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SPRING
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of the
LYCOMING COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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OUR THANKS TO: Charles B. Heim who collected the articles for this Journal from Blooming Grove descendants. These articles are not a part of the Blooming Grove Sesquicentennial Publication.

COVER PICTURE: Mrs. Sophia Bidelspacher spinning in Blooming Grove--approximately 1900.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

MEETINGS, 1978-1979

LYCOMING COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

April 18, 1979, 6:30 p.m.

Dinner meeting at Eldred Township Fire Hall, Warrensville. The Williamsport Junior Music Club, under the direction of Miss Doris Heller, will present a program of local music. A short annual business meeting will be held.

May 5, 1979, 7:00 a.m.

Society trip to Lancaster, visiting Landis Valley, the Pennsylvania Farm Museum, Rock Ford Plantation (the 18th century home of General Edward Hand, George Washington's Adjutant General), Wheatland (the home of President James Buchanan), and the Lancaster County Historical Society.

LIFE MEMBERS

Life Memberships in our Society continue to grow.

Below is a current list of Life Members:

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Deceased: Dr. Lester K. Ade

John G. Detwiler

GREETINGS FROM THE PRESIDENT'S DESK

Fellow Members:

April 1, 1979

As we continue to plan for the celebration of the 75th Anniversary of our Society in 1982, we will report from time to time the progress of those plans.

Our number one priority is to put our Society and Museum on a firm financial basis. We must increase our annual income if we are to maintain the present high standards of service in the face of inflated costs of operation. Recent legislation resulted in a modest increase in the annual appropriation received from the County, but more is needed.

Your Board of Governors has resisted the temptation to increase the dues structure, but we earnestly request those of you who have individual or family memberships, who wish to help us financially and feel that you are able to do so, to increase your membership status to that of sustaining membership at \$25.00 per year. We also urge each of you to recruit one or more new members this year. This increase of personal interest and financial support is essential. We have one of the finest small museums in the country, with a museum director who is superb. Too many citizens of Lycoming County are not aware of this. Let each of us speak forcefully to others about the advantages of membership in the Society and our civic duty to support its program.

Enclosed with this Journal is a suggested form of bequest. If you are making or revising your will, please consider including the Lycoming County Historical Society as one of your beneficiaries. Moneys received from bequests are placed in a trust fund and the interest is used for operation of the Museum. This is an important part of our long range program of support so that "our children may tell their children."

It is no consolation that other service institutions such as museums and libraries share our financial woes. This does not solve our own problem. What we need is your enthusiastic and dedicated effort to convince our fellow citizens of the educational and cultural value of our Museum.

A few years ago Mrs. Smink and I purchased a small electrical appliance. When it was delivered in the original carton, across the top of the container, instead of the usual "Handle with care," was the injunction "Handle with pride." Let us proclaim our evaluation of our Society and Museum with pride.

We are proud also of the recognition accorded two of our members at the annual meeting of the North Central Pennsylvania Historical Association last November. Miss Gladys Tozier and Mr. James P. Bressler received citations representing the activist and the written historical traditions respectively.

Our Museum Director, Mr. Andrew K. Grugan, continues to be sought after as a speaker, lecturer and teacher. Currently, in addition to many local engagements, he is giving a series of lectures on "The History of Pennsylvania Art Beginning with the Colonial Period," as part of the program of continuing education at Lock Haven State College. This series will probably be repeated as part of our Museum offerings next fall.

It is with profound regret that we announce the resignation of our Executive Secretary, Miss Dorothy E. Shultz. Her service has been invaluable; she will be sorely missed. Every responsibility was promptly and thoroughly carried out, and we came to rely heavily upon her judgment, advice and direction. We are glad that we have been assured that she will continue to be interested and active as a member of the Society. We express our sincere wishes for her opportunity and enjoyment of additional leisure time activities.

We regret also the resignation of Mrs. Jean Laylon, our cheerful and courteous receptionist, while we welcome Mrs. Gloria Grugan as her replacement.

Come and visit the Museum frequently. Bring your non-member friends and sell them on the idea of joining the Society and becoming active in our organization.

I hope to greet you at our annual dinner on April 18 at Warrensville and at other meetings of the Society.

Sincerely yours,

Robert D. Smink, *President*

EUROPE

by

Hon. C. F. Bidelspacher

*(Address given at the Centennial of Blooming Grove Meeting
House June 16, 1928.)*

In 1700 a vast tide of immigration from various parts of Germany to this country took place. This kept up for decades, beginning with 1700. The German immigrant was in the ascendancy until about a century and a half after the year 1700. More Germans came to this country within one hundred fifty years than any other immigrants from Europe. There were many reasons for this.

First, the matter of destructive wars. In our Modern History we read about the Thirty Years' War from 1618 to 1648. This war was so destructive that seventy-five percent of the entire population of Germany was wiped out during these thirty years. It took two hundred years, until 1848, before Germany was again populated and rebuilt to what it had been at the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. These destructive wars kept on. Later the great Napoleon and some other noted men took hold of the whole situation and ruled with an iron hand. It was at that time, when Germany was under the domination of Napoleon, that our ancestors left Germany for this country.

Another reason for the immigration from Germany was on account of the religious persecution. Germany was divided into principalities, and the ruler of each was practically an absolute ruler. If he happened to be a man who favored a certain religion, he would want all his subjects to take on the same religion that he had. If the subjects showed any signs of rebellion, they were often cast into prison and even put to death. They lived the lives of martyrs.

A third reason for this immigration was the oppression of the people by the rulers, and also the unjust taxes. When a person in Germany was born in a certain

order, he could never rise above that. It was not a land of opportunity like this land of ours.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century they had famines, pestilence, sickness, disease, and these were some of the causes that led the German immigrants to come to this country. Then, too, there were glowing reports of the opportunities in this country. Those already over here sent back word how wonderful it was here, and induced those back in Germany to come over also. Dr. Haller made a map for his people back in Germany and this map was a description of this part of the country--a map of Blooming Grove.

Then, some of the German people were victims of the wanderlust, and had a great desire for adventure, and so the lure of this country called them.

Migration took place from two sources. Some of our ancestors came from along the Rhine, about fifteen miles from Wurtemberg, and others came from Wurtemberg.

Tonight we are concerned only with our own religion as followed in this community. Among these German immigrants were the Mennonites, a sect that had been founded by Meno Simon, and called Mennonites for him. The Mennonites were very much like the Dunkards. The Dunkards were founded by Alexander Mack in 1708. In the course of time all the Dunkards came to America and nearly all of them settled in Pennsylvania.

A part of the Dunkard religion was not to bear arms, not to accept public office, did not believe in infant baptism, did not start a law suit against a brother.

These were some of the distinctive features of the early Dunkards. When they came to this country, they broke away somewhat from their faith back home. In this land of opportunity they felt that a public office was a medium through which they could serve their fellowmen. Over in the old country it seems that they didn't seek office because it meant the oppression of one's fellowmen. Back in the time when the Pilgrims came to this country someone put into verse the following words which apply with great appropriateness to the people who came here to Blooming Grove:

"What sought they thus afar?
The wealth of seas?
The spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine

I call it holy ground,
The sod where first they trod.
They left their sod
For here they found
Freedom to worship God."

James A. Garfield once said while talking to a group of young men just starting out in the world--"The strata of our society resembles the ocean where every drop, even the littlest, is free to mingle with all the others, and may climb the highest wave."

