

Col. Archibald Steele

By D. F. MAGEE, Esq.,

LANCASTER, PA.

In Archibald Steele, the eldest son of Capt. William Steele, Drumore Township furnished to the Continental Army one of the bravest and one of the most loyal defenders of his country's liberties that went forth from Pennsylvania. A giant athlete, skilled and trained in all the knowledge and art of a frontiersman, an expert rifleman and woodsman, he made a splendid soldier in every sense of the word.

His ardent love of country and liberty impelled him to instant action when the call from Bunker Hill told him that his country needed the help of her soldier son.

He literally left the plow in the furrow, the harvest ungathered, without other clothing or equipment than the clothing he wore he shouldered his trusty rifle and hastily collecting a half dozen of the young men of his neighborhood started afoot on his journey of four hundred miles to Boston to do battle for his country, leaving behind his young bride, whom he had married but three months before.

At Lancaster they were joined by others, principally from the northwestern section of the county, and Matthew Smith was selected as Captain with Archibald Steele as First Lieutenant to command the small company. Arriving in Boston they were quickly enrolled and formed the nucleus of the "Pennsylvania Riflemen," under Col. Thompson in Washington's army, and entered the service at once in front of the British who were then entrenched in and about Boston. They were all expert riflemen and skilled in a high degree in the use of their own Lancaster County made rifles and quickly earned a reputation as marksmen that made them the terror of officers and picket-guards in the British lines. A letter from a British officer written at this time to friends in England said of this Lancaster County company, "their fire is exceedingly accurate and they can hit within a six-inch ring at a distance of three hundred yards."

Steele's soldierly qualities, personal courage and indomitable determination in action quickly impressed Washington and his commanding officer; and when Washington planned the expedition under Montgomery and Arnold to attack Quebec, out of the entire army then surrounding Boston Archibald Steele was chosen to head the pioneer corps which was to seek the route and blaze the way

across the trackless forests of Maine for this invading army under Arnold.

Steele was commissioned to select of his own choice eight men from the army to make up his party. He selected for this hazardous and responsible work the following: Jesse Wheeler, George Merchant and James Clifton, from the company of Capt. Morgan, of Virginia, and Robert Cunningham, Thomas Boyd, John Todd, John McConkey and John Henry, of his own company. On the march McConkey proved unworthy and James Clifton, the oldest of the party, could not stand the terrific strain of the hazardous journey, so that at the end of a hundred miles these two were left behind to rejoin Arnold's army when it came up and but seven men composed Steele's command, including himself.

It took all of Steele's indomitable will, courage and good fellowship to keep his men to their work. They were without map or chart and they had to depend alone on Steele's keen judgment and long experience to lead them true to the line towards Quebec. They carried with them two canoes and followed the general course of the waters of the Kennebec River through or around many lakes and across the divide into the headwaters of the Chaudiere River which flowed into the St. Lawrence. They had many miles of portage, and often descended through rapid falls in which they were wrecked a number of times and lost all of their scanty supplies and finally wrecked their canoes. At times they were almost starved and ready to give up in despair and more than once had divided their supplies down to the last ounce equally among the men, but Steele's courage and patience finally won out and he led the army of invasion into the valley of the St. Lawrence and to the walls of Quebec.

They had been six weeks in the trackless wilderness and in this time suffered terrible hardships and two of them after reaching civilization among the French Canadians, their privations having reduced them by sickness and weakness, they died from the effects, their labors and exposure. Steele rejoined his company and was then selected by Arnold on his staff.

At the final battle of Quebec, which ended in defeat and disaster to the little army of Americans, at the hand of the Quebec garrison, Steele took command of his company of riflemen again, as Capt. Smith for some unaccountable reason was

absent from the battle and final onslaught on the battlements of Quebec.

This battle was fought in a blinding snowstorm by an attack which the Americans made before daylight on morning of December 31, 1775. They hoped to surprise the British garrison. They were in two divisions and attacked from two opposite sides of the city, the one command under General Montgomery and the other under Col. Arnold.

The chronicler of the battle, John Joseph Henry, afterwards a Judge from Lancaster County, but then a private in Steele's company, writes in his history of the expedition the following account of the fight before and over the walls of Quebec:

"Col. Arnold, heading the forlorn hope, advanced perhaps one hundred yards in advance of the main body. After him followed Lamb's Artillerists. Morgan's company (Virginians) led in the secondary part of the column. Smith's followed, led by Steele, the Captain from particular causes being absent."

