thorough-going little town, and since the construction of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, bids fair to rival both Crittenden and the county-seat in point of business.

The growth of Williamstown contains no event of special interest until the year 1856. At that time there had been erected a row of wooden buildings on either side of Main street—scarcely a brick edifice to be seen in town. A child of Mr. Samuel Marksbury was amusing himself in the basement story of his father's house, then standing where Mr Lucas has his grocery, by burning some combustible material, when the building took fire. The flames spread up and down the street, destroying every house and tenement on the west side from where P. T. Zinn's store now stands to Mill street, and on the east side from John H. Webb's store to several houses below the residence of E. H. Smith. This was the first fatal disaster to the county-seat, and thirty families were in a few minutes rendered destitute and homeless by this terrible fire-fiend. Contributions were raised for the sufferers, and the people all over the county contributed liberally. Judge O. P. Hogan made speeches in Georgetown, Frankfort and Lexington, whose people subscribed as much as seven hundred dollars to the unfortunate ones in our midst. Three thousand dollars were soon raised in their behalf, and it was not long until the clink of the hammer was heard and the mason and carpenter were busy in erecting new and better houses on the burnt ground, so that in a few years all the lots on Main street, once covered by old wooden buildings—excellent rat harbors and food for flames—were now occupied by good and substantial houses.

In 1864 a second fire destroyed the wooden tavern building of James Collins, on the corner of Main and Cynthiana streets; also destroying many small tenements connected therewith. The old stable and a few stock pens and corn cribs connected with the building, and that were not burnt, were torn down, and upon the lots thus made vacant were erected by the present owners and occupants the "Johnson House" and the residence of Dr. J. M. Wilson, the one a well-planned and commodious hotel, and the other a convenient and handsome mansion.

Still another fire, in 1867, swept away the wooden mill of Cunningham & Harrison, on Second Cross street, which was replaced by the present brick building of D. L. Cunningham, as a steam corn and flouring mill and carding machine, the first of the kind built in the town. The spirit of utility and enterprise thus awakened prompted the erection of the Town Hall. It is a handsome three-story brick

building, and was built in 1870. On the Public Square stands the Court House, which was built in 1852, and which took the place of the first one we described. The present Clerks offices were erected in 1866, and the present jail in the same year, all of which buildings have been subsequently carefully and conveniently repaired. Various other improvements have been made, among the number we have a steam planing mill, and a High School or Academy, until Williamstown is now one of the most thorough, energetic, and thriving little cities in Northern Kentucky.

The first newspaper printed in Grant county was the *Williamstown News*, published by E. S. Moore in the year 1872. After an existence of six months, for want of support and proper management, it was found necessary to suspend its publication, and the *News* ceased to exist. The next step taken looking to the establishment of a newspaper in the county was the resuscitation of the old *News* office and the presentation to the public of the *Grant County Bulletin*. For a short time the *Bulletin* enjoyed a liberal support and was considered a permanent institution. Pecuniary embarrassment, however, rendered its suspension unavoidable, and after a life of one year it followed its predecessor. The next paper established was the *Williamstown Sentinel*, by Chas. B. Bradley, in 1874. The *Sentinel* was afterward transferred to W. N. Hogan, who transferred it to E. H. Eyer and Chas. B. Bradley. Within the last year E. H. Eyer, by another transfer, has become the sole editor and proprietor, under whose energetic management it has become quite a newsy little sheet, receiving the hearty support of the people and is now, we hope, a fixed institution of the county.

In respect to the early religious and educational history of the county we have been able to gather only the following facts: For two or three years previous to the organization of the county, Elder Jerard Riley, of the Old Baptist Church, had been preaching to a congregation in a meeting-house which stood near the late location of the Free Will Baptist Church, one-fourth mile south of Dry Ridge. One of the earliest of his converts was the venerable Wm. Conrad, who is still living, and is well known throughout the county for the earnest zeal which he has for more than fifty years manifested.

The first itinerant Methodist preacher was Jesse Robinson, who lived on Crooked Creek, and for several years traveled over the county and preached in private houses. He organized the first Methodist congregation at the house of Clement Theobald, at or very near the present residence of John W. Clark. Christian Tomlin, father of Elder Asa Tomlin, first proclaimed the doctrine of the Free Will Baptist to the early inhabitants.

About the year 1827 one Barton Stone, of the sect then denomitated New Lights, came down from Bourbon county several times and preached in the Court House at Williamstown. He was soon after followed by Elders John T. Johnson, a brother of Vice-President R. M. Johnson, and John Smith, well known to many still living in the county as "Raccoon" John Smith, so-called from an anecdote which

he loved to tell of having, on one occasion, been paid a marriage fee of $1.00 in coonskins at ten cents each! The sect for which they preached is now known as Christians, or Reformers.

At the time of the organization of the county there were only two meeting-houses in its boundary—the Old Baptist Church near Dry Ridge, and the Methodist Church that is still standing on Forklick Creek.

But two school-houses were in the county at this time. One of these was on Forklick Creek, near where Chas. W. Porter now lives. This house was built of small round logs, 14 by 16 feet, and covered by clapboards, which were retained in their position by heavy "weight poles". It had a rough puncheon floor, and was profusely ornamented with puncheon benches, supported by legs made of round saplings driven in auger holes bored in them. Long wooden spikes or pins were driven in the logs around the wall on which the children hung their dinner baskets. The roof of this house was just high enough to admit the teacher and "big scholars" to walk under without striking their heads against the boards. There was no window, and but one doorway to which there was no door. James Williams taught school in this house. He had from twelve to sixteen scholars, and charged one dollar and a half per quarter. This was paid, one-half in money and one-half in current produce—coonskins generally.

The other school-house was situated a little down the ridge from the residence of Esau Conrad. In this house Wm. Littell reigned as chief pedagogue for several sessions. What his emoluments were we have been unable to ascertain.

Previous to the formation of the county the Legislature of Kentucky had made an appropriation of a large number of acres of Green River land for the benefit of County Seminaries. When Grant county was formed she became entitled to a portion of this, and Mr. Arnold, always ready to promote the interest of the county and prompted by his true and laudable spirit of enterprise, undertook and built for the county her first Seminary for the consideration of that part of the Green River land to which the county was entitled. It was a brick building, one story high, and stood at or near the present residence of E. H. Smith. Schools were taught in this building for several years. Mr. L. Abenathy was one of the principal teachers. He had from thirty to forty scholars, and in the winter this number would be increased to sixty. The first debating society of the county was organized and held in this building. It was largely attended by the people of the county for many miles around, most all of whom participated in the debates. This was kept up for several years, and many and many an evening the walls of this old building were made to echo with the ringing reverberations of pioneer eloquence. There are a few old persons now living in the county who made the first speeches of their lives in this building. After it had stood for about fifteen years the walls began to give way, and it was torn down, and Williamstown never again had another school that approached to the dignity of a High School or Seminary until 1874, when, through the energy

of Messrs. J. H. Webb, W. F. Webb, T. M. Coombs, and Dr. J. M. Wilson, the present Academy was erected. This is a two-story frame building, constructed upon a modern plan, and well and conveniently furnished. The first school was taught in this, during the last school year, by Prof. L. V. Ware, of Georgetown, as principal, and Miss Katie Coombs, of Williamstown, as assistant teacher. Very much credit is due to these two popular and efficient teachers in securing for this school in its infancy a brilliant reputation, and enhancing its bright prospects to a degree of certainty for a success in the future.