This is the glory of our country.



THE "HERDIC"--THE FIRST HORSE-DRAWN TAXI-CAB

April the 20th, 1880, a patent was granted to Peter Herdic of Williamsport for improvements "in the running gear of a new kind of vehicle, combining greater strength, a reduction of friction and strain incident to jolting over inequalities of the ground" and the revolutionary "advantages of easy running and ABRUPT TURNING." They were to take

the place of "the lumbering stages and coaches now in common use." With the aid of "wealthy parties," manufacturing was to start immediately and plans were drawn to introduce them into "the principal cities of the country." It would be interesting to know more about this really successful enterprise.

THE BLOOMING GROVE SETTLEMENT

The question is often asked, "Where is Blooming Grove?". It is not certain just where it begins or where it ends. No surveyor ever made a boundary line. But generally speaking, it is the locality where the early settlers came. To the west was Lycoming Creek, on the east the Loyalsock, on the north was Rose Valley, and on the south Williamsport. Blooming Grove Road starts at the northern end of Market Street.

Why so named? When the immigrants from Germany came over the Quaker Hill Road, and looked over the valley which is now Hepburn and Eldred Townships, the flowering dogwood pleased them, and they said, "This is a blooming grove."--and so it is called ever since.

Where did they come from? The people came from their homes in far off Germany--from Wurtemberg and Mulbringen, from Waldorf near Stuttgart. Waldorf is where many of the Heims were born, and the remains of the church still stands, though badly damaged by bombs of past wars.

A diary written by George Kiess--a great, great uncle of Sue and Clyde Kiess--relates that they were weeks getting to Holland at Amsterdam before they set sail on the ship "Margaret"--leaving June 9, 1804, and arriving in Philadelphia, September 18th. They were seventy days on the sea, and the hardships were many. One item he relates--"The food is poor, the water stinks and the beer is sour." Then toward the end he wrote--"Not much food and no beer." "But," he writes, "after all the sickness, when we landed in Philadelphia, there was not one person sick--all were well and able to land. Many days the ship was held back and sometimes even sailed back with the wind. Other days, heavy storms. One day was so stormy it blew a small child out of his cradle." He told much about the weather and ships sailing, with many scripture notations. Only once did he mention landing of their baggage in

Amsterdam, "everything upside down." We can only guess they were not bothered with many things. My grandfather Heim, 12 years old, walked with others from Philadelphia. One man, Strubb, wheeled his little daughters from Philadelphia in a wheelbarrow.

Now why did they leave Germany? In many cases they were poor and hoped to find better things in America. The crops had failed, there was no flax and no linen to weave into thread or material. Many of them were weavers and brought their looms and spinning wheels to America. Another reason, each of them had families, children that would soon be old enough to go to war. They did not believe in war to settle a dispute, and in America they would be free, no matter what the hardships were.

Who were these people? There were two groups--one in 1804 and the other in 1817. Immigration had been prohibited for ten years after the first group came. In 1806, George Kiess and M. Waltz, with their families, came. In 1804 were three of my great grandfathers, Leonard Ulmer, Leonard Steiger and Frederick Gross, with their families. John and Gottlieb Heim, two bachelors, had been imprisoned as "non-conformists," refusing to go to war. While in prison they often sang to while away the hours: "Ein feste Berg ist unser Gott" (A Mighty Fortress). They seemed to have found favor with the jailor, as they were given freedom if they promised to leave the country. So they joined the group of 1804. There were also J. George Waltz, David Young, W. Harmon, M. Biehl, George Kiess, and families. In 1817 John Heim went back to Germany to bring out his brother, Jacob, and family. This was the fourth of my great grandfathers, Christian Heim (father of "Christley" Heim) who became ministers in the old church. Also came in that group Fred Shafer, John Wagner, Jacob Guinter, Jacob Stribey, M. Stroble and Ulrich Stabler. Jacob Heim's wife was Christiana Gohl who died and was buried at sea, leaving husband and five children.

The children were Margaret, 16 years, later married Jacob Ulmer of Rose Valley; Anna Marie, unmarried, living with Margaret; Christian, unmarried, living with Jacob; Jacob, married Regina Staiger, Gottlieb, married Margaret Stinger. Margaret became housekeeper in the log house, cooking meals in the open fireplace. I remember her telling us about it; she said she was often homesick, like all of the family. She said she often wished the sea would give up its dead. One thing I remember she said was, "The kettles were so heavy."

On the voyage, many hours were spent in religious discussions, resulting in splitting into two divisions of thought. This was over the adoption of celibacy. Those favoring celibacy chose a leader, George Raupp, who went to Butler County and wandering around, founded the present town of Ambridge, north of Pittsburgh. The second group spent the winter in Germantown, while deciding on a location for the colony. Their pastor and leader was Doctor Conrad Holler, who, having during his stay become a "dunker"--and the colony easily adopted his creed and practice. Dr. Holler said it was "not necessary for the women to wear the little white caps or the men to wear the broad-brimmed hats." His word was law. The group built him a house just across the road from the church, which was built in 1828. The church on the inside is as it was in the beginning--weather boards were put on the outside to preserve the building. The seating was arranged: men on one side, women on the other, on long, hard benches, with no backs. A small table for a pulpit. They kept no records, nothing was said about creed or theology. They belonged to no conference or convention. They were plain of dress and straight forward in speech. They hoped the colony would always remain in the same plain way. Dr. Holler's son, Jonathan, moved to Ohio. Some years ago my sister and I visited relatives in Bucyrus, Ohio. The granddaughter, on seeing us go down the street, said, "Those are the Heim girls from Blooming Grove." The grandmother did not believe it, for she said, "The girls from there would not wear such

big sleeves. They were plain people!" Those were the days of extreme big sleeves.

Not until 1874 did an entire family move as far away as Nebraska, when Jacob G. Heim with his wife, Regina Gross, and seven children, moved to Dawson, Richardson County. Other families, Heims, Ulmers, Stolzes and Wagners later went to live there. The early settlers there wanted to keep the German language in church and school, and did not encourage young people leaving home for company. Grandfather was much concerned and wanted young people to observe the language and customs of their fathers. I recall a conversation between my father and grandfather. Father said, "Yes, that was the land of our fathers, but this is the land of our children, and they'll go to the schools provided." German schools were taught for a while by Joseph Gross, Christley Heim, Gottlieb Heim and Christopher Kriss.* There was a school between Quaker Hill and Warrensville (before the days of school buses) where my mother got some of her education; taught by Christopher Kriss.* Their readers were from the Psalms or parts of the New Testament. Mathematics was a simple problem. When they got to long division, the teacher said, "Now, that's as far as I can go, we'll go back to the beginning"--which is what they did. The teacher's great grandson was a congressman from our district; her grandson had a PhD. in science at U. C. R. A. According to material sent us by a cousin, Keith Heim, who is now Vice-Counsel in Dusseldorf, Germany--he found that the records there were found in the churches. The pastors gave much information. His description and outlines of family records are most interesting and we are indebted to him. He found that in early days they were Lutherans. At one place he found the church where the family had attended nearly 200 years ago. Only a stone archway and baptismal font were left. Much material and building were destroyed by wars. In one church the

*Kriss = Kiess?

pastor said all the records were burned in the Thirty Years' War. So it wasn't possible to go back farther. The earliest date we have Jacob Heim (spelled Yakob) was 1733, and his wife Juliana Renter. These did not come to America. Their son, Jacob, 1733, and Christiana Gohl,** came to America as given above.

This group bought farms and many were kept as homes for generations. The Stabler farm, between Warrensville and Loyalsock, was last owned by Joseph

**Gohl = Gohl

And now as I look back--

"I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted.
Whose lights are dimmed
Whose garlands dead
And all but him departed.
Yet in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me
Fond memories bring the light
Of other days around me."

Sue H. Little
1961



Heim family. Mrs. Clara Stabler Heim was the last of that family there. The Gross farm at the foot of Quaker Hill passed out of the family with the fifth generation. Heim and Ulmer families lived near the old church where Reuben Ulmer is still custodian. I don't know if any direct descendant of the early settlers own a farm, or live nearby. Many descendants can be located in various states and professions: teachers, lawyers, doctors, ministers, etc.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE COMMUNITY SURROUNDING BLOOMING GROVE

by

Reuben D. Ulmer - 1961

We are wondering today about many things just because our ancestors left no written records. As I am one of the oldest Blooming Grove settlers, I have decided to jot down some of the things I recall or have heard by hearsay; things that might be of interest to others later on. In doing so, I shall probably refer to some who have no direct relation to early settlement of Blooming Grove.

Beginning at the old Dunkard Church and going east, the first farm was originally settled by Wendel Harmon who was one of the first German colonists in the area and who came here in 1805. He was financier for the group and bought 420 acres at \$3.65 per acre. This acreage lay within a short radius of the church and was sold to the others as they were able to buy. He did not get along too well with the others and sold to Peter Kimble and moved to the Salladasburg area where he died and is buried.

Peter Kimble sold to his son George Kimble and both are buried in Blooming Grove Cemetery with their wives. George Kimble later owned a farm on Quaker Hill where Jared Quiggle now lives. Kimble sold the farm in Blooming Grove to Abram Bidelspacher whose first wife was Rosina Ulmer. His second wife was Sophia Ulmer, a sister to David C. Ulmer and an aunt to the writer of this sketch. The farm was later owned by Levi J. Ulmer (the writer's brother); then by several short-term owners, including Lester Hyde. In 1960 it was bought by my stepson Carl E. Kiess who later sold the house to his son F. Edwin Kiess.

The next farm east was first owned by Jacob Kiess, Sr., then by Jacob Kiess, Jr., who traded with Abram Waltz at the time of the Civil War to get enough cash to buy his exemption. Kiess had four sons--John, David, Edward and Ben and

two daughters. The sons were carpenters and built many of the farm buildings and churches in the community. Jacob, John and Ben are buried in Blooming Grove. Abram Waltz lived on this farm with his son-in-law Oscar Reeser, until his death. Sometime later Reeser moved away and Jonathan Waltz, a son of Abram, moved on and kept a dairy, retailing his milk in Williamsport, His wife was Christina Stabler of Rose Valley. They had three sons--Raymond, Fred and Irvin. Fred is still living in Williamsport (1963). Breining and Williamson bought the farm next, took the timber off, then sold it to Charles Fisher (Hannah Heim). There were then several short-term owners and the farm now belongs to Otto Meyers and wife.

The next farm east was at one time the Christian Reinch farm. The son Christian Reinch sold to David Waltz and moved west. Waltz sold to John J. Heim who some years later moved to Nebraska and sold to his nephew David M. Heim (Ruth Conner). When his wife died and his only son went into the ministry, he sold to William Gouldy (Hazel Schon). About 1961 Gouldy sold to Harold Fox. One daughter of D. M. Heim still lives in Florida.

The next place east--about 22 acres--was part of a larger tract lying farther east of there and was owned by William Eck who had two sons--Tom and Joe. When Joe got married he built a house on the 22 acres and Tom stayed on the homestead. When Joe left, Kern Gouldy bought the place; and when he died, it was bought by his son William. It is now owned by Harold Fox. The Tom Eck place is now owned by R. Fullmer.

The farm lying north of the Gouldy place was the Byron Wilson farm; Wilson was a descendant of the English Quakers. The next owner was Wilson's son Enoch.

It is now owned by Dr. Robert Little, a veterinarian and county commissioner.

The next farm east (north of the highway) is presently owned by Roscoe Heim and is part of the farm once owned by Dr. Holler, one of the leaders of the Blooming Grove colony. Dr. Holler died and was buried on this farm but was later moved to Blooming Grove Cemetery along with his wife and nephew.

The farm at the foot of Quaker Hill was first settled by Joseph Gross, a leading character in the Blooming Grove settlement. He had no sons but three orphan daughters. Christian D. Heim, his son-in-law, took the farm and lived there until past 90 years of age. He had three sons and four daughters. His son Ephriam was a professor at Bucknell University; Joseph farmed a while then moved to Montoursville and became a partner in the Silica Sand Company; Samuel remained on the farm until his death. Joseph married Clara Stabler; Samuel married Jennie Brahn.

The next farm was the Strieby farm. Next to that on the east was the Mansel farm, followed by the David Winman farm which was later occupied by son Reuben Winman. It is presently occupied by Larry Smith, son-in-law of Reuben Winman. Just east is the former William Winman farm which was once owned by George F. Waltz and is now the property of Clark Waltz and his sons.

Next was the Pierce Waltz place. Pierce was a wagon maker. This farm is now owned by Raymond Bower.

Then came the Emanuel Kiess farm. Emanuel was one of the early members of Blooming Grove and at one time was a teacher in the German school. He was the father of Frank Kiess (and possibly others unknown to me) and the grandfather to Verus and Clayton Kiess and Rosa Gray. Clarence Hocker lives there now.

The next farm belongs to Paul Eisenminger; before that to his father George, son of Rev. John Eisenminger who was a German Baptist preacher. I believe that Jacob W. Waltz also lived there at one time.

Between this place and Warrensville, there was a lot of several acres with a house and small barn. It belonged to Adam Finkbeiner, a crippled man who ran a weaver's shop. He had three children--a son and two daughters. The buildings have been torn down. The father, mother, and one daughter are buried at Blooming Grove. Adam Finkbeiner died in 1908 at the age of 89.

The last house at the corner of the highway was the Andy Willson farm. I think most of Warrensville came off of this farm. It is now owned by Henry Reeder.

The farm on Christian Hill at Cemetery Road just across from the schoolhouse used to be the Sam Kurtz place. Then William Chaapel (Mary Plank) bought it. Mr. Chaapel was born on what is now the Rose Valley Fruit Farm. Then he lived on Chaapel Mountain until he moved to Christian Hill. The Plank family lived on another mountain just across the valley from the Chaapels. They had seven children and the father died while the children were quite small; however, by getting some farming done and picking berries and nuts, attending market and getting a little aid from the community, they got through. There was only one son and he was killed in a hunting accident before he was twenty years old. William Chaapel's son-in-law, a Mr. Clees, now lives on the Christian Hill farm.

The first farm on the road past the cemetery was the Harmon place. Mr. Harmon was the grandfather of Harvey Lundy who became the owner of the place after Harmon died. He was well known because he was a surveyor and surveyed a great many properties throughout the county. His wife was Annie Plank. Both died in 1958.

Toward Loyalsock lives Elmer Waltz (Esther Heim). His father was Charles Waltz.

Just before going down into Loyalsock Valley is the Jonathan Stabler farm. Ulrich Stabler was Jonathan's father.

Jonathan had two children--Harvey and Clara. Harvey was principal of one of the Williamsport schools but died rather young. Clara married Joseph Heim; they were the parents of one daughter and five sons. All of the sons have taken an active interest in the Silica Sand Company and are prominent in business and civic affairs. Son Allen died in 1962. Clara married Aldus Weaver, a Montoursville businessman, who passed away in 1962.

Coming back to the Dunkard Church and going west, we find the farm of Leonard Ulmer, one of the first colonists and the ancestor of all the Ulmers of our clan. He settled here in 1805 with none of the land cleared. He was married three times and had a large family. My records are not complete enough to name all of the children, so I will not try. There were three sons from his third marriage, and I think two daughters--Jacob, Isaac, David, Regina and possibly another daughter. David, my grandfather, married Sophia Marquardt and they had two sons and two daughters--David C. (Elizabeth Bauer), Joseph, Sophia, and Mary. David C. (my father) took the homestead. He had two sons--Levi J. and Reuben D. and a daughter, Sabina, who married I. Fernando Heim. Reuben took the farm. He was married twice--first to Margaret Bidelspacher who died in 1906 (no children) and then to Sallie Shafer Kiess who died in 1959. Reuben then sold the farm to his stepson Carl E. Kiess who in turn sold it to his son F. Edwin Kiess. Reuben still lives on the farm and Sabina lives in the community. Levi died in 1942 and his widow lives in Williamsport. He was a graduate of Bucknell University and taught in the Williamsport High School and Lock Haven State Teachers College. His son David and daughter Mary both teach and live in Williamsport.

Isaac Ulmer (grandfather's brother) lived just across the hill to the south. He had five children, none of whom ever married or are now living. The farm now belongs to Franklin Hyde.

The farm just west of the Leonard Ulmer place was settled by Jacob Heim

who came over with the original band of German colonists. His wife died on the way over and was buried at sea. He had a son by the name of Jacob. I do not know just how they managed, but I think there were several girls in the family. When Jacob, Jr., married, he took the farm and raised a large family of at least nine children. The oldest son, Gottlieb, had a crippled foot. He took part of the farm and learned to make shoes. Gottlieb had two sons--Dan and Hiram. When his father died, he took the farm. Hiram stayed with his father and Dan bought another farm. In 1910 Hiram sold the farm to Jacob Young. Mr. Young sold to his son Walter, who married Dorothy Kiess, a great granddaughter of Jacob Heim. It was later sold to Orville Fullmer who still owns it (1963).

Going north one half mile where the road joins the hardtop is the spot where Klump's schoolhouse used to stand. Klump's School was built when free schools started and was never a German school. It was used until the Consolidated School was built at Hepburnville. There was a blacksmith shop above the road--about a stone's throw away--owned by a man named Jarrett. (We will speak of the Klump farm later.)

The first farm west was originally settled by the Sheel family of whom there is no later trace. The next owner was Jacob Heim III, then his son Ezra.

In the Hollow, just west of Sheel's was a family named Mock. They are buried nearby, but we do not know their history; however, the place is still known as Mock Hollow. The Ezra Heim farm is now owned by Edgar Mitchly.

The next farm was at one time part of the Isaac Ball place. Martin Price married a daughter of Isaac Ball and became owner of the farm. The Prices had two daughters. One of them died quite young--the other married Frank Spotts. The Spotts had two sons and one daughter. The daughter married Fred Snyder. One son went West and I have no further record of him. The other son, Howard, married Ruth Snyder and they

live in Williamsport. The farm is now owned by Abram Aderhold who married Annie Simmers. They have a daughter, Mrs. Sherman Mutchler, and two sons--Howard and Charles. Sherman Mutchler and his wife now live on the farm.

The next farm west was the Isaac Ball farm. All the properties in Balls Mills are part of this farm, also several pieces of farm land. There is a saw mill and a grist mill on the original property and both were run by water power at one time. The saw mill is now run by a power unit, and the grist mill has not been used for many years--possibly forty years.

The grist mill made wheat flour by the burr process until rollers came into use. Then it was used for many years for grinding chop only and finally it was closed entirely. It was built before anyone now living can remember and is an interesting thing to see. The hoppers, with the millstones still in place, are there and the shafts made of wood, probably seven or more inches in diameter, are hexagon shaped.

The saw mill used an up-and-down saw when I first knew of it. It took longer then to make one cut than it does now to saw a whole log. George Ball, whom I suppose was a son of Isaac, was the owner of the place when I remember it. He had one daughter who married Herman Miller.

In Balls Mills Andy Danler had a blacksmith shop. William Spotts was a butcher and kept a store. For sometime he also had the Post Office, called Hepburn. Before that we got our mail in Williamsport, often only once a week. When R. F. D. was established, the Hepburn Post Office was closed. Gottlieb Kurtz also had a small store on the west side of the street. Next to his store was a shop used for wagon making. Fred Klump and James Ulmer were wagon makers. The blacksmith shop was later operated by a Mr. Klosky, then by Earnest Roos, then by Charles Brucklacher--also by Mr. Witchey. A new church was built in Balls Mills about twenty-five

years ago by the U. E. B. congregation. David E. Lehman bought the William Spotts store property and built a new store and dwelling. He conducted a modern country store and also taught school for about forty years. His wife was Carrie Schafer from Quigleville.

Going west down the road we come to the home of Alburtus Lughart, then to Arden Mutchler's, then to the property of William Beach and Dale Chubb.

Just nearby is the farm of Jesse Snyder. When his father, Walter D. Snyder, bought the farm, it was known as the Barclay place. The farm buildings were back up the hollow from the present buildings and were in poor repair. Mr. Snyder built a complete set of new buildings along the road.

Near the original buildings was a plot of ground and a house where the Fred Shafer, Sr. family first lived when they came from Germany about 1817. Fred was the father of John and Fred Shafer, Jr., whose great grandchildren are living in the community today. Later on a family named Hill lived on their lot. The Hill boys and Mr. Barclay had a dispute over a card game one night and one of them set fire to the Barclay barn. He was arrested, found guilty and served a number of years in the penitentiary. It was just before my time, but I knew him after he came home and I also knew his brother Jim.

The next farm is the Mutchler farm now owned by Eugene Mutchler and his brother Neil who are of the fourth generation. The first on record was Matthew; he and his wife died the same night and are buried at Blooming Grove. His son David followed him; then David's son Matthias. His first wife was Sarah Waltz and his second was Sadie Dauler. He was the father of eleven children--ten boys and one girl.

We now come back to the Klump farm and turn north. John Klump, a native of Germany, came to Lycoming County. I don't know just when, but it must have been before the middle of the

last century. He settled at Jew Hill near Liberty in Jackson Township. He was a blacksmith by trade. Later he came to Hepburn Township, possibly one hundred years ago, and bought a plot of ground to which he added a number of other plots until now there are more than one hundred acres in the farm still known as the Klump Farm. It is located about one mile east of Balls Mills. There were three children--two sons and a daughter. John followed his blacksmith trade, and as the sons grew up, Abey, who was a farmer, married Mary Kiess. He did not live long after his marriage. Fred the other son, had learned the wagon maker trade and located at Balls Mills--later at Cogan Station. When his brother died, he came home and took over the farm. He married Caroline Stoltz and had four children--three girls and one boy. The son William took over the farm and died at age 81 in 1961. His wife, the former Della Losch, still lives on the farm which is now owned by Richard Mitchley.

Going north from Klump's, according to an old map, we find the Blatner farm. No one seems to know anything about this family. However, the Peter Marshall family lived there until about 1916 when it was sold. I. F. Heim bought the north half and William Klump took the south half. Since then I. F. Heim sold part of his half to his son-in-law Karl Ely who lives there now in the old Peter Marshall home.

The next farm was once owned by the Brian family, relatives of the Shafers. It was later owned by Fred Shafer, Jr., then by his son Thomas, then by Tom's brother John. After John died, his brother-in-law, David Heim, lived there for several years. He moved to Williamsport and sold the farm to his son, I. Fernando Heim, who married my sister Sabina Ulmer. After his death, his son Thomas Heim, who married Norma Levan, took the place and operated it as an extensive poultry farm. Sabina still lives on the farm with her son Thomas.

Thomas Shafer (Sarah Ulmer) had already a small family when he felt a

call to the ministry and attended the German Baptist Seminary at Rochester, New York. He accepted a church in Yankton, South Dakota, but within several years he became ill with typhoid fever and died while still in his thirties. His family returned to Lycoming County. A strange coincidence occurred about ten years later when his father (Fred Shafer, Jr.) and two of his brothers died of the same disease less than two months apart. The youngest boy in the family, Walter T., now about 84 years old, is still living in a World War I Veteran's Hospital in Sheridan, Wyoming.

Next to Thomas Heim's farm is the original Shafer farm which went from Frederick Shafer, Sr., to his oldest son John (Elizabeth Heim) then to John's son William (Mattie Bidelspacher) and is now owned by William's son Harold (Millie Kyle).

The next farm north, located at the junction of the earth road and the hardtop, was the Martin Ulmer home. After his death about 1884, the family moved to Nebraska and the farm was sold to Christian Bidelspacher who sold it to his son William, who sold it to Lou Stroble in 1910. It was later bought by William Anderson (Emma Shultz). Still later Anderson sold what lays north of the road to Carl E. Fry who still lives there along with his sons Carl L. and Dean. Recently Anderson sold the balance to Carl L. Fry.

Just north, adjoining, is a parcel of land known as the Scofield place. The Scofields cleared several small fields and built a log house which may still be standing, but the fields have gone back to forest again. The fields were very stony, hence the many stone fences in the area. Many of these stone fences have been used for road building. Roscoe Heim now owns the land which includes quite a scope of the mountain. His brother, Rev. Kenneth Heim, has built a summer cottage on the ground.

The farm just west of the Anderson-Fry farm was once the Jacob Miller farm and later went to his son Abraham who

sold it and bought a farm on Lycoming Creek below Hepburnville where his grandsons Abraham and Carl Snyder still live. Jacob Bidelspacher bought the Miller farm. His wife was Sophia Ulmer of Rose Valley. They were the parents of three daughters and one son who studied law and practiced in Williamsport until his death about 1959. The farm changed ownership several times until Arthur W. Ulmer bought it and later sold it to his son William, the present owner. Arthur's wife was Lizzie Waltz and William married Lulu Horn. There is a house and lot owned by Kerlin Farwell and wife and also a lot with a trailer home owned by Harry Feig and wife on the land at the present time.

Just west at the crossroad is the farm of Willard Dangle whose grandfather Christopher Dangle and wife cleared the place. Although it is a nice place now, it was very stony as the stone fences tell. Christopher had five or six children; his son Fred took the farm and raised a family of twelve, ten of whom are still living.

The place just at the foot of the mountain was once the McGorvin place; I can still remember them but know nothing of their history.

In the field below the Rose Valley Road there was at one time a dwelling known as the Fisher place. I know nothing of their history except that the hollow north of them running toward Rose Valley is still known as Fisher's Hollow.

In the Hollow, just a short distance north of the clearing, was a saw mill run by Lewis Edler. He had a pretty fair-looking dwelling at one time. Nearby is also a well-built cabin belonging to Earl Dangle, brother of Willard.

Going west from the crossroads and about a quarter mile south of the highway are the farm buildings of a farm once owned by Moses Bower and later by his son-in-law William H. Ulmer. At Ulmer's death, Fred Gehr bought the farm and it is now owned by his son Lester Gehr.

The next farm west is owned by Oscar Wright, son of Henry Wright. At one time it was owned by Jacob Raker, before that by Sarah Shafer, and still earlier by John Ulmer (grandfather of Ezra and John Ulmer and father of Jonathan Ulmer).

The next house was the Pleasant Valley Schoolhouse, purchased by William Mix. His widow still lives there.

Joining the Mix property is the Hepburn Baptist Church (formerly the German Baptist Church) which was built in 1876. It has been remodeled, and there have been some additions to the original building. (Mr. H. Vincent is the present pastor).

The farm located just around the church with the buildings south of the road was at one time the Leonard Ulmer farm. He was the father of Elias and William H. Ulmer and great-grandfather of William (Billy) Ulmer. It has been sold and resold several times and is now owned by Samuel Hoff of Williamsport.

The next house west is owned by Alfred Vollman and was once part of the Ulmer farm. Leonard lived there after Elias was married.

The home just west of Vollman's is William Shiffler's, who is a son-in-law of Alfred Vollman. Just up the hill from the Shiffler property is the home of Richard A. Vollman, son of Alfred Vollman.

To the south of Alfred Vollman's was the Lou Edler home which later was owned by Christian Raker who married Sadie Spotts Shafer. It was bought by William Edler, son of Levi. After William's death, it was bought by Samuel Hoff who still owns it.

The next farm west on the hardtop was at one time the William Stoltz farm. He sold it and moved to Nebraska. It was then purchased by Jacob Gehr, then by his son Charles Gehr and now by Charlie's son, Charles R. Gehr.

The road turning left just west of the Gehr farm leads over to the Harris Ludwig farm, formerly the J. E. Ludwig farm. It was once owned by John Schon, Sr. Mr. Ludwig was a son-in-law of John Schon who was killed while felling a tree when he lived on their farm. The same road leads up the hill to the Stoltz cemetery and over the hill to the Dan Beach farm, since owned by his son Norman Beach and now Norman's son, DeLos Beach. This farm was once owned by a Blair family.

Back to the blacktop we come to the dwelling of John Menne and just a little below there a new house of John Arthur Schon, son of John Schon who lives on the same farm north of the road less than a half mile. This was formerly owned by C. Edward Schon and before that by William Beach who lived there for quite a while. He was a brother-in-law to C. Edward Schon. This farm was at one time known as the Shollemiller farm. There was a saw mill and dwelling at the foot of the hill where A. H. Hobbs now lives.

Going west, there is the one-time Aderhold farm which later belonged to Peter Spotts who sold it to Elias Waltz, whose son Elmer Waltz now owns it.

Just west is the Albert Bruchlacher home. Albert left the community for a time but retained his home and has since returned.

Just south, but some distance from the road, is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kiess. This was at one time the Lou Edler place. Below the road is the farm of Lloyd Paulhamus, now occupied by his son Glenn.

Coming back to the Elmer Waltz farm, a road turns north. The first farm on this road was at one time the Aderhold place. It was then purchased by George Kiess, father of Abram, Pierce and Charlie Kiess. A number of years after Charlie's death, it was sold to its present owner, Herbert Zane. Charlie Kiess (Sally Shafer) lived on the farm for eighteen years and died when only forty-four years old. His children Fred, Walter, George,

Carl and Dorothy (Mrs. Walter Young) were all born there.

Other farms on this road are the place now owned by LaRue Schon; then a house and lot owned by Charles and Chester Ludwig; another one owned by Joseph Aderhold, a progressive farmer who had lots of family help and made it produce abundantly. It was purchased by Charles Frey who died in 1961. Now it is farmed by his son Eugene Frey. Another large farm, known as the Jacob Losch place, is presently farmed by his grandson William Losch.

Coming back to the Mutchler farm on the road from Balls Mills to Hepburnville, just west of the Mutchler farm, is the Forrest Beach dwelling; and looking north one can see what used to be the George Ball farm, later owned by William Fry and then by Boyd Beach who died in 1962. It has been purchased by a Strauss family.

Going farther and turning west is the Walter Eck farm. This is probably the fourth generation of this family to live there. They were Germans who migrated from Wurtemberg, Germany, early in the last century.

On the Hepburnville road we come to the Collins farm. John Collins had five sons and two daughters. William, the oldest, died young; Emerson became a noted attorney in Williamsport and was a very popular public speaker, especially on historical subjects; Herman was editor of a Philadelphia paper; Harry, a very bright young man, died in his twenties; and Edward was a West Point man. The oldest daughter married Frank Ball and lived on the farm. The youngest daughter Mildred never married. After the mother died, Mr. Collins married a widow Koch whose husband had been shot in a hunting accident. The widow had two daughters. One of them married a Bastian and lived near Sylvan Dell. The other daughter, Fannie, married Benjamin Kiess, and died in childbirth. She is buried in Blooming Grove Cemetery.

Just west from the Collins place is a cluster of houses--or a small village--

known as "The Factory." Here Samuel Ball had a grain cradle factory. Many of the oldtimers thought the Ball cradles were the best to be found and, as a result, many of these cradles were shipped to the far West. Sam Ball also manufactured wagon hubs and operated a carding mill nearby. After Sam died, his nephew Sam Bovie made cradles for a while. However, the factory was destroyed by fire and was never rebuilt. Herman Harris now owns the dwelling.

Just across the road, up on the bank, lives J. A. Harris, a son of Herman.

A little southeast is the home of William Beach (Lois Dangle) and nearby is the Forrest Johnson house (Betty Beach, William's sister).

Along the blacktop road and going west we find the home of Emerson McLaughlin (Mary Louise Steidel) and next to it is the home of Reuben Y. Lehman (Ida Shafer Beach). Just across the bridge is the home of Alvin Manning and then that of Ralph Pentland (Regina Heinlen). Harold Keller (Shirley Manning) lives across the road.

The road at the "Y" begins at the George Blair place and was first owned by his father, then by George, later by George's son Fred. Since Fred's death, it has been sold several times and at present belongs to Milton Huyck. Several lots have been sold off this place.

Going east on this road there is a farm to the north first owned (in my time) by Charles Falk, then by Deniel Kiess, then by Fred Burr (Nettie Fisher), then by Lester Schmoll and now by a Mr. Ort of Williamsport.

Coming on down the hill there is one house on the right and one on the left. I am not sure who owns or lives on these properties; I know that some of them are rented houses.

Down where the road joins the blacktop is the farm whose first owner I can remember was John Miller (his wife was a Rathmill). He had two children. His

son John married Maggie Ball; John butchered in connection with farming and was considered quite well to do. After John's death, Herman took the place for some years, then sold it and moved to Williamsport.

Herman's sister (I don't know her real name, but they called her Siss) married Fred Lehman, son of Phillip Lehman, a teacher in the Williamsport schools. After Herman sold the farm, there were a number of owners. Among them John Ressler and Harry Mutchler. Then Frank Hyde bought it. He had formerly farmed here in the township, then moved to town, but later came back and bought the Miller place which he farmed until his death of a heart attack. His wife, Clara Snyder Hyde, lived there for some years until she, too, died of a heart attack in 1961. During her ownership she sold off about eight parcels of land, most of which now have homes on them. Since her death, it has been sold to a real estate agent.

East of the Hyde farm, on the hill and in sight of the road, is the Raymond Cassleberry home. Just across from the Hyde barn lives Austin Showers. A little more than a stone's throw away is the former Balls Mills schoolhouse, now the home of Glenn Snyder.

Just down the hollow in the west is the home of Lester Schmoll and still farther down, that of Guy McCarty. This was the former John A. Frey (Catherine Klump) farm; their children were Charles, Sam, Abe, Elizabeth, Cassey and Mary.

Right nearby is the home of Robert Barrows, and just across the private road, which turns east, is the home of Lloyd Snyder (died 1962). This private road leads to the farm of Harris Metzger. I think this farm once belonged to a man named Dykens; however, in 1867 it was bought by Daniel Snyder (Amelia Miller) of near Liberty. This farm consisted of about 200 acres. There was a family of twelve children. They were hard workers and good managers. When I first remember them, they kept twenty or more cows,

a large herd for that time. They sold butter, cream, buttermilk and skim milk, kept about six teams of horses and several hired men. Milk was set out to raise in crocks or shallow pans, then skimmed by hand. They were the only people I knew who churned by dog power. When hot summer weather created a special demand for ice cream, one of them often came down over the hill with two cans on a yoke and carried cream up the hill. Mr. Snyder demanded much of his help, but he was always fair and never had trouble getting help. He was never sick, to my knowledge, and he died of a heart attack at the age of 80. His wife was a good manager and a good mother and together they made a splendid team. She died several years after him; however, two of the children are still living (1962).

The farm joining the Daniel Snyder farm on the south was known as the Cummings farm and was purchased by Mr. Snyder when I was but a boy. Later it was sold to his son, Morris, and later his son Jay farmed it for years. It now belongs to LeRoy Blair.

The farm just east of Dan Snyder's once belonged to Henry Burr, a German, who later became blind. He had five children and his son Samuel took the place. Sam had three children. Fred, the youngest, still lives in Williamsport (1963).

The farm just east of Glenn Snyder and Austin Shower was at one time the Gilmore farm. One of the sons, John, was a long-time school principal in Williamsport. Walter was a leading attorney in Williamsport and George was an officer in the Army. This farm was later sold to Weiss, then Calbert.

North of Balls Mills was a Brucklacher settlement; I don't know the name of the original one. However, one of his sons, Edward, lived on one farm. Edward Brucklacher had four sons--Richard, Norman, John, and Charles. Richard got the homestead and had two sons--Robert and Gale--and four daughters. Gale now owns the farm but is a single man and does not live there. A sister of Edward's

married John Wise and lived on the small farm just west of Edward's farm. This place was later owned by Charles F. Ulmer, then by his son Albert who died in 1856 or 1857. It is now owned by Abe Walters. The farm just west of the Walters farm was the Pete Brucklacher farm and was later bought by Reuben Lehman whose daughter and husband (Robert Mutchler) now own it.

The farm north of the Walters place was the Daniel Brucklacher farm. He married Martha Waltz. They had two children; Matilda married and went to Ohio; William married Sadie Snyder. Both children are now dead. The farm is presently owned by Joseph Wright.

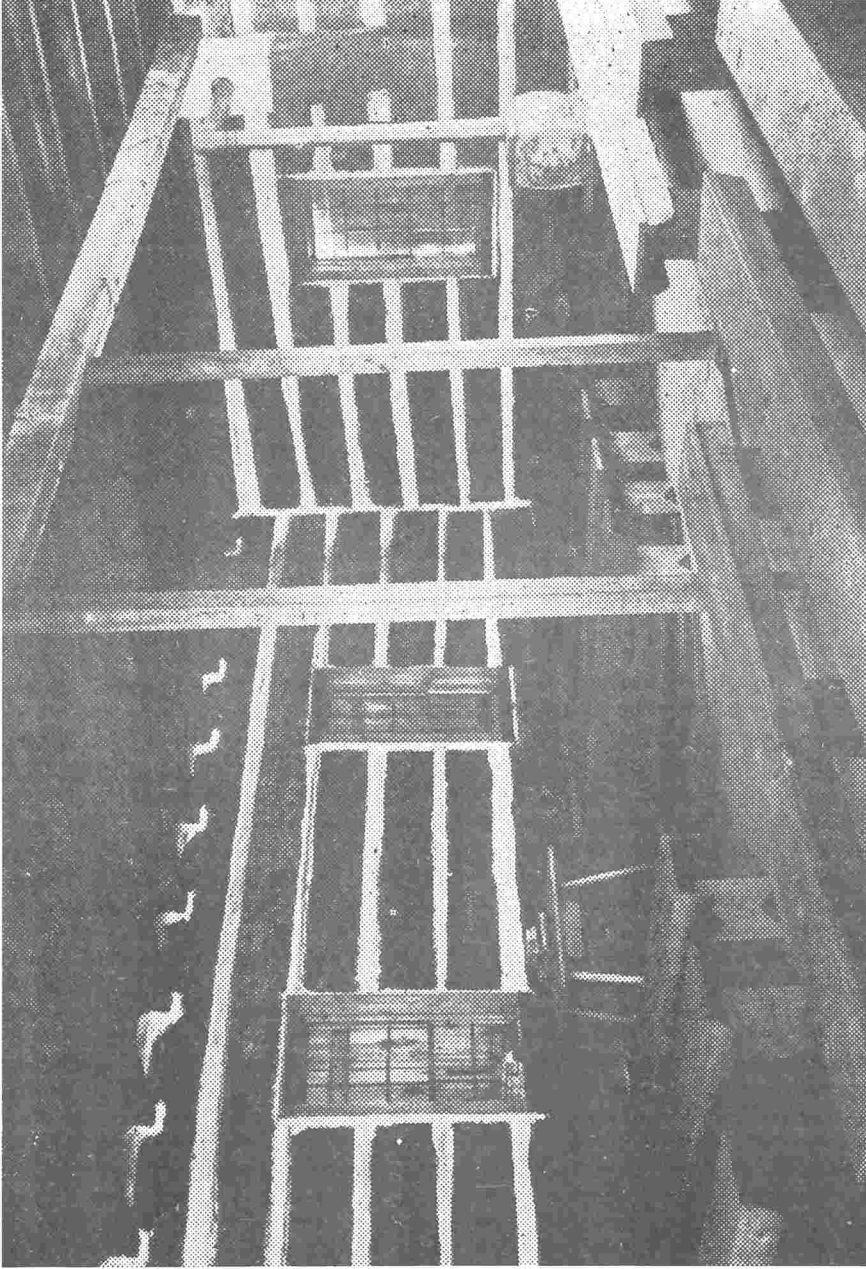
The farm south of the Walters place was the Elias Seitzer farm. It was owned by his son Grover (Ruth Shafer) and now by Clair Boyler.

The Jonathan Spotts farm, afterward the Harvey Steiger place, next to his son Charles' place, now belongs to Robert Ulmer (Betty Harris).

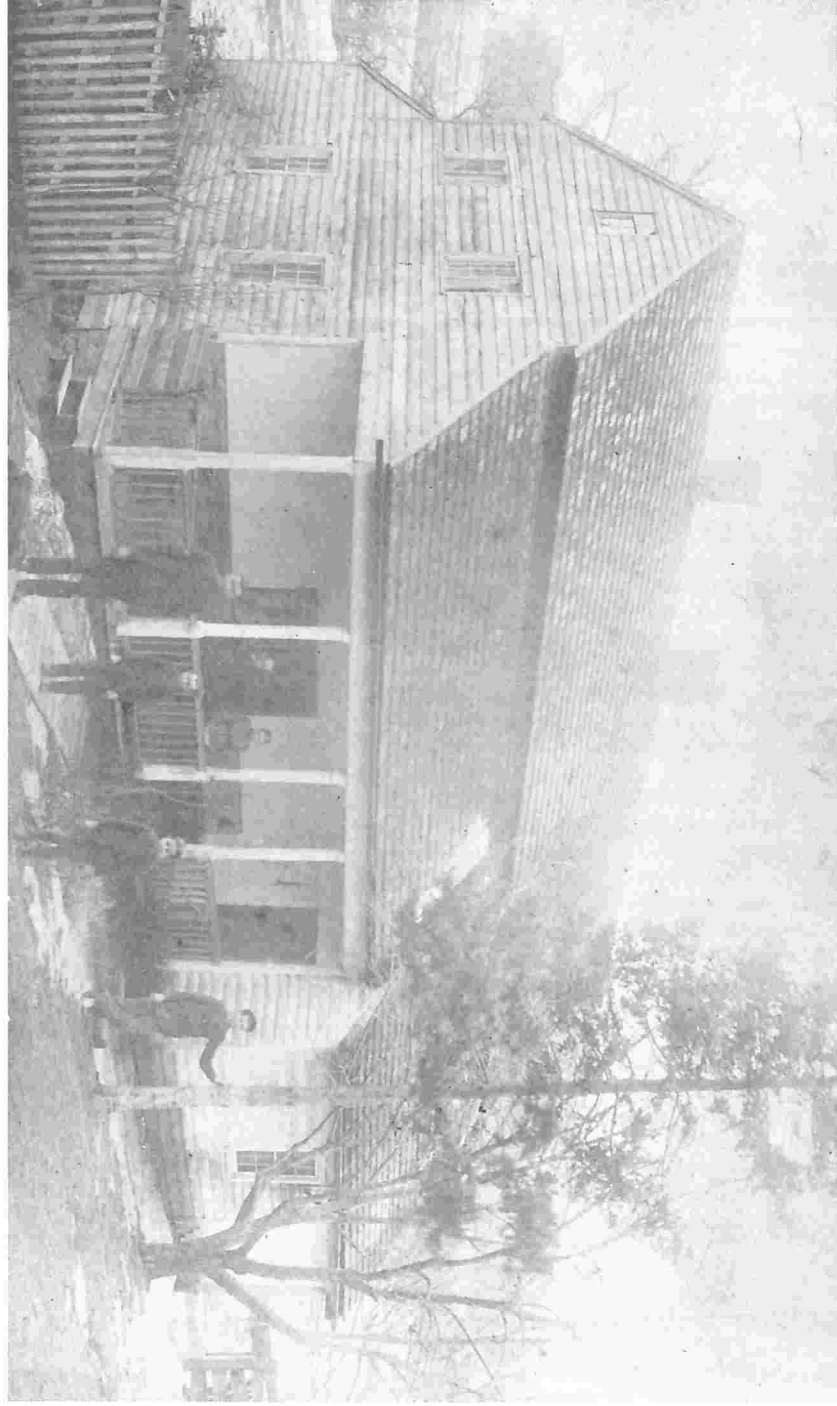
The farm part way up the blacktop to Rose Valley was the David L. Ulmer (Christina Shafer) place. Later it belonged to his son Thomas (Ida Waltz), then to his son Ted (Fink), and then to his son Charles.

The house recently built at the top of the hill on the left is Ray Livermore's.





Blooming Grove Dunkard Meeting House
Erected in 1828



Residence of Joseph Ulmer, Blooming Grove
About 1900

DR. ADAM

by

L. J. Ulmer

(Address given at the Centennial of Blooming Grove Meeting House June 16, 1928.)

To most of us there looms in the background, either by memory or by tradition, a very interesting figure--Dr. Adam. We have heard discussed here tonight several of the very interesting pioneers who have helped to make this community in the earliest days and who have left memories that shall always be revered whenever the Blooming Grove Colony is referred to. To those of us who have reached middle age or beyond that may come very vivid recollections of Dr. Adam himself. Personally, I can just remember him while many here knew him very personally. However, our record and the story of his life need not be drawn from fragmentary historic sketches, for scholar that he was, he wrote for us a very interesting record of his own life, the original of which is at the present time in my possession.

Nearly twenty years ago while a group of us were discussing some local history, it was suggested that this autobiography of Dr. Adam might prove most interesting and profitable if it could be translated from the German script and made available for the present generation. The original copy was secured at that time from a distant state and Mr. Charles F. Bidelspacher undertook the translation of said book. The translated sections were read every year at the annual meeting of the Blooming Grove Association held in this building on Memorial Day. After some years of patient labor, Mr. Bidelspacher felt that he could not carry on the work due to lack of time.

It was at this time that I undertook the translation. Not being able to read the German script, I have been compelled to work in cooperation with some others who could read German script. I have been fortunate enough to secure the cooperation of two very able persons--

Mrs. Christine Kiess and the late Charles F. Ulmer. Both of these persons have given me invaluable aid not only in reading the German but in helping with the translations.

Dr. Adam was a very thorough scholar and his style of writing is of the very best. He becomes in some places witty and in others, sarcastic. But his ideas are always expressed in the best of language. I will review just briefly this manuscript hoping that at some future time it may be published, and that many of you may have the opportunity of reading it yourselves.

Dr. Adam was born November 20, 1807, in the kingdom of Saxony, Germany, from rich and aristocratic parents, his father being a merchant. He begins the story of his life by reciting an incident of a vase which he broke in disobedience to his mother's directions before he was six years of age. This seems to have made an unusual impression on his mind and as he writes of this incident, seeing it through the eyes of an old man, he seems to have the impression that this was a deep and grievous sin.

After reaching manhood and passing through the elementary school, it was the decision of his parents to send him to the university for a course in medicine. He remonstrates against this, but the desires of his parents cannot be overcome. The result is that he finishes his course in medicine at the university and is finally prepared to practice, when there comes over him the feeling of revolt against the whole matter of medicine. At the same time the wanderlust seizes him, so he runs away from home, takes passage on a ship, and comes to America. The description of that passage is very interesting. He acts as the ship's physician and in attempting to stand up for the rights

of a sick passenger, he gets into a controversy with the officers which places him in a very humiliating position. However, the details of that story are too lengthy to be recited here.

He wanders about more or less in this country. From Philadelphia he comes to Reading and later in his wanderings comes to Milton, Pennsylvania, stopping by the way and often is able to help some poor sufferer because of his medical knowledge. At one place he remains for a number of months and engages in the practice of medicine, and, boarding with a widow, who has several eligible daughters, the oldest of which makes rather decided advances. Dr. Adam relates that he had the idea that a man should marry at some time or other, and, while he has no special love for this particular woman, he yet feels that he might as well marry her as anyone else, the result being that in a short time his engagement is announced.

Soon after this, however, he is warned by an acquaintance that the family is rather worthless and does not have much standing in society, so he begins to look for a way to escape from the web in which he has been entangled. Shortly after this, from an open window in his room, he overhears a conversation between his prospective mother-in-law and a neighbor in which the neighbor woman congratulates the prospective mother-in-law on the engagement of her daughter to the German doctor. The mother-in-law resents the whole affair by saying, "Do you suppose that I would leave my daughter marry a German?" This gives Doctor Adam a longed-for opportunity. He faces the mother of the girl, tells her what he overheard, and breaks off the engagement then and there. In a rather lengthy and somewhat philosophical discussion, he draws the conclusion that he was fortunate in escaping from this matrimonial adventure.

At Milton he decides to forsake forever the profession of medicine and apprentice himself to the village shoemaker. He comes to this decision as he passes along the street and hears the

happy voice of song coming from the open door of the shop. The desire seizes him that he, too, would like to enjoy such happiness. He applies for work but is refused on the ground that the shoemaker cannot pay him wages. So he offers to work without wages and even offers to loan his master some money to help him out of a difficulty which he is apparently facing. He states how happy he is in this new location.

Everything moves nicely until the child of the shoemaker is taken sick. The village doctor pronounces it a case of brainfever. One day his master takes him into the living part of the house, and he sees through the open door the sick child in its bed. Immediately Dr. Adam says, "That child does not have brainfever." When the village doctor returns the next day, the father breaks to him the news as to what his apprentice shoemaker had said. The village doctor rushes into the shoemaker's shop shouting, "Shoemaker, stay with your last. What do you know about medicine?" Dr. Adam was compelled to do one of two things, either admit that he knew nothing or to defend the position he had taken. He did what would be natural for any of us. He defended his position, diagnosed the case as intestinal worms, and showed so clearly his superior knowledge of medicine that the village doctor at once said, "You are no shoemaker. You are a doctor." He admitted his training and at once became the hero of the occasion. From every side they pressed on him for medical help. The very thing from which he was running had again become the burden of his life. His happiness was gone.

Without any warning to his employer he leaves Milton and wanders in the direction of New Berlin, a village some fifteen miles across the mountains where he stays for some time relating many of his experiences again, somewhat in detail. He finally moves on to the town of Millheim. In this place it is but a short time until he must confess that he is a doctor and is at once pressed into service. He finally reconciles himself and continues to practice medicine.

During these wanderings he at one time decided to go south and starts on his journey in that direction. He had gone considerable distance--the exact location of this incident is not mentioned--but traveling at night he became tired and decided to rest by the side of the road. He falls asleep and several hours later on awakening he finds that some reptile was silyly coiled on his body, apparently enjoying the warmth which it was able to get in this way. The thought of this so aroused the doctor that he at once concluded that the south was no place for him and he turned back to the former localities for his future home.

At Millheim he has many interesting experiences, some of which he relates in minute detail. I will mention but one. While at Millheim he makes his home with the Lutheran preacher whose name is Abele. He speaks of Abele in the highest of terms and tells almost as much about the life of Abele as he does of his own life. Abele apparently gets into trouble with a member of his church which leads to a court trial, and while Abele wins the trial, he still feels the stigma of reproach and shuns publicity and the contact with the people of the community. Dr. Adam states that for many days he is apparently much occupied in a small building which is always locked, and frequently when he comes from the building, he is dirty and grimy as though he were a metal or forge worker. His transactions, however, are kept strictly secret.

One day Dr. Adam finds a book on alchemy and at a later period he engages Abele on the subject of alchemy whereupon Abele apparently opens up his secret doings and discusses the subject with him very freely, and on finding that Dr. Adam is also a believer in alchemy he confides in him the secret that he has been engaged for days on perfecting plans and equipment by which he expects to turn silver into gold. In fact, he says he has everything in readiness except that he does not have the silver. Thereupon Dr. