

SIXTH ANNUAL PIONEER HISTORICAL FESTIVAL

The sixth annual Pioneer and Historical Festival of Bradford, Broome, Chemung, Chenango, Luzerne, Schuylers, Steuben, Susquehanna, Tioga, Tompkins, Wyoming and other Counties, was held in Montrose, Susquehanna Co., Pa., on the 23d day of June, 1888.

The procession was formed, at the call of a Band of Music, in front of Seaver's Hotel, at 10 o'clock A. M., and marched, under the direction of Col. C. D. Lathrop, Marshall of the day, to the Court House. There the meeting was organized with Hon. Wm. Jessup, President, in the chair. The order of the exercises was as follows:

1. Prayer, by the Rev. Dr. Peck, of Luzerne Co., Pa.

2. Introductory remarks by the President, in which he gave a sketch of the origin of the Association; and the state of things when he first came to Montrose, in 1818. Then he introduced the orator of the day.

3. B. B. Little, Esq., of Montrose, delivered the following:

ORATION

Mr. President and Fellow Citizens: Representing the present generation, I address the remnant left to us, of the past. Thus we stand—two generations—the one, with all its varied life and memories, lying behind; the other, with its high hopes, lying beyond;—me, here, to mingle our sympathies together, as we part, to meet not again in time.

Proximus: We are glad to meet you at this annual festival; and so gather up as we may, and conserve to posterity, the scenes and memories of the past. Else, in the flight of time, they would fade from our knowledge; and tradition itself would not speak to our grandfathers.

But over the hilarity of this occasion, lingers a shade of sadness. Most of your number have already taken their chambers in the silent halls of death; and each returning year, we see that Death has been busy, thinning your diminished ranks. Stern, relentless Death! who, like time, pauses not in his career, nor knows the weight of sleep or weariness. O, still on, he goes—braving, crushing, desolating,—beholding, crying, pitying no sorrows! And your gray hairs, dimmed eyes, bowed forms, and unsteady steps, warn us that you, too, will soon go to that country that lies on the other side of the "sapphire floor," where the weak cease from toiling, and the weary are at rest.

It will be over soon. Since your last meeting in this capacity, another year is gone, and its low knell is tolling now, over the dark ocean of the past. Soon these gatherings must cease, for the Pioneers will all be gone, whose names are on the roll, privation, and gloom, amid which they laid the enduring foundations of this splendid fabric of human life, in which we move. It is well, like strong men armed, who have fought the good fight, and kept the faith, look beyond the rugged hills of the world, and see a window opened in Heaven, and a wounded hand, put forth in welcome; then lay aside the armor you have worn so long and well, and as you go down in the dark river, with a hope glorified to faith, cry, "I shall be over the Jordan to-morrow."

Now, let us speak of the present. Susquehanna, like her sister counties, in all her history, displays signs of human industry and comfort. Sixty years are but a speck in time, a point in duration; and yet a less time has sufficed to work all this greatness. Sixty years ago this country was an unbroken wilderness, where, save the wild Indian, human foot had scarce trod, and human voice had scarce startled the thrilling and immense solitude that brooded over all, as it did over chaos before the world was. Nature held her own revels, amid her dark forest aisles,—upon hillside and valley,—by fount and by murmuring brook, still, solemn, and majestic,—glorious in the sunshine, and awful in the storm!

Now, upon her hills and long-withdrawing vales cultivation lies, luxuriant and unbounded. Fertility and beauty smile upon us, from fields, orchards, and woodland. Contented gladness greets us in every valley, and rich harvests gleam in every hillside. Human habitation rises everywhere, in quiet comfort; the School and Church meet us at every turn, and towns and villages dot her surface. The telegraphic wire informs us of distant events at the very moment when they transpire; and the Steam-Car that rushes from city to city, while she pauses here to take breath, receives our liberal patronage, and deposits them, ere nightfall, in distant markets.