The first and only chartered school in the county was in Crittenden. This school was chartered in 1868 as the Crittenden Seminary, under the direction of Littleton Fenley, R. M. Ratcliff, F. T. Mansfield, A. F. Hogsett, J. Poor, Thomas Rouse, and their successors, as Trustees. Competent professors were employed for three or four years, but for some cause, it was suspended, and the building is now used by R. L. Collins for a steam flouring mill, of which we have before made mention.

The first division of the county into school districts was made in April, 1822, by an order of the County Court. The lands of the Militia Company of Capt. Wm. Harrison composed District No. 1; of Capt. Wm. Hogan, District No. 2; of Capt. W. P. Thomas, District No. 3; of Capt. Chas. Ruddell, District No. 4; of Capt. James Elliston, District No. 5; of Capt. Andrew Myers, District No. 6. The school-houses and the schools taught in these several districts were similar to the first one we have described. In February, 1838, an Act was passed by the Legislature of Kentucky establishing a State system of Common Schools. This Act directed that the several County Courts appoint five Commissioners to lay the counties off into school districts, to contain not less than thirty nor more than one hundred children between the ages of seven and seventeen. In pursuance of this Act, Thomas Clark, James H. Robinson, R. L. Clements and T. J. Daniels, were appointed to assist the County Surveyor in laying off our county into school districts. Since this division many changes have been made in the boundaries, and several new districts formed. There are now fifty-three school districts and four thousand four hundred and seventy-three children, between the ages of six and twenty, reported by the Trustees.

Our common schools are now in a good working condition under the systematic and careful management of our present efficient Commissioner of Common Schools, H. D. Stratton.

We must not leave this subject without mentioning one of the most energetic and warm friends of popular education that the State has furnished, and who was a citizen of our county. We refer to Burwell Y. Carter, for many years Common School Commissioner of this county. He ably urged the remodeling of the school system, both by writing and speaking, and, especially, the increasing of the school fund by additional taxation. The people of Kentucky owe the passage of the recent law appropriating the additional fifteen cents to the hundred dollars for school purposes, probably as much to the zealous

efforts of Mr. Carter as to any other man in the State. He never ceased to labor in behalf of the common schools and the diffusion of general education, for which he won the especial gratitude and warm friendship of the people of his county. His death, which occurred in 1874, was very much lamented by every one.

Among the notable objects of Grant county was a large poplar tree, near Dry Ridge Baptist Church. It was nine feet in diameter, its magnificent trunk and branches towering far above the surrounding trees as the giant of the forest. Before it was cut down, in 1831, it was known by everybody as the "big tree".

Another object of note was the "Poison Spring," situated about one hundred yards north of Sherman. A family by the name of Wheeler, living at the place where Joseph Wayland now lives, and who used the water out of this spring, all took sick and died from some cause unknown then, but since supposed to have been milk-sickness. Many believed it was the water from the spring that killed them, and hence it took the name of the "Poison Spring," and for many years it was regarded by the more superstitious and less enlightened people as a dangerous and even fatal place to pass.

The oldest man in the county is Rankin Blackburn. He is now in his one hundred and second year; is as straight as an arrow, and reads and writes without the use of spectacles.

We must not here forget to state that in the year 1824 General Marquis Lafayette, who, next to the Father of our Country, is dear in the hearts of the American people, passed through our county on his way from Lexington to Cincinnati in company with his son and private secretary, and Hon. W. T. Barry, the Postmaster General of the United States; Hon. Geo. M. Bibb, formerly Chief Justice of Kentucky, and afterward reporter for the Court of Appeals, and other distinguished persons, whose names we could not get. The party took breakfast at the house of Mr. Arnold, who was an officer in the Revolutionary War, and who received a severe wound at the battle of Yorktown at the time of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. General Lafayette and Capt. Arnold knew each other personally and were so overcome by emotion at their meeting that they fell upon each other's necks and wept like brothers. After remaining with Capt. Arnold for several hours they passed on through the county and took dinner at the house of Littleton Robinson, about one-quarter of a mile above Crittenden, and now known as the widow Henderson farm. The General greeted the people, who thronged to meet him along the road, with much cordiality and friendship. This is remembered by our oldest people as one of the proudest and happiest incidents in the history of our county.

In 1841 one of the most horrible attempted murders, and also one of the most severe examples of lynching, occurred in this county, of which history makes mention. John Utterback, a stock drover in the employ of some Bourbon county trader, was passing from Covington to his home in Bourbon when the horrible deed transpired, of which he was the victim. He had been secretly followed from the

city by two desperadoes named Smith Maythes and Lyman Crouch, and was overtaken by them about three miles south of Williamstown on the Cynthiana road. Utterback was riding horseback and they were in a buggy. They drove up by his side and caught the bridle and demanded his money. Seeing he was attacked by two desperate looking men he attempted to force his horse by, when he was struck a heavy blow on the head either with the gun, which they had, or a heavy stick. This felled him from his horse, but he recovered in an instant, and then commenced a struggle for life and death. One of the men attempted to shoot him, but the gun "miss-fired". Utterback was a man of powerful physical strength and endurance, and the struggle continued for several minutes before they were able to overcome him. Finally one of them succeeded in striking him again over the head with the gun, this time knocking him senseless. This was many yards from where the struggle commenced. One of them now drew a large knife and inflicted gash after gash across Utterback's throat from ear to ear, until their most fiendish and wicked minds convinced them he was thoroughly dead. They found no money or valuables on his body. He was not the man, it was supposed, they had thought he was.

While the struggle was ensuing a Jew peddler happened to pass on horseback. As soon as he discovered the terrible fighting, and supposing his time was to come next, put spurs to his horse, never once halting or turning his head to learn the cause or nature of the struggle. Tam O'Shanter, is his fearful flight from the witches, did not urge his faithful mare, "Meg," with more terrible anxiety and fear than did this son of Ishmael his panting steed. On he came, through Williamstown, and down the pike, holding to his wares as best he could with one hand and whipping with the other. From whence he came and whither he was bound he gave to the astonished people not the slightest indication. Maythes and Crouch seeing this man start upon his precipitous journey, and supposing he had gone to give information of what he had witnessed and fearing they would soon be overtaken, left their buggy and fled to the woods. In about an hour afterward Utterback was discovered. He was not dead, but had crawled up by the side of a tree, and was endeavoring to write in a small note-book the particulars of his attempted murder. In a few hours the whole country was aroused and in pursuit of the dastardly villains. About four o'clock the next evening they were found and captured in Pendleton county and brought to Williamstown and lodged in jail. Utterback was taken home, where he recovered from his wounds, and, it is said, is still living.

The would-be murderers became still more desperately infuriated when they were informed that Utterback was not dead; especially Maythes, who was the oldest and most wicked in crimes. He made many bitter threats while in jail—that he would burn the town and assassinate every man who aided in his capture. These threats were soon communicated over the county, and it needed but a breath of this kind to kindle in a positive and angry determination the disposition of the people to lynch them. One evening, after the prisoners had

been in jail about three months, a crowd of about four hundred persons, composed of men from Pendleton, Harrison, Bourbon, Scott and Grant counties, assembled about one mile south of town, and there formed into a regular column, four abreast, and marched into town. The jailor hearing of their coming buried the keys. They marched into the Court House yard without saying a word. The people of the town attempted to dissuade them from their determined purpose, and eloquent speeches were made to them by Major James O'Hara, Edward Burthell and John W. McCann, pleading in the cause of justice, to allow her to take her course in the courts, and that she would be sure to mete out to men guilty of such a crime a just and rigid punishment. But these speeches were of no avail. A calm, unwavering determination sat brooding upon the countenance of every man. They asked if there was any one else who wished to speak to them, when Rev. Josiah Whittaker came forward and knelt in their midst and offered up a fervent prayer, in which a last appeal was made that the prisoners might be spared a fate not contemplated by law and justice. Still they were unmoved. When he had finished they deliberately marched to the jail door and broke it down, took out the prisoners and conveyed them to the place where their crime was committed. Here a scaffold was erected and the prisoners were told they could have a short time to confess their crime, if they wished to, and to make peace with their God. They did confess the full particulars of the outrage, but their crime was too black and their hearts too deeply steeped in infamy to permit them to raise their voices and ask the forgiveness of a merciful Heaven. They stood mute, and ropes were placed around their necks, and they were swung to the scaffold immediately over the place where their struggle with Utterback had ended. When the last vital spark of life had fled from their bodies, they were cut down and buried in graves dug by the roadside. That night they were taken up by unknown persons and their heads severed from the bodies and carried away, the bodies being restored to the graves. Maythes was born and raised near Maysville, Ky. He had been a bold and desperate highway robber for many years. Crouch was young in his wicked calling and lived in Cincinnati, where he was respectably connected, having at one time been a member of the police force of that city. In a few days after the lynching his wife and some friends came out and got his headless body and conveyed it home, where it was buried in a manner befitting his former relations as a man of respect.

Grant county, in respect to its population, wealth, fertility of soil, and agricultural produce, is far above an average county in the State. Its population, taking the same method we did at first, is 14,775. In the northern part of the county there are some fine mineral springs, the water being composed of iron, magnesia and salts.

Out of a large number of soldiers of the war of the Revolution and war of 1812, the following are living: Chas. W. Porter, Larkin Webster, John Ferguson, Elijah Sturgeon, James Wilson, and Jeremiah Morgan. See list of deceased soldiers on opposite page.

A LIST OF DECEASED SOLDIERS

WHO HAVE LIVED IN GRANT COUNTY AND WHO FOUGHT IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR AND IN THE WAR OF 1812.

REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS:

William Arnold,
Bennett Williams,
William Worton,
Joseph Spencer,
Jacob New,
Hezekiah Thomas,
John Lawless,
Daniel Sewards,
John Jump,
John Zinn,
—— Rose,
Aaron Adams,

SOLDIERS OF THE WAR OF 1812:

George Williams,
Martin Speagle,
William Walker,
Zachariah Dunn,
William Wright,
William Gray,
Robert Jump,
Valentine Jump,
Benjamin Hockins,
Eli Osborne,
Abram Workman,
Woodson Parrish,
Isaac Rutledge,
James Ashcraft,
William Hogan,
Anderson Simpson,
James Howe,
Harmon Childers,
John Page,
Lewis Lawless,
William McDowell,
Ichabod Ashcraft,
Lewis Rose,
Isaac Biddle,
Jeremiah Sturgeon,
William Littell,
William Cook,
Joseph Jump,
Andy Manear,
Noah Clifton,
George Huffman,
Joseph Zinn,
Thomas Wilson,
John Hendrix,
John Arnold,
Samuel Hicks,
Willis Marksbury,
John W. Halladay,
John White,
Charles Ruddell,
Spencer Berkley.

Members of the Legislature from Grant county—*Senate:* Benjamin B. Johnson, 1841–44; O. P. Hogan, 1848–50, 53–57; O. D. McManama, 1871–75.

House of Representatives: John Marksbury, 1824, 26; James Ellis-ton, 1825; Nathaniel Henderson, 1827; Abraham Jonas, 1828, 29, 31, and '33; Asa Vallandingham, 1830; Lewis Myers, 1835, 38–45, 65 to '67; Charles Ruddell, 1836; Napoleon B. Stephens, 1839, 40; Peter Ireland, 1841, 46, 47; O. P. Hogan, 1842, 43; Wm. Hendrix, 1844; Squire Lucas, 1848; T. J. McGinnis, 1849; Andrew S. Linn, 1850; O. J. Lindsay, 1851–53; Alfred Kendall, 1853–55, 57–59, 67 to '69; James Kinslaer, 1855–57; Alex. Dunlap, 1859–61; Wm. S. Rankin, 1861–63; E. H. Smith, 1863–65; Wm. G. Conrad, 1871–73; and Jerry Poor, 1875–77.

List of some of the prominent lawyers who have practiced at the Grant county bar previous to the year 1825: Wm. Brant, Wm. K. Wall, Edward Holder, Richard M. Grimes, Henry Warfield, Thomas Grimes, Richard T. Wheat, D. M. Payne, Samuel Todd, Edward S. Armstrong, Nicholas D. Coleman, James O'Hara, Wm. Frazier, Thos. Hub, J. T. Robinson, E. T. Johnson, W. B. Chambers, Edward T. Vawter, Edward F. Vawter, W. W. Southgate, and Jas. H. Birch.

Since 1825: Garret Davis, Charles Moorehead, Thos. N. Lindsay, G. W. Craddock, John W. Stephenson, J. C. Breckinridge, James B. Beck, W. S. Arthur, J. F. Fisk, W. S. Rankin, John G. Carlise, Andrew Lynn, N. Burrell, J. S. Boyd, Harry Ward, M. C. Johnston, James Pryor, W. S. Pryor, E. T. Nutall, J. S. Scott, Geo. C. Drane, Allen Duvall, M. J. Dudley, John B. Payne, Chas. Duncan, J. D. Lillard, J. J. Landram, Harvey Myers, John W. Finnell, V. T. Chambers, W. W. Ireland, J. T. Simon, W. P. Thorne, J. O. Terrell, J. Q. Ward, R. F. Riddell, R. C. Green, J. C. Furnish, J. B. Finnell, R. Q. Sleet, W. J. Perrin, M. M. Benton, E. T. Masterson, W. P. C. Breckinridge, D. W. Voorhees, Pat. Major, T. F. Hallam, Benj. F. Piatt, and H. E. Hannshell.

Lawyers who live in Grant county at the present time: E. H. Smith, O. D. McManama, J. M. Collins, A. G. DeJarnette, W. N. Hogan, Wm. Fenley, W. T. Simmons, W. W. Dickerson, I. L. Schwabacker, J. C. Kilgour, John Carnes, C. C. Cram, P. B. Shepherd, and J. L. Dougherty.

