



THE  
JOURNAL  
OF THE  
LYCOMING HISTORICAL SOCIETY

the JOURNAL of the  
LYCOMING HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

With the approach of Fall, the Lycoming Historical Society enters another Season of activity.

A varied program has been planned, which the committee, headed by Mr. Morris H. Housel, feels will be most interesting to every member.

There is need for every one to take an active part in the work of our Society and it is only this participation by all members

that will produce a healthy and growing organization of which we can be proud. When asked to help on any project, please give your gracious cooperation.

Looking forward to seeing you at the meetings, at the Museum, and with best wishes.

Clement Stewart Coryell  
President

## Memories of My Boyhood Days on the Farm

by L. E. Wurster, M. D.

There have been so many changes in the customs and methods in the life of the farmers since my boyhood days that I feel that a knowledge of some of these should be preserved for posterity.

My paternal grandparents came to this country from Wurtenburg, Germany in 1840, at the age of twenty, and settled in a little cottage at the foot of the mountain in Kaiser Hollow above Loyalsockville. Their only furniture was a table, two chairs and a bed which grandfather made himself. Seven of their eleven children were born during the fourteen years they lived there. He was an itinerant shoemaker and went about the country making shoes for the farmers. They furnished the leather.

He then purchased a farm from a Mr. Young at the head of Pine Run in Anthony Township. When my grandfather retired, my father continued operating the farm. My grandfather died when I was six and my grandmother lived with us until her death at eighty-five.

I remember the stump fences and rail

fences constructed by the previous owners who cleared the farm. They allowed quite a few large chestnut trees to stand in the fields and in the fence rows and I have fond memories of gathering these nuts after the first frost opened the burrs. The original log house is still standing. It had a large fireplace and here mother did the weekly wash. My duty every Monday morning was to build a fire under the kettle hanging on the crane in the fireplace and then carry water from the nearby spring and fill the kettle. I remember Mother doing her washing on a washboard. She was very much elated when Father finally bought a hand-operated washing machine.

A custom hard to understand was that the early settlers invariably built the farm buildings above the spring necessitating carrying the water. I remember the outdoor bakeoven where Mother occasionally baked the bread. A fire was built in the oven and when well heated, the coals were raked out and the pans of bread dough were shoved in and baked the necessary

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length of time. We had no bathroom and the weekly bath was taken in a tub in the kitchen Saturday night.

My mother made the soap used on the farm. This was made from lye and kitchen fats. The lye was obtained by passing water through wood ashes. Father made an ash hopper from boards which was shaped like an inverted pyramid. This was set on a frame and was about five feet in height. Some straw was put on the inside of the hopper to act as a filter and it was then filled with wood ashes. A tub was placed beneath the hopper and each day a bucket of water was poured on top of this ashes and this gradually seeped through into the tub as lye. Mother then mixed the fats and lye together to make what was called soft soap. This was kept in a crock or keg in a convenient place and was used for washing clothes. Hard soap was made by changing the proportions of lye and fat, and this was cut into cakes and used for bath purposes and washing dishes.

Mother was a very good cook, and we had many relatives and friends who would rent a team and carriage and drive out from town on a Sunday to enjoy one of Aunt Maria's good dinners. Every Sunday was the same story. It's a wonder Mother lived as long as she did.

My parents were very religious. Family worship was never omitted. Before breakfast, Father took the Bible down from the clock shelf, read a chapter and offered prayer. Even on market days, before he started on his drive to Williamsport, about three o'clock a. m., we had family worship. We never missed Sunday School and Church. In the winter, we usually went in the bobsled, and in the summer when the horses were working hard, we walked. Father was both a Sunday School Superintendent, organist and for many years taught a class of boys.

The social life of the community centered chiefly about the school and church. Our school was about one mile from home, and we usually walked. When the snow was deep, Father would take us in the bobsled. Box socials and spelling bees were always well attended, and many a romance began at these events. The young man who drove the nicest horse and had the fanciest buggy seemed to stand the best chance of getting a date. Many boys and girls attended school until they were

eighteen or nineteen years old, since there was nothing much to do on the farm during the winter months. Many were older and bigger than the teacher and frequently caused considerable discipline difficulties. The teacher usually received thirty-five dollars per month and paid eight to ten dollars per month for board.

We never had much need for a doctor unless someone really got seriously ill. Mother did most of the doctoring herself. I will never forget the asafetida bag which I wore about my neck to prevent colds. Neither will I forget drinking boneset tea for colds and taking sulphur and molasses in the spring to purify the blood. We got our vitamins from fried potatoes, buck-wheat cakes and sausage.

Farming methods have changed markedly since grandfather's days. His motive power for farm work was the ox team. I still have his ox yoke. Our farm was quite hilly and we had to depend on horses when I was a boy. In fact, tractors had not been invented.

On some of our fields, the grain was cut by hand with a cradle. A man followed along behind and raked the grain into bundles and tied the sheaves with a straw band. I heard my grandmother tell how she would take the baby to the field, put him in a basket in a fence corner, and "take up" for grandfather as he cradled the grain. We later used a horse-drawn reaper which cut the grain, threw it off in bundles or sheaves, and someone followed behind and tied the sheaves with straw bands. After the grain was hauled into the barn, the next job was threshing.

The motive power for our threshing machine was what we called "sweep-power". One or two horses were hitched to each of four arms of a machine placed in front of the barn. The horses were driven in a circle by a man standing on a platform on this machine. The power was conveyed to the thresher or "chaff-piler" by a belt. The grain and straw passed over a shaker, and the grain and chaff dropped through holes in the shaker while the straw was pitched into the mow. It was then necessary to separate the grain from the chaff by means of a windmill. This was operated by a crank turned by hand. A fan blew the chaff out of the back while the grain dropped on the floor and was then stored in the granary. In later years thresh-

ing was done by steam power.

The corn was cut by hand and later husked by hand. The fodder was then tied into bundles using rye straw bands and hauled to the barn for feed. In order to have long rye straw, it was necessary to thresh it with the flail. The flail consisted of two sticks of wood. The handle about five feet long, was tied to the end piece, about three feet long, by a leather thong. The straw was arranged on the barn floor and pounded with the flail. This was usually a job for a rainy day. Four men flailing in unison could produce real music.

Another rainy day job was to grease and repair the harness, also to half-sole and repair any shoes that needed mending. My Mother acted as barber and would do the haircutting on rainy days. If we had had a long period with no rain, like last summer (1955), I fear I would have looked like Davy Crockett.

It must have been the arduous duties

on the farm that caused me to choose some other vocation. By the time I was seventeen, I had saved fifty dollars which enabled me to take two terms at Muncy Normal and get a teacher's certificate. After teaching five terms, I finally decided to study medicine.

In spite of the hard work, life on the farm in those days had many merits. We had no mail delivery and had to drive five miles to the post office. This was done usually about once a week. We received only a weekly newspaper and a church paper. There were no telephones, no radios, no television, no automobiles, no Sunday papers or comics. We did have more home sociability, more visiting between friends and neighbors, more time to meditate and read really worthwhile books including the Bible. We also learned the value of money in those strenuous times. I fear that we miss many of the finer things of life.

## THE OLD TANNERY WHISTLE

by Milton Landis

By the year 1900, I was three years old and able to recognize and remember a limited number of experiences. Through the patient teaching and coaching of my mother, a former school teacher, I began to acquire a few memories at that tender age.