Tell me, Pioneers,—when you came with your weary axe and pack,—camped in the woods; until you could roll up your log-hut,—and saw wild Nature toss her defiant head, and shake her luxuriant tresses, in mockery of your puny efforts to subdue her to man,—did you dream that your eyes would rest upon such a scene as we now behold? How rapidly has civilization trod upon your heels, pouring into our lap science, art, wealth and liberty, until our whole land has become a theatre of wonders!

Shall we pause here, and venture, reverently, with hushed breath, to lift the curtain that hangs over the future,—and look forward, through sixty years? O, what changes, what improvements, what miracles of progress, are revealed, to match the wonders of the past! If our growth has been so rapid in our infancy, what shall it be in the strength of our manhood?

For all this greatness, we are indebted, under Providence, to you. It was a work of intense self-denial and trial, this beginning life in the wilderness, and to begin, alone a great struggle with Nature, to wrest from her barren deserts, the forest to be cleared away, and little openings made, to let in the sun upon their rude huts, and their simple husbandry. Cut off from the world, almost by all human associations, in solitude and privation, they go on in their earnest work of laying the foundations of social and civil life. What a discipline! Imagine a few struggling but in a boundless wilderness,—no escape, no help, no sympathy. Perhaps a great storm is pouring its fury upon the earth, and away to mid-winter, and the deep snow lies upon the ground, untraced, save by trails of prey. Surely, these were men of tested and impervious fortitude,—nursed in trials, and beaten by the rough winds of adversity, and yet, in the present generation, each age has its distinctive duty to perform, and each age it is to endure, to suffer, and to create;—to preserve, enlarge, and improve. Cherish freedom of the individual conscience, and of the press.

envy, and hate,—those deforming passions, that are inimical to our progress in our rest, have, self-seeking life,—had little incentive in their breasts.

Let us now go back of all this, and look at the cause that produced this wonderful elevation of humanity, in the new world,—so different from all its condition in the old.

And this opens one of the most interesting chapters in the whole book of time,—one that illustrates the fact that civil and religious freedom are the elements of the atmosphere, in which alone the physical, intellectual, and moral nature of man can be developed to their fullest proportions. Civil and religious bondage dwarf and pervert his nature; and from age to age, humanity descends in the scale of being. Centuries of oppression have reduced the once proud and gifted Roman, to the whining, miserable beggar that now cowers under the broken walls of the seven-hilled city, in conscious degradation and misery.

And so with the Jew, the Greek and the Spaniard. No self-thought or action, no lofty reason upon the brow, no elastic freedom in the step, nor proud empire in the eye. Government gives its creed to the conscience, and prescribes all the habits of life,—backed up by armies and its dungeons. How can man grow?

Catch the eagle and confine him. How his glossy plumage fades, how his eye dims, and his whole bearing sinks away into an expression of fear and humility! Let him go,—you have broken his destiny. See what a cry of joy escapes him, and how proudly he soars away into his element,—again to outgrow the shackles, again to bathe his wild plumage in the thousand suns of the world! It is his nature to be free. So with man.

The spirit of liberty broke out in Scotland, and Government burned it at the martyr's stake,—in Spain, and they buried it in the Inquisition,—in France, and they starved it in the Bastille,—in Germany, and they pierced it with balls. It took refuge in the fastnesses of Wales, behind the Dykes in Holland, and in the inaccessible Alps. But all the tyrants of Europe made a common cause against it, and handed together to hunt it from the world. It was their mission; and an army of martyrs attests how well it was fulfilled.

Separated from the oppressed masses of the Old World by their invincible love of truth and freedom, the Pioneers to the New World bade adieu to the associations of home,—encountered the perils of the deep, and finally, Mayflower, upon Plymouth rock, there, in the great wilderness, frowning upon them, peopled with the savage foe, and the vigors of an almost Polar winter, united with a scarcity of provisions, and of shelter, made up an aggregate of distress, that would have driven other men hopelessly back to the arms of freedom.

How sublime was their trust in God! "Give me liberty, or give me death!" was the sentiment and inspiration of their hearts, the same that afterwards was uttered in Patrick Henry's electric eloquence, as to thrill the startled continent.

From these men, so tried, you, Pioneers, derive your lineage and descent. Not from dukes, earls, or princes; but from Nature's own nobility, who were purified by trial, as in a furnace.

