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## Arrival of the First Canal Boat in Williamsport

*As heard on "The News of Williamsport" January 21, and 23, 1959. As taken from the Gazette & Bulletin Edition of January 18, 1909.*

One of Williamsport's grand old boom citizens, John B. Coryell reminisced about the old Canal Days in Williamsport, on the occasion of his 87th birthday, in January of 1909. Mr. Coryell, although ripe in years, was thoroughly seasoned through experience and was still hale, healthy and hearty in 1909. Some people felt that he was the link connecting our "modern up-to-date city" with the memories of the past.

Mr. Coryell had been born in Williamsport in 1822, in a home on the banks of the Susquehanna, where the Philadelphia and Reading Freight station stood. Those were the days before the sawmill and lumbering industry, when the riverfront was considered the "fashionable part" of the city. Williamsport—in those days—was confined in an area surrounded by the Pennsylvania Railroad on the north, the river on the south, Mulberry Street on the East, and West Street on the West.

One of the things which Mr. Coryell remembered was the Opening of the West Branch Canal and the arrival of the first packet boat from Harrisburg. He had been only 14 years of age that year of 1836. The canal had been completed only as far as the "outlet lock" east of the village.

On the day when the first packet boat arrived, all the carriages in the village were there, along with the military commanded by Captain John Cowden. Those who embarked from the boat were transferred to waiting carriages. They rode in royal style to the strains of martial music and the waving of feathers and dancing plumes, to Tom Hall's Tavern, the only hotel in town on Third Street where the First National Bank was later situated.

At the Tavern, they were toasted and treated to an elaborate repast. Later the passengers and crew enjoyed the "freedom of the town".

As this mode of transportation was extended, regular packet trips were made from Harrisburg to the wharf on Market Street, near the site of the Exchange Hotel.

Later, service was extended to Lock Haven, as a spur line. A packet boat which carried the name of "The Goose", made the daily trip from Lock Haven to Williamsport to connect with the Harrisburg packet boat. In those days it took 24 hours—a full day and night—to make the trip from Williamsport to Harrisburg. This was a pleasant 24 hour journey. The appointments of the boat were very elaborate; the meals were wonderful. On some trips, music and dancing were enjoyed by the passengers. The younger set enjoyed the moonlight nights from the upper deck where the moonlight was considered very conducive to romance.

### THE FIRST — AND ONLY — STEAMBOAT TRIP TO WILLIAMSPORT

Among the other memories of John B. Coryell on his 87 birthday was the arrival of the first—and only steamboat—in Williamsport.

He recalled the idea of a steamboat line from Williamsport to Baltimore was the idea of Peter Karthaus, Mr. Coryell's father. Baltimore merchants became interested in the idea and put up the money for the building of the steamboat. Then, Philadelphia people sat up and took notice, and these Quaker City merchants also ordered that such a boat be built. It developed into a frightful commercial rivalry.

At the Williamsport end of the line, a steamboat wharf was erected near the site where the ferryboat crossed the Susquehanna. This was in the days before bridges had been built to span the river here.

The steamboats were named the "Codus" and the "Susquehanna". They both left their respective homes at about the same time. The "Codus" came up the Susquehanna River from Baltimore and arrived in Williamsport. It then left for Farrisville, on the Lock Haven to Renovo part of the river. Its crew reported the voyage was a thrilling adventure. The "Susquehanna" left Philadelphia, coming by canal. Instead of arriving in Williamsport, this steamer went as far as Nescopeck Falls on the North

Branch. Both boats then returned safely from that first—and only steamboat trip to Williamsport. Some people said the idea was too "Visionary" and had to be abandoned.

John B. Coryell, who related the steamboat incident and the arrival of the first packet boat in Williamsport, was a man who was instrumental in the completion of the Williamsport and Elmira Railroad. This line, forgotten by many, had started as an idea of Alexander Diven and Associates of Elmira. It was planned for service between Elmira and Ralston. Later Mr.

Robert Ralston, after whom the community of Ralston was named, entered the picture by building a rail line from Williamsport to Ralston. Mr. Coryell, who operated a large general store here, gave unlimited credit to the railroad people while they were extending the line. The railroad terminal was located at the corner of West Third and Hepburn Street. When the line was finally completed, a great mass meeting was held amidst great rejoicing. Mr. Ralston so aptly described it at the celebration when he said "Williamsport is now married to Elmira".

## "Don't Ruin That Painting"

by H. B. Mussina

Two years ago a doctor brought a painting to me signed by Winslow Homer. It was in a deplorable condition and did not look worth the \$175.00 he paid for it. "I'm afraid I was foolish to purchase this, as it will cost a hundred dollars to restore it if it can be done at all", the doctor said. "However, see what you can do with it; but remember I'm just starting my practice and can't afford too much now as I just got a new car", he added. I took the painting as I followed him out to his new car, worth 6 to 7 thousand dollars. He couldn't afford to restore a very valuable painting by a famous American Artist for \$100.00 but could afford one of the best cars in America.

After I returned the Homer, cleaned and restored, he was exceedingly pleased and refused \$2,000.00 later the same week, for the painting he bought for \$175.00 and had restored for \$50.00. It is probably worth 5 to 10 thousand dollars now.

Another woman brought in two flower paintings which had been handed down several generations by a famous Dutch painter. They were dull with white spots all over, and colorless. On questioning her she stated that her cleaning lady had scrubbed them with Spic and Span and had removed the old yellow varnish but several months later they began to look white and large cracks were appearing all over the painting. On examination, the delicate reds and lavenders had been entirely scrubbed off. Fortunately I had restored many of the same artists painting and was able to

restore it to its original beauty. Some of the alkali white spots were impossible to remove but could be painted over.

Many people, in all walks of life, have valuable paintings. They are in many instances very valuable to their owners because some relative painted them. Some are documentary, historical, period paintings, copies, etc, but occasionally an old masters work is turned into cash value after the dirt, varnish and dimming film has been removed. In the majority of cases they are neglected, not considered perishable, and no thought given to their maintenance and preservation for the owners and future generations.

The destructibility of age, temperature, humidity, dirt, smoke, and damage is recognized only by museums and art collectors. They examine works of art frequently for any possible changes, then take immediate steps to correct any condition that might cause damage, loss of beauty, or its value. Museums have an expert restore them immediately. They do not take the advice of some amateur painter, who glibly states, "I cleaned that old portrait of Grandpa with soap and water, rinsed it good and when it dried coated it with linseed oil. It looked just wonderful". That was six months ago. If they examine it now it would reveal small cracks appearing and the entire picture turning a dirty yellow. What she did not know was that water will frequently cause cracking and loosening of the paint film; the strong alkali will cause changes

in the color pigments and the linseed oil will rapidly pick up dirt, turn yellow and darken the entire picture.

Many place a darkened, scratched or damaged painting in the attic or cellar where the temperature changes and humidity complete its destruction. Some ask the advice of friends or relatives and amateur artists, who know little or nothing concerning the proper steps to be taken to restore the painting. This ignorance does not stop the amateurs from advising the way to clean it nor even stop them from attempting it themselves. They then proceed to work on this old cracked painting thereby making it an almost impossible job of restoration by an expert at a later date.

The proper knowledge of painting, art, oils and chemistry are essential for the restoration of a damaged old painting.

If you care to preserve your painting don't repair it yourself, don't take advice from amateurs, but give it to an expert. Look over those prized pictures, perhaps you have a fortune in the attic if it can be restored.

The restoration, that is cleaning, repairing, varnishing, relining and repainting the damaged areas of an old painting should never be attempted by a novice. Only about one artist out of hundreds, professional and amateurs) knows the dangers which are imminent in the unprofessional and unskilled restoration of old paintings.

A good job can be done only by a skilled artist and a careful technician who has had proper training and experience and can take the necessary time between the various stages of studying, examining, testing and repainting and varnishing.

For brevity I shall present an outline of some of the basic knowledge and procedures necessary before starting any work on a painting; then elaborate if possible, on each point.

When a painting is brought in to be cleaned and repaired, one does not start immediately to clean, but must study the picture and secure as much information as possible concerning it as shown in the following outline:

### I. Information necessary.

- A. Determine (if possible) name of artist and date of painting.

B. Determine his usual technique of painting. This involves the various methods of placing the paint on the canvas, canvas board or wood, etc. A few of the techniques are listed for clarity to the non-painter.

1. ALLA PRIMA Paint applied directly to canvas or other support without another layer of so called underpaintings applied with thick or thin layers of oil paint.
2. IMPASTO — Painting with very heavy thick layer of paint at one time.
3. IMPRIMATURA — A thin glaze of paint applied to a primed support (canvas, etc.,) before underpainting then overpainting.
4. GLAZE PAINTING — Using a resinous medium and no solvent and painting in very thin transparent layers.
5. EGG TEMPERA — Using egg dry pigments in an emulsion of egg, oil, varnish, gum arabic and water.
6. OIL TEMPERA — etc.