One memory that became indelibly impressed in my mind was that of a great mellow whistle. I used to wait and listen for its tones. In the succeeding years I learned why and when it whistled.

Five miles across the mountains to the west of our humble dwelling lay the bustling little town of English Center, cradled in the valley of Little Pine Creek, surrounded by lofty mountains painted dark green with a coat of pine and hemlock trees of great size.

The principal industry was a tannery, one of the largest in Pennsylvania, and the tannery had a loud far-reaching whistle which could be heard for miles throughout the country-side.

English Center is in Pine Township, the largest township in Lycoming County, and its tannery whistle could be heard in the surrounding townships. Farmers relied upon it as a reliable check to set their clocks and watches.

To me, the whistle was a never-ending source of delight. I used to sit on the front porch steps and listen to its sound welling up the valley of Bear Run Creek. It was a friendly whistle. It had its moods and its moods changed with the winds. Sometimes so faint that it appeared to come from a great distance but with favorable winds it sounded loud and clear and filled all Bear Run with sound.

Sometimes when the air was calm, the sound would bounce back and forth across the valley from mountain to mountain and faint echoing whistles would follow their parent to my listening ears. It was all very mystifying to one so young.

On Fourth-of-July's its whistling, aided and abetted with the accompanying bellows of a cannon in English Center, celebrated the day of our Independence.

One day in the year 1910, the tannery shut down for good. The great old whistle blew loud and clear. With regret, we listened for the last time to its familiar sound. As the steam pressure dropped, the whistle began to fade away, its music a sad Requiem to mark the passing of an old friend.

## MEMORIES

by Margaret Parke Schultz

I was born in 1900, on Fourth Street just above the Roman Catholic Church. That was before Fourth Street was paved. We had steam heat in our house, furnished from mains going up and down the street. We had a bathroom with a tin tub enclosed all around with wood. The wash stand had a marble top with a porcelain bowl. It certainly was ancient compared with the standard plumbing of today. Yet my father said that his father had the very first bathroom in Williamsport.

When the street cars went up and down Fourth Street, it awakened one. And always to tell the time, we had the lovely sound of Trinity Church chimes. Early mornings we were awakened by the hard clang of the Catholic Church bell ringing matins;—evening vespers at six P. M.

Every day at the same time, we could watch the important men of Williamsport walk down town to their offices. First was John G. Reading with a beautiful Van Dyke beard, then Seth T. McCormick, and possibly Mr. Candor met him and they walked on together. Then came Clarence Sprout, another lawyer, with his gold headed cane. A few of the elderly men rode down on the street cars. Later on in the day, the ladies with beautifully arranged furbelows and large hats covered with ostrich plumes rode forth in carriages driven by the colored coachmen. The horses' heads drawn tightly back and arched made them look as tho' they were prancing.

All the houses had iron fences around them and the tradesmen's entrance was a separate walk at the side.

Up the street across from the Lycoming County Historical Society was the most intriguing house in town to me. It was called the "Castle". An old lady, Mrs. White, lived there. When I went to call on her, she was dressed in lavender with lace ruffles at throat and wrists. My, but she was *very* old! At least to a six year old she appeared to be at least ninety. This

house had a turret, octagonal style, and walls and trim were all dark grey. The land around the house was a soft lawn with elm trees intersperced here and there. Those same trees still stand, but now 'tis "Ways Garden".

Summer days were looked forward to by all members of the family. Then our mother would fix a picnic lunch, and we would get on the street cars and ride out to Vallamont Park. The street cars were open to the breeze, and the seats were straight across the car. As we rode the car would bounce up and down. How we tried, we children, to get on the front seat where the bouncing was more pronounced! Maybe Clara Turner Stock Company was playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin". No matter what, it was a big event. Then home again after evening fell, so sleepy we were barely able to climb up stairs to bed.

Living on Fourth Street had its compensations. All the parades were sure to pass! Barnum and Bailey's, "The Greatest Show on Earth," then Wallace and Hagenback, Buffalo Bill with his 50, count them, fifty Indians.

But then, too, some great centennial was held and the parade lasted for hours. We children rolled out the empty flour drums from the old store and sat upon them to watch all these marvelous events.

Funerals were well worth watching in those days. First came the drum major, and then the band playing the dead march from "Saul". Then all the company of Masonic order, and last the hearse drawn by a team of black horses with black plumes on their heads. We were sorry when it all passed. No more the solemn pacing and ritual of dignity when going to the grave. One is whisked away by automobile and the interment over before the tears are dried.

Then, too, what fun to race to the corner when fire whistles blew. We always made it, for then the fire engines were drawn

by horses. Oh, to see the smoke coming out of the stack, and the fire embers flying out behind.

Our father taught my brothers to have their clothes placed ready to jump into when fire whistles blew at night. Some lumber yards caught on fire and then what terror was inspired in our childish hearts. Unfortunately for me; I was not allowed to go on these nocturnal excursions.

These events were written up in newspapers of the day. And then the newspaper was just one cent a copy. I recall the time, but cannot say when it was, when my mother remarked how prices were raising when the newspaper cost rose to two cents!

Up in the Linck Block you could buy horse whips and harnesses. Later furniture was sold here. Seitz's grocery store became well known for their fancy sraples. Here it was that I recall the first, the very first, packaged merchandise—"Uneeda Biscuit". Next came "Shredded Wheat"—and so on.

At the very corner of Weightman Block was Linck's Dry Goods Store, kept by Mr.

Kurtz. Mother would send me up there to buy a spool of thread. Later Bert Wood had his Gift Shop there.

But oh! the Park Hotel! What a place to be, with the P. R. R. station adjoining. Here the bells rang and whistles blew almost continuously. People coming and going, kissing each other good-bye, some laughing a greeting, "hello there". Excitement no end. The station master calling out the trains made one hurry I can tell you.

All this is past! Go to the station today. It is dead. No ques lined up for yards waiting to buy a ticket to Watontown, Dewart, Sunbury, Harrisburg, or Philadelphia. And the Park Hotel, once a four stories high, is now a two storied quiet old ladies home. No longer do stock companies play at Vallamont Pavillion. No longer do the street cars bounce up and down Fourth Street. Nor do the circus parades with elephants and steam calliope thrill the hearts of the little ones. Movies and TV have changed this. But who can say, for better or worse? Time marches on".

### JOYS OF SPRING AND FALL HOUSECLEANING

Everybody had a spring and fall tin cleaning. I remember my mother took the kitchen table out in the yard in the sun. We collected all the tinware and took it out to the table. Mother dipped the scrub brush into our homemade lye soap and then into the sand and scoured each piece.

The girls rinsed off the sand and washed the tins in hot soapy water and set the pans in the sun to dry. There were the shiny tincups, milk cans, milk buckets, cream pans, cooking utensils, kettles, etc. standing, row on row, gleaming in the sun.

Of course we never scoured the jelly tins nor the pie pans because they would stick if one scoured them. (A jelly tin was the round cake pan. People usually put their cakes together with jelly in those days. Everybody made current jelly so we could put cakes together in layers.)

Anna Dieffenbacher  
Montoursville, Pa.

### SKATING

One bright moon light night my big brother took me skating on the river (I wasn't allowed to go alone, Mother was afraid of air-holes). It had been very cold and a "path" had been made by the skaters from Arch Street to the Linden bridge. Well we started up against a terrific wind blowing down the river. We reached our destination—the Linden Bridge, rested a while and started down. We didn't have to do one bit of skating. The wind just blew us along. It was wonderful. I remember it so well I was only 13 or 14 years old.