Yet another trial awaited them,—their eyes directed that the political that bound the infant colonies to the throne, must be broken forever,—else the dream of their hearts would fail; and the future ages would be unblest. God was with them still. The simple provincial was seen rising like the hunted lion from his slumber; the energies of his mind thrown into a powerful action; the shackles which habit had rendered so strong, were now broken, and he stood forth, with intense determination, and lighted up with an expression of enthusiasm and feeling. All saw the sudden brilliance with which the patriot was invested; but most men regarded it as a meteor-light, that would set in two-fold darkness. The result of that contest became history.

Then the most delicate and difficult task still remained to be done. It was to frame a government that should at once secure order, and yet retain to the citizen his individual freedom. A new work,—upon which history shed little light;—for all human experiments had ended in despotism. O, what godlike wisdom is now requisite, to save from failure all the sacrifices of the past!

Now, and where shall the different powers necessary to efficient government, be divided and deposited, and checked and balanced, so as to move in harmony together, and yet not lose their individuality? The world had never seen this! Centralization of power must be avoided; for that begets individual ambition, and that despotism. France was in Paris, hence France was in bondage. Once the Roman eagle touched, with one wing, the sunrise, and with the other, the sunset, and threw her shadow over the world. So, England boasted that her morning drum-beats echoed to the sunset, and her evening drum-beats, to the rising sun. But their empire was by conquest and subjugation,—not by popular will and choice. Power was centralized in Rome, and London; while the distant dependencies were in disorder and rebellion. Hence, vastness of empire beget weakness and dissolution.

But our fathers looked upon the starry heavens, and caught thence the luminous idea of a Federal Republic,—one that, ocean-bound, should grow stronger, by its very expansion! The States were each sovereign; and yet were to revolve, in their respective spheres, around the central Government, shining like stars in their orbits,—the latter with just enough centrifugal influence to balance the centrifugal force of their nature. And when it was done, they made our nation's flag, and put upon it the likeness of a star;—a star for each State,—and they wrote upon it our nation's motto,—"E Pluribus Unum!" A political constellation! with the sun for its centre,—not absorbing, but combining all in one plan of revolving harmony. They called it Union,—one, and yet many!

Washington, in his day, beheld the scene, and we gaze upon the present generation, and Europe upon this wonderful prophetic light, and was amazed, and fear-stricken. The oppressed of all lands greeted its mild radiance with a cry of emancipated joy, and fled to our shores,—became like us,—and gave us their strength.

Oh, touch not the Union,—any more than you will pollute the finger, tarnish it. One law, its distinctive duty to perform, and each age it is to endure, to suffer, and to create;—to preserve, enlarge, and improve. Cherish freedom of the individual conscience, and of the press.

It may well be doubted whether the people of to-day have the adaptation to this work that belonged to those of the Pioneer age, and whether propriety itself does not demand rather wealth, better education, and a more liberal freedom of the individual conscience, and of the press.

that universal passion,—grows with that it feeds upon, until life itself is a mask to cover heartless, empty, and unfeeling selfishness.

Popular institutions will be impressed with the popular character, whatever that is; and freedom herself is but the handmaid of virtue.

We must remember that our institutions are but an experiment, and that their failure would blot out the hopes of mankind. The only great strain our system of Government has yet endured, have arisen in the acrimony and violence of party strife. The fury of party spirit must be abated. It is intolerance itself,—that very spirit which banished the pilgrims from the Old World. Let us learn to tolerate differences of faith and opinion in others; nor expect universal conformity of our own. How natural it is for power to seek to coerce all mind and thought into its own forms and manifestations. This is tyranny itself,—whether exercised by a king, or by a political party.

How often, after the fever of the hour, has subsided, have we looked back upon a partisan battle-ground, all strewn with broken honor and ruined reputations,—the victims of malice and hate,—and been astonished at the trifling character of the issues and differences that excited such passion and such perjury. We then realize, that even if it began in principle, it ended in will,—will aroused, and set over against will, in bitter conflict,—sometimes arising into open violence and death. Kingly order is infinitely better than popular anarchy,—the very worst government, that our civilization has known.