We will only add a few words in regard to our Centennial Fourth. Early that morning the people began to pour in from all directions—some on horseback, others in wagons, buggies and carriages, until the pike above and below where the Celebration was held was literally packed and jammed with vehicles of conveyance. A large and convenient stand was erected in the grove, before mentioned, which was neatly and tastefully festooned with cedar and other evergreens by the young ladies of Williamstown and Dry Ridge. In front of the stand was Kentucky's motto in large letters, worked in cedar: "*United we stand, divided we fall.*" At eleven o'clock a crowd had assembled of between three and four thousand people, to which splendid music was discoursed by the Falmouth Silver Cornet Band. In all this vast

assembly not a single disturbance of any kind occurred, and not a single person seen under the influence of liquor. Commodious arrangements had been made, by the committee appointed for that purpose, for the convenience and pleasure of this large crowd, and the politest order maintained by the Marshal and his deputies.

PROGRAMME OF THE DAY:

Music. Prayer by Rev. Thomas Rankin.
Music. Reading Declaration of Independence, by Urial Harrison.
Music. Reading History of the County, by R. H. Elliston.
Music. Dinner.
Music. Oration, by I. L. Schwabacker.
Music. Oration, by Judge J. M. Collins.
Music. Extemporaneous speech, by J. M. Lowe, of Missouri.
Music. Extemporaneous speech, by Judge O. P. Hogan.

After which the people returned to their respective homes, feeling that it had not only been a day of pleasure but of profit—a grand reunion among themselves, in which all petty prejudices and past difference of opinions were forgotten, some of them perhaps realizing that they would not again be permitted to enjoy another Centennial Celebration. And thus closed the one-hundredth Anniversary of American Independence in Grant county, a day long to be remembered by all.

"The union of hearts, the union of hands,
The union of States none can sever;
The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The Flag of our Union forever."

Committee of Arrangements.—Dr. O. P. Hogan, R. T. Kinslaer, Dr. W. H. Dougherty, H. C. Morgan, R. T. Dickerson, T. J. Conrad, John Elliston, Dr. Rollins, E. K. Lummis, and N. T. Parker.

Marshal.—R. W. Westover. *Deputy Marshals.*—Ella Hogan, Alfred Bennett and William Carnes.

STATISTICS OF POPULATION, STOCK, ETC.

	1840.	1850.	1876.
Value of lands	603,908	1,126,474	2,129,565
Value of town lots,	50,897	46,215	166,792
No. Horses and mares,	1,640	2,416	4,509
Value of horses and mares,	70,376	92,875	202,102
No. Mules,	58	64	815
Value of mules,	1,669	1,857	28,517
Number of cattle,	2,230	1,774	5 994
Value of cattle over $50,	12,749	14,206	136,503
Total value of all taxable property,	977,058	1,582,573	3,118,195
White males over 21 years of age,	698	1,323	2,664
Value under Equalization Law,	108,858	121,256	362,045
Value Stores,	10,100	20,600	57,610

LIST OF COUNTY OFFICERS:

Circuit Judge,.....George C. Drane
Criminal Judge,.....O. D. McManama
County Judge,.....W. T. Simmons
Master Commissioner,.....W. G. Frank
Circuit Clerk,.....James T. Willis
Sheriff,.....James P. Webb
Deputy Sheriff,.....William T. Clark
County Clerk,.....Robert H. Elliston
County Attorney,.....W. W. Dickerson
County Jailor,.....Thomas Stroud
County Coroner,.....James Price
County Assessor,.....William H. Kuhn
County School Commissioner,.....H. D. Stratton
County Surveyor,.....William H. Crouch

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

Williamstown—H. Hall and G. W. Tucker.
S. A. Merrell, Constable.

Cordova—J. K. Northcutt and H. C. Morgan.
H. C. Jones, Constable.

Downingsville—Squire Childers and Milton Jump.
Allen Holbrook, Constable.

Flat Creek—J. D. Elliston and William Buckhardt.
Lewis Ford, Constable.

Mt. Zion—Walter McBee and H. L. Blanchett.
Ezra Webster.

Crittenden—T. O B. Northcutt and Hughey Beard.
E. K. McClure, Constable.

Stewartsville—B. P. Clark and E. K. Lummis.
G. W. Evans, Constable.

Cross Roads—Philip Kennedy and John Robinson.
Carter Simpson, Constable.

Corinth—W. P. Estes and Andrew Beard.
W. B. Ramey, Constable.

TOWN OFFICERS OF WILLIAMSTOWN.

Police Judge, Geo. J. Burgess; Marshal, R. W. Westover; Treasurer, P. T. Zinn; City Attorney, I. L. Schwabacker; Clerk, Clarence C. Nesbitt.

Board of Trustees—A. G. DeJarnette, Chairman; Dr. J. M. Wilson, N. H. Jeffers, R. H. Collins, J. T. McGinnis, and H. H. Tully.

TOWN OFFICERS OF CRITTENDEN.

Police Judge, Littleton Fenley; Treasurer, E. K. McClure; Clerk, G. W. Follett.

Board of Trustees—N. M. Lloyd, Chairman; James Ranton, J. M. Collins, Dr. J. M. Fenley, A. S. Byers, and W. H. Hays.

ORATION BY JUDGE J. M. COLLINS.

Again, my fellow countrymen, with the approval of Providence and under the bright and cloudless sky of American Independence, we are permitted to behold the Anniversary sun of our natal day, and with gladsome hearts to salute the emblem of our national glory, our cherished Union and acknowledged power, as spotless as in other days. Once more we are permitted to behold the stars and stripes waving triumphantly as "a thing of beauty" over a nation blessed with peace, prosperity, and happiness, both national and individual.

Again we are assembled upon our own native land, having come from our own happy homes with patriotic hearts to embalm the memory of '76—to talk of the trials, tribulations and sacrifices of our pilgrim fathers and mothers, to light anew the lamp of memory by which we recount their deeds of valor, their acts of moral courage, and their unexampled work of establishing in a "new world" that principle of civil and religious liberty which is to-day the light of nations and the glory of men.

Let us now, with grateful hearts and uplifted voices, thank God, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, that after an hundred years have passed adown the stream of time, we are yet a free and united people, possessing the *Caanan* of the world, governed by the same organic law and rallying around the same banner of national glory. We are not here simply to recite the many and noble deeds of the pioneer men and women of other days, the memory of which, through the historian, the poet and the press, glows brightly upon the altar of our hearts, but we are here for another purpose—a purpose more immediately connected with the present welfare of our common country. Standing to-day, as we are, upon the narrow isthmus connecting the eventful past with the promising future, our minds naturally, yea, irresistibly, survey the one and prospect the other, thus enabling us to guard against the evils which sap the foundation of republican institutions, and to discharge our duty as men of freedom, of thought, purpose, and action.