My mother told me her mother and father went to Philadelphia to visit. They drove in a top buggy and it took them a week to make the trip each way. Can it be possible times would so change in a hundred years? What will the next hundred bring forth?

Mrs. D. W. Lamade

## EDITOR'S PAGE

### BE FAIR TO THE FUTURE

Dear to the hearts of your editors is the preservation of local history. May we point with pride to the articles having to do with personal memories? Sure, some of us remember the time when these activities were just common occurrences, and it doesn't seem possible times could change so much in the few short years we have lived.

So much of the flavor of living is being lost because we don't take the time to put our memories into writing. We hate to accuse ourselves of stealing from today's children, but we are. We are taking from them the keen pleasure you and I have found reading the diaries of people in colonial or Civil War days. It is the common, homely items of our forefathers' lives we like to find. Are we taking and not giving our share? Are you keeping a diary for your great great grandchildren to read? No? Well, how about sending us a brief account of something you remember? We will put

it in the JOURNAL and preserve it for the future.

The JOURNAL belongs to all of us. We are all in the Lycoming Historical Society, and we want to be in the JOURNAL too. We are serious about our desire to preserve the history of the Williamsport area. But changes come so fast. It seems just no time at all since they took up the street car rails, and now the telephone wires are being buried along the streets. Someone should put it on paper. Why not make that someone you? Write us a note about your memories.

Isn't it fun to look into the past and read about someone's memories? Your editors sincerely appreciate the contributions made by the members of the Society. We say a real "Thank You" to each who has helped to make this issue. We are enthusiastic and hope to have a bigger memory section next issue.

The Editors

## REMINISCENCE'S OF DR. A. F. HARDT

On His Early Experiences At The Williamsport Hospital\*

Let me give you a picture of the Williamsport Hospital as I saw it when I served as an intern here, so long ago that I hesitate to tell you when. In those days the hospital facilities were confined to what we now call the "old building" and a frame building in the rear where the Howard Building now stands.

Our druggist then was a Mr. H.— who had formerly been a down town pharmacist. He was very competent, but he had a habit of disappearing nearly every week-end, turning up on a Monday morning looking rather bleary-eyed. Something told us that it was biologically impossible for him to have had as many grandmothers die to account for his absences or to have so many sick friends to sit with. When he was absent, it became the duty of the interns to dispense the drugs and even to put up prescriptions.

There were two interns—Dr. Collier, of Trenton, New Jersey, and myself. Dr. Collier had been a classmate of mine and Captain of the University of Pennsylvania baseball team. His nickname was Cap, after Cap Collier, a famous detective of dime novel fame.

Cap played the mandolin and I played the guitar. Can you imagine us interns serenading the patients and soothing them with what we thought was enchanting music? Miss Daisy Mann, the Superintendent, had been very lenient in allowing such liberties, or possibly I should say, in allowing such discords to pervade the hospital atmosphere.

It was a rule that one of us interns be on duty at all times and thus we were unable to go out together, so we told our Chiefs that the work was too much for us and suggested the appointment of a third intern. We were given permission to secure another doctor. Dr. Collier left immediately for Philadelphia and returned very promptly with Dr. Shellenberger, another classmate.

Shortly after he arrived, Dr. Collier and I decided to initiate Dr. Shellenberger. The time was propitious because Miss Mann was away. Dr. Collier lay on the down stairs operating table with a bandage soaked with cranberry juice around his

head. One of the nurses went to call Dr. Shellenberger, telling him we had a very badly injured man in the operating room. He responded immediately, coming down in his pajamas. Dr. Collier was snoring loudly and pretending to be unconscious. Dr. Shellenberger entering the room said, "It must be a case of fractured skull with cerebral concussion". He lifted the bandage and saw who it was! The night nurses were hiding in the sterilizing room. They now appeared and lambasted him with pillows until he made a very quick exit, saying something which I could not repeat here.

While on the subject of unprintable language these recollections might be concluded with the following incident.

The telephone service of the hospital consisted of one phone in the anteroom off the Superintendent's office and a day and night telephone girl. The girl simply answered the phone and sought the person called or delivered the message. Dr. Collier was doing a dressing in the men's surgical ward when Etha, the gum chewing telephone girl, told him that Miss Mann wished to see him at her office. The girl returned twice with a similar message adding that Miss Mann said, regardless of his being busy, he should come at once. Dr. Collier was so annoyed that he said, "You tell Miss Mann to go to h——." The girl hurried to Miss Mann and said, "Dr. Collier told me to tell you to go to h——." Needless to say he finished his work without further interruption!

\*Editor's Note

Dr. Hardt's recollections are brief excerpts from an address he delivered to the graduating class of nurses of the Williamsport Hospital in 1951. Much of the text of that address contained information valuable to compilers of the history of the Williamsport Hospital and to those interested in contrasting medical and nursing procedures of yesterday with those of today.

However it was thought that Dr. Hardt's delightfully frank yet humorous account of the escapades of three young interns was worthy of being preserved as a separate record as well as being of interest to the lay public.

## Sketch of the Life of GEN. JOHN BURROWS

OF LYCOMING COUNTY

*Furnished by himself at the request of his numerous relatives*

Ed. Note:—This account has been printed word for word from an unpublished reprint of the original manuscript which is in a remarkable state of preservation and in the possession of the Lycoming Historical Society.

I, JOHN BURROWS, of Lycoming County, and State of Pennsylvania, being solicited by my children and grandchildren, and other relatives, to give them a history of my life, I have undertaken to give them a brief sketch of some of the events of it, and of my parentage.

I was born near Rahway, a town in East Jersey, the 15th of May, 1760. My grandfather, John Burrows, with other brethren, emigrated from England to get clear of religious persecution, and landed in Massachusetts in 1645, and settled near Rahway, (where I was born and where my father was born,) where he died, being near a hundred years old.

My father, John Burrows, married Lois, the daughter of the Rev. Nathaniel Hubble, a Presbyterian clergyman, (who preached to the same congregation, in Rahway, upwards of forty years,) by whom he had five sons.

My mother dying when I was an infant, he left me with his only sister, (intermarried with Richard Hall,) and removed to Pennsylvania and settled on the bank of the Delaware, opposite Trenton, where he married a widow Morgan, an excellent woman and an affectionate step-mother.

The first mail route in America was established at this time. My father's proposals, (as he informed me,) went to England, and he was allotted the carrying of the mail between New York and Philadelphia, three times a week, on horseback—going through in one day and night, and returning the next, laying by the Sabbath. He always kept light boys for riders, and each of his sons had to take their turn, until they became too heavy.

When I was thirteen years old, my father sent for me home, and I had to take my turn at riding; and I never carried a mail, during the three years that I rode, but

I could have carried on my little finger.

My kind step-mother having deceased, my father married a third wife, very unlike his last. She had six children, and he had six. Upon which occasion, *his* children not feeling comfortable at home, and the news of the British landing on Long Island, we all five marched in the militia; and when our tour expired, we joined the flying-camp; was on Long Island at the retreat of it. Two of my brothers were taken at Fort Washington, and the rest of us returned with the remnant of the retreating army to Pennsylvania, and the British close on our heels all the way, until we crossed the Delaware.