For myself, I love to contemplate primitive life and character, and to exhibit it, in contrast with present degeneracy. And I cannot conclude this address, better than by giving Macaulay's eloquent description of the men of the Pioneer age:

"The Puritans were men whose minds had developed a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior being and eternal interests. They rejected, with contempt, the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval that separated the whole race from Him on whom their eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority, but his favour; and confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments, and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems, crowns of glory, which should never fade away! On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt, for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language; noble by the right of an earlier creation, and priest by the imposition of a mightier hand.

"The very meanness of them was a being to whose fate a terrible and mysterious importance belonged. For his sake, empires had risen, flourished, and fallen. For his sake, the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been rescued by no common deliverer, from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the Lun had died; that the dead had risen; that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of the expiring God!

"Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men; the one, all self-abatement, peace, gratitude, passion; the other, proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself into the dust before his Maker, but he set his foot on the neck of his King. The feelings of the Puritan were subjects, made them tranquil every other subject, overpowering sentiment had subjected to it self pity and hatred, ambition and fear. Death had lost its terrors, and pleasure its charms. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things in this world. Enthusiasm had cleared their minds from every vulgar passion and prejudice, and raised them above the influence of danger and of corruption."

Now, fellow citizens, let us guard this inheritance, let us watch over it with honor and integrity, as a father doth over his own children. Then our Republic will be, indeed, ocean-bound; her Pacific coast adorned with States and cities, more rich and glorious than those that line her Atlantic borders; a continent, swarming with life in its highest refinement and exaltation, sending its thoughts and influence into every land, spreading her sails of glory upon every sea, lifting up the down-trodden, and rebuking tyranny in all the world.

If to be a Roman Citizen once was greater than a king, what shall it be to wear the prouder title of AMERICAN CITIZEN! An element in this great sovereignty, which mighty power is pledged to protect her feeblest son from the slightest wrong, in the darkest or remotest part of the earth!

Now, Mr. President, if I have acknowledged one new sentiment of gratitude toward our Pioneer fathers,—awakened a new emotion of love for our country,—or another pity for earth's suffering and oppressed ones, then my humble efforts will be thrice repaid.

A Music. Stirring even to old as well as young blood.

J. B. Bentley, Esq., of Montrose, being introduced by the President, read the following:

Ever since old time the chaos on Earth began, Change hath been the never-varying lot of man. Empires and Kingdoms, glorious in their day, Have shown in splendor and have passed away.

Empires preceded Greece, and Greece a Rome, Proud mistress of the world—who loze has gone; Cities and towers and monuments of fame, Lie mingling in the dust from whence they came.

And most proud, mighty man, had his his way; Where he is now? Ah, gone and passed away. The high, the low, the noble and the slave, Have left their foot-prints on a common grave.

Let but your thoughts go back when time began; And follow thence the destiny of man. What wars and bloodshed and what fearful crimes Have stained this fair Earth with crimson lines.

Monarchs and despots, tyrants of an hour, Drunk with ambition and the lust of power, Have laid the Earth in sorrow and in blood, And given God's image man the villain's above.

Man, with his fellow man in deadly strife; With damning hate hath sought his brother's life, And oft the pall of mourning hath been thrown Over bleeding nations, to support a crown.

Far-famed Wyoming too has had her share In all the horrors of a bloody war. Her sons were butchered by a savage foe— And she was clad in sad habiliments of woe.

Incarnate devil, white and red, To find some twenty pounds of gold; And savage yells rose o'er the dead, The living to dismay.

No age, nor sex, nor pines, nor prayer, Could make the demons feel; The only refuge was the steel, Were tomahawk and rifle.

They scalped the hoary locks of age, The young and gentle too— The infants' wails checked not their rage, And they again began to live.

The treach'ry of that fatal day Made hell ashamed of man; And fiends shrunk back in deep dismay, When the old man, with his cane, The soul sick, the heart is faint, With heaving sighs and sobs, The heart-felt anguish, who can paint?