C. After determining the type of technique, one must determine the kind of film obstructing or dimming the old painting which is usually old yellowed varnish with dirt and grease imbedded in it.

4. Cause of injuries, cuts, abrasions, holes, etc.
- E. BLOOM; Moisture condensation under the varnish film.
- F. Conditions under which it was stored.
- G. Specific artists oils, resins, techniques and support used, etc. Until all the foregoing facts are known to the fullest extent one should not begin cleaning.

Where an old painting has deteriorated canvas, holes, bubbles in paint, large cuts and falling off the supports, it is necessary

to first reline the painting with new canvas.

Conditions detrimental to the permanence of an oil painting:

1. Excessive humidity.
2. Extreme changes in temperature.
3. Steam Heat.
4. Abnormally dry air.
5. Lack of a protecting layer of varnish.

Cracks are caused by:

1. Pressure
2. Excessive glue in size or gesso undercoat.
3. Rolling Canvas.
4. Forceful keying or stretching of canvas.
5. Brittle paint film.
6. Alligator cracks due to layers of paint with different rates of expansion and contraction.
7. Circular cracks due to over smooth ground as seen in late 18th century.
8. Non-absorbent smooth ground, wood, hard masonite, glass, etc.
9. Improper formulation of paint—19th century, in late 1800's many paint manufacturers produced oil paints without scientific tests to insure permanence.
10. Obsolete paints such as Van Dyke Brown.
11. Excessive use of driers such as lead and manganese.

This would place the experienced painting restorer in the category of a scientific art detective. All these facts must be known and utilized before an attempt is made to clean and repair an old painting. The technique of cleaning is determined from the above findings. Chemical analysis, X-Rays, Blacklight, enlarged photos examined for configuration, Ultra Violet light and refractive index are further examinations. The technique of cleaning an old painting depends on the type, age and condition of the painting plus all previous knowledge obtained.

In removing oil or oil varnish and dirt film from an old or antique painting, solvents are used. These are used alone or in various combinations depending on the experience of the restorer and the conditions

existing in the film and dirt imbedded in the surface. Only a small area, 1 or 2 inches in diameter is cleaned at one time so that definite control is insured until the entire painting is cleaned. The cleaning is first started at the edge of the painting using testing solvents to determine what type can be used safely (a mild, medium or strong solvent.)

In old paintings with thick hard yellowed varnish, Copabia Balsam plus turpentine is applied over entire painting for 24 hours then one of the solvents (depending on tests) used to remove the film such as: Turpentine, Mineral Spirits, Kerosene, Ammonia, Xylene, Benzene, Toulene, Acetone or Alcohol. When using the solvent over a small area a "Restrainer" or "Neutralizer" is used immediately to prevent damage to the paint layer. All this is necessarily a very technical and highly specialized technique requiring experience. Too much rubbing in one area may damage the paint layer and even remove it down to the canvas.

Taking photographs of the painting in color and black and white throughout the entire procedure is of extreme usefulness for comparison if any part of the original picture is lost. This is done usually when restoring valuable paintings of the old masters in large museums.

Chemical analysis is used frequently in determining the age of a disputed masterpiece. The old masters used home made oil colors and painting mediums, many of which are obsolete and replaced by more durable and permanent chemical paints discovered in the last 150 years. A painting can be dated, frequently, by the pigments used after chemical analysis.

A list of modern colors and dates discovered are listed:

1. Prussian Blue discovered in 1704 was used in the 18th century.
2. Cadmium Yellow discovered in 1850.
3. Zinc White discovered in 1850.
4. Ultramarine Blue discovered in 1880.
5. Cobalt Blue discovered in 1803.
6. Chrome Oxide Green discovered in 1880.
7. Cerulean Blue discovered in 1882.

8. Within the last 60 years the following colors were chemically available:

- a. Phthiocyanine (monastral) Blue and Green.
- b. Manganese Blue.
- c. Barium Yellow.
- d. Titanium Oxide White.
- e. Mars Colors.
- f. Aniline Dyes, i.e. Alizarine Crimson and Hansa Yellow, etc.

Knowledge of the dates of discovery of the new artists colors prevents the use of them in faking old masters.

Some don't's in cleaning a painting:

1. Don't take anyone's advise unless they are recognized experts.
2. Don't attempt cleaning unless advised to do so by recognized experts.
3. Don't use soap and water. It causes cracking and flaking of paint and soap alkali causes chemical changes in paint.
4. Don't use linseed oil or any other oil on paint surfaces, it causes yellowing.
5. Don't patch with glue or adhesive tape, it causes cracks and bulges when dried and it will also shrink.
6. Don't wipe with damp cloth unless recently and properly varnished then only on advise.
7. Don't use any glue to adhere a painting to another canvas or board, it will contract, causing cracks and bubbles.
8. Don't use anything on a painting you value unless you know what you are doing.
9. Don't store paintings in cellars or attics, near heaters, or in rooms with extremes in temperature and humidity.

After cleaning and restoring paintings for about 25 years, I have seen almost everything in the destruction of valuable excellent paintings by amateurs. Only after study, thorough examinations and tests by all available means, should even an experienced restorer attempt to return an old painting to its original beauty and value.

Some paintings, improperly painted, and

never varnished when painted, cannot be cleaned satisfactorily. This is because the chemical changes in the pigments have caused darkening and can never be restored to its original beauty. The dirt accumulation on the surface eventually is incorporated into the pigments and no amount of cleaning can remove it when it is not protected with the proper varnish.

Many people state emphatically that they want a painting restored but don't want it varnished as it takes the ancient look away from it and looks shiny and new. They fail to realize that the only sure protection an oil painting has against the elements, the smoke and dust of years, is varnish. Even a glass or plastic covering will not protect it.

Many paintings after having the dimming layer of yellowed varnish and dirt removed, reveal areas that must be repainted. Many relined old paintings sold by some galleries have been restored and doctored up by the easiest and quickest method of painting black paint to cover the damaged areas. This new black paint is the first layer to come off when cleaning the painting. This reveals the crude attempt to restore it with the least time and effort to get it ready to sell. The old varnish was not removed because it looked older with the old varnish and dirt on it; and it would, also show its damaged areas, thereby lessening its value to the purchaser.

Occasionally people have brought in paintings supposed to be valuable but learned on examination that they were colored prints heavily varnished and skillfully glued on a canvas backing. The canvas was then darkened with brown color to make it appear old. Don't be one of the gullible when purchasing any work of art attributed to a famous artist without expert advice. Some galleries are reliable, some are not, that is where an expert comes in handy.

Henry B. Mussina  
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Williamsport, Pa.

## Black Marble Fireplaces - A Swedish Pioneer Discovered Them, They Are Everlasting, All Over a Grateful Commonwealth

by Henry W. Shoemaker,

Member of the Swedish Colonial Society

It was a night of Easter snow squalls, and a bitter east wind, 20 miles per hour, at least, when my shivering horse pulled up in front of the Morgan's Hill Hotel in Lycoming County. An old, grizzled man, like one used to see all around country hotels in those days, with a scraggly beard and his ill-fitting coat, tied in position by a piece of rope appeared out of the lighted door and took charge of the outfit. I had met the stubby bartender on a previous visit, a blond, red-faced man with a drooping mustache. He called to me cheerfully, introducing me to a tall, six-foot four inches of a silk-hatted gentleman with mustache and chinbeard, a man of fine carriage and distinguished appearance. "This is Mr. Marius Rulings, he has just told me something which interested me powerfully that the first settler in these parts was a Swedish-born pioneer, Marcus Rulings or Ruling and he is buried in Mosquito Valley, just across the ridge. I get so homesick for my people at times, I'd made half dozen visits to take care of his grave if I had known. The tall man in silk hat and faded Prince Albert coat shook my hand warmly, and said whenever he could spare the time he placed an Easter flower in a pot, usually a chrysanthemum on his ancestor's grave, the Swedish frontiersman Hulings or Huling. He had bought it at Jersey Shore and had driven in that evening and the next morning would visit the grave and place the plant, he would like to show the place to Mr. Gustafson, the bartender, but like his daughter Elga who was very proud of her Swedish blood, was with him, and his carriage, a fine seated runabout, he had obtained from Peter Lee's livery stable near the bridge to the Long Island. Perhaps it was intended as a gentle hint, but I took the idea, though I had never seen Elga before, I said I would be very happy to take the young girl with me, if she would accept as I was going that way myself. Both Mr.

Hulings and the bar man seemed delighted and the gentleman of Swedish blood stated that he would like to introduce me to his daughter. He turned from the bar and went into the lobby and up the main staircase, in the quaint century-old hotel, which no doubt, had intervened many interesting encounters. In about two minutes he came down with smiling Elga, no doubt she had hated to be left behind at the gloomy hostelry while Daddy went on an excursion with the Swedish bar-keep. I was immediately pleased with my future companion's appearance, a girl of probably five-feet seven or eight, a golden blonde with features which showed the best blood and had noble charms. Her voice was soft and natural and her manners easy and cheerful. "Papa took me", she said, "to our ancestor's grave, also his old blockhouse when I was five years old. I don't remember it well, but was anxious to go again but father felt this Swedish gentleman who runs the bar would be the best person to watch the graves as he is unable to get here with any degree of completeness. I was going to stay and write some Easter letters but I'll be very happy to go with you." The rest of the evening was spent discussing the Swedes, the first white settlers in what is now Pennsylvania, Gloria Dei Church, John Morton, Admiral Dahlgren, Clemson College and Dr. Keen, among the many famous Swedes who left their place in history here, also I told them of the recent founding of the Swedish Colonial Society in Phila. The bartender had joined our group, also several descendants of pioneers from Alsace, who had built the handsome Roman-Catholic Church, half a mile up the road to Mosquito Valley. They seemed to think that they had other descendants hereabouts. About nine o'clock, the day before Easter, the hired man and a shabby stable boy brought the two horses and buggy to the front entrance to the hotel. My horse was

an entire, Bonnie Dundee, a three-gaited Kentucky breed saddler and a good buggy beast. Mr. Huling had a Chestnut Pacer, formerly well known on the tracks of Central Pennsylvania. I regret I forgot his name, he didn't like Bonnie and kept nipping at him when the hostlers were looking in another direction. We were all ready when the vehicles appeared and soon were on the road up the hill past the site of the Catholic Church, and the shrine with its beautiful marble statue of Mary, where several candles grouped about had burned throughout the night, still were flickering. Elga was pleased at these quaint sights and before long was engaged in active conversation which became more personal and intimate as the drive progressed. We were in the depths of a hemlock forest, as we started from the hill, a frozen brook followed the winding road and several times Ruffed Grouse crossed the road and Ravens soared overhead. "I am glad to be here", said Elga, "it is an interesting road. I had planned to run away if I had been left behind. I really did not want to as I know I would be caught, but this drive gave my cowardly heart a chance to escape from itself." Then she went on to say that her father also her mother strongly desired she marry the flour miller whose place was next to their home, a widower of six months and a man nearly her father's age who was close to sixty. The intended husband was an agreeable old fellow but there was nothing lovable about him, nothing at all she could prize and hold to if he were hers. She had saved up enough money to live awhile until she could get into some amusement opening in one of the big cities but now her plans were changed again, she could not run off, would I suggest some plan to avoid this marriage, she feared now she would have to return home with her father. Her parents were good to her but on the subject of marriage, very firm. Unfortunately she had not found a man of the right age to love, she had been a home-girl, their insistence made her require some means of escape. Looking at me suddenly with her two glorious bright eyes, she said, "Since leaving the Morgan House the following idea has come to me. Tonight I will tell my father that I have fallen in love with you, it would please him and mother too, you are a well known college man, you are Judge Mayer's nephew and they would

be keen to help such a romance through. I would go home, and we'd break the news to mother, I would correspond with you, and in time, they would forget all about the old miller, then you could come for me, or telegraph me to visit you in the East, I'd find a place in one of the big cities and a place in the show business and you need never to hear from me again, until I was marrying some man of suitable age and prospects. Will you do it?" It would make me a conspirator or schemer at an early age, I did not like to break her plan. I merely said nothing. We came out of the woods and saw her father's buggy a hundred yards ahead. We turned off the public road and drove in a long, winding lane lined with broken-off poplars which had once made a shady driveway. We saw a great stone and brick house ahead with a slate roof; over the front door was a coat of arms carved in black marble. "Here is our old family home at last! I recognize it after fifteen years", she said excitedly. We stopped and Mr. Hulings got out and pulled the "bell pull". Soon a nice-looking woman opened the door. "She's probably the wife of the caretaker of the Redington family", whispered Elga, still feeling she had won her point about freedom from marrying the miller. The tiny cemetery was on a high, rounded hill, back of the mansion, the woman pointed the way and we resumed our journey to the grave of Pioneer Hulings who died 150 years before. We opened a wire gate and drove into the sacred acre. In the centre of a group of broken-off tombstones stood a higher monument, it had been broken off in the middle but cemented together, was not a marble tombstone but had once been polished, with an angel with wings for ears, on top which said "that here rested the remains of Marcus Hulings or Huling, pioneer, explorer, ocean traveler". This stone was, no doubt, erected by the Redingtons who owned all the surrounding territory including the marble quarries, and had made a great fortune with black marble fireplaces of which some remain, in every county in the Pennsylvania Commonwealth. I saw several recently in the Grand old Cameron County seat at "Donegal". Along the tumble-down wire fence lay pieces of marble tombstones, not yet pieced together after they had been brushed down by wayward colts. We were now joined by Mrs. Campbell, the caretaker's wife who invited

us to stop in for some hot coffee and light cakes on our way out, which we did. The bartender from the Morgan was very talkative. He told of Sweden, Sweden Hill, and Sweden Township in Potter County, and of the colonies of Sweden in Elk and Warren Counties, but the Great Swede buried here was a complete surprise to him. Mrs. Campbell told how young Redington, the marble quarrier's son had gone to New York City after graduating with honors at Harvard. "He is such a handsome lad with an angry mustache and was now a suitor of one of the Astor heiresses". "That is the one", said Mr. Hulings who was played with by Robert Roy Hamilton, the wealthy youth who disappeared mysteriously several years ago. I met him in a bar at a Montana cow town, he looked to be in perfect health and told of his amusing stories to the cowhands clustered about him. "How funny all should head in to Mosquito Valley", said Mrs. Campbell. After one comfortable refreshment we parted. I took the bartender back to the Morgan House, Mr. Hulings and Elga started back for Jersey Shore by way of the Long Beach when they would call at the Updegraff's. I heard nothing more from Elga. The next summer I saw signs that the decoration Easter flower had been replaced but the second year nothing was on the lonely grave. I thought it over, perhaps something had happened to Mr.

Hulings and decided to drop a line to Elga, whose Nordic beauty still haunted me; to which came a reply, it began by telling me of her father's death from a stroke, aged 67 years, then she said that on the train back home from Jersey Shore she had met a party of Swedes coming back from a funeral at Nippeno Park. In the group was a fine-looking young man of twenty-four "he seemed to be interested from the start". After a short courtship he proposed marriage, he was heir to the laundry corporation at Johnsonburg, the family could offer no opposition, they were married three months to the day after I had met her at the Morgan House. She was expecting a baby. I was delighted to hear the good news as I had found she could have broken down and married the persistent miller. After that when I could contact a florist at Williamsport I would purchase a potted geranium and decorate the graves of Marcus Hulings, Huling, or Heling. Various times due to wars and foreign services I could not get there but whenever able, paid my tribute to the memory of this mighty Swede whose career is so full of stirring incidents, would fill a book. He is always in my mind when I sit before one of these black marble fireplaces and smell the wood-smoke and think of his most lasting achievements, the black marble fireplaces which spread his shadowy discovery all over Pennsylvania.

## Pennsylvania Colony In Nebraska

Prepared by Edna Ulmer, Dawson, Nebraska

*Editor's Note: This material was reprinted from a privately printed booklet compiled by the authors of the following pieces and others. Grateful acknowledgement is hereby given.*

Jacob G. Heim and wife, Regina, the first of the Pennsylvania Colony, of Dawson, were born in Lycoming County, Pa., and at the time of their coming to Nebraska, had a family of eight children, Joseph G., Sarah, Samuel F., Jonathan W., Rebecca, Solomon, Sophia and Mary. Their home in the east was very stony and hilly but by hard work on the part of all they were able to get along quite well.

With a family of growing boys, realizing

the opportunities for them were very limited and fearing that the family would be separated, were the chief reasons for coming West, as this part of the country was then designated. The reason for their coming to Richardson County was because of reading glowing accounts concerning the fertility and productiveness of the land in this part of the country, and also due to the influence of a friend, Mr. Fetter, who lived at Rulo and visited in their eastern home.

The account of leaving their Pennsylvania home and some of the pioneer experiences have been written by Mrs. Samanuel Ulmer (Sarah Heim).

"In 1870 a friend of Father's from Rulo, Nebraska, came to see us in

Pennsylvania, and when he went home father went with him to see the west, and when he came back he wanted to sell out right away, but it took him four years to sell his farm. Of course, all our relatives were against our going so far away from all of them, but finally the farm was sold and we got ready for a big public sale. It was hard to see all those things go that we were attached to, and if we had known what we would have to go through it would have been harder. After the sale was over we packed the things we wanted to take with us in big boxes ready to ship. If we could have taken a car like those who came later it would have been better in many ways. It was years before we were able to replace the things we had disposed of. They were not available in the west then. Then we took the last goodbye from our good friends and relatives we loved so much; some we never saw again, and some, after many years, came west to see us.

After we were here about four years, Mother's father, Grandfather Gross, her sister, Aunt Elizabeth (Mrs. C. D. Heim) and her little five year old girl, Susie, came out to see us. They did not write they were coming so no one met them at the depot and they walked out across the fields, so of course, were a very great surprise. Mother sat on a chair, took little Susie on her lap and began to cry, and Susie said, "Mother, why is Aunt Regina crying, isn't she glad to see us?"

Finally, after a long tiresome trip we landed in Rulo, Nebraska. When we were coming into Nebraska (and coming in from the east it doesn't look too good), Solomon, our eight year old brother, but wise beyond his years, said "Und das sol Nebraska, sie," and so this this is Nebraska! At another time he said, (Geld Momie in Nebraska miset mier stebbea) "It's true mother, isn't it, that in Nebraska we have to die?" How true that was they soon experienced. He always had to carry water to the men working in the fields and mother said he should also bring Mr. Fenton, a neighbor, a drink. After doing this a few times he said, (Das cot ow a goonit si) "This could get to be a habit".

When we got to Rulo there was no house for us to go to, so we stayed over night with the Fetters and the Boyds. The next day the folks rented a house and we moved in. It was not a big moving, the house had two rooms and a kitchen, all small. We ate off one of our packing boxes and had our trunks around it for chairs. We made a bed for grandfather (Gottlieb Heim) on two trunks and the rest of us slept on the floor. In the day time we put the bedding out of doors. We had a good garden, paying seven dollars for it, and so we got there the eleventh of June, had a lot of good out of it.

About the first thing the folks did was to buy a team and wagon and go on a land hunt. As land around Rulo and Falls City was pretty high it took some time to find what they wanted. Finally they came up to Allens (who lived where I. L. Heim now resides). We were acquainted with Mrs. Allen as we had been neighbors in the east. She was a sister of E. W. Buser. The folks bought four hundred acres of land at this time. When they got back to Rulo Sam had the measles and soon mother and two of the others had them. At first we thought it was ivy poisoning. There mother lay on a featherbed on the floor in the hot weather of July.

After living in Rulo three weeks we moved on July third, by train to the farm we first bought (the 80 acres where Arthur Heim now lives). In those days there were friends everywhere. Mr. Fetter and Hugh Boyd were very good to us while we were in Rulo. When they took us to the train we met a lot of Indians going to town to get ready to celebrate the fourth. They were good and would not hurt anyone and we were not afraid of them. It was lots of fun for us. Mr. Fetter would say, "How how" to them and they would say, "How how," in return. They all knew him. Often the men had two or three hats on, one on top of the other, and the women were bareheaded. For many years the folks who lived in the east would ask us about the Indians out here and were afraid of them. By the time we arrived in

Nebraska there were no bad Indians here.

When we arrived in Dawson it didn't look like much of a town. We looked for it and could not find it. There was nothing much north of the railroad. We walked to our home and the next day I came down with the measles. All the others that had not had them in Rulo got them in a few days. There was mother with all the work and she was not very strong yet after her turn with the measles. We had very little furniture. No one else did either. The O'Grady's had a family of twelve children and only two chairs. The parents had the chairs and the children stood around the table to eat.

The house we moved into had little room for furniture by the time we were all in it. There were only two rooms, not plastered or even boarded on the inside. Just the outside up and down boards with strips over the cracks. There were no screens on doors or windows. This was located at the top of the rise just east of the house we built and which is the well preserved dwelling there today.

The never failing spring, which was the main reason for buying this farm from Tom Fenton, is still flowing and in use. It is located in the "draw" west of the house, surrounded by huge cottonwood trees. In a few years the folks built a spring house over it and a trough for the cool water to run through. In this trough we set the crocks and buckets of milk and cream and butter and other foods to be kept cool. The little stream that trickled from this house was a wonderful place to play in later years when there were grandchildren. It was also a never-failing worry to their mothers.

A few days after we got moved into our Nebraska home it was time for wheat harvest. We had a fine crop and stored it in the stone grainery there. It's well we did as that was all we harvested for some time. The grasshoppers got everything else.

At this time Dawson was called Dawson's Mill because Joshua Dawson owned the grist mill on the banks of the Nemaha and was the postmaster.

The Atchinson & Nebraska Railroad went through the town, going as far as Lincoln. There were hardly a half dozen houses in the town and they were all between the railroad and the Nemaha.

This was a land of terribly cold winters and three-day blizzards, so we could not live in our poor house thru one of them. In August the folks started building a large basement house, using big blocks of limestone, at least part of which were dug out of the ground near the old house, for the walls of the basement. It was several years before the house was entirely finished, but we moved into the basement that fall and lived in two rooms of it that first winter.

First, of course, came the digging for the foundation, then the hauling of the rock. We got two masons to build it; could not make use of more. We put up a bed in the kitchen for them to sleep. Like many other things, we children enjoyed it. We had such good neighbors, the Henry Allens were the closest ones. They helped us all they could, but didn't have much themselves. When the stone wall was nearly finished, Solomon took sick with what was then called membranous croup. We had a doctor from Salem. He suffered awful for nearly a week, then choked to death in Mother's arms on September 4th. That was terrible in a new country without any relatives. It was such a shock. We had Mr. Dawson make a coffin out of walnut boards. We put him in the dining room and at night put him across two chairs so the rats could not get at him. The family of ten slept in the dining room and the two workmen in the kitchen.

There was no one here to conduct a funeral service so Will Allen went to Falls City to get a Dunkard preacher he knew. No one knows who has not had a like experience, what a sorrowful time this was for all of us. But this was not all; after seven weeks, dear sweet little Mary also died with Membranous croup, but her death was not the same as she did not choke. She was sick five days and died on October 26. The loss of these two chil-

dren made us feel so alone in this wild country away from all our relatives.

When Mary was sick old Mrs. O'Donnell came wanting to help take care of her, but she was afraid of the strange person. When Mary was dying, her face lit up and a beautiful smile came over her face. She raised her hands as far as she could reach and said "Lolo", which was her name for Solomon, for whom she had grieved so deeply. We always felt that she must have seen Solomon in the Great Beyond, and went to join him.

These two children were buried in the Star Cemetery as the Heim Cemetery was not started until several years later. After the Heim Cemetery had been in use many years and few people used the Star, it was no longer cared for so well and it worried father a great deal. He wanted to have the children moved. One day the boys and some of the in-laws dug up the remains, but after so many years about all they found was traces of hair. At the time when the children were first buried Sam and Joe dug the graves themselves and when they were again digging to remove the bodies Joe was so overwhelmed with memories he became sick and had to leave. The rest went on with the task and did the best they could to carry out father's wishes. So now all the graves are together in the Heim Cemetery.

When Mary died we had the car-

penter and were getting along pretty well with the building, but that put a stop to it for a while. We did not feel like doing anything. Father thought the death of the children was punishment from God for coming west and wanted to go back east again. Mother said that would not bring their children back and their money was all in the land and the house so we went on with the work. Many nights mother walked out under the sky and the trees grieving for these children but I don't believe she was ever really sorry we came west. Also the thought of going back east and leaving those two graves in the wild lonesome prairie was more than she would consider doing.

Here let me say what most, and probably all, of our people think. I've always been impressed with the importance of the decision, how far reaching it is. Grandmother's decision decided the future for our whole community and relationship. Had they given up and gone east again, probably none of the rest would ever have come out.

At this place in their experiences Sarah Ulmer closed her account, but from this time on all went quite well with them, having many prosperous years along with others not so good. There were no more deaths in the immediate family for forty years.

The youngest child of the family Maggie Emma, was born May 31, 1880.

## Gottlieb Heim, Grandfather at the Loyalsock

by Elma Heim Larimore, Humboldt, Nebraska

Gottlieb Heim was a man I never knew personally as he passed away long before I was born, yet I felt I knew him because I heard so much about him from my mother (Mrs. Jacob S. Heim) and from various aunts. My mother always spoke of him as "Grandfather at the Loyalsock." Why she did so I do not know as he was the only Grandfather Heim she had. Not like a large number of us, including myself, who have several Heim Grandfathers.

He was the son of Jacob and Christina Gohl Heim, and was born in Moehringen,

Wurtenburg, Germany, an January 11, 1804. He came to America in 1817, then a lad of 13, with his parents, brothers, and sisters. His mother died during the long voyage and was buried at sea. Surely a terrible experience for any boy. Life in America was truly rugged. Hardships we can hardly imagine were their daily lot. Their home was at the foot of the mountains in pleasant Valley. Virgin pine forests were all around them and wild animals were plentiful. The screams of a mountain lion (cougar) outside the log cabin, when

the door was only a tanned animal hide, must have sounded much worse than the howl of a prairie coyote does today. Bears also were their "neighbors", as many lesser creatures. Perhaps when all these things are considered it is not surprising that life for Gottlieb Heim was stern.