The lamp of the past must necessarily be the light of the future, and while the American citizen, with the aid of this light, looks into the future, he is enabled to see the breakers upon which the ship of State will wreck, and with a steady helm make sure a happy voyage into the harbor of safety and repose. Why is it that this is a peculiar day to us? Why is it that this day is introduced with the roar of the cannon, ringing of bells, and the intermingled shouts of joy of the whole people reverberating from hill to hill, from Maine to Louisiana, along the valley of the great Mississippi, from the Atlantic to the

Pacific, crossing the Blue Ridge and Rocky Mountains, till it dies away upon the placid waters of the eastern and western oceans? The same peerless god of day awoke this morning from the invisible deep, and came forth to gladden life with its light and genial warmth. He was preceded by the same beautiful aurora and has pursued his trackless path with the same unequalled grandeur until now, in the zenith of his glory, he has reached his culmination and will soon pass away in the dappled west till another morn. Apparently he is the same as yesterday, and, perhaps, is no brighter or more brilliant than he will be to-morrow, yet this is a day of rejoicing, of union of hearts, union of hopes, and union of purpose of a free and happy people. Every American freeman is ready to answer the question, and the united, simultaneous response comes from north, south, east, and west—this is our natal day, this is the birthday of the greatest and happiest nation on the earth, the only nation possessing a perfect organic law, the Constitution; the only nation which secures to its people perfect civil and religious liberty, a nation which, within an hundred years, has risen from three to forty-three million of people, speaking different languages, adhering to different political and religious creeds, and yet an undivided people—worshiping at the same governmental altar, under the same national banner, and prompted by the same patriotic motives. What a majestic nation, whose free government, desirable climate, inexhaustible agricultural and mineral resources, and whose social and intellectual people challenge the admiration of every nation; whose snow-clad mountains, granite hills, fertile valleys, and picturesque landscapes, invite the careworn and weary traveler of every "nation, tongue and kindred," and the strides of whose people in education, science and agriculture are the wonder and admiration of the world. And this is not only our national day, but it completes the hundredth cycle of our existence, which have come and gone with their changes, hopes and fears.

When we contemplate the past, through which our government has gone, we are impressed with wonder that to-day it stands unrivalled in power and supremacy. It has withstood the assaults of nations, the shock of wars, and more than all, divisions and revolutions within its own bosom. Through three decisive wars has this flag been borne, yet it has never trailed in the dust—wars in which the earth rocked to the world's most decisive battles, which sent the names of the military heroes directing them, like spell-words around the globe. In one of these terrific struggles brother was even arrayed against brother and father against son, yet when the thunder was o'er how pure was the climate it had cleared, how free was the air of American liberty, and how ready were her sons of freedom to put on their armor against a common foe, fully and surely evidencing the truth of the couplet:

"Divide as we may, in our own native land,
To the rest of the world we are one."

Our government has witnessed the rise and fall of nations, men and parties, yet it has steadily grown in power and wealth; its forests and hunting grounds have yielded to the axe and plow, and have been

converted into fertile fields of agriculture; cities, towns and hamlets have sprung up as if by magic, and the untold wealth of its vast mineral vaults have been opened; and its majestic rivers, whitened with the sails of its steamers laden with the vast and boundless productions of its soil, all contributing to her power and greatness which can never fail while the great heart of the American people is animated by motives of devotion to free government.

During the hundred years, this day completed, our government has steadily moved onward towards the culmination of her greatness. Beginning at the east, westward the star of freedom took its way till it has reached and crossed the western slope of the Rocky Mountains, and will continue thus to move until the sound of the axe of the farmer and the hammer of the mechanic are heard and felt even to the verge of the western ocean.

One after another new governments have sprung into life, and with much promise have taken their place in the firmament of nations, where their stars have shone in splendor and beauty, but the evening of their day soon came, and it was left for the historian to note upon the record of time that they once were but have fallen amidst revolution and anarchy. Great men have arisen, suddenly and unheralded their lights have appeared, the power of their mighty intellects have revolutionized governments, commanded men and organized measures, but to-day they only live in the work they left behind them and in the memory of their followers. Great political parties have made their appearance upon the stage of political life, have wrought their mighty work upon the destiny of men and governments, and have passed away, sending their last gleam to earth as they sank beyond a troubled horizon; yet the United States of America, the birth of freedom and the mother of liberty, "the land of the free and the home of the brave," still lives, surviving them all, and the light of its free institutions grows brighter and brighter, while men of other nations have been compelled to bow at its shrine and to acknowledge that in the birth, existence and power of this Republic the great problem—the ability of man to govern himself—has first been fully solved.

The truism that time builds upon the ruin itself has made, has *not* been verified in the life and power of this government. The tidal wave which has borne past generations to the unfathomed ocean of eternity, is still hastening to the same doom the living mass of mankind, now gliding onward to that other land "from whose bourn no traveler has yet returned." One generation dies that another may live to take its place. The downfall of one system has been the ultimate establishment of another, often wiser and more effectual for the happiness of man, but our government has risen higher and still higher above these axiomatic truths, has firmly withstood the changes of systems, generations and men, and to-day is purified by the dissolving fires through which it has gone. Why is this? why has this government after an hundred years have gone with its life, its death, its creation and its desolation, grown stronger and more fully established as a lasting power, and we can truthfully say *the* lasting power

of the world? There is but one answer, and it comes from all parts of the land: "Our government is founded upon the consent of the governed." This is the culmination of all ideas of free government, and was the controlling principle by which our fathers of '76 and '87 were actuated when they gave to us, in their almost superhuman wisdom, the two great papers—the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States—the light of whose governmental truths have guided us unerringly through all our peregrinations of the hundred years just ended. In the first they declared to the British government, then in the hands of that young but arrogant King, George III., that it had become necessary for them to "assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitled them;" and in order to do this they declared the leading principles and ideas which should control them in the establishment of the New Republic in the new world. These words are handed down to us with a great sacredness and are so often heard in the councils of our nation, that they are impressed upon our memory, and even the school-boy can repeat them. Let us again listen to them, and again learn wisdom from their utterances, "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. *That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.*" These are axiomatic truths, self-evident propositions, and should always be kept before the people of a free government, and relying upon their truth and power our fathers entered upon that matchless struggle for liberty which lasted, without intermission, until Cornwallis at Yorktown surrendered his sword, and with it his army, to the "Father of his Country," the immortal Washington.

And then in '87, when they came together to form their organic law, which was to acknowledge the thirteen Colonies separate sovereignties and yet bound together by an indissoluble bond, the same principles and the same living declarations controlled them.

Let us again listen to their wisdom, let us again hear their matchless words, which, since then, have held a magic spell o'er our own hearts: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this the Constitution of the United States of America."

The word "union" carries with it the idea of consent—it is consent —there is no such a truth as a forced union. The articles of confederation had theretofore bound them together, but now they are to "form a more perfect union," all of which must be predicated upon the consent of the governed. They were then to "secure the blessings of liberty," and this could not be done except by the consent of the people. This principle of consent permeates the whole of that impregnable bulwark to civil and religious liberty. It was so dear to them and so necessary to the continued existence of the new Repub-

lic they had maintaned by their lives and their sacrifices, and which they were then establishing as a permanent institution of the coming ages, as to be made to appear upon any page. Let us again read: Article X of the Amendments proposed in '89 reads as follows: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people." We need not say that this is the essence of consent, that it is the perfection of consent, for it is so fully demonstrated that no one can err when reading and studying it.

My friends, I need not tell you that so long as this principle controls the administration of our laws, so long as men cheerfully acquiesce in the powers that be, and submit to the law because it is founded upon and grows out of their consent, just so long will this government be enshrined in the hearts of its people.