With reading their dark crimes, The heart-felt anguish, who can paint? The heart-felt anguish, who can paint? The heart-felt anguish, who can paint?

But time forbids us longer now to dwell Upon the scenes and memories of those days, And bidding them a long and sad farewell, We come to speak of more propitious days.

In all time past the sun has proudly shined, And the moon has smiled upon their illustrious days. So we, who from a noble race have sprung, We light our souls with true poetic fires.

Who can this, a wild and rugged land, A land of forests and in aspect drear? How did you come? In each and four? Or did the iron horse precede your train, And with the rattle of their iron wheels, Safely through the snow and mud and rain?

Run all along each stream, Over every hill, through every glen, The most pleasant forest green? Did towns and villages appear, Where'er you turned your eyes, You hoped to raise, your soul to cheer?

Your wonder and surprise! A school-house then at every turn, A church with tasteful spire! Where youth with thirst for knowledge burn, And Christians with devotion's fire.

Did princely mansions then appear, On every hill, and in every vale? The eye to please, the mind to cheer, And hope and strength begun to fail?

Did orchard bloom and garden smile, And the first roses of the year? So rich that the soul began to glow, So many—Eden never knew!

And one vast wilderness here, And the first roses of the year? So rich that the soul began to glow, So many—Eden never knew!

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Your sap troughs made in early Spring, You lapped your trees, and thence did bring A sugar sweeter than Havana, Or ever came old Savanna.

And often, leaving home and work, To find some twenty pounds of gold; You'd travel twenty miles or more, Where you had never been before.

And with some sugar in a sack, And that suspended across your back, You trudged along, as if a live, Five pounds for you you'd freely give.

The forests now begin to yield, The sun shines down on waving field, From Earth her bounty you receive; And you again begin to live.

You then strove home to let them know How rich the soil, how crops did grow— Soon others came, and by your side The hats of straw were on their heads.

Now Hampshire sends her sons along: Green Mountain boys help make the throng; Connecticut that good old State, The birth-place of both good and great.

Old Massachusetts sends her sons, In Boston Harbor made their test; Rhode Island, too, though very small; Answered at once, her every call.

These are the States that sent their sons Inured to hardship, but content to die In their land their virtues did display; We know they're represented here to-day.

By their strong arms and nerves, how very soon The rugged wilderness began to bloom; The forest vanished, and the smoking flax, Before the hero of the swining ax, Villas and farms may now be seen And mills go up on every stream.

The mountains now are all in view, The lumber and plaster and all else beside That makes return of wealth to those Who this accursing business choose.

Happy as larks that sing at morn, The birds are now in every thorn. Now herds and flocks of sheep are seen In pastures of the richest green.

Old Continental bills no longer pass, Nor paper now is used instead of glass. Our mothers send us their best care, Strong courage raised and cheered the heart; They milked the cows, and baked the bread; They swept the house, the table spread; They spun and wove, and clothes they made; The children they both washed and fed, And then undressed and put to bed.

On Sunday, with supreme content, They to some distant meeting went, They rode old "Dapple," necked and kind— The man before, the wife behind, No silks or satins did they wear, But muslin frock, quite neat but spare.

No hoops or bustles, but content to die In their land their virtues did display; We know they're represented here to-day.

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There's nothing, as it now appears, But what may then be done. Water may make us oil for light; We through the air may make our flight, And over rivers take our flight, In bomb or iron shell.

But I must close—my friends, farewell, Perhaps we'll meet no more, Till we can catch to others' tell The scenes of life when o'er.

I've treasured long upon your time— I've learned one lesson by it— If you are asked to write a poem, I only hope you'll try it.

6. Music. A song: "Loved ones at home."

7. A. J. Post, of Montrose, introduced by the President, to give historical sketches. He gave a brief outline of the controversy between Connecticut and Pennsylvania, in relation to the jurisdiction and title to all Northern Pennsylvania, and of its final settlement; and concluded with a few reminiscences relative to persons, things and incidents, connected mostly with the history of Montrose.