Gen. Washington lay about two weeks at my father's, opposite Trenton; then removed to Newtown, the county seat of Bucks, from which place he marched with his little army on Christmas morning, 1776, and then crossed the Delaware that night, nine miles above Trenton. I crossed with him, and assisted in taking the Hessians next morning. The particulars of the arrangement and plan of the different divisions of the army intending to cross the river, but was prevented by the ice; the places, number of divisions, & c., has been erroneously given in history. The prisoners were conveyed across the river and we remained in Jersey until that day week, the 2d of January, (the canonade at Trenton,) and marched that night, at twelve o'clock, up the Sandpink Creek, and arrived at Stony-Brook, about one mile from Princeton, at sunrise. In ascending the hill to the town, to the right of the main road, there was an extensive thick thorn hedge. When we got pretty near to it, the whole British force that lay at Princeton had concealed themselves in ambush behind the hedge, and rose and fired. The Philadelphia militia were in front, and gave way; but were

rallied again by Generals Cadwallader and Mifflin.

After the enemy were driven from the hedge—there being but one gate in the hedge to pass through to pursue them—Gen. Mercer in advance, with a small party, was first through the gate. The enemy observing it, rushed back to the charge, and bayoneted the General and twelve others before they could be relieved. Part of the army moved swiftly to the right, round the hedge, got ahead of part of the enemy and captured five hundred of them.

While we were collecting our dead and wounded, the advance of the main British army that we had left in the night at Trenton, fired on some men that were sent to cut the bridge down that was over Stony-Brook. We now moved on with our prisoners. The British forded Stony-Brook and pursued us. We were again fired on, cutting the bridge down at Kingston, three miles from Princeton. After pursuing our course some six or seven miles on the road to Brunswick, we turned off the main road to elude the pursuit of the enemy, and halted at Pluckemin for refreshment, where we interred the dead with the honors of war and had the wounds of the wounded dressed.

From this place I returned home; and after staying a short time to rest, I returned back and joined the army at Morristown, as an express rider, at forty dollars per month.

Our army lay this summer (1771) in Jersey. Had several skirmishes with the enemy. At one of them, Gen. Sterling's division, composing Maxwell's and Conway's brigades, were severely handled at the Short Hills, a few miles from Brunswick.

When the British appeared in the Chesapeake, we crossed the Delaware to Pennsylvania. The British landed at the head of Elk River, and marched for Philadelphia. We met them at Brandywine Creek, at a place called Chad's-Ford; and a battle ensued between the hostile armies, the result of which is well known, though some trifling errors are committed, and incidents omitted in history, that might be interesting to many at this day, and which I find to be the case in every battle that I was in during the war.

After the battle our army retreated, and was pursued by the British through different parts of Chester County, but had no fighting, except at the Paoli, with Gen. Wayne's brigade; after which the British steered their course for Philadelphia, and stationed part of their army at Germantown, and Gen. Washington encamped at a place called the Trap, about twenty-five miles from Philadelphia.

Gen. Washington soon perceived the evil of suffering the enemy to keep possession of the country as well as the city, and the advantage they had in their depredations upon the inhabitants, and supplying themselves with every necessary that they wanted. He was determined to deprive them of that advantage, and accordingly moved from the Trap with his whole force and attacked them at Germantown and drove them more than a mile, when two circumstances occurred to impede our onward course. The enemy filled a strong stone house with soldiers, with two field pieces, which we ineffectually tried to get possession of; and the other was Gen. Stevens, of Virginia, laying back on the left wing of the army. Cornwallis arriving in the meantime, with their whole force from the city, we were compelled to retreat; and the enemy pursued us for several miles. It had, however, the desired effect—it confined them to the city.

We lay then about two weeks at White Marsh, fifteen miles from Philadelphia; then crossed the Schuylkill, and lay a few days on the hill near the Gulph Mills, and then went into winter quarters at the Valley Forge.

About two weeks before we left the Valley Forge I was at home at my father's on furlough; and while I was there, the British sent a gunboat and five or six hundred men up the Delaware, evidently for the special purpose of burning the valuable buildings belonging to Col. Joseph Kirkbride, and active and zealous Whig. The gunboat ran aground on a bar in the river. I fell in with a company of the artillery that belonged in Trenton, and we went as near to the gunboat as we could get, on the Jersey shore, and fired into her the whole time she lay aground; and she fired her thirty-two pounder at us until the tide raised and floated her off, when

she steered her course down the river.

The land troops after they had burned up the entire buildings of Col. Kirkbride, consisting of a fine dwelling house, a barn, glass house and outbuildings of every description, marched by land for Bristol, where they embarked again for Philadelphia. We crossed the river to pursue them. I stopped, with two others of the company, to view the ruins of Kirkbride's buildings, and my stopping there enabled me to prevent the destruction of other buildings, equally valuable as Kirkbride's, belonging to Thomas Roche, a violent Tory. Kirkbride and him lived about a quarter of a mile apart, on the bank of the river opposite Bordentown. They were both rich and had large possessions. While viewing the ruins we observed a British soldier lying drunk with wine from Kirkbride's cellar, and while securing him I saw a skiff coming across the river, and a man rowing it, without a hat, appeared in great haste. I observed to the two men who had stopped with me that I thought he was bent on mischief—that his object was to burn Roche's buildings by way of retaliation. As soon as the boat struck the shore he jumped out with a bundle of oakum under his arm, and made toward Roche's. I observed to the men with me that we must not suffer it to be done. They replied, "Let him burn up the d—d Tory!" I however prevailed upon them to go with me to Roche's, and we prevented him from executing his purpose. Roche and the family were very much alarmed and one of the daughters fainted. Roche rolled out a quarter of a cask of wine to us. The fellow swore he would go back and get a force strong enough. He did go back to Bordentown, and came over again with two more beside himself. We still prevented and deterred them from committing the act; stayed there all night and until a guard of men was procured to protect him, and his property was saved. This act of mine, in riper years, has given me satisfaction. Roche told me after the war that he would reward me, but he never did; but I have always considered myself sufficiently rewarded in the act itself. I have been thus particular in this matter because history makes no mention of the affair.

I returned back to the Valley Forge, and when it was known that the British were

about to leave Philadelphia and go by land through Jersey to New York, we left the Valley Forge, crossed the Delaware and came up with the enemy at Monmouth, where, during the action, my horse fell dead under me, and Gen. Washington presented me with another very good one; and when I informed him that I wished to leave the army, he gave me a certificate of my good behavior while with him, which, like a foolish boy, I did not take care to preserve. During fourteen months that I was with him in this capacity I was a member of his household, (except when I was conveying his dispatches,) and witnessed traits of the great, the good, the prudent and the virtuous man, that would be vanity in me to attempt, with my feeble pen, to describe, and do justice to his character.

From Monmouth I returned home; and things not looking much more comfortable there than when I first left it, and having now arrived at an age to reflect and think of my future prospects, how I was to get a living, &c., I concluded I would learn some trade, and accordingly went into Trenton and bound myself to John Yard, to learn the blacksmith trade. Having lost nothing of my military spirit and zeal for the cause of my country, I joined a volunteer company of artillery that I had been with, firing at the British Gunboat, and was out with this company every summer during the four years that I resided in Trenton, and one winter campaign. During one of these summers, I was at the battle of Springfield, in Jersey; this was the seventh battle I was in during the war, besides several skirmishes I have just related; and as I have not seen the particulars of this battle given in history, I will here give some of them.

Kniphausen, a Hessian General, landed at Elizabethtown Point with five thousand British and Hessians, and proceeded to burn a place called Connecticut Farms, after which they made an attempt on Springfield. On the news of their landing, we marched with our artillery all night and arrived just in time to take part in the battle as the enemy approached the town; it was defended by the four regiments of Jersey regular troops, and the Jersey militia almost *enmasse*. There was a deep morass on

the south of the town, extending east and west a considerable distance past it, and but one bridge to get into the town the way the enemy came. Our company, and another of artillery, was placed pretty near the bridge, behind a small eminence, and the shot of the enemy as they came near, all went over us. The road they came was straight and open for three-fourths of a mile, and we had fair play at them the whole way, till they came to the bridge; they were twice on the bridge but were beaten back; and considering, as we had to judge of their conduct, that they would buy their victory too dear, from the advantage we had of them, they gathered up their dead and wounded and retreated back to the point where they first landed. They were annoyed somewhat by the infantry in their retreat, but we remained in our stronghold. They lay there some days, I forget exactly how long, but were determined not to abandon their diabolical purpose of burning this town. They returned by another road, and our forces being very much weakened by some of the militia having gone home, and the regular troops having joined General Washington near the Hudson, where he lay watching the movements of the British army. As they approached the town, we were drawn off, being, on account of our weakness, unable to defend it, and thinking that if we gave them no resistance the town would fare better. But, alas! to trust British generosity, was vain indeed, when they so often manifested their cruelty and implacable hatred to a kinder people in this war. When they entered the town they burnt every house in it, except two tory houses; a fine meeting house, preached in by a Presbyterian minister by the name of Caldwell, who resided in the town, and who left his wife in his house, thinking she would be a protection to it; but they shot her through a window, with a child in her arms, burned the house, and caught him and killed him. Why this apathy to defend this town, I was then and am still at a loss to know when it was so nobly defended at first. These two places, the Connecticut Farms and Springfield, were congregations of zealous whigs, and their loyalty to their country had entailed on them this sad calamity.

My two brothers that were taken at Fort Washington—one of them died while a

prisoner in New York; the other was exchanged, went to the south, and fell with De Calb; and the other one sailed with Commodore Nicholas Biddle in the ship Randolph, which was blown up while fighting the British at sea, and every soul perished.

After I had resided four years in Trenton, I returned to Pennsylvania; my father had removed to the ferry, and left my brother (who had got married) on the farm that he had left; there was a distillery on the farm, and my brother invited me to join him on the farm.

My brother and I lived on this place one year, when my father sold the ferry and the adjoining farm, and the farm we lived on, to Robert Morris, for which he never received a cent, except fifty pounds for the boats and two years interest. After he made this sale, he received an appointment in the Comptroller's office, at the adoption of the United States Constitution, which he held until he died in Washington City, upwards of ninety years old; and though he was not able to perform the duties of the office for two years before he died, yet they continued to pay him his salary until his death. I remember to have heard one of the United States officers say, that they were bound, in honor, to support him as long as he lived—and they did so. My brother and I rented a large farm and merchant mill thereon belonging to his father-in-law, Samuel Torbet, and I shortly afterwards married my brother's wife's sister, Jane Torbert, by whom I have had seven children, and have had as their offspring, forty-three grand-children and three great-grand-children.

My wife's mother had deceased some time before I married her, and left eight children; her father had married a second wife, by whom he had at this time three children; she was a widow, and brought three with her; the old man had taken to drink, became dissipated, neglected his business, got in debt, and finally all his property was sold from him. My brother and I purchased one hundred and twenty acres of the prime part of the farm, and farmed it together one year. The place being too small for us both, we concluded to separate. I left him on the farm, and went near to Philadelphia and rented a

finely improved farm, or at least it had fine buildings on it, at a rent of nearly two hundred pounds a year including taxes, &c. I took with me a fine team of five horses, and eleven milch cows. I was much mistaken in my opinion of this farm, but I had rented it in the winter, when the snow was on the ground; in the spring when the snow went off, I found the ground worn out, and very poor; I had taken it for seven years, and concluded myself bound, by my bargain, to do what I could with it, and make the best of a bad bargain. I set to work and hauled on to it fifteen hundred bushels of lime, ten miles, and three hundred five-horse loads of dung from the city, seven miles. This extra expense I was not prepared to meet; it sunk me considerably in debt, besides my rent laying behind. Everything at this junction, seemed to operate against me: the market for produce, within three years, had sunk 100 per cent; every field on the farm produced no other pasture than garlic, and of course the butter was affected with it, and I have sold my butter in hot weather, after standing in the market till the middle of the day, for four pence per pound, and glad to get it.

At the end of three years I found that I had sunk six or seven hundred pounds. I now saw clearly that it would be out of my power to liquidate my debt on the farm, and accordingly surrendered it to my landlord, Geo. Fox, of Philadelphia. I had got considerably in debt to him, beside the rent, by his assisting to improve the land. Mr. Fox's brother, Samuel M. Fox, came on the farm, and they agreed to take my stock of creatures and farming utensils, which extinguished only a part of my debt. Samuel gave me two hundred dollars to stay with him one year, to put him in the way of farming. I had purchased my brother's share of the farm in Bucks, that belonged between us. My wife's aunt had a lien on it, of three hundred pounds, for which I had given her a judgment bond. She had got alarmed for the security of her money, and entered up her judgment, and had my place condemned before I was aware of it, until Dr. Tate, a cousin of my wife, sent his negro eighteen miles to inform me of it. Having a demand against her, I got the judgment opened; and when my year with Mr. Fox was ended, I went

back to Bucks County and sold my place there to my brother, for six pounds per acre, which was sold a few years after for one hundred dollars per acre.

I remained two years in Bucks, without any prospect of improving my pecuniary circumstances, and a debt of a thousand dollars to pay and nothing to pay it with, or the means of extinguishing any part of it. I concluded to go to work at my trade, this being the only means left for me for the support of my growing and helpless family; and being invited by my brother-in-law, Hugh McNair, to go to Northampton county, I moved there and followed my trade for two years; but finding the blacksmith trade a very poor trade there, I sold my tools and started with my wife and five children, (one of them at her breast,) for Muncy, where I had some relations living, and arrived there on the 17th of April, 1794, without eight dollars in money, house or land. I was obliged to go into a small cabin about sixteen feet square with a family of six children, and besides six of my own family, including a bound boy.

I remained in this cabin until the 15th of November, when I removed, on eighteen inches depth of snow, to a place belonging to my relative, John Hall. I was told, before I left Northampton, that distilling was a good business in a new country. I had learned distilling at my father's and brought two small stills with me. The snow that I moved on to Mr. Hall's farm soon went off, and the weather became fine. I set to work and dug a place in the bank, along side of a well, and put up a small log still-house, and covered it with split stuff and dirt. The weather continuing fine until New Years' day, on that day I started my stills, and the next day winter set in fairly. I found distilling a good business. I purchased rye for five shillings a bushel and sold my whiskey for a dollar a gallon; and by the first of April had realized fifty pounds in cash. I was on this farm two years. Before I left Northampton, I made a conditional contract with William Telfair of South Carolina for fifty acres of land on the river, the north side of Muncy Hill. It was in possession of Samuel Wallis, and pending an ejectment in the Supreme Court. I gained the land, took possession of it, and erected a large still-

house thereon; I sold my stills, went to Philadelphia, and purchased a pair of large stills for one hundred pounds; borrowed fifty pounds from my brother to pay for them, brought them home, and set them up in the house that I had erected for them. It was late in the autumn before I got them ready to start, and the winter set in with intense freezing, without the ground filling with water, (the only instance of the kind I ever knew,) and continued cold and dry all winter. I could not get a bushel chopped for distilling, there being no mill in the neighborhood but Shoemaker's, and it was so nearly froze up that it could not grind but very little for the people for bread. Some had to go a great distance to get grinding; and the water that I depended on to supply the still-house, entirely froze up.

I had run in debt for six hundred and fifty bushels of rye, at six shillings and six pence per bushel; had provided myself with twenty head of horned cattle and forty hogs to be fed on the still slop. Not having this article, that I entirely depended on to winter my creatures, I boiled and exhausted my whole stock of rye. The country being new, there was no hay to be got at any price; and I hauled straw, some of it ten miles, and used every means in my power to keep my creatures alive; yet in the spring I had only just half of my cattle alive, and nine hogs, and was obliged to sell my still to pay for the rye, and quit distilling, and before harvest arrived I had ran short of bread. There was no grain to be had in the neighborhood. I went in search of some—got two bushels of wheat sixteen miles off, and paid two dollars a bushel. Must here tell you of a great feat I once performed, of speed in traveling.

There were a hundred and fifty acres of vacant land adjoining the little farm I was in possession of, and there was a warrant out for one hundred acres of it. I was watching to see what part of the land they would lay their warrant on. As I knew that they could not cover all the land with that warrant, I was determined, if I could, to deprive them of the balance; and I believe they mistrusted me for watching them—and took advantage of my absence from home, to lay their warrant; and despatched a man on Friday, with an application for the fifty acres. I came home on Sunday

noon—took a little refreshment, and went to Sunbury that afternoon, thirty miles; got my application signed by two Justices, on Monday morning; and started at eight o'clock, and was in Philadelphia on Tuesday night, one hundred and sixty miles from Muncy; entered my application next morning, and obtained the land. The other man came to the land office a few minutes after I entered my application. I performed this journey on foot, to save expense, and believing that I could do it sooner than any horse I had. I continued to work on my little farm, had to use the strictest economy to support my helpless family.

In 1795, Lycoming was taken from Northumberland, and erected into a separate county; and in the winter of 1796, I was appointed a Justice of the Peace, by Gov. M'Kean; which office I held nine years, (until it was vacated, by my being elected to the State Senate,) and was the only Justice, a great part of that time, where there are now ten townships, and more than ten Justices; and the fees of that office did not pay for my salt. There never was a *Certiorari* against my proceedings, nor an appeal from my judgment; nor did I ever issue a *scire facias* against a constable. I had the good fortune, by proper management with the people, to put litigation under my feet; until other Justices were appointed, when it was encouraged by some of them.

In 1802, I was elected a County Commissioner; and assisted in erecting one of the handsomest court houses in the State. About this time, I received a letter from Dr. Tate, introducing William Hill Wells to me—who settled in the woods where Wellsborough now stands, the county seat of Tioga. Mr. Wells applied to me to furnish him with provisions in his new settlement. He had brought a number of negroes with him, from the State of Delaware, where he moved from. I put eighty-eight hundred weight of pork on two sleds, and started to go to him with it. It was fine sledding, but dreadful cold weather. In crossing the Allegheny mountain, the man I had driving one of the teams, froze his feet up to his ankles. I was obliged to leave him; and the next morning put the four horses to one sled, and the pork on it, and started for Wells'. I had six times to cross Pine Creek. A man coming into

the settlement, from that part of the country had froze to death the day before. I passed him, lying in the road. The second crossing of the creek was about fifty yards wide; and when the foremost horses got to the middle of the creek the ice broke with them; the ice was about mid-side deep; and in their attempt to get on the ice again, drew the other horses and the sled into the creek, and pulled the roller out of the sled. I got the horses ashore, and tied them; I went back to the sled; the water running over the pork. I had to go partly under water, to get an axe that was tied on the sled, to cut a road through the ice, to get the sled ashore. Sometimes in the water up to my middle, and sometimes standing on the ice—the water following the stroke of the axe, would fly up, and as soon as it touched me it was ice. When I had got the road cut to the shore, I went to the sled, and got a log chain, had to go under water, and hook first to one runner and then the other, and back the horses in through the road, and pull the sled out. It was now dark; and I had six miles to go, and four times to cross the creek, without a roller in my sled to guide it. On descending ground, it would often run out of the road, when I had difficulty to get it in the road again—not a dry thread on me, and the outside of my clothes froze stiff. It was twelve o'clock before I got to the mill, the first house before me; and there was neither hay nor stable when I got there. I thought my poor horses would freeze to death. Next morning as soon as daylight appeared, I cut a stick, and put a roller to my sled;—the very wood seemed filled with ice.

I started from there at ten o'clock, had fifteen miles to go to Wells'—the snow two feet deep, and scarcely a track in the road. I met Mr. Wells' negro five miles this side of his house, coming to meet me, on horseback, about sunset. He said there was a byroad, that was a mile nearer than the one I was on; and he undertook to pilot me; but he soon lost the path, and we wandered about among the trees, till at length my sled pitched into a hole and overset. I then unhooked my horses from the sled, and asked the negro if he thought he could pilot me to the house; but he acknowledged himself lost. I looked about, and took a view of the stars, and started

with my four horses, and left my pork in the woods, and fortunately got into Wells'; and when I got there, he had neither hay nor stable, or any kind of feed, nor any place to confine my horses, but to tie them to trees. He had a place dug in a log, that I could feed two of my horses at a time. All the buildings that he had erected, was two small cabins, adjoining each other—one for himself and family, about sixteen feet square, that I could not stand straight in, built of logs, and bark for an upper floor, and split logs for the lower floor. The negro cabin was a little larger, but built of the same materials. I set by the fire until morning—and it took me all that day to get my pork to the house, and settle; and started next morning for home, without feed to give my horses there, after standing there two nights, and the snow to their bellies. I have thus been particular in detailing the circumstances of this trip, leaving you to judge of the hardships that I had to endure; but it is only a specimen of much of the kind that I have had to encounter through life.

I was at this time living in Pennsborough; which place, when I came to this part of the country, was entirely in woods. There was barely a beginning to the town when I moved to it, some years after. Stephen Bell had put up a shell of a house, which I purchased, and two lots adjoining; which house I finished; and improved with other buildings, handsomely about it. I went on to purchase by little, as I was able, and could get it, until I owned and cleared the principal part of the land in and about the town; and sold lots for the improvement of it—which is now one of the handsomest villages on the West Branch.

On the 28th of September, 1804, my wife deceased; and on the 11th of June, 1807, I married Mary M'Cormick, widow of William M'Cormick. In 1808 I was elected to the State Senate, from the district composed of the counties of Lycoming and Centre.

At the expiration of my time in the Senate, I sold the balance of my land in Pennsborough, to George Lewis, of New York, for four thousand dollars, which enabled me, with the assistance I got by my last wife, to make the first payment for

five hundred and seventy acres of land, on the West Branch of Susquehanna, at the mouth of Loyalsock creek. It was an Indian reserve—and part of the tract had been cleared by the Indians; but a great part of it was in a state of nature, and was in woods from Loyalsock creek for two miles, on the road leading to Muncy, with the exception of two small patches; but is now handsomely improved, and a scattered town, nearly that distance from the creek. I purchased this tract of land in the spring of 1812, but could not get possession of it until 1813. Having sold my property at Pennsborough, I rented at Walton's mills, for one year; and then came on my farm at Loyalsock.

In 1811, Gov. Snyder sent me the appointment of Major General of the ninth division of Pennsylvania militia, for seven years. At the end of which time I was re-appointed for four years; and in 1813, the same Governor sent me the appointment of Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas, Register of wills, Recorder of deeds, and Clerk of the several courts. And since I have been in this place, I have been three times nominated as a candidate for Congress, by regular meetings convened for the purpose of making nominations—twice by the old Democratic party when there were only two parties, known and distinguished by the Democratic and Federal parties—but did not stand a poll; and once by the Antimasonic party, in a convention of delegates from different counties in this district. At this time, I agreed to stand a candidate, as a rallying point for the party, though well convinced that I had no chance of success: for I well knew the Masonic party was all powerful in the district. I kept the offices of Prothonotary, &c, about four years, and then resigned them, and returned back to my farm.

After I purchased this farm, I was only able to make the first payment; and the balance of the purchase money being a heavy debt, I was fearful of the consequences, and sold one hundred and twenty acres of it, for twenty-five dollars per acre—which I had cause afterward to repent of, for I had to buy it back again in less than two years for fifty-five dollars, and some of it at a hundred dollars per acre, or let it go into other hands, which I was not willing to do. Thus instead of this sale

relieving me in my embarrassment, increased it; but it is all paid, though I have met with many losses;—but my farm being a very productive one, I have been able, with good management and hard labor, to sustain myself against them all. I have sold, in Baltimore market, one year's surplus produce of my farm for four thousand dollars, wanting five dollars, besides nearly two hundred dollars worth at home, and besides feed, seed, grain, bread and meat. And the produce has enabled me to build a good merchant mill, fifty by sixty, with five run of stones, which cost me, race dams and all, rising ten thousand dollars; and the losses I have met with are not much short of that sum.

Now, here let me give a history of another trip that I had in the wilderness, that I travelled to Mr. Wells', and in which I suffered more, much more, than I did in going to Wells'. I contracted with the commissioners of the east and west road, to deliver them a hundred barrels of flour, in Potter County. I started with seven sleds, carrying fifty barrels of it. After I got into the wilderness, it was forty miles between houses, and the snow very deep. There was a cabin half way, which we expected to lodge at. We got to the place a little after dark, when we found the cabin burnt down. This was the night previous to the "cold Thursday,"—termed so by everybody at that time. The horses being very warm when we stopped, and it being dreadful cold, and the snow drifting upon them, almost covering them up, they began to tremble amazingly. I felt alarmed for the horses; we had a number of blankets along, expecting to lay out; we mustered them all up, brushed the snow off the horses as we could, and tied the blankets all on them. We then went to work to try to get a fire. Our fire-works were not good; and it was towards the middle of the night before we got a fire: and then, a very poor one. We danced around it until the daystar appeared. We then hooked to; and there were very few of the horses that would stretch a chain, until we beat them severely, to get them warm. We had three miles of hill to ascend. After I got the hindmost team to the top of the hill, I got a severe hurt, that entirely disabled me; I was not able to walk a step—was obliged

to set on the top of the barrels, suffering the most excruciating pain, until sundown, before we got to the first house, when it was feared that some of those driving the teams would freeze to death.

Such has been my toil and unceasing labor, ever since I have had a family to raise, and educate my children, and place them in a situation that they would not be dependent. I have brought them up to industry, and am happy to have it in my power to say, they follow my example.

I have not only built a mill, but have built several dwelling houses, barns, and other necessary out-houses, on the farm, and improved it well. There was scarcely a good panel of fence on it when I came to it.

I am now seventy-seven years old, and receive a pension, payable semi-annually, for my revolutionary services, under the act of Congress of 1822, of \$173.33; and must, according to the court of nature shortly leave what I have, whether it be little or much, of this world's goods, to my children, who have the natural right to it, hoping that they will always keep in mind that "God giveth—and He taketh away;" and that they will so act as to merit and receive His blessing, without which there is no real comfort or enjoyment in this world—nor can we expect it in that which is to come.

And now, my sons, having complied with the request of my children, in giving them some of the events and transactions of my life, without going into a minute detail, which would be a very laborious task; (besides, my life has been a very chequered one, and I could not relate, from memory, one-half of the incidents of it, and only related some facts that never will be erased from my memory, while my senses last.) That, when the grave closes on me, you will not neglect to support the principles that your father so often ventured his life to establish, and so many of your uncles lost their lives in support of,—principles that gave your country birth, as a free and independent nation—that secures to you and your children, life, liberty and property, and the equal rights of your fellow men; (not that I have any doubt you will do so,) but I wish to leave

it as in injunction on you, and my grandsons, and if I could, on the world of mankind in general. And although those principles have been disregarded and violated by corrupt and unholy men, yet I trust, that there is a redeeming spirit abroad in the land: that the people will return to their first love, and check the career of designing demagogues, (who like wolves in sheep's clothing, have assumed to themselves the name of Democrats,) and revive those principles, before they become extinct.

To conclude—let me again urge it upon you, (as a father's advice,) always to support, with your voice, votes and influence, the equal rights of your fellow men. These are the principles that carried us triumphantly through a bloody war against one of the most powerful monarchies on earth—principles that the sages of the revolution pledged "their lives, their fortune, and their sacred honors," to support. And set your faces against any and every measure hostile to those principles,—particularly against *secret societies*, the very nature of which is at war with the fundamental principles of our government, and if carried out, must inevitably destroy it. It is true that I have had a double share of political persecution, in vindication of them; but that detracts nothing from the righteousness of the cause and the obligations we are under to our country to support them.

You will perceive, from my narrative, that although I have in early life, been nipped with the frost of adversity and poverty, that it has rather operated as a stimulant than a damper to my industry. Whenever a man becomes destitute of a laudable ambition to pursue some useful business, he becomes a drone, and a dead weight upon the commonwealth; he is neither useful to himself, to society, nor to his country.

## FISHING EXPERIENCES

*This is part of a letter published in the*

*PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER*

"Have fished the dam at the foot of Hepburn Street, Williamsport. In the Fall, when river was low, climbed down chute wall . . . crossed over bottom of chute and up the other side to the dam.

"When high water prevailed in the Spring months, rafts of partially squared long logs, bound with saplings, with bent hickory pieces underneath and nailed securely to the saplings, would shoot through enroute to Havre de Grace, Maryland.

"They had to be steered just right to enter the chute for there would only be a couple feet leeway on either side of the chute. A wooden shanty was erected near center of raft, when the raft would reach lower end of chute, waves would sweep back a quarter of the length of the raft.

". . . Not far from Dodge Mill lumber yards, between the high piles of freshly cut boards of pine, hemlock, and oak. Beneath the trestles was an excellent place to dig worms.

"The riffles in Lycoming Creek, below the Reading R. R. bridge, would provide us with helgramites. Method of procedure . . . a piece of burlap tied to two broomsticks and a pal to turn over the stones: current moving them into the burlap net.

"Lamprey eels were obtained from a depression at the edge of old canal bed, up past Morris Lundy's barn, near the Reighard farm, by digging in the mud and water.

"Bass season opened June 1st. No fishing licenses were required. A square or so be-

low the foot of Arch Street, the Dodge Mills had a boom of three or four cribs describing a ninety degree arc cut into the river to hold logs. A jackslip lifted them up and across the old canal bed to a crib on which was a square timber placed on an angle to the endless spiked chain of the jackslip. The logs striking this piece of band saw spiked on the timber, would tumble down into the pond.

"Hardware stores would have a couple dozen bamboo poles on display, out on the sidewalk near the front doors. Prices were ten cents to a quarter, depending on length and straightness; cotton line; Kerby ringed hooks; can of good, big worms and down to the Dodge boom to wet a line.

"Between the first and second cribs, counting the farther one in the river as No. 1, was a good place to have a try. I fished quietly and patiently on a hot afternoon, standing on that boom stick, . . . no results. Not even a nibble.

"The sun was getting lower and I was commencing to suffer from hunger so I decided not to waste my good worms, lifted up my line and strung the worms one by one, sideways on the hook.

"I let it go down nearly to the bottom, soon had a strike and pulled in a nice black bass. Could not land him immediately but gradually worked him to the edge of the boom stick. Reaching home mother weighed it . . . tipped the scales at three pounds.

N. H. Myers

### HURRAH FOR HARRISON

Hurrah for Harrison

He's the man

Cleveland died in the sweet corn can

Punch and Judy sealed him up

And that was the end of the dirty pup.

*Campaign song used when Harrison was running for the presidency.*

## Education In The Nineteenth Century

by John A. Eckert

In referring to the above subject the writer has events in Lycoming County in mind. I remember in my early days, I asked my father George Eckert, who was born in 1832, and lived until 1934, concerning the conditions in the educational field in his early school days. He was proud of the fact that he was a pupil of the able pioneer, and famous instructor Wendel Harmon, who in 1804 first settled in Bloominggrove (Hepburn Twp.)

The school my father attended was in the teacher's home, a log house one and one half miles north east of Salladasburg. All teaching was in the German language, benches placed around the room served as desks, or seats for the pupils. Very stormy weather resulted in some pupils who came quite a distance staying overnight with the teacher. School tax was an unknown quantity as there were no schoolhouses, but parents of pupils frequently gave the teacher a bag of corn, a sack of flour, or a load of wood, in payment of the teacher services.

Subjects taught at that time were reading, writing, and arithmetic. The reader was the Old and New Testament. I am advised that ten years later the books were printed with two columns, one in German language and the other column was in the English language. The arithmetic was a ready reckoner with problems worked as proof of their correctness.

A generation later found the writer of this sketch a pupil in the common schools. I remember the school term was five months long and parents purchased the text books for their children. One of the great events looked forward to by teachers and pupils was the district institute held in some central section and embraced several townships. I remember one held in Salladasburg for the districts of Mifflin, Anthony, Piatt, and the boro of Salladsburg. These institutes were generally held on a Saturday. At that time Mifflin had seven schools, Anthony had five and Piatt had

five and Salladasburg two. All schools participated in the contests which included Reading, Spelling, Rapid addition, and general information. Rivalry was keen among the pupils for leadership. These contests with the discussions of questions relating to school, completed the day's program. Large bobsleds sometimes drawn by four horses generally hauled the entire school. Enrollments were sometimes forty. The merry sound of the sleigh-bells, the singing of the school songs of that day by the scholars as they were homeward bound was the end of a perfect day.

Being fortunate in being a teacher near the end of the century, the school term had increased to seven months and the textbooks and supplies were purchased for the pupils. I well remember the outstanding event for the teachers was the annual county teacher's institute generally held in Muncy. Sessions were for an entire week. Valuable instruction and prominent educators appeared before that organization. Outstanding was Russell H. Conwell whose famous lecture on ACRES of DIAMONDS left a great influence on the teachers to live to make a better world. During this century Dr. NATHAN C. SHAFFER of Public INSTRUCTION contributed much to educational advancement. Lycoming County had many popular and able educators who later were advanced to important positions and did much to set the stage for progress in the coming century. In looking back over the years, two things loom that make me consider time is ever changing, first one of our foremost languages of years ago, was banished from our curriculum because a paper hanger's (Hitler) ignominious thoughts and ideas were to conquer the world; second, the Red school house so popular in the nineteenth century, fifty five years later found the great state of Pennsylvania spending annually two million dollars to eliminate them.

## Program Lycoming County Historical Society

October 13—

### HISTORY CAN BE FUN

By Dr. S. K. Stevens, State Historian.

November 10—

### ROMANCE OF RAILROADING IN LYCOMING & CLINTON COUNTIES

By Mr. George F. Hess, Past President of Clinton Historical Society.

December 8—

### CHRISTMAS PARTY

Mrs. Edith Wright.

January 12—

### THE STEIGLE TOUCH IN GLASSWARE

By Mr. John Budd Lamade.

February 9—

### FANS

By Miss Marguerite I. Quigley.

March 8—

### WILLIAMSPORT, FROM MICHAEL ROSS TO PETER HERDIC

Rev. L. G. Shannon.

Morris H. Housel, Chairman, Program Committee

## ACCESSIONS TO THE MUSEUM

Lycoming Gazette, Feb. 14, 1827. (1 copy). Gift of Mr. Asa H. Sigworth, Warren, Pa.

Childs Desk; Childs Dresser; Hobby Horse. Gifts of Miss Margaret Bingham Coryell and Clement Stewart Coryell.

Small Childs Coat, Cap from England 50 years ago. Gift of Ruth Hopper, Hughesville, Pa.

Deer Head; Gift of Mr. James T. Malloy.

Carriage Parasol, highly carved handle. Pewter Plate from Germany (originally English Material). and Two Dolls, Bisque China Heads (about 90 years to 100 years old).

One White Ironstone Pitcher.

Toy Iron and stand; gifts of Mr. and Mrs. Emmanuel Andrews.

Ladies white dress, lace trimmed (1905); Infants Long dress, hand made (1848); Gift of Howard L. B. Muir.

Copy of Grit, Special Flood Edition, Sunday, June 16th, 1889. 3 pictures of Lumber Mills; 1 razor; Pages from Frank Leslie's Boys and Girls Weekly Magazine 1884; Gifts of Mrs. F. A. Tozier and Gladys Tozier, N. Bergen, N. J.

Two men's hats, One Man's Cane; Gift

of Miss Sara Morrison.

Strait Razor; Gift of Mr. Will Myers, deceased.

A Pipe; belonged to Ollie Gilmore, when he lived on a Farm where the Curtin School now stands on Packer Street, Williamsport, Pa.; Gift of Mrs. Ollie Gilmore of Lewisburg, Pa.

Album: Gift of Mrs. Carl Hall, South Williamsport, Pa.

Ladies Corset; Handmade and part of a wedding Trousseau in 1769; Gift of Miss Marguerite Quigley.

Six Manuscripts: 1. Charter: Peoples Gas Light Co., of Williamsport, Inc. Feb. 15, 1877.

2. Check Roll of labor in making repairs on the West Branch Div., Penna. Canal, Aug., 1842.

3. Answers of George Crane, Supervisor on the Penna. Canal to the inquiry put by the Canal Commission Nov., 1839.

4. April Check Roll—April, 1839.

5. Notice of Public Sale of Logs, June 27, 1889, J. Henry Cochran, Chairman, Stray Log Comm. Lumberman's Exchange.

6. Williamsport Lumber Co. First Annual Sale Hemlock Lumber, Feb. 13th, 1889. Gift of Dr. Lloyd E. Wurster.