But when men in power, who are responsible to the people for the faithful discharge of their duties, administer the law of their imagination rather than the law of the land, builded upon the Constitution given to us by our fathers—when they forget that the liberty and sacred rights of the people are inalienable and are secured by the combined powers of the government, and wantonly disregard the obligations growing out of their relation to the people, our government, like its illustrious predecessors, must pass away amidst the throes of a terrible revolution, in which man's inhumanity to man will control the thoughts and actions of men.

This day is common to us all—to the high and the low, the rich and the poor, to the native and the foreign-born who have adopted this country as their homes. To-day we leave our business, our homes, our many fields of labor, and come together as a common brotherhood bound together by indissoluble bonds, written bonds, moral bonds, in which, for the perpetuity of our government, we have pledged to each other "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." Wherever the American citizen is to-day he is respected, his rights are secured, and by the almost magic power of that flag he is protected. Whether he is gliding upon the waters of the invisible deep, or traversing the shores of a distant land, he feels the same security of person and property as if he were with us to-day in our festivities.

Our rejoicing is not bounded by our geographical lines, but to-day the American citizen, wherever he may be, lifts up his voice and exlaims—

"My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing!"

This song began with the wakening of the early morn, and the glad refrain was caught up by forty millions of free people, and it will not cease till the "wee sma' hours" hie us to our homes.

It is natural for us to love the power which protects us. We lift up our hearts to Almighty God for His protecting arm over us, and so with the power which secures to us the blessings of civil and religious liberty, our hearts go out with emotions of patriotic affection,

and we are ready to strike the power that would mar its beauty or break its force. Let us hope that the grandeur of this power, the beauty of this form of government may be handed down by us to coming generations, a priceless treasure whose worth must be felt in order to be fully appreciated.

It will be impossible in the space of time which properly belongs to us in these pleasant exercises, to bring before this audience in a panoramic view the effect of the establishment of a pure and unmixed republican government in America. It has not been, aye, it could not have been confined to America, but it has shed its light in every nation, and its influence and power are felt and feared by the Monarchs of the remotest nations. Before the establishment of our government honest industry had not enjoyed its prudent gains, and honest men had often sighed for relief. Men had often met together and consulted in order to found a Republic, a free government, but had as often failed. One by one the Republic's founded by Greece had fallen before the influences of the patricians; the nobility held the power by enslaving the people, and the goddess of liberty was left to weep o'er a fallen people. These Greecians were the first to invent the system of a commonwealth, sovereigns, under one federal head, but their thoughts of free institutions perished in the spring-time of their existence. Inspired by the thought of freedom the Romans took up the conception. In that splendid nation caste was the power in society; the patrician the nobility governed by the magic wand of their hands. The plebeians met beneath their seven hills, consulted of liberty, of the right of man to govern himself—of the true theory of universal suffrage, of the principle that all governments should be founded upon the consent of the governed; but their theories all vanished in a general tyranny, and a new barbarism succeeded.

One after another Republics have sprung up from the efforts of men to free themselves from the galling yoke of slavery, but all were massacred by Kings and Potentates. Church and State were united in a warfare against every principle of free government. Every effort made for their separation, every attempt to establish the principle by which men and women could worship the God of their fathers according to their own conviction, were met and thwarted, and their advocates held up as heretics. When the eighteenth century dawned upon the people another combat began between the votaries of free government and despotism; yet, after the battle had been fought with moral grandeur by the patriots, all along the line, they fell, and again the people were enslaved and the intellect kept in ignorance. When, on the memorable 4th of July, 1776, Jefferson, Hancock, Adams, Lee, and others, were slowly taking their steps toward Independence Hall, they were compelled to look down the dim stream of history and trembled to find its shores strewn with wrecks of freedom, of Republics, and of Commonwealths, with monarchies and despotisms flourishing—where once had stood the dawning fabrics of human equality! Though the outlook was fearful—in no way inviting—they were not in the least chagrined, but had resolved to dedicate the New World

to that great principle of self-government which had been the struggle of past generations. They had surveyed the field, counted the costs, and with faith in God and confidence in His power to help, were determined to strike for humanity till the last armed foe expired. That splendid and matchless fabric of human liberty which was the conception of those splendid intellects and moral patriots, is ours to-day and almost unchanged, and with its broad and comprehensive thoughts we are all familiar. An hundred years of national progress have familiarized the mind with the widest strides of civil liberty. It is simply impossible for us to properly estimate the progress of this nation since then. If we could compare the condition of men then with it now—if we could draw a picture of the condition of suffering humanity then with the free and happy people of to-day, not only here, but throughout all Europe, we could to some extent form an idea of the progress of free government.

An hundred years ago the people of France were but little better than slaves. Church bigotry had prescribed but one course, and the Hebrew and Protestant were together persecuted. But a short time previous to that, Jean Calas had perished at the stake, and the people were afraid to lift up their voices for liberty. The press was silenced and education was denied to all but the nobility, who, together with the clergy, had usurped all power and authority, among whom crime was unpunished and the greatest rein was given to their brutal outrages upon the helpless and innocent people. The same might have been said of Italy, Germany, Spain and Russia—they were all under the power of the nobility and clergy, whose lives depended upon keeping the people in ignorance and slavery.

How was it then with England, who claimed to be the mistress of the East as to power, wealth and intelligence? A hundred years ago, in that proud and boasting country, no dissenter from the State Church could hold office, no Hebrew could become a citizen, and no Catholic was safe in the utterance of his peculiar faith; and when complaint was made the Catholic was pointed to Germany, France, and other nations, where theirs was the State Church, for a precedent for their conduct. Indeed, we may say that the chief trait of the eighteenth century was "man's inhumanity to man." Under all these gloomy forebodings, with nothing to cheer them in their surroundings except the firm conviction that they were in the great work of human liberty, with the God of battles on their side, the greatest question which was ever discussed of a political nature, was then most solemnly considered and decided. Everywhere its influence has been felt. France has yielded up her despotism, England has been shorn of her power as a monarchy—in fact, the monarchs of the whole world have yielded to the fair demands of the people.

There is no monarch who is safe for a day if he fail to respect the claims of the people. The idea of consent by the governed to the principles and policies of government, by which they are controlled,

has so far permeated the minds and hearts of the people that Kings and Potentates hold them in fear and bow to their wish.

Though in some of the nations of the East Church and State are yet together, it is but in name. The liberty of the press, of speech, of the right to criticise and petition the powers which control, has been acknowledged and its power felt. The people are educated and allowed to discuss the character of their government, and the manner in which the laws are administered. These are rapid strides in the improvement of the condition of the people, and all are due to the establishment of a free government in America.

Our influence has not alone been felt in the roll of government, but in every walk of life we have lent a charm to advancement, and have pushed onward the car of improvement. The improvement in science, art, education, in everything, have gone far beyond the conception of men. Every nation has advanced in these respects, but the New World has distanced them all. We are now the light of the whole world in everything which lends enchantment to life, which elevates the thoughts of mankind, and which makes them a happy and grateful people. Most of the grand inventions of the century were the offspring of the intellects, patience and industry of American people. Distance has been annihilated, space is not known, and in one hour or so we talk freely with all Europe. The events of to day in America are known and felt in England before the morrow's sun. The citizen leaves our eastern metropolis—New York—to-day, and in less than a week has spanned the continent, and is safe in that distant southern metropolis, San Francisco.

Our people are educated and our system of common schools challenges the admiration of every nation. In this country every boy may receive a liberal education, and may take his place among the lights of the day. We have no caste in society, no nobility, no rank. Any man is the peer of his fellow man. We rise or fall by our own conduct—the same law controls us all, the same rank belongs to us all, and the greatest crown of success is alike in the reach of all. What a grand idea of equality—equality of worth, not of birth. The poor boy of to-day may be the leading mind of the next decade of years. It is the educated, cultivated mind which controls the destinies of the day.

The moral power of such a government may be more easily written and talked of than realized, but when we look around us and see the immensity of our grandeur, know how our power and influence are felt all over the world, even by the strongest governments of Europe—when we know that upon the waters of every ocean and sea our flag is respected and saluted, and we are hailed as the mistress of the Western continent—we may to some extent estimate our greatness and glory. This democratic government which we hail as the government of America, as our government, our system of government, is the last best gift of man to man—is the last best invention of the world in the line of governments, and is the culmination of governments. It was for Abraham to establish the patriarchal or family

government by which the old man of God, leaning on his staff, could read the law to his children. Almighty God reserved the right to give to Moses, amidst the thunders of Sinai, the theocracy and hierarchy which Moses gave to the chosen people of Israel. It was for Saul, the first in the line of Kings, to substitute this with a monarchy, absolute and consolidated. It was for King John of England, in the thirteenth century, to surrender to his people much of the absolute power of his monarchy in the great Magna Charta, which, by the hands of the King himself, was given to his subjects as a confirmation of his act in that little isle on the Thames, since known as Magna Charter isle, from the effects of which his absolute became a limited monarchy; but it was for King George III., of England, to surrender to the American Congress his dominion of this people, and to recognize in the New World a Republic from which every principle of monarchy had been discarded, and which was "derived from the consent of the governed." This fact, taken in connection with our present greatness, completely overshadows us, and we are compelled to yield the subject to other and greater minds.

The strides of our people from 1776 to 1876 impress us with the idea that man is fast approaching that perfection, in the way of human inventions and human improvements, beyond which there is no point of attainment. Let us for a moment look at the vastness of our work as exhibited in some of the leading branches of useful science, and then pause to wonder at the grandeur of that God-like faculty of man—his striving, ever working and peerless intellect—its power, its conception, its immeasurable ability.

In 1830 we had but four miles of railway (and the first in the world) in the United States, which cost but $50,000. In 1874 we have 72,623 miles, fully completed and in operation, at a cost of two billions of dollars. We now have one mile of railway to ever five hundred and eighty-one inhabitants. The Union Pacific, beginning at Omaha and terminating at Salt Lake, is 1,029 miles long, and cost $112,000,000. The Central Pacific, taking up the connection at Salt Lake, terminates at San Francisco, and is 1,222 miles long. It was built at a cost of $140,000,000. The chartered length of the North Pacific is 1,800 miles, and when completed is estimated to cost about $200,000,000. The completion of the Central and Union Pacific gives us a direct connection between the northern coast of Maine and the most southern boundary of California, a distance of six thousand miles. We have 20,199 miles of railway, more than all the world combined, for all the other countries together have but 52,424 miles. A great majority of the master improvements, as to machinery, cars, soil, etc., are the product of the minds of America.

The press is universally regarded as the greatest auxiliary to a republican government. By the means of the press the thoughts and ideas of the intellect are expressed to day and read by many thousands to-morrow. No people can be enslaved unless the press is first silenced. Independent discussion of measures, of men, and of the administration of government, is the greatest bulwark against oppres-

sion. All free governments depend upon a free and unembarrassed discussion of every proposition looking to the establishment of rules of action. Ours being a government whose rulers come directly from the people, free discussion by the press, or from the rostrum, is necessary to familiarize the rulers with the wish of the people. How necessary then that we should support and maintain the press from the assaults of those who would break that strong arm of the government. This is a reason for the great improvement in the art of printing by Americans during the last century. From the hand-press, used by Franklin in the eighteenth century, which printed one page of a paper at a time, and that with great labor, we now have the rotary press by Hoe, which prints fifteen thousand papers per hour. And still more wonderful is the improvement on this press by Bullock, by which we take a vast roll of blank paper, put it in the press, which cuts it in proper size, prints and folds from 8,000 to 10,000 per hour. What a vast stride has the mind of man taken in this improvement in science! And the advance in the means of education is no less wonderful. At the beginning of the hundred years, the close of which we celebrate to day, there were in America but three colleges and academies; now we have 1,979, with 200,000 students preparing their intellects to take the place of their fathers. We have in the several States and Territories 300,000 common schools, with 10,000,000 children receiving the instruction necessary to make them good and useful citizens. We claim that our system of education is superior to that of any other government in the world. It is more general, more thorough, and better prepares the mind for general usefulness. "Educate the people" has been the watchword from the earliest dawn of our free institutions till the present. Jefferson, when he visited Europe a short time before he assumed the chief place in this nation, wrote back to his paper and declared that we must educate the people. Adams, while upon his death-bed, left his last advice to his country—educate the people. Washington, in his last advice to his friends who had made a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon to hear what the "Father of his Country" had to say, told them if they wished to perpetuate these free institutions they must educate the people, and we of the nineteenth century have taken up the conception. Everywhere we hear the cry—educate the people.

We might refer to many wonderful inventions and improvements, but the crowning one of all, and the one which more fully impresses us with the wonderful ability and power of man, is the Telegraph. It is too wonderful, too vast, too overshadowing to be expressed. The lightning of heaven, which carried with it destruction everywhere, is chained and made harmless by the power of man, and the elements of which it is composed have been made the means of communicating thoughts from man to man, from one part of the whole world to the other, and Morse, an American citizen, before he yielded up his spirit, could look back upon his work and say in the language of the first message ever communicated upon his telegraph: "What has God wrought?" We to-day may catch up the thought, and in reviewing

the work of the past century in our own country, can with Morse exclaim: "What has God wrought?"

And now, my friends, as you have thrown off the mantle of political creeds and have met as a free and united people, let us together rejoice in the fact that we are American citizens, that we are a common brotherhood, and that we have pledged to each other for the perpetuity of our free institutions "our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." Let us exult in the fact that these forty-three millions of people, with the most unbounded facilities for defense, can never be conquered. Let us remember that less than one-third of our vast and fertile territory has been fully developed. Let us remember that our free institutions come from the hearts of the people, that our government is founded upon the consent of the governed, and let us hope that it may be so preserved by us, as that generations yet unborn may learn to love it as the last and best gift from man to man.

ORATION BY I. L. SCHWABACKER. Esq.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

While I fully appreciate the compliment conferred on me by the citizens of this, my adopted county, in selecting me, with my eloquent friend and distinguished orator, Col. J. M. Collins, to deliver an address in your hearing to-day. While the object of our assembling to commemorate the brightest and most notable events of our cherished country's history, brings me unutterable pleasures—pleasures to which I would most gladly give expression if words and language were at my command with which to do so. Still, I rise to my duty with mingled feelings of timidity and reluctance, for I feel myself utterly incapable of discharging the duties and responsibilities assigned to me, either with credit to myself or justice to this glorious occasion.

