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of the  
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Cover Picture - J. ROMAN WAY CARRIAGE — See page 6



1972-1973  
MEMBERSHIP MEETING PROGRAM  
LYCOMING COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

February 15, 1973 (8:00 p.m.)

DR. OTTO L. SONDER, Dean of Liberal Arts of the Williamsport Area Community College, will speak on "A Social Psychology of Local History."

March 15, 1973 (6:30 p.m.)

A symposium on antique and modern WEDGWOOD JASPERWARE put on by Mr. Byron Born, New York City (courtesy of Samuel F. Crabtree, Jr., and Ralph B. Grammer, Inc.), at a dinner meeting in the ballroom of the Lycoming Hotel.

April 20, 1973 (8:00 p.m.)

OPERATION MUSEUM JUNIOR LEAGUE VOLUNTEERS, under the leadership of Mrs. Allan N. Young, Jr., will present their program on "100 Years of Changing Scenes in Lycoming County." This will be the annual business meeting of the Society.

May 10 - 12, 1973

BUS TOUR TO WILLIAMSBURG, VA. Host and hostess on this tour will be Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Smink.

June 17, 1973 (1:30 p.m.)

ANTIQUA AUCTION in a tent on the Museum parking lot. Auctioneers will be Chuck and Rich Roan of Bob, Chuck and Rich Roan, Inc. R. D. No. 2, Cogan Station, Pa.

GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

Dear Members:

What wonderful news! Your Society and Museum is now nationally accredited as one of the finest historical organizations in the United States. It has to be to achieve this acclaim.

We all can be mighty proud of this recognition, and in celebrating this honor be assured that activity inside and out of your building continues at an accelerated pace.

More members as well as the general public are visiting our exhibits and commenting favorably on what they see. Scores of county schools have sent busloads of grade pupils to listen to lectures on the building's contents.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Journal is a list of those who donated artifacts to the Museum in 1972. We urge members to cooperate in this effort should they have historic pieces to donate for permanent display and preservation.

Full use of the carriage house is assured for educational purposes, the construction cost being absorbed by Uncle Sam under Titles I and III.

It is the desire of your Board of Governors to have the Society a living and growing institution, and we solicit your support to this end.

Sincerely,

Charles E. Noyes, Sr., President



MUSEUM ACCREDITATION RECEIVED

On February 26, 1973, the President and the Director of your Society and Museum received the wonderful news that the American Association of Museums, after thoughtful deliberation, has agreed that the Lycoming County Historical Museum meets the basic definition of a museum and the standards of operation established by the Museum profession. The preparation for this accreditation had begun when Mr. John W. Strawbridge III was Museum Director and Mr. Andrew K. Grugan was President of the Society. Many people have helped to make this event come to pass, and our hope is that all of you are pleased about the completion of this project.

This issue of your Journal contains a list of Special Exhibits for the coming year and also a list of the many donors of artifacts to the Museum collections during 1972. We would urge all of you to visit your museum as often as possible, and try to help us make this one of the finest small museums in the country.



## SPECIAL EXHIBIT SCHEDULE

## Exhibit of the Month:

Sir Walter's Weed	March 1 - April 15, 1973
A Bookworm's Delight	April 16 - May 30, 1973
Fourth of July	June 1 - July 15, 1973
Little League	July 16 - August 31, 1973
Hand-Fashioned Iron	September 2 - October 14, 1973
The Art of Penmanship	October 16 - November 30, 1973

## Collector's Corner:

Railroad Memorabilia	February 16 - March 30, 1973
Postage Stamps	April 1 - May 15, 1973
Silver Lustre Tea Set	May 15 - June 29, 1973
Ladies' Fans	July 1 - August 12, 1973
Local Picture Postcards	August 14 - September 30, 1973
Pennsylvania Rifles	October 2 - November 16, 1973
Victorian Jewelry	November 18 - December 30, 1973

## Large Special Exhibits:

Some More Quilts	January 17 - March 15, 1973
Tradition of Local Pottery	March 16 - April 30, 1973
Law Day — Lycoming County Judges	May 1 - June 15, 1973
Bridal Gowns	June 17 - July 29, 1973
Shawls	August 1 - September 14, 1973
Buildings from Our Past	September 16 - October 31, 1973
Men's Uniforms	November 4 - December 14, 1973

## Eagle Grange Corner Cupboard:

Rabbits and Eggs	March - April, 1973
Shaving Mugs	May - June, 1973



## THE J. ROMAN WAY CARRIAGE

By Harry Roman Gibson

I have been asked to write my recollections of the carriage now at the Historical Museum. J. Roman Way, the owner of the carriage, was my uncle by marriage, and my personal memory of the use of the carriage is rather dim because I must have been 5 or 6 years old the last time I rode in it. I remember the carriage showing up on a Sunday afternoon in front of my family's home with Lewis Smith in the front seat. My brother and I sat in front with him and other members of the family piled into the back. It was a great treat to hold the reins, and I remember going as far as Hall's Station on one of those rides. Lewis Smith loved children and horses, and we all return-

ed the affection, including the horses.

Lewis Smith, mentioned above, was a general utility man for the Way's from Port Deposit, Maryland, the original home town of J. Roman Way. Lewis had never had an opportunity to go to school and could not read nor write. During World War I he attempted to enlist in the Army but J. Roman Way objected because, while Lewis Smith did not know his exact age, Mr. Way knew that in 1917 Lewis had to be considerably older than 45 years of age. He acted as the coachman, took care of the horses, and kept the carriage (now in the museum) in perfect condition. There were

two horses who were more or less family pets.

The carriage was supplanted by two early automobiles, one a Locomobile and the other a three-seated Peerless. Lewis always kept these vehicles in excellent condition but never learned to drive one of them. All three were in the carriage house, which still exists back of the museum.

After Mr. Way died in 1935, he left Lewis Smith a bequest and part of it was apparently invested in a second-hand auto-

mobile and Lewis learned to drive, after a fashion. His friends rather quickly persuaded him to give up the idea.

Lewis Smith continued to live on the Way property, his quarters being in the carriage house until the death of Mrs. Way, when the house was sold to the Historical Museum. I vaguely remember that he continued living there for some time after the Historical Society owned the property. He spent the last part of his life in The Mary Slaughter Home.

## FRANCES TIPTON HUNTER

*(This article was written by Ted Hodoba, who graduated from Lycoming College in June, 1972.)*

*(A few years ago Frances Tipton Hunter was an artist of some renown. She has been somewhat forgotten except by a few people. With the help of two of these people, I was able to begin researching her life and career. Due to lack of time, I haven't been able as yet to search too deeply and, as such, this paper is only a beginning.)*

Frances Tipton Hunter was born in Howard, Centre County, Pennsylvania, on September 1, 1896. She was a descendant of early Pennsylvania settlers. In an interview with Dorothy Deane, Miss Hunter told an amusing story of her early childhood which may have inspired her to go on to choose art as her career:

When Frances Tipton Hunter was 3 years of age she visited at the home of her grandmother and, not liking the wall paper which was seen in the hall both upstairs and down, little Miss Frances changed it to the best of her ability, by drawing all sorts of figures. She worked up just as high as she could reach, running along the hallway upstairs and down the steps. She confessed that in those days she did not have the knowledge of art to make her figures correctly and she remembered how she realized this. For instance, coming down the steps she made one leg much longer than the other on all her men. The first leg drawn would come to the edge and then the next one farther down would have to be much longer. Her aunt (Mrs. E. C. McEntire, with whom Miss Frances lived) said the result of this work was quite funny, but no one at the time thought the child had talent in this line." (1)

When she was six years old her mother died and Frances Tipton Hunter went to Williamsport, Pa., to live with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. McEntire, 850 Louisa Street. (Miss Hunter was named for her aunt.) Before moving in with her aunt, she would write letters to Mrs. McEntire. She was only four years old then and could not really write, but her mother would help her pen the words by guiding her hand. Miss Hunter would illustrate the letters with drawings wherever possible. She explained, "This is a perfectly natural thing, for the first impulse is to express one's self and the easiest way for a child to do this is by pictures." (1)

Miss Hunter was a student at Williamsport High School where she was active in girl's basketball and served as staff illustrator for Cherry and White, the school magazine. She designed the cover of the last issue of the magazine in 1914, the year of her graduation. During her senior year Frances Tipton Hunter wrote an essay which won her first prize in the Williamsport Civic Club contest connected with an art exhibition in the James V. Brown Library.

1. Deane, Dorothy, "In Women's Realm," *Williamsport Sun*, Sept. 22, 1920.  
1. Deane, Dorothy, "In Women's Realm," *Williamsport Sun*, Sept. 22, 1920.

The subject on which they were required to write was, "The three pictures I liked best in the art exhibition and why." According to the newspaper article, Miss Hunter was given first place because the judges found that, "She interpreted the meaning the artists themselves had endeavored to get on canvas better than the others." (2) In the essay Miss Hunter has given us an idea of her attitude and opinions toward art. Although it is an early essay, Miss Hunter's work developed from these ideas. Here is Miss Hunter's essay:

"One who knows but little of the essentials of the best art must judge pictures according to his own individual likes and dislikes. Naturally, people's tastes differ widely. Personally, I prefer pictures of living, breathing creatures, because they are God's greatest creations. Again, I think that to show by means of a bare canvas and crude paints, the life, character, mood, and even the thoughts of men is the highest type of art. Last, a picture that appears as though the real thing were actually before one, is perfect in my opinion. With these thoughts in mind I have made my selections.

"My first choice is 'Sleep', by Miss Clara T. MacChesney. It is a wonderful picture. Its clearness of outline and richness of color alone makes it highly attractive. But there is a great deal more in this painting than correctness of color and line. The real charm lies in the study itself. The picture represents a sleeping woman from the lower walk of life, doubtlessly used to poverty, toil, and sorrow. The face, with the expressionless look that always characterizes sleep, shows that the mind is absolutely at peace. The lines of the figure and the head fallen slightly back, indicate that sleep has taken her unawares, while the protecting arm still clasping the slumbering infant shows that the mothering instinct is still awake, even though the body sleeps. This mother is the type of woman that is accustomed to sleep where she can, and only when the body can no longer stand the physical fatigue.

"My second choice is 'At the Mirror', by Adolfe Borie. There are few things more beautiful than the human body, and this picture of a young woman is especially so. The brilliancy and accuracy of the color tones are remarkable. The lines of the figure show

a certain liveness and grace. At first glance the picture suggests vanity, but a closer study of the fact reflected in the mirror reveals an expression of thought. One sees that the girl is wholly unconscious of her beauty, and is absorbed in day dreams.

"W. Gramille Smith's 'In the Surf' is my third choice. The main thing that appealed to me in this picture was the life and action portrayed. There is an air of reality about the whole, that could scarcely be excelled. The dripping figures standing in the foreground, gay, laughing, and intensely active, suggest the pleasure involved in a dip in the ocean on a hot summer day. One thing that impressed me particularly was the billowing wave. W. Gramille Smith has painted the ocean wave in all its glory. By skillfully blending his colors, blue, green, and gray, he has conveyed the idea of an everchanging sea, now a huge mass of water full of strength, and again a cloud of spray.

"These three paintings are my favorites, but there are many who would disagree with me, because it is a difficult thing to make a choice of any three pictures from such a numerous and fine collection as this year's exhibition offers. As a whole, I think this year's display is the best shown in the city so far. The custom of an annual art exhibition by the James V. Brown Library of this city is an excellent one and should be preserved because it gives the people the advantage of seeing real masterpieces." (1)

From high school, Miss Hunter went on to attend the Philadelphia Museum School of Industrial Arts where she graduated with honors. Talking about her four years there, she explained that her teacher used to say that the difference between an illustrator and other artists was that the artist painted what the eye saw, while the illustrator painted the image formed in the mind, or rather put the idea on paper. (2) Frances Tipton Hunter went on to study at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, and in 1953 she studied painting at Fleisher Art Memorial.

Miss Hunter lived in Philadelphia most

2. "Honor for Miss Hunter," Grit (newspaper), January 11, 1914.
1. "Honor for Miss Hunter," Grit, January 11, 1914.

of her life except for a period of about six years when she returned to Williamsport due to poor health. During this time she continued to paint and sent her work to the metropolitan illustration markets. After moving back to Philadelphia, she made frequent visits to Williamsport. In April of 1953 one such occasion was the annual Williamsport Public School's Spring Art Festival, known as the Brua C. Keefer, Jr., Art Awards Program. Miss Hunter was a member of the judging panel of the show. At this time she gave the Williamsport High School Library a painting of hers.

Her last visit to Williamsport occurred during the 1956 sesquicentennial of the city. She was honored at this time as a "daughter of Williamsport". Miss Hunter was also honored by being selected as one of the first Pennsylvania Ambassadors by the Pennsylvania Chamber of Commerce.

As to her work itself, Miss Hunter worked in water color and oil. In her illustrations, especially those of children and pet animals, she possessed the power of capturing human interest. In the interview with Dorothy Deane, Frances Tipton Hunter said she knew from the first that her ability lay in drawing children because she was particularly interested in children and as a result she watched them closely. "And this is the secret of success in our work," she told me. "It is not so much that one must be sure to get the arm or hand exactly right, although of course, that is essential, but the little detail, the placing of the safety pin on the boy's overalls caught where the button used to be (and the type of boy used always has his overalls caught up with a safety pin), or the putting of the gayest kind of a bandana handkerchief about the neck of the colored lad, these are the things which count and which the illustrator uses in order to make the picture true to life, to make it alive. That is true creation," Miss Hunter said. (1)

In one of her ads in the magazine *The Delineator*, Miss Hunter created two children in which an older child is trying to dress a younger. Miss Hunter explained in talking to Miss Deane about the children, ". . . she 'saw' the baby she wanted to draw, and she did not stop until she had the baby, as she

saw it in her mind." (2) The baby in the picture is holding under his arm a toy lamb with wheels. Asher's slogan (the company for whom the ad was illustrated) was the "Sign of the Lamb" and, according to the article, always supplied their babies with lambs.

When Miss Hunter was hired to do illustrations for children's clothing companies, she would often receive the actual garments which were to be in the ad. She said she did this so she could put the necessary detail into the picture as the firm hoped to sell their clothing from it. (3)

In discussing the children, Miss Deane asked Frances Tipton Hunter how long it took her to draw a child. Miss Hunter told her "I always have the idea of the child and I am never satisfied until I get that child on paper. Sometimes I destroy a half dozen, because they are not the exact thing I have in my mind, for I know I cannot rest until I have accomplished what I started out to do. If I work steadily and have no trouble in getting the idea on paper, I can draw a picture of one child in four hours." (1)

Frances Tipton Hunter got her professional start in illustration when she met a young woman who edited the publication of the Wanamaker stores. She asked Miss Hunter if she could do some illustrating for her. Miss Hunter sent her some of her work, and from that time on she illustrated the baby pages of the book. She did this while she was still going to school in Philadelphia.

During her lifetime, Frances Tipton Hunter designed the covers and illustrations for many leading magazines. Among them were: *Woman's Home Companion*, *Red Book*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *Ladies Home Journal*, *Pictorial Review*, *Delineator*, *Colliers*, and *National Weekly*. She also illustrated the advertisements of the following companies: Asher's Knit Goods, the National Carbon Company (Eveready Products), Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, Westinghouse

2. Deane, Dorothy, "In Women's Realm," *Williamsport Sun*, Sept. 22, 1920.
1. Deane Dorothy, "In Women's Realm," *Williamsport Sun*, Sept. 2, 1920.
2. Ibid.
3. Ibid.
1. Deane, Dorothy, "In Women's Realm," *Williamsport Sun*, Sept. 2, 1920.



Lamp Company and the Oppenheimer Casing Company.

Frances Tipton Hunter illustrated two books. *The Frances Tipton Hunter Picture Book*, with verses and stories by Marjorie Barrows, published by the Whitman Company, Racine, Wisconsin, in 1935; and *Boo, Who Used to be Afraid of the Dark* by Munro Leaf, published by Random House, Inc., New York, in 1948. Both of these books contain delightful children and animals painted in the "Hunter style." The James V. Brown Library has copies of both of these books in the Pennsylvania Room.

There are many examples of Miss Hunter's work in the Williamsport area. The Lycoming County Historical Museum has several of her magazine covers and four of her oil paintings. The oil paintings are of interest as they are not painted in the style of her cover illustrations. They are genre scenes of city life in Philadelphia, especially of black people. (More work and study could be devoted to these works since they are so different from her usual style.)

In the James V. Brown Library there are five paintings for magazine covers in storage on the second floor. They formerly hung in the hall of the Children's Room downstairs in the library, but they are now stored while the library is being remodeled. The first painting is of a small boy in a doctor's office. He is wearing colorful red, yellow, and blue socks and a cowboy gun and holster. He's holding his puppy which has a bandaged left front leg. A tear is running down the boy's cheek. There is no title on any of the paintings, but her unique signature is on all of them. She always signed her paintings with her full name, Frances Tipton Hunter.

In the second painting a young boy is babysitting for his baby brother. He has hold of the baby by the tail of the baby's shirt. The baby is crying and looks as if he wanted to crawl away. The boy's dog looks sadly up at the boy as if he understands the boy's predicament.

A small boy and girl are the subject of the third painting. The boy is building a ramshackle dog house while the girl is giving their puppy a drink of water from a

tin pan.

In the fourth painting a train conductor is looking bug-eyed at a small boy riding on the train. There is another passenger on the train who does not belong there. It is the boy's puppy who is peering out from under a comic book lying on the seat beside the boy. A man in a seat behind the boy is looking out at the viewer with a slight smile as if he is telling us that he understands the boy.

The last painting in the library's collection is of a small boy sitting outside a pet shop with pennies and other change beside him. From the sad look on the boy's face, it's easy to tell that he doesn't have enough money to buy one of the puppies which are in the window. A sign in the window reads, "Puppies for Sale \$3.00."

Miss Hunter was mentioned in *Who's Who in American Art* in the 1938-1939 edition. Here is the listing: Hunter, Frances Tipton, Garden Court Plaza, 47th & Pine Sts., Phila., Pa. I.-Born Howard, Pa., Sept. 1, 1896. Pupil of Thornton Oakley; Pa. Mus. Sch. of Indus. A.; PAFA. Member: SI; Artists G; Alum. Assn. Pa. Mus. Sch. Indus. A; Fellowship PAFA. Work: "The Frances Tipton Hunter Picture Book" (Whitman Pub. Co.); illustrations in *Good Housekeeping*, *Woman's Home Companion*, advertising illustrations all major magazines; covers, *Collier's* and *Country Home*. (1)

Frances Tipton Hunter died in Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia, on Saturday evening, March 2, 1957, at the age of 61. When she was young, Miss Hunter told Miss Dorothy Deane something which summarizes her life and career:

"Of course I am just beginning. Not that I expect to become famous, but I know just what I mean to accomplish, and so I am looking forward to years of work and study in which I hope to be able to really accomplish something."

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 Several newspaper clippings from the information files of the James V. Brown Library, Biographies H6 and H8, Williamsport, Pa.

## PREACHING QUAKERESS — MERCY ELLIS

(From *STORIES OF WEST BRANCH VALLEY* by Katharine W. Bennet.)

It is the belief of Friends that women as well as men are commissioned to preach the Gospel. During the early nineteenth century especially, many quiet, mild-mannered Quakeresses, when the spirit moved them, became fiery expounders of the Word. One of these, Mercy Ellis, was a member of the Muncy Monthly Meeting and lived at Pennsdale.

The West Branch was a wild country when Mercy Ellis came to the valley as a bride. Her husband was agent and surveyor for Samuel Wallis. In 1777, with his approaching marriage in view, he purchased a tract in Muncy Valley on which he built a house and planted a garden and orchard. Before the new home was completed, there were rumors of an incursion of hostile Indians. When William Ellis heard of the expected invasion, he mounted his horse and rode with all speed up the river as far as Jersey Shore warning the white settlers to seek a place of safety without delay.

There was a general exodus of terrified people who crowded into Fort Muncy; and when they were sheltered there, the young Quaker, aware of the tenets of his faith which forbade his tarrying in a fortified place, decided to go down the Susquehanna. But the women and children whom he had warned of impending danger begged him to stay. The fort lacked able-bodied defenders, so William Ellis remained to protect the frontier. After the invasion, when he returned to his plantation, he found house, garden, and orchard destroyed. Nothing daunted, he erected another log cabin on the ashes of the first, and again planted his garden and set out fruit trees. On the 10th day of the second month, 1785, he married Mercy Cox, daughter of William and Mary Cox, English Quakers, who had settled in Hartford County, Maryland.

Mercy Ellis' first years in the valley were devoted to the rearing of a large family. Eleven children were born, five of whom grew to maturity. William Cox Ellis, her

eldest son, was born in Fort Muncy, 1789, whence she had fled during an Indian uprising.

Numerous offspring and hostile savages did not prevent the devout Quakeress from strict attendance at the Catawissa Monthly Meeting. The Muncy Friends made the trip on horseback, following the rough and mountainous bridle paths. Week-day meeting was held in their homes. James Kately, the first schoolmaster in the valley, kept a journal in which these meetings are recorded. They were not always attended by the serenity of later years. He notes for "11 mo. 12, 1792: Deborah Darby and Rebekah Young attended our Fifth-day meeting. They had two meetings before at S. Wallis's on First and Second days. Deborah remarked that there were many other societies who were nearer to the Kingdom than many of our own members were." "1799, 10 mo. 12: Being First day, we had the company of Abel Thomas and Amos Lew. Abel exposed the hypocrisy of such as confine their religion to sitting demurely in meeting for an hour or two, once or twice a week. Although his ministry was lively, yet it was not powerful enough to keep several of our members on the foremost seats from sleeping most of the time."

Mercy Ellis was widowed at thirty-nine years old before she engaged actively in the ministry. The humble log cabin of earlier years had been replaced in 1791 by Wolf Run House, a comfortable stone building which stands today about a mile out of Pennsdale on the Hughesville road. For many years it was the home of Anna and Susan Haines, and is now the property of their brother, Henry Haines of Philadelphia. The Muncy Friends after 1799 had a house of worship of their own. Mercy Ellis' first religious engagement was to the families of her own and a neighboring monthly meeting.

Her arduous labors extended over a period of forty-eight years; her field included Philadelphia, western New York state, and Canada. As she grew older and her strength

failed, the saddle horse was supplanted by horses and carriage. To attend the meetings of which she was a member, whether at Muncy, Fishing Creek, Elkland, or the quarterly and yearly meetings held in Philadelphia, never seemed to be a question in her mind. She would patiently set off in her carriage, be the distance one short mile, twenty or thirty, or the four days' journey over the mountains to the city.

For a time she entertained at Wolf

Run House Rebecca Singer, afterwards Rebecca Collins, well-known as a Philanthropist and energetic minister of New York City. While in the valley, the ardent young Quakeress taught in the Friends' school at Pennsdale.

Mercy Ellis was actively engaged in the ministry until her eighty-fifth year. Her death occurred at Pennsdale, February 8, 1848. She was a most influential and widely known Quakeress.

## FLEDGLING FLIGHT - 1929

By Dorothy O. Foresman

Do you remember your first trip up in a plane?

Mine happened 'way back in 1929, in one of those open-cockpit biplane jobs. I was totally unprepared for what occurred.

I was fresh out of college and I yearned to fly in an airplane—spelled aeroplane in those days.

The only plane flying regularly out of Pueblo, Colorado, to Denver was the United States Mail. They would take one or two passengers if the mail wasn't too heavy.

Finally, I was able to call my college friends in Denver that I would be flying up to see them. They were as excited and impressed as I had hoped they would be, and all promised to be at the airport to greet me!

It was a beautiful spring day when I entered the barn-like building that housed the mail plane in Pueblo. I was wearing a new navy crepe dress trimmed in white, with a dear little pill-box hat, white gloves, and purse. I felt sophisticated, as befits one who travels by air. I put on my blase' face—eye-brows slightly lifted, mouth corners down—as I entered. I glanced around to see if anyone was impressed. There were a half dozen mechanics in the building, but no one even lifted his head.

I singled out one who was working at a table. "I'm flying to Denver on the mail

plane," I announced.

He looked up. "Okay. Ten dollars."

I gave him the ten and he handed me a pair of khaki coveralls.

"Put 'em on," he said. "There's a closet back there."

The closet was a cramped little room with no lock. I sighed, knowing my lovely crepe dress would be an unsightly mess of wrinkles when I got to Denver.

I tried to walk nonchalantly back to the man at the table, but I was conscious that the coveralls were ruining the effect of my cute little hat and white gloves.

The man looked annoyed.

"Look, lady," he said, "Better put that hat and gloves in your suitcase. Here are your goggles and helmet. Sign this."

He shoved a paper at me that said I wouldn't hold them responsible in case of accident or death.

This shook me a little, but I was shook still more when he handed me a folded parachute and said, "Strap it on!"

He showed me how to buckle the straps around my thighs and then I understood the necessity of coveralls. "If you have to use this," he cautioned, "Don't pull the cord too soon." The helmet did a good job of squashing my freshly marcelled hair.

A group of men went out to the plane with us. Some threw on the mail sacks, some checked out the plane. The pilot got in the front seat and motioned me to get in the seat behind him. This I did, with some scrambling and a too-hearty shove from one of the ground crew. The propeller was started, and off we went.

We bounced along the runway, which was nothing but plain old prairie. In a minute, we left the ground. Oops! We were back down, jouncing along on the prairie again. The second time we took off we stayed up. "Good" I shouted. I wanted the pilot to think I had confidence in him.

We left the prairie around Pueblo and flew over what was undoubtedly spectacular mountain scenery: Colorado Springs, the Garden of the Gods, and Pikes Peak. But it wasn't spectacular to me because I didn't look!

At first I just sat there and worried about the wrinkles in my new dress. But when we neared the mountains, we hit turbulence. The little open-cockpit biplane did a good imitation of an elevator rapidly dropping two floors.

I was terrified. But since the pilot seemed unconcerned, I began to relax a little. Then I wondered if I were going to be airsick. No one had given me a bag (as was customary, I found later). I could picture my college friends at the airport greeting me—a wreck in a wrinkled blue crepe, green faced, and messy from airsickness. Fortunately, the flight became calmer and so did I.

When we reached Denver, there were a lot of people at the airport just to watch the planes. As we taxied in, the pilot yelled back at me, "Don't forget to leave the parachute and other stuff at the desk!"

When the plane came to a stop, the crowd came closer. The pilot stooped down, out of sight in the cockpit, to get the mailbags. I pulled off my goggles and helmet and scrambled out of the plane. I stopped, transfixed, when I heard a kid say loudly, "Look, Ma! It's a girl!" That kid thought I was the airmail pilot!

I gave him my most sophisticated smile, lifted my chin, then turned to wave graciously to my waiting friends. My plane trip was a success!

## JAIL AT THE COURTHOUSE

An almost forgotten fact is that there is a jail in the cellar of the Court House. It was arranged for the purpose and used several years during the sixties. A fire in 1866 damaged the old jail at the corner of William and West Third Streets to such an extent that a modern structure was built. While the new prison was being built in 1866-7-8, the prisoners of the county were kept in the cellar of the Court House. The basement was equipped for the purpose with very little expense or trouble. When the Court House was built, a series of arches were constructed for the purpose of supporting the first floor and giving

strength to the entire structure. The arches and supporting walls are of solid masonry and all that was necessary to make the cells for prison purposes was to hang heavy doors at the openings and to place steel bars on the outside of the windows. (A door from one of the cells is in the Lycoming County Museum.)

The apartments used for the prisoners in the basement were more roomy than are the cells in the present jail. The occupancy of the new jail by prisoners was resumed early in 1869.





## "DEVIL JACK" BURROWS

GENERAL JOHN BURROWS

*(Article submitted by Mrs. Edith Wright. For further information on the life of General John Burrows, read his autobiography in the Vol. I, No. 2, issue of the Lycoming County Historical Journal.)*

In 1813 there came to Montoursville a man who was destined to leave a lasting impression, not only on that section but on the whole of Lycoming County. This was General John Burrows who bought a large tract of land in 1812. Before coming here General Burrows had distinguished himself in many ways. As a boy of thirteen he had carried mail for his father between Philadelphia and New York. When the Revolutionary War broke out he joined the army and rendered very distinguished service in the struggle that followed. He was with General Washington when he crossed the Delaware amidst the floating ice. He then joined the army at Morristown and was employed as an express rider at \$40 per month. He was at the battle of Monmouth, where his horse fell with him and he was given another by General Washington himself. He spent part of the winter at Valley Forge and for fourteen months was a member of Washington's immediate household. After the war he spent several years in farming and blacksmithing, and finally settled in Muncy where he engaged in the liquor distilling business. In 1796, a year after the formation of Lycoming County, he was appointed a justice of the peace by Governor McKean. In 1802 he was elected a County

Commissioner. While a commissioner he assisted in building the first courthouse and hauled the bell, which hung in the belfry, from Philadelphia to Williamsport in a wagon. In 1808 he was elected State Senator. At the end of his Senate term he purchased the site of the Old Indian village, Otsuagy, now known as Montoursville.

A story is told by Arthur D. Graeff in his book, "It Happened in Pennsylvania," about the indomitable courage and determination of "Devil Jack" Burrows:

While serving as County Commissioner, word had come from Senator Wells in Wells Plantation (Wellsboro) of the terrible plight of his family and his eight Negro servants. The little settlement was on the verge of starvation with the rivers frozen, no sleds, no horses, no food, and snow encircling them.

"There just isn't any sense in it, John," said Jane Burrows. "You'll freeze to death before you reach the Wells' place with the consignment."

"It's my duty Jane. When I took the oath as Commissioner, I accepted a public responsibility. If some of our people are star-

ving away to the north in Tioga Township, it is my duty to help them," replied John Burrows. "Remember what they called me in the army when I was an express rider for General Washington — 'Devil Jack' Burrows."

And so Burrows started out with two sleds, which were loaded with salt pork, flour, and other provisions, guided by Jake Bolton and Burrows' faithful Negro servant, Galusha. However, they had only traveled as far as Jersey Shore when Jake had a faint heart and turned back. Fifty miles through snow and ice, crossing over creeks and mountains, and not even a path to follow!

The route they followed was what we know today as the Pine Creek Gorge. The trail forded the stream in several places, which was extremely dangerous when there was snow and ice. Burrows' two sleds reached the southern bank of the stream successfully, but good fortune deserted them when they attempted to cross.

Galusha's sled, drawn by two horses, made the first effort to descend the slope of the bank to the stream. The ice which crusted the surface near the shore bore the weight of the horses but cracked under the weight of the sled. When the horses neared the center of the creek, the ice was too thin to hold them, in wild disorder, they plunged into the icy waters. The sled lurched sideways and overturned, spilling the cargo over the ice. The horses splashed in the water, frightened and uncertain of their direction.

An expert wagoner, Galusha had the presence of mind to remove the dowel pin which held the tongue to the chassis of the sled. The horses then struggled to the opposite shore.

"What will we do now, General?" asked Galusha, as he viewed the wrecked sled.

"There is only one thing to do. We will load all the cargo on the remaining sled and go forward."

"But the ice won't hold."

"No. We must unload all of the provisions, then get my sled across and come back for the goods"

"Wade back through the water?"

"Aye, as many times as it is necessary to carry each bag, sack, and parcel."

"Our clothes will freeze like cakes of ice if we do that," objected the servant.

"Not if we are brisk enough," replied Burrows. "Now let's empty my sled and get this team to the other side. We'll unhook the horses first, and then slide the sled farther upstream where the ice is still unbroken."

The Burrows' sled carried two tons of grain and meat, packed in bundles weighing a hundred pounds or more. They finally succeeded in getting the sled to the northern bank of the creek.

"Now slide her downstream along the edge until we are nearer our horses and cargo," directed Burrows. "You guide the runners in front; I'll push."

They had covered about half the distance when Galusha uttered a horrible cry. "Devil Jack! Do you see the dead man?" Galusha pointed to a human figure lying prostrate upon the shore of the stream.

"Poor fellow, frozen to death! Why — it is one of the Wells' servants! He must have been on his way to the settlement to plead for help. See how starved his features are. Things must indeed be desperate up Tioga way."

"Shall we load him on the sled, boss?"

"No, Galusha. We must conserve all of the space on the sled for provisions for the living. Perhaps later a party can be sent here for his body. Let's get going."

Back and forth through the icy waters of Pine Creek the two men waded, carrying bags of grain and slabs of meat from one shore to the other. Their clothes were soaked and their shoes were logged with water. Only by vigorous exertion could they prevent the cold from encasing their bodies in a shroud of ice. Once the sled was loaded to its capacity, the four horses were hitched to the sled in pairs.

The horses moved briskly to the north. Burrows and Galusha trotted alongside; to ride would have been fatal. On and on they



moved until they came to the edge of the Wells Plantation.

There William Wells came to greet them. "Praise God, Jack Burrows, you have come just in time. We could not have survived much longer."

The two men were too cold to reply. Their tongues were swollen and tiny icicles had formed at their nostrils. Wells saw their predicament and hastened them toward the house. "At least we can offer you warmth in our cabins. Come, Devil Jack. I see now how you earned your nickname."

## BARNUM OUTDONE

P. T. BARNUM vs LYCOMING COUNTY, PA.

*(Taken from Vol. 1, No. 1, of THE CANUSARAGO DAILY HERALD, Hughesville, Lycoming County, Pa., Monday morning, September 15, 1873.)*

P. T. Barnum vs Lycoming County, Pa.

The case of Phineas T. Barnum against the County of Lycoming will be brought up for trial on Thursday, the 18th inst., and take place in latitude 41 degrees 19 minutes north and longitude 4 1/4 west of Washington. The competitors for grand prizes will be Barnum's elephant against the famous Durham bull, "North Star," now roaming at large upon the "Diamond Farm," but which will put in an appearance upon the first day of the Muncy Valley Fair. In order to hide his deformity, and make somewhat of a respectable appearance, the said "elephant" will be covered with a blanket, or other cloth, while "North Star" will appear in honest nature's garb — a perfect beauty of his species — who has carried off the premiums at every fair he has been placed on exhibition. It will be observed that the awarding judges are to take into consideration the utility as well as market value of the different competitors.

Against a large number of artificially colored and otherwise mottled horses will be pitted our justly thoroughbred stallions and brood mares, with their offspring at their side, and the award will be in accordance with justice and merit.

As a set-off to the display of feline and canine races, Lycoming County offers her Cotswold's, Leicesters, South-downs, and other producers of luxurious wools — an article which affords so much comfort to the human family.

Again, we have before us an array of

water and land monsters, most of which are of about as much value and use to mankind as the cages which hold them; and by these we will set down our "cherry red" and well-matched "Devon" oxen, in trains of tens and twenties, together with our meek-eyed, gentle Ayreshires, Alderneys, and Durham cows — the golden cream and butter producers — without which we would be poor indeed. How much of this useful luxury can Barnum boast of producing from his grand, splendiferous display?

We further offer our Chester Whites, Berkshires, and China pigs, also our many varieties of fowl to compete with the wild boar, monkeys and other bipeds of foreign lands.

We next propose to have a grand moving display of farm and mechanical products, which will come off the morning of the 17th and the afternoon of the 19th, by which our citizens will be favored with a new and novel feature connected with our annual gatherings — the farmer's and mechanic's Train, led by bands of music and a cavalcade of horsemen.

We propose to have on exhibition an abundance of earth's products, consisting of fruits, vegetables, grains, &c., while our wives, daughters and sweethearts, with their specimens of handiwork, such as fine arts, flowers and useful articles, in profusion, will be present to add grace and interest to the occasion.

Fellow citizens of Lycoming County, our appeal is before you. The "father of hum-

bugs" — as Barnum styles himself — has thrice risen from his ashes, and now for the one hundred and first time he appears to humbug us again. We leave it with you

to decide whether our money shall go to swell the coffers of the "City Opulent," or remain at home to pay premiums for honest labor and untiring industry.

## THREE INFLUENTIAL INDIAN WOMEN

By Gladys Tozier

(MADAM MONTOUR, FRENCH MARGARET, AND QUEEN ESTHER)

Madam Montour was a French Canadian, married in early life to Roland Montour, a Seneca. On his death she married Robert Hunter (Carandawana), chief of the Oneidas. She gained quite a reputation as an interpreter. When interviewed in 1744, she said she was born in Canada, the daughter of a French governor. Her father was killed in 1694 in a battle with the Five Nations, and she was captured and raised by the Indians. She and Carandawana had three children: Andrew, Lewis, and Margaret (French Margaret). They were living at Otstonwakin (Montoursville) probably as early as 1727. In that year and in 1728 she was an interpreter at treaty meetings in Philadelphia. Her husband was killed in a war with the Catawbas sometime before 1734. In that year she was again in Philadelphia attending a treaty meeting.

Her son Andrew, called Sattelihu, was in the employ of the Proprietaries in Philadelphia for a number of years as assistant interpreter in negotiations with the Indians. In later years he joined the U.S. Army and rose to be an officer.

Lewis, interpreter and friend of the whites, was killed in the French and Indian War.

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French Margaret was married to a Mohawk named Peter Quebec. Her village, called "French Margaret's Town," was near the mouth of Lycoming Creek on the west side, in what is now Newberry. She prohibited the use of liquor in her village, and her husband followed that rule. She was called the "lesser Indian Queen," but was a woman of more than ordinary character and influence, much respected by the Indians. She frequently attended treaty meet-

ings at Philadelphia.

The watermelon must have been introduced early into this country for French Margaret set milk and watermelon before visiting Moravian missionaries.

In 1745 she traveled with her husband and grandchildren, an Irish groom, and six relays of pack horses on her way to New York. She attended divine worship at Bethlehem and was much pleased with the music and singing. She never returned to Lycoming Creek.

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Queen Esther, a half-breed Indian, is supposed to have been the descendant of Louis de Buade, Count de Frontenac, governor of New France. She dominated the Senecas by her intelligence, and accompanied delegates to various congresses of the six nations where she was well received because of her beauty and pleasing manner. For many years she was friendly to a Moravian mission located near her village.

The cruel side of her nature was evident in the Wyoming Valley massacre of 1763 when she led her band of Indians in dancing around the tied and tortured captive whites. They performed the most horrible atrocities, news of which shocked all colonists. With a death maul in one hand and a tomahawk in the other, she personally killed fourteen prisoners. It is thought she was avenging the death of her son. Every white settler was swept from that valley.

After the Big Runaway in the Susquehanna Valley, Col. Hartley led a troop of soldiers in 1778 northward to Tioga, capturing Indians and burning their villages along the way. They burned Queen Esther's town, including her palace, and brought back fifty of her cattle and thirty canoes.

## A STRONG MAN OF THE REVOLUTION — JOHN BRADY OF MUNCY

*(An address delivered before the Lycoming Historical Society on January 20, 1921, by Edwin Lewis Theiss.)*

We are all familiar with the saying that history repeats itself. Yet when we were so recently urged to conserve every scrap that could be eaten, because food will win the war, there were doubtless many of us who did not realize that history was merely repeating itself. We all know that Germany, cut off from outside sources of food, was literally starved into submission. We know that the Southern Confederacy, shut away from foreign supplies of food, was beaten to her knees through hunger. But perhaps some of us have not carried the parallel back to those awful eight years of the American Revolution when the fate of the patriot cause also hinged upon food.

If that statement seems at all doubtful, we have only to recall that terrible winter at Valley Forge when starvation almost accomplished what the British forces never succeeded in doing, for George Washington had no Herbert Hoover. Neither did he have any railroads, or motor trucks, or even highways, as we understand the term. Nor were there any telephone or telegraph or wireless systems of communication.

Another thing that some of us hardly realize was the divided state of the country. Distance lends enchantment to view, and we like to picture that early America as a united land, where our forefathers stood shoulder to shoulder in solid phalanxes to fight the British. The fact is that early America was more like a land torn by civil war, with every man's hand at his neighbor's throat. Indeed, the province of New York alone furnished for the British forces nearly as many soldiers as Washington ever had under his command at one time during the entire Revolution. Other colonies also supplied numerous contingents of Tory soldiers and partisans. In addition, the Six Nations of Indians were almost a unit in supporting the British cause. So the colonists were not only ringed about by enemies, but had them everywhere in their midst.

It needs little imagination to picture the result of this situation on the food supplies of the patriot armies. The British for long periods held such important centers as Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, whence they made innumerable forays into the surrounding country, capturing or destroying great quantities of grain and cattle, and devastating the lands of patriot farmers, or intercepting food supplies being forwarded to the patriot armies.

In swarms the Indians ever hung on the frontier, killing, scalping, burning, utterly destroying not only farm buildings and crops but murdering by thousands the settlers who dwelt on the border, until the entire frontier was in a state of panic. And it was this frontier that Washington depended upon to hold back the savages and protect the grain that was being raised in the interior for the patriot armies.

This situation itself was merely a repetition of history, for less than twenty years previously conditions on the frontier had been exactly similar during the war with Pontiac.

During the Revolution, settlers along the border were being massacred by the hundreds. The names of Cherry Valley, Wyoming, and Fort Freeland will recall to your minds some of the terrible forays of the Indians and Tories. Many of the able-bodied fighting men were in the army with Washington, so the defensive forces on the frontier were depleted in both numbers and spirit. Organization, discipline, and the cohesion and strength that come from union were almost unknown. It was the day of the Minute Man, and the Minute Man was like any other jack-of-all-trades — he was master of none, especially of fighting. What the country needed sadly at that time was strong men who could inspire the border weaklings, infuse strength and courage into them, and organize them into fighting units

to hold the border. Such a strong man Washington found in John Brady of Muncy.

In a sketch so brief as this necessarily must be, it is possible to give only the barest details of John Brady's career. He was born near Newark, Del., in 1733, where he received what was a good education for the times, and where he later taught school. At twenty-two, when he married Mary Quigley, he was six feet tall, and both active and powerful.

Very soon after his marriage the French and Indian War began, and Brady enlisted as a soldier. Before the war ended, he had become a captain, having been commissioned as captain in the Second Battalion of the Pennsylvania Regiments. In 1764, he took part in Colonel Bouquet's expedition west of the Ohio. He was likewise actively engaged in protecting the pioneers along the frontier in Bedford and Cumberland Counties where the Indians were massacring great numbers of settlers.

In 1768, he took up his residence at what is now Huntingdon, Pa. In common with other officers who served in the French and Indian War, Brady had been granted extensive tracts of land on the frontier by the government in payment for war service. Thus he came into possession of properties on both sides of the Susquehanna in the neighborhood of what is now Lewisburg. Thither he moved in 1769, making his home on the east side of the river not far above Chillisquaque Creek, and almost opposite the site now occupied by Bucknell University.

This part of Pennsylvania in which we live, it will be remembered, was not opened for settlement until the very year that Brady moved into it. Almost immediately there was a great influx of settlers. Somewhere Brady had become a surveyor, and now he found his services in great demand. He made surveys in Cumberland, Buffalo, and White Deer Valleys. At the time of the Brady family reunion in 1909, Mrs. Charles G. Ernst, of Punxsutawney, Pa., owned his surveyor's guide, and also his leather-covered account book, which bore on the inside of the cover the written words: "John Brady, his book, Cumberland County,

1765." If Mrs. Ernst is still living, she doubtless still possesses these valuable relics. Dr. Kenneth Wood owns a copy of a survey signed and doubtless written by John Brady.

In 1775, Colonel Plunkett made his well-known expedition against the Connecticut settlers in the Wyoming Valley. John Brady was one of his ablest assistants. In March, 1776, Brady was commissioned a major in the battalion of Pennsylvania Associators commanded by Colonel Plunkett. In a way these Associators corresponded to our national guard as they were local, state troops. In October of the same year, Brady was commissioned a captain in the newly-formed Twelfth Regiment of the Pennsylvania line troops, thus becoming an officer in the regular army.

In midwinter, this regiment left Sunbury in boats, passing down the Susquehanna among the ice floes on the way to the battlefields of New Jersey. From the outset the regiment saw hard service. It was in the very thickest of the fight at the battle of the Brandywine, where it was practically cut to pieces. Indeed, so many officers were lost, and so many men were killed and wounded, that what was left of the regiment was incorporated with other troops.

In this engagement Captain Brady was shot in the mouth. His wound was painful but not serious. He was wholly incapacitated for service, however, by an attack of pleurisy that resulted, and from which he never really recovered. He had to go home until such time as he should be well enough to take up his duties again.

Not long before Brady joined the regular army, he had moved his family to what is now Muncy. Here he came to recuperate. He promptly organized a band of rangers and did much to reassure the frightened settlers. He was still at Muncy when the Indians swarmed down the other branch of the Susquehanna and the Wyoming massacre occurred. That was on July 3, 1778. We may get some idea of the newness of the country itself when we realize that it took the swiftest messenger two days to bring the news to Muncy. From all sides and



along both branches of the river, terror-stricken settlers poured into Fort Augusta, at Sunbury, just as during Pontiac's War the pioneers had fled to Shippensburg, leaving the frontier utterly exposed and unprotected. Thus, almost in a day's time, the frontier was pushed back to Northumberland and Sunbury. Indeed, hundreds of terrified fugitives continued their flight as far as Harrisburg and the Cumberland Valley, and it was a question whether even Fort Augusta could be held. The entire countryside was panic-stricken.

The militia, as usual, were too proud to fight. In almost every battle of the Revolution in which they took part, the militia ran away, again and again imperiling the American cause. Now Captain Hunter could not even get them to assemble. In the general flight from the Indians, Brady had moved his family to Fort Augusta. His presence there was almost providential. He succeeded at once in organizing a company of fighting men, and helped greatly to stiffen the courage of the settlers. In Brady's notebook is recorded the fact that he drew upon the Commissary for "provisions for 24 men that does duty in this town and has chosen me for their commander." But when the rations were issued, they were for 38 men. There could hardly be a more striking or significant incident. At the very time Captain Hunter could not get his soldiers even to assemble, other men had chosen Brady to lead them and were flocking to his company in considerable numbers. It shows that Brady possessed the qualities of real leadership.

While Brady was helping to prepare for the expected assault on Fort Augusta, his son James was one of the party who went back up the river to harvest the grain. In a field near the mouth of the Loyalsock, James was shot and scalped. He was only one of the many, many pioneers who gave their lives at that time to get the harvest in.

Three weeks after his son James was killed, Captain Brady had to return to the army, but he was back home in less than three weeks more. The settlers were swarming back to their lands to save the harvest. It was absolutely imperative that they be

protected, yet the Commander in Chief could spare no troops for this purpose. All he could do was to send a few strong men to encourage and organize and lead the dwellers on the border.

One of the men Washington chose for this task was John Brady. His long and varied experiences in border warfare had fitted him admirably for the work. His express business was to organize companies of rangers and try to hold the frontier. With him were sent Captain Hawkins Boone, a cousin of the redoubtable Daniel Boone, and the Lieutenants Samuel and John Daugherty.

Hawkins Boone erected a fortified dwelling on Muddy Run, a few hundred yards from its confluence with the Susquehanna at what is now Riverside Park, just above Milton. Boone's fort, I believe, stood on or near the site now occupied by Braun's Mill, just where the state highway between Milton and McEwensville passes under the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Fort Brady, as Captain Brady's residence was called, stood in what are now open fields north of Muncy. It was located close to the confluence of Muncy Creek and Wolf Run. Brady's house was a large one for the times. It was stockaded by digging a trench around it, in which logs were set on end, side by side, and about four feet in the ground. These rose twelve feet above ground, and were held in place by smaller timbers that ran transversely at the top, while the earth about them was packed down hard. Fort Brady at once became the place of refuge for the neighboring settlers in case of alarm.

Conditions were now at a most critical stage. The settlers, less able than before to defend themselves, had mostly returned to their homes, while it was practically certain, from information that had been gathered, that the Indians were planning a second invasion of the Susquehanna country. Unless the frontier was held, the whites might be pushed back as far even as Harrisburg, and untold damage be wrought by the Indians, to the American cause.

In this precarious situation, Colonel Hartley, who was in command at Fort Augusta, decided that the best defensive is an offen-

sive. His plan was to do with the Indians what they were planning to do the whites, and so prevent their incursion. Four hundred men, he figured, was the very minimum number with which he could hope to be successful. His expedition rendezvoused at Fort Muncy, near what is now Hall's Station, on September 18, 1778. When the force was fully assembled, Colonel Hartley found he had but 200 men. Colonel Hartley believed his plans unknown to the Indians, but as a matter of fact he had been betrayed by a deserter and the Indians knew of the expedition and were planning to ambush and destroy it. Colonel Hartley believed that by a quick and bold push he could, in the language of the day, get away with it.

The expedition started. Rain fell for days. The little army had to cross the Lycoming upwards of twenty times. Excepting for one slight skirmish, no opposition was encountered before they reached Tioga (now Athens, Pa.), though there was evidence that a considerable body of Indians, coming down to attack the settlers, had turned back at their approach and were retreating before them. Also, Walter Butler, with 300 Tories, had been in Tioga only a few hours before they reached there and was somewhere ahead of them in the wilderness. The party burned Tioga, rescued a number of white captives, and captured a number of canoes.

The return was made down the valley of the North Branch. A number of the men rode in the captured canoes, others rode on the pack horses, so that Colonel Hartley had only about 120 men in his line of march. With his forces thus divided, he was suddenly surprised near Wyalusing by a superior number of Indians, especially chosen because of their fighting ability. Hartley's rear guard began to give way and at the same time the Indians attacked on the flank. Things looked bad when Captain Brady led the men in the canoes ashore and headed a terrific charge against the Indian's rear. His men advanced with the war whoop. Hartley's other forces took up the cry and the Indians, believing that they had somehow been surrounded, fled precipitately, leaving ten dead behind them. The party had no further trouble with the savages.

Thus, in three weeks' time Colonel Hartley's little command marched 300 miles through an almost impassable wilderness, destroyed a main base offensive of the Indians, and brought off 50 head of cattle, 28 canoes, and many other articles. What was more, the Indians were checkmated. The threatened invasion of the frontier was for the time prevented, and the harvest was saved.

Perhaps nothing better illustrates the fearless nature of Captain John Brady than an incident that occurred during the summer of 1776. The Munsey and Seneca Indians in this neighborhood had not then become actively hostile, though the Delawares had. The Munsays and Senecas were practically at war with the Delawares, and Captain Brady thought it might be possible to enlist the friendship of the Senecas and Munsays in the fight with the Delawares. A conference was arranged at Fort Augusta. At such conferences it was the custom to give the Indians large presents. This time the poor settlers had nothing to give, and the Indians went away, disgruntled and muttering threats. Brady, fearing trouble, mounted his horse and rode secretly up the river, watching the savages in their canoes. When he came opposite Derr's trading post, now Lewisburg, he saw the Indians gathered at Derr's and their squaws bringing their weapons back across the river and concealing them in the bushes. Brady believed that the women were trying to prevent bloodshed. He boldly made his way to the shore, seized a canoe, and paddled across to Derr's place. Here he found the savages grouped about a barrel of rum Derr had given them and chanting a war song.

"My God! Ludwig, what have you done?" cried Brady.

"Dey tells me you give 'um no dread down on de fort," replied the trader, "so I dinks as I gif 'um one here, also dey go home in peace."

Brady stepped through the circle of a hundred warriors and upset the barrel. The savages glared at him and threatened him, but not one dared lay a finger on him. Then Brady quietly walked back to the canoe and recrossed the river.

The career of Captain John Brady, however, is notable not so much for startling deeds of bravery like the occurrence at Derr's as for his strength of character and leadership. Like Sheridan, he could change fear into fearlessness, and convert a fleeing coward into a charging hero. As long as Brady was on the frontier, the pioneers had a feeling of assurance. They were eager and willing to stand firm and defend their homes and crops. When Brady went back to Muncy after the Great Runaway that followed the Wyoming Massacre, he said he would die before he would again leave his home. That spirit he managed to impart to many of his associates and so the frontier, though yearly less able to defend itself because of its loss of men and its enlistments in Washington's armies, was able for years to keep the Indians at bay and protect the food supplies that were keeping the patriot armies alive.

On the 11th of April, 1779, Captain Brady went with a small party of rangers to protect a family that was moving. He accompanied them as far as Fort Muncy, bringing back provisions on the return trip. No signs of Indians were discovered. Being mounted, Brady did not leave Fort Muncy until some time after his rangers had left. He galloped fast to overtake them and came upon Peter Smith who had fallen behind the main body. Brady and Smith went on together. They reached a point where a by-path left the main trail and cut into it.

"This would be a good place for an ambush," Brady remarked to Smith.

As he spoke, three shots rang out. Brady fell from his horse, dead. Smith seized the animal, leaped to the saddle and rode at top speed to Fort Brady. When they asked him where Brady was, he replied, "In heaven or hell or on the way to Tioga," meaning that he was either dead or a prisoner.

A party of rangers hastened to the fatal spot. Brady lay dead. The Indians had not even waited to scalp him. His watch and his commission in the army were still in his clothes.

The spot where Brady was killed is on the present Robb farm, near one of the cement bridges along the new cement state highway between Halls and Muncy. Brady is buried in the little cemetery at Hall's Station.

Not long after, Captain Boone and one of the Lieutenants Daugherty were killed. So were many others of the strong men sent to hold the frontier. The Indians grew bolder and pressed harder against the border. No longer were there enough strong men to protect the food supplies. The measure of the services of such men as Brady and Boone can best be appreciated, perhaps, when we realize that after their deaths, Washington had to detach 5,000 men, a considerable part of his forces, for an entire summer's campaign under General Sullivan. That campaign incidentally destroyed huge crops of grain the Indians were raising for the British, broke the backbone of the Iroquois confederacy, and made certain a continuation of the supplies of food that were to win the war.

## FIRST BALLOON ASCENSION FROM WILLIAMSPORT

On July 24, 1841, John Wise made the first balloon ascension from Williamsport. The balloon sailed over the Bald Eagle Mountains and descended in White Deer

Valley, landing in front of the home of a Mr. Deeter, badly frightening two women who lived in the house, and who thought Mr. Wise was an evil spirit.

## BRADY'S BEND

By Martha Keller

This is the story of  
The brawny Brady riflemen,  
John,

James,  
And the celebrated Samuel —  
Who fought Bald Eagle with  
The Pennsylvania rifle when  
Chief Bald Eagle was  
The tomahawk of hell.

Old John Brady fought  
At Valley Forge and Germantown.  
Some

say,  
At the Battle of the Brandywine.  
He brought a-many of the  
Tomawking vermin down,  
Before they fixed him with  
The Indian sign.

Young Jim Brady was  
A-harvesting a field in ear,  
Long

gun  
Left a-leaning on a stubble stack,  
When Chief Bald Eagle, like  
A weasel, come a-eeling near,  
And dropped Jim Brady with  
A bullet in his back

Left him lying like  
A chicken when its head is chopped.  
Scalped

him,  
With a whooping-coughing caterwaul.  
But sure and as soon as  
The shooting and the shouting stopped,  
The dead man, dying there,  
Begun to crawl.

Crawled to the river bank  
A-hunting for a boat he had  
Hid

there,  
Half-rotting in the river mud.  
For help was far away,  
And forty mile to float he had,  
Young Jim Brady with  
His head all over blood.

Down the Susquehanna he  
Slipped across the river sand,  
Wet

rock  
A-shining like a scalping knife.  
Sunset, sunrise  
Burned upon the river and  
Reddened, like his forehead with  
The blood of life.

"Tell my brother how  
Bald Eagle took my hair away.  
Tell

Sam  
To remember, like I told him, to  
Trail Bald Eagle like  
A beagle over there away,  
And lift the scalp lock like  
The Indians do."

Up the Allegheny where  
The Great Chief made his stand,  
Sam

went  
A-harrying and hunting him.  
Till back by the river bend,  
That's named now for Brady's band,  
He scalped Bald Eagle like  
He promised Jim.

He killed Bald Eagle by  
The river Allegheny — a  
Great

Chief —  
Dad Samuel, aforesaid,  
Who scalped more Indians in  
The state of Pennsylvania  
Than any other white man,  
Alive or dead.

This is the story of  
The brawny Brady riflemen,  
John,

James,  
And the celebrated Samuel —  
Who fought Bald Eagle with  
The Pennsylvania rifle when  
Chief Bald Eagle was  
The tomahawk of hell.

*(This poem appeared in The Saturday Evening Post about twenty years ago.)*



## WILLIAMSPORT'S MUSICAL HERITAGE

1877 Marks Appearance of First Orchestra in City;

Symphony Makes Debut in 1915

It was 46 years after the first band was organized that an orchestra came on the scene in Williamsport. The first of any importance was the Stopper and Fisk Orchestra organized in 1877 with a membership of 12 and Charles Fischler as leader.

\*\*\*

Congratulations were extended to the orchestra in the Gazette and Bulletin of 1891 on the occasion of a concert presented in the Academy of Music. The hope was expressed that the management of the Academy would see the advisability of maintaining such an orchestra.

When the Lycoming Opera House opened in September of 1892, the Stopper and Fisk was the official orchestra. It had the distinction of being the first to be invited into one of the city's palatial residences for private entertaining when, in 1894, the musicians played at the reception following one of Williamsport's most fashionable weddings—that of Florence T. Ryan to Dr. Sarcefield Donellan, Philadelphia.

\*\*\*

The musical group boasted that every member was a first-class musician. The orchestra had the reputation of playing for more society and public events than any other orchestra in the commonwealth. Theater managers claimed that it was the best orchestra they had met on the road with the possible exception of some New York orchestras.

A look at the list of engagements filled by the group convinces one of its heavy schedule. In December of 1895 the orchestra was booked to play at the Wood-Rowley wedding; at teas given by Mrs. Allen P. Perley and by Mrs. P. B. Shaw; at the 20th Assembly at Canton; at two Assemblies and a "German" in Harrisburg; at a charity ball at the Updegraff Hotel; and for a number

of occasions at Professor Zebley's Dancing School in the Academy of Music. In addition to such special engagements, the orchestra appeared regularly at the Opera House, and during the summer it performed nightly at the Herdic House ballroom, later the Park Hotel.

The Stopper and Fisk Orchestra enjoyed a continuous existence for more than 20 years. In 1914 it was reorganized as the Williamsport Philharmonic Musical Society. Its object was "purely educational, to establish a permanent orchestra of 50 men capable of performing orchestral works of the masters." Officers of the Philharmonic Society were W. E. Creamer, president; B. F. Young, vice president; F. S. Stopper, secretary-treasurer; and C. LeRoy Foulk, conductor.

\*\*\*

Three orchestras which were formed in 1890 and 1891, all of which existed for short periods, were the Star, the Metropolitan, and the Elite.

An orchestra which appears to have gained swift prominence near the turn of the century was the Lettan-Chappell Orchestra which was organized in 1895.

In May of 1915 Williamsport's first symphony orchestra made its initial appearance in the Williamsport High School auditorium. A foreword on the evening's program stated the purpose of the organization: "to encourage the study and performance of the higher orchestral forms of music, and to increase in this community the appreciation and understanding of such music." The orchestra was under the baton of E. Hart Bugbee who came to Williamsport in 1909. Officers of the organization which supported the orchestra were Edgar Munson, president; F. E. Manson, vice president; S. J. MacMullen, secretary-treasurer; and W. B. Jordan, Jr., assistant secretary-treasurer.

The first Williamsport Symphony Orchestra was active for nearly 10 years, contributing greatly to the musical culture of the city. World War I presented many obstacles to its continuance due to the enlistment of many of its members. In 1918 the orchestra was one of only 37 in the country.

\*\*\*

FIRST CHURCH ORGAN APPEARS  
IN 1851;  
CULTIVATION OF  
CHORAL MUSIC LAGS

Music in some of the early churches was aided by the acquisition of organs after the first half of the 19th century. Records indicate that the first church organ came to the Second Presbyterian Church in 1851. Located at the corner of Market and Fourth Streets—the present site of the Masonic Temple—this church later became known as the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant. In 1924, after a merger with Central Church, it became the Covenant-Central Presbyterian Church. This early organ was built in Philadelphia for \$820. The articles of agreement for its construction were entered into in 1850 and the organ was installed in May, 1851.

The oldest organ still in existence in Williamsport is a Hook and Hastings organ in Mulberry Street Methodist Church. Now electrified, it was purchased for \$10,000 and installed in 1872.

\*\*\*

Another early organ was in Christ Episcopal Church, originally located where the Immanuel Evangelical and Reformed Church stands. The congregation moved to its present site at Fourth and Mulberry Streets in 1869, at which time an organ was installed.

In 1870 the Third Presbyterian Church installed a Harrison organ. The church was located on Maynard Street, the site of the present Christian Science Church, and was later known as the Central Presbyterian Church. Shortly after St. Boniface Church was dedicated in 1875, an organ was given to the church by the St. Nicholas congregation of Wilkes-Barre. In 1876 the congrega-

tion of Trinity Episcopal Church left its original building on Vine Avenue, now occupied by Salem Lutheran Church, and moved to its present site. Along with the church, an organ was consecrated.

\*\*\*

An organ factory existed in Williamsport in the latter part of the 19th century. Located on Anthony Street, the builder was Gottlieb Sommer. He is credited with having built the original organ of the First Presbyterian Church and of the St. Mark's Lutheran Church.

\*\*\*

Others built by Mr. Sommer were those of the Third Street Methodist Church and of the Pine Street Methodist Church when it was located at the site of the present Sears and Roebuck Store.

As was the case throughout the country during the late 18th and early 19th centuries, instrumental music in Williamsport was cultivated almost to the exclusion of choral music. Efforts were made to draw forth the latter from church choirs and singing schools.

Instruction in singing for many years was confined to periodic visits of "convention holders." For several months after each convention, choral societies would be organized only to disband when singing members became convinced they were the only persons capable of directing.

In 1859 Charles Cromwell gave lessons in sight singing. At about the same time a Dr. Tweed gave instruction in Pine Street Methodist Church. In 1867 a man named Singer conducted classes in singing, and many of his pupils thereafter became prominent in church choirs.

\*\*\*

German immigrants to this section brought with them a love for singing which had been handed down in their native land through the meistersingers and guilds. It was in 1866 that the first German singing society was organized in Williamsport. This group, known as the Sangerbund, existed until 1868, when a split occurred resulting in the formation of the Maennerchor.

In 1870 the two groups merged and took the name "Liederkrantz." This group continued until 1876 under the direction of Franz Lohman. Shortly after the Liederkrantz disbanded, the Turn Verein was organized. From this social organization a male chorus was formed.

Another German choral group, founded in 1892, is the Harmonia Gaesang Verein.

The Turn Verein came under the direction of Gustavus A. Voelkler about 1890. A prominent musical figure of that day, Mr. Voelkler was a native of Germany. He was educated musically through the special interest of Prince Victor of Schoenburg at Waldenburg, Saxony. After coming to this country, he taught music in New York from 1862 to 1871. In the fall of 1871 he came to Williamsport to head the music department at Dickinson Seminary, where he remained for 20 years. After that time he conducted his own music school, Voelkler's Musical Institute, at 420 Arch Street, Newberry, and served as organist at the Lycoming Presbyterian Church.

\*\*\*

In 1897 the German singing societies were fortunate to come under the direction of another fine musician, Gustav Kliemann. As a young man in Germany, Professor Kliemann was one of a group of music students who walked from Leipzig to Bayreuth in three days to hear the first performance of Wagner's now famous opera "Parsifal." After coming to this country, he attended the first performance of the opera in the Metropolitan Opera House.

Professor Kliemann often recounted to his students the experience of putting money into the hand of the great Franz Liszt himself. As an employee of the Schubert Publishing House in Leipzig, he was sent as a messenger to pick up one of the composer-pianist's manuscripts and pay him for

it. The story goes that although Mr. Kliemann gave Liszt the money, he did not receive the manuscript because a pupil of the composer was working on it. Liszt promised to deliver the work in person the next day, but the pupil refused to give up the manuscript, and the publishing house never received it.

\*\*\*

After coming to America, Gustav Kliemann became a member of the Chordirigenten Berbund in New York City. This organization for choral directors is still in existence. It was to this society that a group of coal barons from Hazleton went to secure a director for their singing groups. With the promise of pupils as well as choral work, Professor Kliemann went to Hazleton.

\*\*\*

It was from there that he came to Williamsport in 1897 with a similar offer from the German choruses here. Educated in the methods of the old world, he was a strict disciplinarian, and under his direction the German choruses established a notable reputation in the state. With prominent directors from the metropolitan areas as judges, the local groups won many prizes in annual competition.

Maintaining his studio first on Market Street and then at his home, 48 Washington Boulevard, Professor Kliemann taught piano and stringed instruments to a large number of pupils. Among his pupils was his daughter, Julia, now Mrs. Charles A. Bower, who resides at 48 Washington Boulevard. She began the study of the harp with her father and continued with Van Veachton Rogers, harpist with the Boston Festival Orchestra.

*(These are the fourth and fifth installments of a series describing the history of music in Williamsport as compiled by Mrs. Glen Russell of the Lycoming College music faculty in 1957.)*

## IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

*Notes from the Daily Banner, Wednesday, May 18, 1881:*

Green and Eves, 81 Pine Street advertised silver-plated forks for \$1.50 a half dozen; silver-plated teaspoons for \$1.00 a half doz.

Beautiful decorated chamber sets, 13 pieces, any color, for \$6.50.

Blue Willow Tea Sets, 46 pieces for \$4.00.

## ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO IN WILLIAMSPORT

*(Gleaned from ads in The Daily GAZETTE AND BULLETIN of Tuesday evening, January 28, 1873.)*

RARE CHANCE - For Sale, a Hambletonian Roan Horse. Can trot inside of three minutes. Untrained. Best roadster in Williamsport. Sold for want of use. Also, sleigh and harness cheap.

S. GARMAN  
No. 2 Market Square

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION - To bring a thorough study of Music within the reach of all, the undersigned intends to introduce the Conservatory System, which has met in all our large cities with so much favor and success. The instructions will be given in classes - six pupils constituting a class. Terms \$5.00 per quarter. Two lessons a week; use of piano included. Address:

PROF. JULIUS C. WOLF,  
P. O. BOX 1389,  
or City Music Store

NOTICE - All persons knowing themselves indebted to the Commercial Ice Company are requested to call upon the undersigned by February 5, 1873, for settlement, for after that date all accounts will be left in the hands of an officer.

J. CHAS. BRENNER,  
Hepburn House

NOTICE - All persons are warned against trusting David D. Griffith on my account, for after this date I will not be responsible for any debts of his contracting.

MARGARET GRIFFITH

BOSTON GALLERY — ALL KINDS  
OF PICTURES

Bontons, Gems and Berlin Heads,  
French Pearl Pictures  
4 for 25 Cents

The finest pictures in the world, taken beautifully; colored and finished in ten min-

utes, by a new process, which brings a Superior Style of Cart de Visite within the reach of all.

16½ West Third Street  
Williamsport, Pa.

LOOK READ!

B. STEUBER,  
having just received a FINE LOT OF GOODS for FALL and WINTER now offers for sale cheap, Suits, Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c. Forty per cent saved by buying of me. I warrant a good fit or no sale. As I have been a tailor for 25 years myself, and been cutter in the largest establishment in Philadelphia, I pretend to say that I understand the business. You would, therefore, do well to call on me and convince yourselves.

Respectfully  
B. STEUBER

J. W. MAYNARD, J. EUTERMARCKS,  
J. O. PARKER  
MAYNARD, EUTERMARCKS, PARKER  
Attorneys & Counsellors at Law,  
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

THE MOST WONDERFUL DISCOVERY  
OF THE 19TH CENTURY

Dr. S. D. Howe's  
ARABIAN MILK-CURE  
For consumption, and all diseases of the  
throat, chest, and lungs.

(The only medicine of the kind  
in the world.)

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COD LIVER OIL  
Permanently cures Asthma, Bronchitis,  
Incipient Consumption, Loss of Voice, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh, Croup, Coughs, Colds, &c., in a few days, like magic. Price \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. Also Dr. S. D. HOWE'S ARABIAN TONIC BLOOD-PURIFIER, which differs from all other preparations in its immediate action upon



the Liver, Kidneys and Blood. It is purely vegetable, and cleanses the system of all impurities, builds it right up, and makes pure, rich blood. It cures Scrofulous Diseases of all kinds, removes Constipation, and regulates the Bowels. For "General Debility," "Lost Vitality," and "Broken-down Constitutions." I "Challenge the 19th Century" to find its equal. Every bottle is worth its weight in gold. Price \$1 per bottle. Sold wholesale and retail by G. M. HAGENBUCH, Druggist, General Agent for Williamsport, Pa.

LABOR REFORM UNION NO. 10 meets every Saturday night, in Scholl's Hall, No. 8, Market Square, Williamsport, Pa. Jacob Wolf, Pres't; L. W. Herrington, Sec.; J. W. Booth, Treas. N. B. - After January 1, 1873, this Union will pay FOUR DOLLARS a week BENEFIT, in case of injury or sickness. Initiation Fee, \$4, yearly dues, \$5. Funeral benefits, \$35.

L. W. HERRINGTON,  
Secretary

JOHN CONRAD, House Painter, Paper Hanger, Kalsominer, Grainer and Glaiser. Shop at 107 West Third Street. All orders left will receive prompt attention.

FROESCHER & FAIST, Soap and Candle manufacturers, corner of Washington and Grove Streets.

N. B. - All kinds of grease exchanged for soap.

WILLIAM SLACK, Stair Builder. Stairs, Rails and Newel Posts made to order. Also shop work of all kinds attended to promptly. Shop rear of 130 West Third Street, Williamsport, Pa.

A. S. RHOADS, DENTIST, No. 48 Market Street. Teeth inserted on Mineral, Rubber, Gold and Silver plate; and also on all other plans which he considers good for anything.

Particular attention paid to filling and preserving natural teeth.

NICK SHEID'S BATHING, SHAVING  
AND  
HAIR DRESSING SALOON  
Under the First National Bank

DRS. RICHARDS & KLUMP  
DENTISTS

(Over L. L. Stearns Store) corner of Third and Market Streets. A specialty made of filling and restoring diseased teeth. Gas, ether, chloroform and narcotic spray for painless extraction.

C. D. EBERMAN,  
UNION BLOCK  
NO. 29 EAST THIRD STREET  
TOBACCONIST  
and general dealer in  
Cigars, Pipes, Smokers' Articles,  
SNUFF, &c., at the old stand, established in 1837. The patronage of my former and new customers are solicited.

SHINGLES FOR SALE - Lumbermen or other persons wishing to purchase Long Pine Shingles, shaved, of the best quality, can do so, by applying to  
P. HERDIC,  
Williamsport, Pa.

IRON CARBON AND GRAVEL ROOFING - The undersigned having succeeded W. H. Rankin, in the City of Williamsport in the roofing business, is now prepared to put on new roofs with

IRON CARBON  
whether flat or steep; or repair Gravel, Plastic, Slate, or any other composition roofs which need repairing or re-covering, at a small expense.

THE IRON CARBON ROOFING is believed to be the best composition now in use, as it is not affected by the change of seasons or any acids. New gravel roofs put on and old ones repaired in the very

best style, on short notice. Call at No. 87, corner of Third and William Streets, Williamsport, Pa.

F. W. DOUGLASS,  
P. O. Box 2600

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BLANK BOOKS

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To close out my holiday goods I am offering  
my choice stock of

STANDARD, MISCELLANEOUS  
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AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES  
DIARIES FOR 1873 AT COST

Remember that the only genuine  
'HOW I FOUND LIVINGSTONE,'  
BY STANLEY

is for sale at my establishment. Of the many New Books I am constantly receiving, I mention

Adventures of An Attorney In Search  
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BY WARREN;  
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The Ladies Friend. Ask your grocer for it.  
BARTLETT'S BLACKING

always gives satisfaction. Try it.  
PEARL BLUE

for the laundry, has no equal. Sold by grocers. H. A. BARTLETT & Co., 115, 117 North Front Street, Phila., 143 Chambers Street, New York, 43 Broad Street, Boston.

AGENTS WANTED for THE  
FOOTPRINTS OF SATAN, OR  
THE DEVIL

in History; a new book, by Rev. Hollis Read, A. M., author of "God in History." Illustrated from designs by Dore, Nast of Harpers Weekly and others. Nothing like it ever before seen or heard of, and sells at sight. E. B. TREAT, Publisher, 805 Broadway, N. Y.

GOOD FRESH OYSTERS received daily at MILLER & BROS., S. SPRATT'S, C. FOGLE'S, HARRY MILLERS, J. L. PARKER'S D. KEHRER'S and sold for 30 cents per quart, City Market.

OYSTERS — Green & Co., at centre stand, new Market House, are selling fine select Oysters at 40 cents per quart. Small oysters 35 cents a quart. Give them a call.

INHUMANITY — it is astonishing the amount of abuse some women will bear from brutal husbands, who disregard the marital vows so sacredly pledged, and ignore every principle of common sense and decency. There is a lady residing in this city who bears upon her face the scars of many a struggle, the result of blows inflicted by a drunken and infuriated husband. For years she has stood by this monster in human shape, bearing his insults, keeping silent while from his foul mouth issued the most stinging epithets, and fleeing into the silent street at the dead of night to escape the blows aimed at her defenceless head. She is represented by those who know her to be of gentle disposition and kind hearted. So is the husband when his brain is clear of the poisonous fumes of whiskey, but alas, the brain is not often clear. That woman is for Local Option, and she states that for long years her life has been clouded with the deepest sorrow as she reflected back to the day she was led to the altar by one on whom she bestowed her affections—then a bright young man of good habits, now a monster, made so by intoxicating drink. And that poor woman still hopes that he may be rescued, and that the closing years of her life may be brightened by the thoughts of a reclaimed husband. This single case embodies a volume of argument. Further comment is unnecessary.

## DO YOU REMEMBER ?

"Old Bob" - everybody remembers him and Billy Haines and old Mr. Schemery the drivers, or has heard of him - he was a faithful white horse that pulled one of our first horse cars up and down Fourth Street in the 70s., and jingled the string of bells on his breast to notify passengers of his coming. "Old Bob" was one of the company's most prized possessions. He ought to have been put on the pension list long before the electrics displaced the horses.

Williamsport's trolley service went into the discard at 1 a.m., Sunday, June 11th, 1933, to the age of speed giving way to the motor bus. The first street car line in Williamsport was built by Peter Herdic and extended from Market Square to the Herdic House (Park Hotel). The first car was placed in service in July 1865. In a short time three cars were placed on the line due to increased patronage. In 1876 the line was extended east on Third Street to the Pennsylvania railroad. The company now owned 5 cars and 17 horses.

The car barn and stables were located at Campbell and Edwin Streets. Some time later the track was extended west to Fourth and Grier Streets, (the junction) where you would connect with a bus (which would be as far out of date today as the horse

car) for Newberry, the car would then turn on a turn table and start on its return trip. If the horse was a fresh one you would probably reach Pine Street within 30 or 40 minutes, but if he felt somewhat tired out he was likely to lie down in the street and you would have to wait until he was taken to the stable and a fresh horse brought back to replace him. Electric railway service had its inception in Williamsport in 1891. The change was made in the summer and the entire trackage was extended. The South Williamsport and the East End Passenger Railway, and the Vallamont Traction Company were separate lines and were consolidated with the Williamsport Passenger Railway Company in 1894. Remember the trolley parties, when you would charter an open car, decorated with different colored lights and would make a tour of the city, and the thrills you would get riding down Lincoln Avenue in the East End, the track was so full of dips that caused the car to sway from side to side. Those days have gone and in their place are ones of fast travel in buses. What will the next mode be?

*(This is a direct quotation from Mr. C. Lee Berry, 726 Arch Street, Williamsport, Pa. Mr. Berry was an important contributor to the Museum collections and did a lot of volunteer work for the Society.)*

## THE "HIGH" COST OF CONSTRUCTIONS:

*Notes from the Centennial Edition of the Williamsport Sun, Monday, July 3, 1906:*

The Perley Mansion (Greystone) on Vallamont Drive cost \$40,000.

The City Hall, completed in 1903, cost \$77,000.

The Masonic Temple erected in the summer of 1897, cost \$43,500, including furnishings. The William Howard Memorial Cathedral (AASR), erected during the fall of 1902, cost \$75,000.

The Lycoming Opera House erected in 1892, at an expense of \$150,000, including the cost of the land at West Third and Laurel Streets.

The first town clock was purchased and installed in the Court House tower in 1854. It was made at Cazenovia, N. Y. and the cost \$450.

## UNSOLICITED COMMENTS PRAISE OUR SOCIETY:

Dear Mrs. McIver:

Mrs. Neff and I greatly enjoyed the program at the Museum yesterday. Thank you! Will you please extend our thanks to the ladies of the group for us.

Yours truly,  
Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Neff

Dear Mr. Grugan:

"I want to thank you sincerely for the courtesies extended to us on the occasion of our scouting trip to plan a Pennsylvania bus tour for our members. We were much impressed by the high standards you have set for your exhibits and the depth and quality of your entire museum."

Cordially yours,  
Robert Eastman  
THE NEW YORK STATE  
GRANGE

"I liked the hawk best. Thank you very much for showing us the animals. I really liked it very much."

DAVID  
Second Grade Cochran Pupil

"I would like to take these couple of lines to thank you and your staff for making our field trip to the Lycoming County Historical Museum a more profitable experience. The students as well as myself definitely enjoyed it."

Forest Science Instructor  
Williamsport Area  
Community College

"We are writing to tell you how much we enjoyed our tour on Friday, January 19. This was a rewarding experience, and our class really learned a great deal from it. The guide was very informative and held the children's interest at all times. We would certainly recommend this tour to everyone."

Learning Disabilities Class  
Rohrbach School,  
Sunbury, Pa.

Dear Mr. Grugan:

Please accept our great appreciation for the cooperation and assistance your staff provided for the Area One, 1973, Central Pennsylvania Scholastic Art Awards.

For the second consecutive year, we have been privileged to have the Area One exhibition in the Lycoming Historical Museum Gallery. Without your assistance and the facilities of your museum the art display would not have achieved the success it now enjoys.

Sincerely,  
John H. Baum, Publisher  
THE HARRISBURG  
PATRIOT

Dear Sir,

I really enjoyed the tour of the museum. I think it was very interesting and helped me and the other children understand what it was like in the colonial days. Thank you for letting us come. I would like to come again.

Sincerely,  
Elisabeth Rim, Third Grade  
Geo. A. Ferrell School  
Picture Rocks, Pa.

Dear Sir,

I enjoyed my trip to the museum. I liked the movie, the bones, and many other things. I think I learned more than I should have, but I'm glad . . . I hope I can get my parents to come. I enjoyed it very much. Thank you.

Your friend,  
Karen Printzenhoff,  
Third Grade  
Geo. A. Ferrell School

Dear Sir,

Thank you for the tour around the museum. I liked everything. I hope I can come to the museum again. I hope I see you again soon.

Your friend,  
Gregory Kilgus  
Geo. A. Ferrell School

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DURING 1972:

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| Mrs. Virginia Lyon Johnson         | Mr. and Mrs. Clyde W. Harer   |                       |
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| Emerson and Louise Probst          | Miss Ruth E. Sanders          |                       |
| Mrs. Jane M. Frederick             | Mrs. Randel Laylon, Jr.       |                       |
| Mrs. Abby Nutt Cipolla             | Mr. Merritt Hunt, Jr.         |                       |
| Miss Ida R. Heller                 | Miss Katherine M. Denworth    |                       |
| Mr. Richard M. Reeder              | Mr. Leo C. Williamson, Jr.    |                       |
| Mr. Jeff Dawson                    | Mr. Geo. C. Reeser            |                       |
| Mr. Arley A. Smith                 | Mr. Boyd W. Simpson           |                       |
| Mr. Paul Bugh                      | Mrs. Vera Richter Watkins     |                       |
| Mr. Albert E. North                | Mr. Clifford Breidinger       |                       |
| Mr. Edward J. Durrwachter          | Mrs. Marshall Anspach         |                       |
| Terry Brooks                       | Agnes C. Price                |                       |
| Mrs. Frank Brower                  | Alice Pautz                   |                       |
| Miss Louise C. Roberts             | Mrs. Donald M. Carson         |                       |
| Williamsport Wheel Club            | Mrs. Albert Lutcher           |                       |
| Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hollon         | Marguerite K. Askey           |                       |
| Mrs. John Lindemuth                | Wm. Hartman Askey             |                       |
| Kathryn J. Clute                   | Mrs. Frances Mues             | Geo. C. Reeser        |
| Mr. Warren Marsh                   | Mr. Neil Nawks                | Mrs. J. T. Keliher    |
| Mr. James Ostrander                | Mr. Randall van Riper         | Mr. O. E. Demmien     |
| Mr. Donald W. Colyer               | Mr. Joseph A. Close           | Mr. B. C. Rothfuss    |
| Mrs. John S. Hendershot            | Mrs. John Daugherty           | Mrs. Janice W. Hagen  |
| Mrs. Edith L. Wright               | Mrs. Warren Gohl              | Miss Eleanor L. Young |
| Mr. Samuel J. Dornsife             | Mr. Earl L. Wilson            | Mrs. Norman Ingersoll |
| Mr. Edward C. Hinkal               | Eva F. Hunt                   | Miss Jessie Middaugh  |
| Mrs. Jerry Vance                   | Mr. Robert Farrar             | Mrs. Reba E. Thomas   |
| Mrs. David DeLong                  | Mr. Wm. Turnbaugh             | Mrs. Gilmore Warner   |
| Mrs. Doris Dixon                   | Mrs. Frederick Snell          | Jane H. Early         |
| Mr. Wm. Umstead                    | Mrs. Carl G. Browne           | Mrs. Evelyn Bowman    |
| Mrs. Marie Winton                  | Miss Phyllis M. Briel         | Miss Esther Kehler    |
| Mr. Francis Maneval                | Mrs. Eleanor Whiting          | Mr. Albert E. Logue   |
| Mr. Clayton K. Kiess               | Mr. Richard L. Mix            | Mrs. Julia Wagner     |
| Mrs. Jean Cheyney Sands            | Mr. Stephen G. Casale         | Mrs. Lulu Farley      |
| Mr. Carl W. Andrus                 | Mrs. Fred B. Wetzell          | Mrs. L. P. Maynard    |
| Mr. John Whiting, Jr.              | Mrs. Earl Barton              | Mrs. Maynard Kohler   |