Further on he says, "confined in a narrow street before the ramparts, hardly more than twenty-five feet in width and on the lower ground, scarcely a ball well-aimed or otherwise but must take effect upon us. Morgan, Hendricks, Steele and Humphreys and a crowd of their men attempting to surmount the barrier, which was about twelve or more feet high and so strongly constructed that nothing but artillery could effectuate its destruction; and cannon over top of this barrier assailed us by grape and shot in abundance."

"Again within the barrier and close to it, were two ranks of musketeers armed with musket and bayonet, ready to receive those who might venture the dangerous leap to the top of the barrier."

"Humphreys upon a mound which was hastily erected attempted to scale the barrier. "Morgan brave to temerity stormed and raved. Hendricks, Steele, Nickels and Humphreys, equally brave, were calm and sedate under the tremendous fire. Hendricks died of a wound through the heart, Humphreys died by a like kind of wound, many other brave men fell among them; Lieut. Cooper, of Connecticut, and perhaps fifty or sixty other non-commissioned officers and privates, were killed. Capt. Lamb, of the York Artillerists, had nearly one-half of his face carried away by a grape shot. My friend and commander Steele lost three of his fingers as he presented his gun to fire. Capt. Hubbard and Lieut. Fisdle were dangerously wounded." Col. Arnold, the commander in the attack on this side of the citadel, had been earlier wounded and carried back through the lines.

General Montgomery had been killed in leading an attack upon the opposite side of the fortress and his army was in a disorderly retreat from the field. Arnold's wing of the army was thus left

to sustain the entire force of a counter attack by the enemy. With their commander down and most of the captains and officers of the line killed or wounded, Steele withdrew the remnants of Arnold's command into the houses across the narrow street, still fighting desperately. Here, being surrounded by the British and cut off from further retreat, the entire command was forced to surrender as prisoners of war to the British.

After three months or more of captivity Steele with a number of others escaped and returned after a long and trying march through the wilderness to Washington's army which was then in New Jersey.

Whilst crossing the icy waters of the St. Lawrence in mid-winter in an overloaded canoe to save it from sinking he sprang overboard and trailed behind till they all reached shore safely. This feat of self-sacrifice nearly cost him his life as he became unconscious when lifted from the water and with great difficulty he was revived in a near-by house. Finally reaching the Patriot Army, then located in New Jersey, he immediately re-entered service with Washington's Army near Trenton but his terrible privations and exposure throughout the entire expedition, and while in prison, had broken his health to such an extent that Washington assigned him to the commissary department. He served as Deputy Quartermaster General from May, 1777, to October in 1781. He was military storekeeper from that time on to the end of the war. However at one time he had been assigned by Washington to command an expedition against the British and Indians in the then northwest territory, but his broken health would not allow him to further lead an army and another General was assigned to the command. He remained in the Quartermaster's department as Quartermaster in command of the U. S. Arsenal at Philadelphia from the end of the war until April 28, 1816, and was honorably discharged from military service June 1, 1821, at the age of seventy-nine. He died in Philadelphia where he had continuously lived after the end of the war and died October 29, 1832, having served his country in the military service for fifty-one years and was ninety years of age at his death. He is buried in West Laurel Hill Cemetery in Philadelphia.

Col. Steele married Jane Gibson, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, a first cousin of Chief Justice Gibson and General George Gibson. They were married in Hubley's Hotel at Lancaster in 1775, this hotel being then owned by the father of his bride. There was born to them three sons—George, William and Matthias—all of whom served with honors and distinction in the war of 1812 in the U. S. Navy.

They were all three captured aboard their ship during the war and taken to England and became for some time prisoners until after the war was over.

Archibald Steele, the Minute Man

Poem by WILL F. McSPARRAN.

Attuned to pastoral themes, my lyre
Perchance may fail if it aspire
To reach the high heroic key
This day demands,—inspired should be
The one to speak in words that rhyme
Of those whose deeds have been sublime ;
Of men who dare all great men men may,
Whose strength is lent to cut away
The galling chains, what'er they be
That shackle world democracy !

Such men were these that we have come
To honor in their land, their home—
What beauty hath their land today,—
What hills and vales and fields that lay
Their largess here, a glorified,
Beloved land, our countryside,
Where nature's finished works abound—
The smile of God ! 'tis holy ground !