We have assembled here to-day to celebrate with appropriate ceremonies the one hundredth anniversary of American Independence, to render to those noble and heroic patriots of 1776 the eulogies and encomiums they so justly merit at our hands; to eulogize the patriotic sentiments that inspired our forefathers in their gallant and victorious struggles against British oppression, and to show the advancement of civilization under the guidance and protection of our free and liberal institutions. In recurring to the Revolution, I deem it wholly unnecessary to detail the causes of contention between Great Britain and her thirteen American Colonies. To enumerate each particular incident that transpired during that eventful struggle, or to portray to your vivid imaginations the trials and vicissitudes of that fierce and bloody contest, as the American people are now too well acquainted with its history to be enlightened by anything that I might venture to say. Without commenting upon the several events as they transpired from the opening of the Revolution, when the tocsin of war

first fell upon the astonished ear of the peaceful colonist, we pass the battle of Lexington and of Bunker Hill, so notable in history, and come to the brightest, most glorious, and, I might add, the crowning event of our country's record.

On the Fourth day of July, 1776, there assembled at the State House, Philadelphia, the second Continental Congress. This body was composed of delegates from, and appointed by the several Colonies, (as the present States were then called), and among whose limited numbers were the most distinguished statesmen and representatives of the American Colonies—statesmen whose praiseworthy deeds and acts were limited only by the confines of the inhabited globe. They were there, as they had been for days before, to deliberate and consult upon the propriety of adopting a scroll that was then under serious consideration. See with what care they regarded the grave responsibilities resting upon them; with what reason and wisdom they interchange their views and opinions with each other. It was a momentous occasion! an occasion which caused the very nations of the earth to listen in silence and their monarchs to stand aghast, for the result of this struggle was either to give to our loved country a place among the nations of the earth, or to eternally place upon it the yoke of British subjection. The tumult about the State House showed the restlessness of the populace. Thousands of freemen listened with eager ears to catch the result. It seemed as if the very planets of the firmament had ceased for a time their revolutions to await their decision. All day long the old bellman of the State House stood ready to sound the notes of freedom to the city and to the nation. Hours passed by and still the gray-haired veteran in the belfry held his position. And at last the frenzied Colonists were o'ercome with mingled mutterings of sorrow and madness, and uttering to one another that "they would not, they dare not sign it." When the lad, whom the bellman had stationed below to give the signal when the deed was signed, ran out and waving his tiny hands on high, he cries to his grandfather to "Ring! ring! ring!" and the aged patriot did ring it as it had never been rung before.

"The old bell now is silent,
And hushed its iron tongue,
But the spirit it awakened,
Still lives forever young,
And while we greet the sunlight,
On the fourth of each July,
We'll ne'er forget the Bellman
Who 'twi'xt the earth and sky
Rang out our Independence
Which please God may never die."

And when it was thus announced that the Declaration of Independence had been signed, "That Liberty should be proclaimed to the land, to the inhabitants thereof," there arose such peals of joy and shouts of exultation as were never heard before. Every city and hamlet, from the pine-clad forests of Maine to the palmettos of South

Carolina, every hillside and every valley resounded with the echoes of ringing bells and firing of cannon.

In viewing the dawn of American Independence when three million of people, armed in its sacred and holy cause, dared to resist with force the mandates of the English crown; when thousands of patriots left their homes to sacrifice themselves in defence of their country, and immolate themselves upon the altar of their country's honor, does it not call to your minds the memories of departed Greece—the land of scholars and the nurse of nurs, the home of culture and refinement, and the cradle of liberty; where for generations National Liberty was the theme of the poet's song and the minstrel's lay; where in freedom's noble cause her fearless armies gave battle to and conquered the mightiest armies e'er seen in ancient or in modern times. Would it not seem as if the spirit that gave inspiration to her chivalric warriors, and which for centuries has been sleeping in the bosom of her departed glory, was transplanted in the breasts of American freemen; that spirit, which, when crushed beneath the iron heel of British oppression, burst the chains that held them down and struck for liberty.

If we could but revert to the scenes of that long and eventful strife from the patriots first knell to British tyranny amid the granite hills of New Hampshire, and follow them in their train to the time when the proud and haughty Cornwallis and his veteran English army laid down their arms on Virginia's benighted soil; if we could but know the trials and vicissitudes of that victorious war, but endure the sufferings and privations of those who fought so nobly in the defence of their homes and families. But visit the fields of carnage, where above the din of crackling musketry and roaring artillery, could be heard the shrieks of the wounded and groans of the dying; where strewn, as far as the eye can reach, the mangled and mutilated forms of brave and gallant soldiers. Can we for an instant think that we revere the Revolutionary heroes too highly?

Let us turn our eyes to the banks of the Potomac where its placid waters glide gently on in its downward course to the sea. There at Mt. Vernon is to be found the tomb wherein, for more than half a century, has lain all that is mortal of the illustrious Washington. The form of him who has so worthily been called "the Father of Liberty, the defender of his country, and the friend of mankind," a parallel for whose greatness history's pages have been sought in vain; the pathway of whose life is one grand halo of noble acts and generous deeds, who regarded his country's salvation far, far above his own personal worth; who at the head of his loved and venerated soldiers expelled the British from our soil, gave to us a free government, and a reign of peace. He unfurled to the breezes the Star Spangled Banner, that emblem of purity and freedom, and gave to our noble country the position she now occupies—the brightest and most luminous star in the galaxy of nations.

One hundred years have come and passed away since the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Death has claimed as its own the heroes of the Revolution. During the greater part of the century

has peace and prosperity blessed our native land. Our growth and progress toward national greatness has been most wonderful. Railroads now connect our most distant shores with each other in a perfect net work. Palatial steamers now glide gently on our beautiful rivers. On the spot where the wigwam of the lone Indian once stood, and where the crack of the backwoodsman's unerring rifle rent the mid-day air, now presents to our enchanted gaze the beautiful and magnificent cities, noisy with the bustle of traffic and commerce. Where the mighty oak, the monarch of the forest, once reared its lofty head to heaven and spread its leafy branches around its lesser neighbors to protect them from the furies of the thunder's storm or the lightning's blast, are now to be viewed vast fields teeming with golden harvests, or luxurient with their verdant beauty. At every cross-road may now be found the school-house or church, (whose beauty and magnificence are often the cherished work of art), where education, both moral and religious, is dispensed to the young. During the close of this century our country has been tortured and almost rent in twain by the horrors of civil war, the scenes of which are still too fresh in the memories of the two misguided factions to need recalling. Our country is to-day groaning under its terrible weight. On every side may still be seen the vast area where the marks of devastation is plainly visible, and which generations can never erase. To-day, before me, are fatherless orphans and homeless widows, whose parents and protectors closed their eyes forever on the world on some far-off field of carnage. But as we to-day enter into a new era of our country's history, let us unite in one grand effort to restore our country to its former position. Let us permit all sectional feelings to be forever banished from our bosoms, and the animosities created by the war to be buried with the things of the past. Let us place the government under the protection of men of honor, of capacity and integrity, and make our Centennial year the dawning of peace, of prosperity, and of true national happiness