8. Music.

9. The response to a call for the number of Pioneers who have died, in each county during the year not being in readiness, the Pioneers present were called upon to give sketches of first settlements. The call was responded to by Scott Baldwin of Bridge-water, Seth Mitchell of Montrose, and Stephen Bartram of New Milford. The President read communications deeply interesting from Charles Miner, Esq., author of the "History of Wyoming." The meeting then (3 o'clock) adjourned for dinner.

10. The procession again formed, and under the lead of the band, marched to Seaver's hotel, where they were supplied with an abundant repast, and to the occasion. After dinner the procession reformed and returned to the Court House.

11. President in the chair. Proceeded to the designation of the place of holding the next Anniversary, and the election of officers. Voted: That the next Anniversary of the Festival be held in Wilkesbarre, Luzerne Co., Penn'a, on the first Wednesday in June, 1889. Officers were elected, as follows:

Hon. Geo. M. Hollenback, President; Hon. John N. Conyngnam, Vice President; Hon. Ziba Bennet, Executive Committee; Rev. Geo. Peck, D. D., Rev. John Dorrance, Rev. Henry Nelson, Hon. C. D. Shoemaker, E. B. Harvey, Esq., C. M. Wright, Esq.

12. Letters were read from the Hon. D. S. Dickinson of Bradford Co., N. Y., and Hon. D. Bullock of Bradford Co., Pa. Other letters have since been received from Col. Asa Dimock of Harrisburg, and Edward Tompkins of Binghamton N. Y., although too late to be read, they are herewith published. (Omitted for want of room.—Ed.)

13. The call for pioneers or their representatives from different counties, was responded to by Wm. Stuart, Esq., editor of the Broome Republican. After a few introductory remarks, he presented and read a number of obituary notices of Broome Co. Pioneers, herewith published: (Omitted for want of room.—Ed.)

Dr. Peck of the Methodist Church, Luzerne Co. followed with the description of the pioneer life of an itinerant preacher as exemplified in his own experience and observation, in Broome Co., N. Y., Susquehanna, Bradford, Wayne and Luzerne counties, Pa., he commenced in 1816.

Eld. Davis Dimock of the Baptist Church Montrose Pa., responded playfully, that Dr. Peck had told his experience as a pioneer, as well as a Methodist could tell it.

Justus Lewis, from Bradford county, gave a sketch of pioneer life and settlement on the Wyoming creek, said in pleasant way, that there was some dispute between him and John Hancock, who sat near him, which of the two was the oldest native. He referred to some one who in early time thought Hancock must have been a great man, as his name was marked on all of the trees by the old Wyoming road.

G. G. Waller of Randolph, in the absence of any other from Randolph, spoke of his interest of the meeting. He had before no conception of their interest and value. He spoke of his father, a Wyoming pioneer, now aged 85 years of Sarah Benjamin who recently died in Wayne Co. aged 117 years, and of Rufus Grennell, aged 100—also of the mother of Judge Collins, who in early times came from Connecticut on horse back.

The President exhibited the fact that old Mrs. Benjamin knit a pair of fine wool stockings which were related at the World's Fair in N. Y. city.

Dr. Peck said he knew her well. She had cooked many meals for Gen. Washington.

Eld. Dimock, by request, gave a sketch of the first marriage that he ever solemnized.—The groom had no money and asked him to take his pay in the good quilts, which he of course accepted with much pleasure.

Montrose Democrat

A. J. GERBITSON, Editor. MONTROSE, PA., Thursday, June 10, 1888. DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

SUPREME JUDGE: WILLIAM A. PORTER, PHILADELPHIA. CANAL COMMISSIONER: WESTLEY FROST, FAYETTE.

Special Notice. A. L. McCollum & Gerritson to the late firm of McCollum & Gerritson are hereby forbidden to settle with J. B. McCollum, or any person in whose hands he may place the accounts. Said accounts have not yet been assigned to him, in consequence of his having refused to render value for them as agreed upon before the firm was dissolved; any collections which he may make will be fraudulent, and his receipts void, until further notice be given.

A. J. GERBITSON. Montrose, April 1st, 1888. PER CENT. PREMIUM will be allowed on SPANISH and MEXICAN QUARTERS and on H. F. DOLLARS, of good weight, paid on accounts due us in this office, during the present month. [No 1 im.]