Gottlieb Heim married Margaret Staiger. Their family were all born in the Pleasant Valley home. This was the first family to leave the Blooming Grove community and they didn't go very far, though in those days of traveling on foot mostly, it was quite a distance. The exact date of their going cannot be learned. Part of my story tellers said my grandfather Jacob G. was about eight and some said he was about 15.

Gottlieb Heim bought a strip of land on the west bank of Loyalsock Creek. Just how many acres were in this tract I do not know but eventually it was divided into four farms. It is located near what is now called the Warrensville road and is between the town of Warrensville and the city of Montoursville. When he made purchase it was all virgin timber and had to be cleared. Great Grandfather Gottlieb and his oldest son (Grandpa Jacob G.) went down to this tract from their home in Blooming Grove, a distance of about seven miles, to clear the land and build the log house and other buildings before the family moved down. They would stay several days at a time. How long this process took is not known.

Whether it was because of all the hardships he experienced or whether it was his nature, Grandfather Gottlieb was a very strict and very religious man. Life was no joke to his way of thinking. As an example: One very cold day several neighbors came to help do some work for him. One of the men standing in the barn wished to work up circulation in his cold feet, and so made them go up and down in a running motion. Grandfather told him gruffly, "If you want to dance, go outside!" And he meant it.

Grandmother Margaret, on the other hand, was a very jolly person and when she and the children were along they had a big time joking each other. Later when Jacob G. (Grandpa) and his family lived on the farm adjoining on the north and she went to see them she and grandpa would talk and laugh. They understood each other per-

fectly and one was just as good a joker as the other. She would laugh till the tears rolled down her cheeks. How she must have missed her children when they married and went to homes of their own. Then the house was always solemn and quiet since Grandfather Gottlieb did not approve of merriment even in a mild form.

The children in this home were no different from today's children in that they liked sweets, but they had very few. If they could get their mother to laugh, and of course they knew many ways to do that, then they would persuade her to spin some yarn which they would take to Montoursville to sell or trade for sugar and molasses. These they took home for her to use to make taffy or cookies for them, and they ate them all while their father was away from home and he never learned of their deception. This did not happen often, of course, but nevertheless, it was one of the happy recollections of childhood. How much better it would have been if their father had been a little less strict so they would not have had to deceive him.

When the children in this family married, several lived on farms near the home place, making a little settlement of their own on the Loyalsock. They did their work together and when one got behind on a job, the others came and helped him get caught up. All such things as butchering and apple-butter making were done together, just as the "Blooming Grovers" did such work together. There were Uncle John and Aunt Mary Isaac's, and "Uncle Abe's aunt Mary" farm at the north end of the tract, next came uncle Isaac and grandma and grandpa (Jacob G. and Regina), and then uncle Abe and aunt Mary Heim on the home place with Grandfather Gottlieb and Grandmother Margaret living in a little house in the same yard. All these aunt Marys caused quite a confusion. My mother always said, "Aunt Mary Rentz," "Aunt Mary Isaac's," and "Uncle Abe's aunt Mary."

Grandmother Margaret smoked a clay pipe. After each meal she would sit in her rocking chair and smoke just one pipeful of tobacco. That was the time, if there were any grandchildren in the house, for them to sit and listen to the many wonderful stories she could tell. She was a very much loved grandmother.

Every day that the weather would permit,

Grandfather Gottlieb took a walk on a path that led across the fields to Loyalsock Creek at a spot where the bank was high. This was always called "Grandfather's Path", even long years after his death. Here on the high creek bank, he could look down on The Island and across the creek to the farms on the other side.

Loyalsock Creek was very much a part of the lives of these families. A wonderful playground for the boys of all these homes, a constant source of worry to all the mothers. There the boys learned to swim in the "swimin' hole," and camped on "The Island" (it never had any other name) for days at a time. There was a cave called "The Bear Hole," and a supply of fish and eels waiting to be caught. Adventure a plenty for all. No wonder they never forgot the place no matter how far they were from it or how old they lived to be. The girls? Yes, they loved it too, though being girls they could not make use of it in the same degree the boys did. Those were the "good old days" and girls didn't swim or do any of the other things their brothers could take part in at the creek.

These families also attended services in the Blooming Grove church though they had to walk and could not go as regularly since it was quite a distance. Sunday School was held in Grandfather Gottlieb's house during the summer months.

Christmas was a great occasion in this group as it seems to have been in all the Heim families. Great Grandmother always fixed up a long table with squares of paper on it. Each paper had a pile of mixed candy on it, round, pink and white, with red and white striped candies, and a kind called "Clear Toy Candy." There are figures of animals, birds, men and women, and were all colors. A pile of candy for each of the grandchildren. Great grandfather gave really good gifts. Usually one grandchild in each family got an especially nice gift one year and the next year some other child got the extra nice one and so on around.

Gottlieb Heim passed away February 1, 1881, and Margaret on April 6, 1884. Both were buried in Blooming Grove Cemetery. Their Children were:

Mary, who married John Rentz,

John, who lived but one day,

Jacob G., who married Regina Gross

They and their family emigrated to Dawson, Nebraska in 1874.

Isaac, who married Mary Mutchler

Abraham, who married Mary Stabler,

deceased. Second marriage to Ella

Fritz. Henry W. Heim, a son of the first marriage, came to Nebraska in 1883.

Elizabeth, who married William Weinman

Margaret, who married David B. Waltz

## Joseph Gross, My Pioneer Ancestor

by Susan Heim Little, Williamsport, Pa.

For several years I have been asked to write what I can remember of early years or what I can remember of the things told by my parents and grandparents. I cannot expect my grandchildren now to be much interested, but perhaps later they will be, just as I would if I had anything written about my ancestors. Both my mother and her father, Joseph Gross, were good story tellers and they had good memories for details. Their recollections of people and the affairs of the community were most interesting. I wish I had given more heed to what was said. I was too young to care much about it. However, my sisters and I recall many things about that time which now seems so far off.

Grandfather was born on the farm in Eldred Township, Lycoming County, Pa., in 1808, and lived there 91 years. The only child of the family born in America and he was buried in the little private cemetery on the farm.

His trip to Williamsport when he saw the first electric trolley—"a car running without horses"—was quite an experience for him. His one remark about it was, "I wouldn't have believed it." He never used a telephone, rode in an automobile, never saw an airplane or heard a radio, and of course, never went to a movie. Yet I'd say he lived a full life.

He was not considered a successful business man, never made much money or

seemed to care about it, but if anyone at any time needed help among his neighbors or friends, he left his work and went to help. People brought work to him, such as filing saws, making baskets or shovel handles. I don't think he was even paid for it. Then in the spring he went all around grafting apple trees and grape vines. I have often wondered if any of the varieties he grafted are still in existence, such as "Seek-no-further," or "Ulrich's Greenings." In later years he spent many hours with his grape vines, either trimming them or just walking thru to look at them. How pleased he was when he brought in the first white grapes we ever saw. We always had an abundance of grapes.

He was in some things a man ahead of his time. At that time no one heard of "forest conservation," yet his ideas were much as we know them today. He studied the woods and decided which should be cut and which one protected. We children often went to the woods with him and he taught us many things. One thing I think, was to enjoy the beauty. We had names for the various roads, and paths through the woods, such as "Dr. Adams' Path," or the "Church Path," which they used in walking to the old Blooming Grove church. Grandfather taught us to make whistles out of chestnut sprouts or young pine or willow. As I remember, the oldest brothers had the largest and Joe and I, being the youngest children had small ones. Maybe it was to be an orchestra and needed various tones. When we all got our whistles going we made a lot of noise and called it music. Today I'm sure if I could hear that little band coming home through the meadow I would enjoy it more than much of the radio we hear. That was four generations ago.

Several years ago I went back to the woods after the lumberman with his sawmill had done his worst. It was a big disappointment to me. The paths all covered with underbrush or gone entirely, the favorite trees cut down. Even the stream where we used to fish was no more. I don't want to go back but will keep the memories of many a trip to the woods gathering chestnuts or hickory nuts. We'll always remember the grapevine swing and where the wild orchids or the arbutus grew.

#### GRANDFATHER'S BEE STORY

Also there were Grandfather's bees.

About eight or ten hives kept the family supplied with honey and enough beeswax for grafting in the spring. He made his own hives, some of straw, but mostly of hollow logs carefully smoothed out for the bees to put in the honey. When the swarming season began it was quite an event and he was busy. He used to say, "A swarm in May is worth a ton of hay, but a swarm in July isn't worth a fly." He always had a fresh hive ready and when he saw a swarm had settled he could often pick out the "Queen Bee," that all the others would follow. Then he could shake the bees into a large container made like a big net, and carry them to the hive.

One of his favorite stories was his famous "Bee" story. We always enjoyed it so much, for no one could ever tell it so well. One day when he was home alone a swarm settled down. He was surprised to have them all settle on his legs. Now to reach the hive he had to go through a grass field, climb two fences and go through the garden. He decided that was a sure way to get them where they belonged. His conclusion was always, "I took a big jump, they all went into the hive and not a bee stung me."

#### DREAMS AND VISIONS

It is said, "Old men dream dreams and young men see visions." but I think Grandfather had visions as well as dreams. My sisters and I recall how he and an old neighbor were one day discussing conditions which they thought then "very bad". Grandfather said, "I believe that some day some one will invent something that they can go above houses and cities and drop some kind of gas to explode and blow them up." That was sixty years ago. How correct his prophecy, even though he did not know the names of the gas or the machine. We children were frightened, afraid it might come any night when we were asleep.

#### LIKED TO WALK

Grandfather was a tall man, robust and strong, always in good health. Just two weeks before his last illness (appendicitis, possibly brought on by injury in cutting down a tree) which caused his death, he had cut down a tree and carried home a good sized pole from the woods, that he wanted to use in making some article. He

was then past 90 years of age.

In his youth he was a good walker. One of the walks he liked to tell about was when he and his brother John walked to Philadelphia where John's intended bride was waiting for him. John Gross and Dorothy Wagner were married in Philadelphia and the three walked back to Blooming Grove together. Later John and his wife moved to Bucyrus, Ohio. Again Grandfather took a walk and went out to see them and his two sisters, Margaret Gross and Christina Gross Scherer.

Grandfather liked guns and he and John often "shot-mark" until the gun got hot. This was with the old time "muzzle loader." It was also the custom for him to "shoot in the New Year" 'til the gun was hot. He came honestly by his fondness for a gun. Back in Germany, the Gross men were in the Kaiser's Guard, a group of soldiers selected for their extra size and ability with a gun.

Joseph Gross had four daughters and one son, John. The boy died when he was seven years old. Just a year later his wife, Christina Ulmer Gross, died leaving a baby daughter eight days old. This was a great grief to Grandfather and he never ceased to mourn "for my beloved Christina". His daughters were

Regina (Mrs. Jacob G. Heim)

Dawson, Nebraska

Dorothy (Mrs. Ernest Wilhelm)

Lansing, Michigan

Elizabeth (Mrs. Christian D. Heim)

Who lived at the home place

Christina (Mrs. George Kiess)

Warrens ville, Pa.

Dorothy and Christina never had families of their own but helped to raise step-children. The families of Regina and Elizabeth, grandchildren and great grandchildren, are living in various places from coast to coast. Among them are farmers, business men, ministers, missionaries, college professors, doctors, scientists and teachers. Some are today in the armed forces in the service of their country.

To follow all these would be more than I had started to do, for it was chiefly of our Grandfather I wanted to tell. These young people may point with pride to a man such as he was as their "pioneer ancestor." What we like best to remember about him was his reading the Bible with that strong, earnest voice of his and the

reverence and humility with which he offered prayer. Often at night before he retired, we could hear him pray for his children's children. A truly good man was Joseph Gross.

Another story often told by my mother, Rebecca Heim (Mrs. Jacob S. Heim) pertaining to the Gross family, was as follows:

When mother's mother passed away leaving the tiny Christina to be taken care of and raised if possible, Grandfather had Catherine Stahl, a young unmarried woman of the community come to take care of the family. It was no small undertaking in those days to raise a tiny baby when the mother had died.

Mother (Regina) was the oldest of the family and tried very hard to learn how to do everything for the household so they would not need to keep the extra help. She didn't like the woman very well either. She felt she was about ready to tell her father she could now take over the work when he told her he was going to marry this woman. She was preparing to grease her father's boots when he told her his plan and the shock was so great she dropped the saucer of grease and broke it. People of the community had prevailed upon Grandfather Gross to marry this woman. They were afraid Dr. Adams would not stay if there was no older woman and permanent cook in the household. He had been living in a small house on the Gross farm and took his meals with the family.

The step-mother seemed to favor part of the family. She treated Mother fairly well most of the time but the younger girl, Dorothy, she treated so mean and Mother resented it. When Mother was preparing to be married she and Grandfather went to Williamsport to get the material for her wedding dress. Grandfather got very nice material for her that would make a dress she would be able to use for a long time. When they got home with it, the step-mother made such a fuss about it being too nice and too expensive. So Mother took it back and exchanged it for much cheaper, ordinary cotton material. She said she did this to shame her step-mother. Several of

us still have pieces of this material.

Even though she resented this step-mother she never seemed to try to turn the grandchildren against her. She was such a good grandmother to all of us and it was a long time before we knew she was a step-grandmother. When we went there for a visit she always came out to meet us and took the youngest one into her arms and loved us all. We had come quite a distance about six miles, and by wagon and team, and of course we were hungry, so the next thing she did was to get us something to eat. Cookies or bread and apple butter. Her pantry always smelled so good because she used sweet fennel spice in her apple butter and it had such a wonderful flavor which was different from the apple butter we had at home.

#### APPLE BUTTER MAKING IN EARLY DAYS AT BLOOMING GROVE

Written by Susan Heim Little,  
Williamsport, Pa.

When we see in the stores today the small jar with its fancy label marked "Home Made Apple Butter," we think, "What do you know about REAL home made apple butter such as we had stored away in large gallon crocks in our childhood days," and a memory comes to me! How was it made?

Well, there was, of course, preparation for the making of it. First of all, the apples were gathered for cider and taken to a cider press, sometimes five or six miles away. Other times a hand press was used for small amounts. If possible, only sweet apples were used, the best ones being put aside for cutting into "snitz" for the apple butter. There were the "Rambos," the "Sheep-nose" or "Gilly Flower," the "Seek-no-further," the "Smokehouse," and the "Bell-flower."

For a large kettle of apple butter a barrel of cider was used, which was boiled down about one-third, until it was strong and clear. Usually this was done in a large copper kettle, placed over a furnace in the basement or wash house on the same evening while the apples were being cut. If there was no furnace, it was done out in the open, in a kettle hanging from chains

in a frame over the fire, and many smoky tears were shed till the work was done.

The evening of the apple cutting was enjoyed, especially by the young people. It was a social event in the neighborhood. Early in the evening, relatives who lived near and neighbors came in to help. Grandfather and Grandmother never missed one such gathering. They did their full share of work, as well as adding to the general fun of the evening. At our house we had a long table in the kitchen and all sat in around it with dishes for the apples in front of them. For one barrel of cider they used two and a half bushels of pared and quartered apples, always saying, "five half-bushels of snitz." We had what was then considered quite a modern convenience an apple-peeler. Now this same peeler is found in the museum as an antique. The peeling was done by the older boys, my brother and a cousin. The girls who were old enough to cut apples usually gathered about one end of the table, while the older folks had the other end, and conversation of a more serious nature. Sometimes there was singing and the new songs were, "Twilight is Stealing," and "Over the Garden Wall." When we could sing "Nellie was a Lady," and "Tavern In the Town," we were considered quite modern. Hymns too, were sung, such as "Bringing In the Sheaves," and "In the Sweet Bye and Bye." The younger girls, I among these, were kept busy bringing the peeled apples to the table and emptying the "snitz" into the tubs out on the porch.

When enough apples were cut, it was nearing Midnight. By this time the smaller children were asleep in the bedroom and grandfather and grandmother went home to bed. Then came the midnight lunch, bread, butter, coffee, new cider, gingerbread and of course, pie. After this came the real work of boiling. When the apples had been washed they were put into the boiling cider, just a few at a time. Then began the stirring, with a broad stirrer having a long handle. This had to be kept up steadily until the apples were all boiled fine and smooth. When it was nearly done it was rather hard work and it required two people to use the stirrer. And I think some of the young couples rather enjoyed this opportunity for a little chat. From midnight on, I can't say I was an eye-witness, for we too,

were sent to bed. But in the early morning the apple butter was done. Sometimes they waited until morning to begin boiling, and worked most of the day. The last thing, just before taking it from the fire, spices were added, and an expert knew just how much cinnamon, cloves or "Fennil" to use when apples were not sweet enough and sugar was added.

It always tasted the same and we knew the taste all too well, for it was a regular dish on our tables and found its way into school lunches. After the apple butter was pronounced done, the fire was drawn out and gallon crocks brought out to be filled. Whenever I see an old gray and blue crock marked with the trademark, "Cowden & Wilcox," or "Sipe & Son," it suggests "apple butter" to me. These crocks, too, find their way to the museum.