These lands of streams and fields and wood
Were made that here a motherhood
Should bear us sons ordained to be
Our minute-men of destiny !
Behold our Steele ! No ties of home
Could hold him back when there had come
Unto his soul, as came it then,
His country's call for valiant men,
For patriot men, who held the love
Of native land all else above.
No time was there to trim and train
For war, nor pomp, nor show,—a plain,
High call for him,—no accolade,—
He went a warrior readymade !

There is no annal set apart
That tells that somewhere near his heart
He kept a sweetheart's favor, brought
With trembling hands to show she'd wrought
The simple thing her tear drops wet,
That he should wear and not forget ;
Nor how a mother's soul was rent
At thought of warfare's banishment
For one she'd borne ; or her sweet blend
Of pain and joy, that she could send
So much unselfish love, indeed,
To meet her country's vital need.

Long, long the miles for human feet
From Drumore's hills to Boston's street,
But light the haversack and purse—
Ah me, if I could catch in verse
And sound in rhyme the laugh, the jest,
The spoken word, the sigh repressed,
The banter, moods, the lilt of song,—
The things their hearts could take along,—
And make for us a clear account
Of how their patriot souls could mount,
And find the bitter hardships sweet.
From Drumore hills to Boston street,—
If I could tell in fitting words,
Of morning call of twittering birds,
The rise of sun, the scanty meal,
The march resumed, the high-wrought zeal,
The hearts as light as purse and sack,
The rifle slung across the back,
The thirsty lip at way-side spring,
The firm, strong step, the body swing
That added traveled mile to mile,
And limped to bivouac with a smile,
To find in gathered brush a bed,—
Earth's first light's stars still overhead !

If I could tell how came the rain
And wind and chill and muddy plain,
Of dragging steps and hearts that sank,
Of days so dull and nights so dank

And dark that ardor failed, of one
Who cheered and helped the lagging on,
With ready hand and winning will,
Imparting strength with valor's thrill,—
Our Steele, the brave, the strong, inspired,—
The stalwart youth that never tired
When duty asked for yeoman aid,—
The always true and unafraid !

How Arnold's soldier instinct knew
'Twas Steele could lead the chosen few
O'er stream and mountainside, to blaze
The untrod forest's chartless maze,
Through which that hapless army went
To storm at Quebec's battlement.
Four hundred miles the way, nor less,
By lake and stream, through wilderness,
With dangers strown on every hand
But scorned for love of native land.
From Boston town to old Quebec,
Who goes today, ye little reck,
In limousine or palace car,
Where wondrous landscape beauties are,
Of what I'd vision unto you,—
The road that Steele was sent to hew !
If I could show his woodcraft skill,
Or voice the great, exalted thrill
Of that tremendous fortitude
That filled his soul, 'twould be so good
For poet's ear,—the loud acclaim
You'd give the mention of his name.

When Watson failed 'twas Steele who led
The fighting at his Company's head—
Again his call to duty clear,
Down through his soul's rare atmosphere ;
Each time his rifle spoke, 'twas said,
A British coat bore newer red,
And when for him came deadly brand
He turned it backward with his hand !
But vain the effort—lost the day,—
The gallant Steele in prison lay
With many more who fought with him,
Their wounds undressed, and dim
In death grew eyes that shining bright
Came bravely to the losing fight.

But lived our Steele. Months later he
Could lead a little band to liberty,
But who shall venture to recite
The perils and hardships of that flight ?
Their wasting wounds in prison pen,
And cruel fare, had made the men,
Unarmed, in rags, in sore distress,
Too spent to face the wilderness ;
But Steele inspired and led them on,—
He spoke of battles to be won,
Of homes and loves and better days,
Of happy lives down peaceful ways,
Of all the good that victory
Would bring their land forever free.
With his prescience he could give
Them new heart hope, desire to live,
And will to try the trackless way,
Where untold dangers ambushed lay.

So came they to a river's flood,
Swift rushing through the solitude.
The icy waters must be crossed,
Or all their hopes of safety lost.
Their need was great—with ready hand
They gathered driftwood from the strand,
And quickly fashioned such a float
They hoped would serve them as a boat,
The flotsam held in place and bound
By twigs and vines and tied around

With ropes they'd carried in their flight
Against the need of such a plight.

But ere they reached mid-stream they knew
Their craft could never take them through—
'Twould founder from the very weight,
The overload of human freight,
But Steele relieved the overload
By jumping in the freezing flood,
A rope around his body tied
To tow him while he bravely cried
To those aboard to steady stand
And row them quickly to the land.
So strongly to their poles they bent,
Such effort to their paddles lent,
That soon they touched the landing shore.
Exhausted dropped the pole and oar,
But hastened to their leader's aid,—
Their brave of heart, the unafraid.