A notice of the burning of the barn of Mr. H. M. ... was accidentally omitted last week. The value of the horses were burned. The fire occurred on Tuesday morning, June 1st. Cause unknown.

We omit from the report of the proceedings of the Pioneer and Historical Festival the letters from different persons for want of space. The names of those who were outside of our paper, and, indeed, did not anticipate a longer report than could be made room for, inside. Had we published all, it would have occupied about five additional columns.

News of the Week. EXONERATED.—The select Committee in Congress, appointed to investigate certain charges in connection with the sale of the Pennsylvania Bank building for Post Office purposes, have brought their labors to a close. They say that there is nothing to justify even a suspicion that Mr. Campbell, the late Postmaster General, was at all interested, save in the honest discharge of his official duty. No improper or corrupt influence, in the judgment of the Committee, operated on any officer of the Government in any transaction connected with the sale or purchase of that property, excepting those which attach to John Miller, the late Postmaster of Philadelphia, who received a total sum of \$23,000, from him at different times by Thomas S. Allison, the former Treasurer of the Bank of Philadelphia, given, as is alleged by Allison, as a gift, reward or commission, for services in bringing about a satisfactory termination of the purchase of the Banking House by the Government.

JIM LANE A MURDERER.—The details of the affray at Lawrence, June 3d, between Jim Lane and Mr. Jenkins, have been received. Lane and Jenkins were living upon contested claims. The former enclosed an acre of land, in which there was a well that was used by both parties in common. Lane recently locked the well, fenced up the entrance to it, and forbade Jenkins access to it. Jenkins declared that he would have water at all hazards, and Lane threatened him if he made a forcible entry into the premises.

On Thursday afternoon, Jenkins, accompanied by four friends, all well armed, cut down Lane's fence and proceeded towards the well. Lane warned them not to advance or he would shoot them. Disregarding the threat, Jenkins' party advanced, when Lane fired, killing Jenkins instantly, and one of Jenkins' party returned the fire and shot Lane in the leg, inflicting a wound which confined him to bed. Lane and Jenkins were arrested, and were under examination. Much excitement exists in consequence of this killing. A hearing was held in high estimation, and his death is deeply deplored.

The Hon. J. P. Henderson, a Senator from Texas, died at Washington on the 4th inst. This distinguished Senator was a native of North Carolina, from which State he emigrated to Texas in 1836. On the breaking out of the war of the Texas Revolution, Mr. Henderson was appointed a Brigadier General in the army of the Republic, and fought with great bravery throughout the memorable struggle which resulted in the liberation of Texas from the Mexican yoke.

The President has signed the bill declaring the title to land warrants to vest in the widow, heirs or legatees in all cases where proof was filed, but the warrants not issued during the lifetime of the claimant, and makes them personal chattels. The warrants issued under the act of March 1855 are assignable.

OPPOSITION UNO.—A meeting of the Chairman of the "Republican," "Union," and "United American" State Committees, has been held, at which it was agreed to adopt the suggestions of the Philadelphia Committee of Superintendence, to withdraw a call for a State Convention issued by Mr. Leonard Todd, and hold the same instead on the 14th of July next, in Harrisburg. The very important gentleman holding the positions of Chairman of the different Committees published a series of communications expressive of their "action" at this event.

ELECTION IN KANSAS.—The election in Kansas on the English bill will be held on the 23d of August. Gov. Denver has been instructed to use all possible means to secure a fair vote. Ten thousand copies of the act are to be printed and circulated in Kansas. The State election in Missouri is held on the same day.

EXTERMINATION IN N. O.—A "Vigilance Committee" has taken possession of New Orleans. They assign as a reason, the "disorder, outrage, and assassination, which has so long prevailed here unchecked."

At the election held on the 7th the Democrats elected their candidate for Mayor as usual. The Prohibitory Liquor Law was ratified by the people of Maine on the 7th, by an almost unanimous vote. Portland, for Prohibition, 1337; License, 38; Gophers, 254; and 127,