Next day, when they were cool enough, they were covered with white paper and stored away. It was common to make 20 to 30 gallons in a season if apples were plentiful. One boiling, such as I have described would make from twelve to fourteen gallons. Some was sold to customers in Williamsport, for as much as fifty cents a gallon! This was one of the common practices in the Blooming Grove settlement. Not a family but what boiled its apple butter every fall. A few details might differ in the various families, but in general this would fit any of the Heims, Ulmers, Shafers and any of the others in this history who lived in Blooming Grove.

Gone are those days, gone the methods and gone many of those who were with us then. But we linger on and memory weaves many happy recollections for us which we want to share and pass on to those coming after us.

#### QUILTING PARTIES

Written by Susan Heim Little,  
Williamsport, Pa.

In early days the social life in a community such as Blooming Grove, centered around the school and church, also in neighborly helpfulness. If any one in the neighborhood was unfortunate enough to be ill, all at once the men and boys went to the place and did what was to be done, corn cutting, threshing, a wood cutting bee in winter. The women sometimes helped care for the sick and had days of sewing for the family.

But Quilting Parties were by invitation. Every girl when married was supposed to have at least ten quilts in her "Hope Chest". She really had a chest too, to put them into, home made by some skilled man in the neighborhood, but good and strong and spacious. These quilts were of various designs. The one perhaps most common was the "Nine Patch." It was probably the one she made first when she was just a little girl of eight or ten. Little girls started early to learn the art of sewing and a quilt or a sampler was most often the first thing she made, liberally sprinkled with tears because it just wouldn't go right or her thread knotted, or the out-of-doors called but she must do her "stint" first. Then there were the "Star," "Wedding Ring," "Sugar Bowl," "Dresden Plate," "Wanderers Path Through the Wilderness," "Grandmother's Flower Garden," "Rainbow," "Round the World" and "Necktie." The "Crazy Quilt" made of hit and miss pieces of various shapes was often the one with the most work put on it as it was often embroidered with all kinds of stitches known, such as "Feather Stitch," "Rope Stitch," "Fagot Stitch," and many others.

When one of these quilts was ready with lining and cotton it was put in the frames, stretched out in the largest room in the house. About ten women would work at first until the quilt was rolled to smaller size. Usually a quilt was finished in a day, taking time out for a big dinner provided by the hostess.

Sometimes the girls had the party among themselves and it was a custom when the quilt was finished and taken from the frames, for all the girls to hold the quilt all around the edges. The pet cat was then brought in and dropped on the quilt and given a good shaking. The girl toward whom the cat jumped to get off the quilt was destined to be the next one married. Lots of teasing and laughter went on with this proceeding.

The girls stayed for supper and somehow the boys always knew where the girls were and came in the evening to escort "Nellie Home," after spending some time in games and singing.

Materials for the quilt pieces were remnants left over from our home made dresses. Sometimes pieces were exchanged with others for variety.

Before Aunt Regina Heim (Mrs. Jacob G.) moved to Nebraska in 1874 her sisters and cousins made her a quilt containing pieces of their dress materials. She told mother that often when she was a bit homesick, she looked over the quilt and thought of the home folks. She was indeed a pioneer and possibly even the quilt helped her a little.

#### CHRISTMAS IN OLD BLOOMING GROVE

Written by Susan Heim Little and read at the Christmas Meeting of Lycoming County Historical Society,  
December 19, 1940

Blooming Grove is the community in Hepburn Township, centering around the old Dunkard Church, built more than a century ago. Today there is not a member of that church living. My father, Christian D. Heim, was the last person living who always belonged there. The members of that church did not observe all the customs and modes of dress of the Lancaster County Dunkards. Their leaders, Dr. Haller, and later, "Christly" Heim, did not think it necessary for the man to wear the broad rimmed hats, or the women to wear the little white caps, yet they lived simply and plain, honest in their dealings. The old Church was seldom opened in winter. No Sunday School was ever held in the Church. The only Sunday School was held in the old Klump's school house, and then only in the summer time. Therefore in that community there was no Christmas entertainment or observance in the Church.

What I am telling now is what I remember of my own family and our celebrating Christmas, which I suppose, was typical of the families around there. Those were the days of large families and I think probably the Heim family was one of the largest. I am number five in a family of seven; my father was one of ten.

Jacob and Regina Heim, who lived on a sixty acre farm near the old church, had five daughters. All grew up, and married and had families. So the family gathering on Christmas Day was not a small one.

In our own home, we lived on the farm of my maternal Grandfather Joseph Gross, and for good measure we had living on the farm and boarding with Grandfather, old Doctor E. M. Adams, who was written up

in history of "Early Doctors of Lycoming County." The Doctor's word was law, so it seemed, but he must have thought he was entitled to have his say since he paid his board, the sum of thirty dollars a year, which included house rent and all his firewood—but that is another story.

We were not taught to believe in Santa Claus. They used to say, "people who love you are the Kriss Kringle"—much was made of the Kriss Kind of Christ Child. There was, however, and old "Bels Nickle," who was supposed to visit children with a switch if they were not good. I can remember only once a neighbor young man played the part to frighten my younger brothers. We must have been as good as good can be "just before Christmas."

Several days before Christmas we children made long strings of popcorn and paper chains with which to decorate the tree that was brought in by our parents on Christmas Eve. We were hustled to bed early—but how could we sleep. The rattling of paper and voices of our parents, auntie and Grandma kept us awake a long time! About two weeks before my mother had made her shopping trip to Williamsport. Grandfather's contribution was a dollar, to be spent for candy at "Harrington's Sugar Bowl". Many of you remember the place, on East Third St. Especially were we to have candy canes and baskets of red and white candy. How they helped decorate the tree and how pretty we thought they were—seven candy canes and seven baskets.

Once a year the old doctor opened his purse strings to the amount of five dollars—given to Mother to spend for the children, "but nothing foolish". I can't remember that she ever got any thing for herself from him, but she appreciated the favors and could make a little money go a long way. He seemed satisfied if we all got useful things—sometimes school books, slates or pencils, caps, mittens or the long gray woolen stockings. Real stockings they were—how we despised them. Yet they kept us warm and the ugly colors kept us humble, for they didn't want pride to get into our little hearts. Once in a while, I think mother forgot the practical side and brought home dolls for the girls and even a pop gun for the small boys. The small doll I remember best was a little china one—and I broke her arm off on Christmas afternoon. For

several years I dressed and undressed and cared for my little cripple. What a lark there were with the pop gun, shooting paper wads for ammunition. Brother Joe, being left handed, we couldn't tell which way he was going to shoot, and I rather think the old Doctor got a shot or two—by accident, of course.

The tree was put in the center of a table and seven places, from the oldest down, were allotted to us. No matter how early we were awake none of us dared to go into the room where the tree was until Doctor came. He wanted to see us enjoy our tree and gifts.

After we had enjoyed everything for a while, we all got ready to go to Grandfather Heim's, a distance of two miles. It seemed to me we always had snow, for my recollections are of the big sled in which we went.

My older brother took his sled to go coasting with the cousins. When we arrived and went into the house—seven strong—it was always the same order of procedure, every family of the ten did the same. I think we were coached at home just what we must do, or possibly what to expect if we didn't. The old kitchen and living room were large, with a fireplace on one side and a big wood stove on the other. We left our wraps in the bedroom just off the kitchen, with its four-poster bed and patchwork quilt, home made rag carpet on the floor and a real Grandfather's clock in the corner. Then were marched up to shake hands with Grandfather, who was rather a stern person. By that time we were feeling a bit shaky. All of us, were to say our "Christmas Verse" to him—"Glory to God in the Highest" etc. in German. When it came my turn I had heard it often enough I could say it quite easily—and it is the only German verse I could say today. Grandfather then brought out a basket of English walnuts, something we saw only on Christmas. Each child was given three nuts. Then Grandmother came with her gifts. To each child a half of a pound of Clear Toy Candy wrapped in pages of German paper, "Der Weltboten," tied with color carpet chain. Grandfather did some weaving and chain was cheap.

To the older boys and girls they gave gifts. Once I recall each boy got a quarter and we were quite impressed with such wealth. The girls got sewing kits—needles,

thimble and thread. They were expected to be industrious and of course couldn't manage finances like the boys. To the small girls were given a bright colored piece of calico, two yards in length, to be used in making quilts. Imagine the thrill of a nine year old over a piece of calico. I never found use for mine, and still have several pieces among my souvenirs.

After all this was over we could go out to play. Grandmother passed out cookies, nice fat ones with raisins in the middle, some cut out in the shape of stars or birds. The big girls helped me set the table and the aunties got the dinner which was served promptly at noon. There was a healthy lot of men and women around that first table and the plain food was enjoyed. By the time we were all called to dinner, in spite of all the apples, cookies and walnuts, we were ready to eat what was put before us.

Sometimes the old minister, Rev. Carl Roose, who lived alone, was invited for the day. Once I remember he asked us if we were good girls and boys. Some meekly said yes they were, but when it came to my sister Hanah, it was too much for her, and she said "Not always, just sometimes." That was a chance for a sermonette on always being good. For a time it looked as if she might not get her candy after all, but I think mother defended the child, saying she was glad she told the truth.

Another time the Doctor, who did not like women, came in and when he saw the group sitting around, each holding one of her offspring, he said, "Well I suppose each one of you think you have the prettiest child" Dear old Grandmother said "No Doctor, not the prettiest, but the dearest."

Before we went home all met in the largest room and Grandfather took down his family Bible and read that beautiful chapter, "There were in the same country shepherds abiding in the fields," etc. He told of the love, peace and good will the Christ Child came to bring, and that's why we are happy to try to make others happy on that day.

The day was spent and we went home, perhaps some of us went to sleep on the way. But we were happy and eagerly looked forward to the long time till another Christmas came. We didn't seem to care how little we had, it was just one happy day with the cousins. Once when there were

forty grandchildren there, Grandmother said, "Well children, I was glad to have you come, but I'm glad too that you all have your mother to go home with." What would she and Grandfather say if they saw the Christmas lights on our streets, the bright trees with all the modern tinsel, could hear the radio send out on the air, "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht?"

I am glad I had the opportunity of taking my parents their one visit to Philadelphia on a sight seeing trip and through Wanamaker's just before Christmas. They could hardly believe anything could be so wonderful. Have children lost something of the thrill we had? Or does it take more for them? My young granddaughter, aged nine, calmly looking over her gifts, perhaps more than we had altogether, said, "I still think there must be a Santa Claus, for daddy and mother wouldn't put out so much money on us." Money seems to have entered into the Christmas Spirit.

Our parents didn't know about "the Budget". That was a new word to them. Nor had they heard of the installment plan or "buy now and pay next year."

I'm glad I lived to know that kind of a Christmas, but am more thankful for the better things of now, which perhaps, we enjoy more because we didn't have them then.

The ten children of Jacob and Regina Heim, who with their families celebrated Christmas as described in this article, were:

Gottlieb and Sarah Marvin Heim  
 Frederick and Dorthy Heim Shafer  
 Jacob, Jr. and Mary Shafer Heim  
 John J. and Rosina Heim Heim  
 Christian D. and Elizabeth Gross Heim  
 John (Johnnie) and Margaret Heim Heim  
 Joseph B. and Regina Heim Waltz  
 Joseph and Catherine Waltz Heim  
 Simon and Christina Heim Waltz  
 Samuel and Mary Heim Shafer

## Freedom Road

by Ralph L. Lester

High up in the foothills overlooking the city of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and lying between Grampian and Vallamont, is a narrow, winding road that played a prominent part prior to the Civil War.

Freedom road, as it is now called, and its surrounding woodlands, to the unknowing is just another dirt road in the mountains.

But to the natives and the initiated, it abounds with a rich treasure of historical background and folklore. Freedom road and the hills on both sides were a part of that amazing underground railway system developed during slavery.

Underground caves, several still equipped with furnishings where weary slaves were hidden and cared for are not far off the narrow trail. Hard riding masters and cruel bosses regularly passed this section in search of escaping slaves, who within almost ear-

shot were being hidden by the friendly operators of this underground system.

Probably one of the best known of these operators was Daniel Hughes, an Indian Chief, of Hamilton, Canada. In the early part of the 1800's, Hughes married one Annie Rotch, a colored woman and a native of Stoney Gap, Penna., and settled along Freedom Road.

A Muncie redskin, Daniel Hughes, was a powerful, yet sympathetic warrior. Weighing 280 pounds and standing six feet, ten inches, he was a match for man or beast.

Aside from building a log house over 100 years old and still standing—raising a family of 16 children and farming, this Indian ran a lumber raft from Williamsport to Sparrows Point, Md., by way of the Susquehanna River.

On the return trip, Hughes would pick

up any slaves traveling northward and take them to the cave on his land just off Freedom Road. The slaves always traveled by the North Star and he never picked them up on moonlight nights due to the danger of capture under bright skies. When they arrived at Freedom Road, they were cared for by Hughes, his family and friendly natives, both white and colored.

After resting and being reprovisioned, these slaves were guided by one of Hughes' sons to the next haven, either Trout Run, Penna., or Horseheads, N. Y. Many other slaves stopped here enroute from Northumberland, Penna., another underground station, where a lookout was always kept to guide the fugitives to Freedom Road.

On reaching Canada, the slaves were safe. Queen Victoria had issued orders that no slaves reaching Canada were to be returned.

The original name of this section was Roderick Hollow. Later, due to the nature of the activities there, it was called N—Hollow. In recent years, local agitation resulted in the present name, Freedom Road.

At first the fugitives were hidden in brush hollows. Later abandoned, iron ore mines were used. In some instances, the caves were hewn out of solid rock and hidden by dense brush and undergrowth.

The cave operated by Hughes, according to his granddaughter, Mrs. Marion Sweeting, who still lives on the original plot, contains rock-hewn chairs, tables and beds.

Recounting stories told by her Indian grandparent, Mrs. Sweeting, mother of 13 children, six boys and two girls living, vividly described the perils and hardships encountered by the fleeing slaves.

Many were taken ill and one slave spent 18 months in hiding before recovery. Despite the lack of adequate medicine and skilled attendants, the Hughes' family nursed every one to good health.

More remarkable is the fact that of the hundreds who were hidden during the twenty odd years of operation, not a single

slave was ever captured from their safe keeping. There were many narrow escapes, however. "The closest call", stated Mrs. Sweeting, "was a woman with two babies".

"They had followed the North Star and the mother had to wade several streams and fight her way through dense underbrush. When she reached Freedom Road, she was tired, hungry and severely bruised. The two children had contracted whooping cough.

"Before they could be taken to the cave, a couple of horsemen rode up to the house and began a search for the trio. In the meantime, another member of the family hid the mother and children under the stairway and immediately began praying that the children would not cough. Her prayers were answered, for during the search by the white men, not a sound came from those sick children".

In a guarded manner, other stories are told by those who know the story of Freedom Road. It is said that of the numerous whites who came to capture the fugitive slaves, the number who failed to return is legend. Strange things happened to many.

At a spot pointed out on Freedom Road, just around a bend, where fox grape vines were stretched across the road as white horsemen rode through the night. Thrown from the saddle, their mounts shot, these men were never seen or heard from again.

For certain reasons the exact location of the cave operated by the Hughes family is not divulged. Although seen by this writer, it is sealed and hidden from all prying eyes.

On several occasions, offers which would mean a fortune to the present heirs have been turned down. The family, at present, want no exploitation of FREEDOM ROAD and the part they played in the underground system.

They prefer to, as Mr. Sweeting's mother, Mamie Johns Wilson Hughes who lives in the original house—says, "Let sleeping dogs lie".

## Accessions to the Museum

1. Machinery Labels from German Naval Ships; Loan by Wm. M. Bowers, Montgomery, Pa.
2. Record of "Enterprise" Baseball Club 1864-1877, including some pictures of "Tri-State League" 1905 and the Wmsport Tri-State Club (Baseball) 1907 better known as "The Millionaires".  
Also Bound Volumes of West Branch Bulletin, 1865 Vol. 6 No. 1; Gift of Mrs. Alfred D. Huffman, Williamsport, Pa.
3. Photograph of Capt. Evon Russell, Veteran of Spanish American War, Chief of Police of Williamsport (1890-1896); Gift of Miss Mable E. Mohn, Williamsport, Pa.
4. Photograph of Col. James B. Coryell, Commander of the Gallant 12th Regiment, Spanish American.
5. Scrap book of Clippings written by "Jackqueline" who was Mrs. Howard Clearyney; Gift of Mrs. George E. Sands, Williamsport, Pa.
6. A Book, Yungling Genealogy; Gift of Claude J. Rahn, Vero-Beach, Fla.
7. Bible, Published 1852; Gift of Mrs. Clyde Dempsey, Williamsport, Pa.
8. Recordings of Williamsport Dike Dedication Ceremonies, Roosevelt Jr. High School Auditorium, W.L.Y.C. Special Events Div.  
Bade, Souvenir of "The Last Raft" Badge, Souvenir of the Centennial Celebration (1916).  
Two Centennial Plates; Gifts of Williamsport Chamber of Commerce.
9. Atlas of Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.; Gift of A. W. Duy, Jr., Bloomsburg, Pa.
10. Early House Vacuum, patented 1911, manufactured by Laning-Stone Sales Co., Philadelphia-Chicago; Gift of Mrs. William R. Waldeisen, Proctor Star Route.