At last had death o'er taken him,—
The clear of eye, the strong of limb?
Could he withstand that awful chill,

This bravest man of iron will?
A fiery pillar built they then,
To guide his life to them again;
They made the place so warm and bright
No soul could miss it in the night;
Such love, such tenderness they give
The warrior sighs, resigned to live

Thus came they back, and Steele again
Went out with Red Rose fighting men,—
He asked no leave to nurse his wound,
Nor any time to sit around
And tell to those that stayed at home
Of dangerous ways that he had come.

Such men could venture all that we
Might be their heirs to liberty;
Such men could build a glorious state
For us to love and keep as great—
God grant that we forevermore
May fail them not in Old Drumore!

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Col. Thomas Porter

By ROBERT B. RISK, Esq.

A nation without monuments is a land without heroes, memories and inheritances. Without these, no people can have an inspiration which develops the individual, builds up national greatness and establishes a lofty patriotism. The backward nations of to-day are those without a history or ancestral inheritances, while the great, progressive lands have the records of their race's achievements by heart, and on every hill-top, in lowly valley or the humble graveyard can be found a monument or memorial marking the graves of their heroes or great men, silently inspiring the resolve that what worthy sires had won should not perish through a degenerate posterity.

There is not a township scarcely in the thirteen original colonies where does not rest the dust of some of the brave men who won our independence. Many of the names of such heroes are unwritten in the pages of local or general history, and many more sleep the dreamless sleep in unmarked graves. It is true all communities cannot have a Bunker Hill and Yorktown where began and ended the greatest Revolution of all time; nor can every spot have a shrine like Mt. Vernon, Monticello or the tomb of a Lincoln, but, as has been stated, every county has its heroes, who, if they played a minor role in a great contest are none the less heroes and worthy of a perpetual memento for the work they accomplished according to their opportunities. The subject of this sketch belongs to the class of almost forgotten heroes of the inconspicuous order, because his career was cut short by dying at the early age of 38 in the year 1777, when the Declaration of Independence

was but a few months old and the Revolution but scarcely begun. But all he had of energy and nearly all of his rather moderate means, he gave to the cause of Independence. He had at least a fraction of that glorious and heroic life which is better than an age without a name. His heart became inflamed with the idea of a free land, self governed and enduring, when the news of Lexington and Concord (battles fought in 1775 before the Declaration was given the world) reached the southern end of our county. The spirit of the community was with him as it was composed of the sturdy Scotch-Irish ever ready for a fight, "who knew their rights and knowing dared maintain." There was never a Tory or a slacker in the "lower end" of our county. George III in order to belittle the Revolution sneered at it as "a Presbyterian war." When we consider the big part the Scotch-Irish played in the contest, in field and cabinet, the king was one-fourth right at least. At any rate, the spirit which animated Col. Porter was common to all our section. This general feeling of the community can be illustrated by stating that when the news of Lexington reached the academy near to or in Liberty Square, this township, taught by the Rev. James Latta, a large majority of the scholars, with or without the consent of their parents, joined the Revolutionary army. Among them were two sons of William Steele. In fact all his sons—four in number—fought under Washington except one who was still a boy. Can their graves be found to-day? It is to be feared not; as many a hero fell in battle or died of wounds in a fearful camp like Valley Forge, whose names and dust are unknown and unmarked by

the generations of to-day. It may not be out of place now to say the Historical Society of Lancaster is doing a noble work in playing the part of Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality," in visiting the graveyards of our county to brush away the dust and moss on the crumbling tombstones of our Revolutionary sires and placing perpetual memorial tablets on the birth spots of our noted dead in civil and military life.

With these preliminary remarks now let us look at the life of Col. Porter in some detail. The records concerning him are few and meagre. So far as I know no direct member of his family lives in this community. His children went West and bore a good part in life either as prominent members of their local communities or in the larger affairs of their adopted States. So about all we know of Col. Porter is what the musty records of the Court House tell us or what can be found in the slender accounts given in military archives. Such information as I have been able to obtain I will give you as briefly as possible.

