

MAD ANTHONY'S GHOST

Good day everyone...it's a beautiful day in Pennsylvania.

A lot of people hear and see a lot of things **around** New Years Day, and are apt to forget about them--because it's New Years Day--as it was recently. But if you heard horses hooves pounding up a road in Pennsylvania between Radnor in the East, and Erie in the West, your hearing was okay, according to legend. The ghost of "Mad Anthony" Wayne was out again, astride his faithful steed "Nancy", and the old General of the Revolution was looking for his bones. According to legend, the brilliant general's **spirit** goes for a ride every New Years Day, which happened to be Anthony Wayne's birthday. The ride follows a lonely road--long and cross-state--from Old St. David's Episcopal Churchyard to Presque Isle country and the old Wayne blockhouse in Erie. You might hear hooves pounding along Contestoga Road into Lancaster, then along the Susquehanna River, up the west bank and over the Alleghenies to the shores of Lake Erie. **The general was** buried at old Fort Presque Isle, but shortly after the burial, (according to old documents at the Chester County Historical Society) his body was disinterred in 1809, and it was in an excellent state of preservation. Isaac, the General's son, wanted him re-buried in the old churchyard at Radnor and it was decided to place the body in a box for removal to the East. As is sometimes the case, the box was too small and the problem was turned over to Dr. James Wallace who had served under General

Wayne at Fort Presque Isle. The surgeon placed the bones in the box--and the rest of Wayne was placed back into the grave at the old fort. Then the bones of Anthony Wayne were loaded on a wagon for the long trip through the then-wilderness, back to eastern Pennsylvania. "MadAnthony" Wayne's bones found no peace. The road was ruddy and rough, and many of them fell out of the box and were lost on the long trip. Some say the rest of the bones were interred in Old St. David's Churchyard and remain there. Others claimed that the bones never made it through Pennsylvania and scattered throughout the state. Thus, sprang up the legend of the annual ride of the spirit of General Anthony Wayne, looking for his bones between Radnor and Erie. It is peaceful at Old St. David's--so much so that once Longfellow wrote a poem about the churchyard and its peace. But on New Years Eve, the marble slab over a grave in Old St. David's Churchyard falls **away**, and the brilliant Revolutionary general's spirit steps out, whistles for his horse "Nancy", and begins the annual lonely ride. If you heard hooves pounding--well, it could have been a horde of pink elephants--who are generally out at New Year's, too. Then again, it could have been old **MadAnthony** Wayne, taking his annual ride.

This is Pete Wambach. It's a beautiful day in Pennsylvania.