The father of Colonel Porter was John Porter who came from Ireland to this township of Drumore in the early thirties of the eighteenth century. He brought with him the courage of the pioneer immigrant and that bravery an Irishman has never lacked. He must have brought with him also a certain amount of money, for he took up under the Proprietors a tract of land of some 350 acres, where we now stand and where his son, Col. Thomas Porter, was born about 1738 or '39. John Porter's wife answered to the good o'd Scriptural name of Rebecca and bore him five children, two sons, Thomas (the subject of this sketch) William and three daughters, all the latter being married at the time of his death save Violet, who married two years later. He died on this Drumore farm in 1765. Upon the death of the elder Porter's wife, Thomas Porter, the eldest son, became the owner of the homestead. He married Janet (sometimes named Jean) Mitchell, daughter of John Mitchell, June 18, 1761. To them were born nine children, viz: John, William, Thomas, Mary Rebecca, Margaret, George, James and Violet, only one of whom, John, was fourteen years of age upon the death of his father in 1777. Col. Porter died intestate and probably poor, as he had spent most of his possessions in equipping the various companies of militia he raised and drilled and for other expenses incurred in the struggle for independence. But such estate as he left was administered upon by James Porter and Thomas Whiteside, a brother-in-law, who had married his sister, Jean. Patrick Ewing became the guardian of all the minor children. By court proceeding beginning in 1782 and ending in 1784, an inquisition was held on the Porter farm and its 350 acres were appraised at 550

pounds and awarded to the Colonel's son, John, who had then become of age. In the partition proceedings Hugh Long became bondsman for John Porter, purchaser of the estate. In the course of years all of the Porter name moved from this neighborhood and rose to prominence in Kentucky and Indiana, one of the descendants becoming Governor of the latter state. Such is the brief record of the civil or family side of Colonel Porter's life. Let us now turn to his military career.

In common with all the leaders of the day he foresaw that a conflict between this country and George III was sure to come and they uttered in their hearts if not in words the sentiments of the fiery Patrick Henry—"The war is inevitable and let it come. I repeat it, sir, let it come." Let me say in passing that it is well we now know that the War of the Revolution was not one between this land and the English people but a contest between ourselves and a bigoted sovereign aided and abetted by a subservient court and aristocracy to overthrow constitutional government and make omnipotent the prerogative of Kings and "divine right." Liberty loving Englishmen were on our side, led by such mighty champions as Chatham, Pitt, Burke and Fox. These men were fighting the same battle for freedom at home we were fighting for here, and they rejoiced with us when Yorktown ended the war and made the King subservient to the people through a representative Parliament and sounded the death knell of "rotten boroughs." So Colonel Porter, seeing the Revolution was inevitable, keenly felt the necessity of preparation in time of peace. Young as he was, he had become a man of note in both his home community and throughout the country at large. So in 1774, a year before "the embattled farmers" at Lexington and Concord, "fired the shot heard round the world," we find Col. Porter selected by ballot, with his neighbor of Drumore Township, John McEntire, as one of "The Committee of Sixty" for Lancaster County, whose duty it was to look after the loyalty of all the inhabitants of the district, to encourage the timid, convince the wavering, keep burning brightly the ardor of the brave and impulsive and to have a watchful eye on slacker, coward or Tory. We can imagine the labor and zeal of Colonel Porter in riding by day or night throughout this bailiwick in discharge of his duties and on the then bridle paths for roads, which, save in mere width, have not improved greatly to this day. We next find him Colonel of the eight associated Battalions of the county in 1775. At that rank he was retained in the formation of the Revolutionary army and as commanding officer of the 3rd Battalion. In the same year he was member of the assembly from our county and a leader therein, and also a member of the convention to form the Constitution of

the state. During the years of 1775 and 1776 he recruited, armed, equipped (much of it at his own expense without hope of reimbursement from a poor and bankrupt government) and drilled, no less than ten companies of militia and prepared them for the line. Impaired health and fast waning strength rendered him unfit and unable to endure the fatigue of the march and rigors of camp life, and so far as we know from records, he was not engaged in any battle with the soldiers he had so strenuously prepared for duty. As we have noted, he died in 1777, during the initial stages of the Revolutionary conflict. He was a faithful and trusted servant of the people and his country to the full extent of his

physical powers and only death stopped his promising great career and being as near to Washington as our own General Hand. What might have been had he lived, is a matter for mere idle speculation. But we can well conclude that as he gave all he had of strength and means to the cause of Independence, he is as much one of our heroes as if he fell with Warren at Bunker Hill, or as an early victim of the conflict, a martyr worthy to stand by the side of a Nathan Hale. The tablet we now dedicate is a fitting tribute to a man who was without reproach in civil life, without fear as a soldier and who showed the depth of his patriotism by giving his all to his country.

APPENDIX

COL. THOMAS PORTER, OF DRUMORE TOWNSHIP, LANCASTER COUNTY. TRANSCRIPT OF RECORD IN CIVIL AND MILITARY LIFE.

1774. Elected from his township to the Committee of Sixty.
Rupps History of Lancaster Co., 385.
Ellis & Watson of Lancaster Co., 36.
1775. Colonels of the Associated Battalions from Lancaster County were as follows:
George Ross.
Mathias Slough.
Curtiss Grubb.
Thomas Porter.
John Ferree.
James Burd.
Peter Grubb.
Bartram Galbraith.
Penna. Archives, 2nd. Series, Vol. XIII, p. 257.
1775. Member of State Assembly from Lancaster County.
Record Penna. Assembly Sept. 24, 1776.
Rupp's History of Lancaster County, page 404.
1776. Member of the Convention to form the Constitution.
Rupp's History Lancaster Co., p. 408.
1776. Colonel of Third Battalion, Lancaster County Militia.
1777. Officers of Third Battalion, Lancaster County Militia, were:
Colonel Alexander Lowery.
Lieut. Col. James Cunningham.
Major Jacob Cook.
Officers of Second Battalion, Lancaster County Militia, were:
Colonel James Watson, (Captain in 1776.)
Lieut. Col. James Porter.
Major Dorrington Wilson,
(Captain in 1776.)
Note men transferred from the old 3rd Battalion to the 2nd. Penna. Archives, Series 2nd. Vol. XIII, p. 353.
Colonel Thomas Porter's name is missing in the realignment in 1777 and afterwards. (He died in 1777.)
1776. The earliest minute made in the minutes of the Council of Safety in 1776 concerning this command of Col. Thomas Porter is dated August 13th when Robert Towers (Commissary) is ordered to deliver arms "to Captain Ross of Col. Thomas Porter's Battalion of Lancaster County." "August 29th Mr. Robert Towers, Commissary, was ordered to deliver to Major Ewing a hundred stand of arms for the use of Col. Porter's Battalion of Lancaster County."
Minutes proceedings of Council of Safety same date.
1776. Same date Capt. Thomas Morrison (of Porter's Battalion) was allowed \$25, 2s 6d. for mileage of sixty-seven men ninety miles, and \$6, 10s. for a rifle to be charged to Col. Thomas Porter." The Council of Safety allowed \$2, 8s. 9d. for dieting sixty-five men of the Company of Capt. Ross in the Battalion of Colonel Thomas Porter, and \$1, 2s. 6d. for dieting thirty-nine men of Capt. Boyd's Company, Col. Thomas Porter's Battalion."
"Mention is also made in same minutes of Captain Boyd, Capt. John Eckman and Capt. Patton of Col. Thomas Porter's Battalion.

Ellis & Watson's History of Lancaster County, p. 52. Same facts also noted at several points in Colonial Records, all quoted from minutes of Council of Safety.

1776. The following are the names of the Captains of the Companies under the command of Col. Thomas Porter, of Lancaster County, as Commander of the 2nd Battalion.

Captain James Wilson.
Captain Thomas Whitman.
Captain John Boyer.
Captain James Morrison.
Captain Dorrington Wilson.
Captain Robert Campbell.
Captain James Ross.
Captain ——— Johnson.
Captain ——— Paxton.

Penna. Archives, 2nd. Series, Vol. XIII, p. 325, excepting Capts. Ross, Johnson and Paxton who are named in Ellis & Watson History Lancaster County, p. 52.

Note.

It is worthy of note here that Jean Porter, sister of Col. Thomas Porter, became the wife of Col. Thomas White side, of Colerain Township.

Three daughters of this union, by an odd coincidence, married three brothers, sons of Samuel McConnell, of Colerain, as follows: Rebecca, married Hugh McConnell; Martha, married David McConnell, and Violet, married Samuel McConnell. From this union of three sisters with three brothers have sprung a rather remarkable line of men, McConnells:

Judge A. D. McConnell, Judge of the Courts of Westmoreland County. Pa.; Judge James Marshall, of Iowa; Judge J. P. Smith, of Tennessee; Rev. S. D. McConnell, D. D., Rector of St. Trinity Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. David McConnell Steele, Rector of St. Luke's Church and Church of Epiphany, New York; Joseph Mitchel, Chief Counsel of Michigan Central R. R. Co.; Jackson E. Reynolds, Prof. Corporation Law, Columbia University, N. Y., and Chief Counsel of New Jersey Central R. R. Co. All these men were lineal descendants of first John Porter, of Drumore.

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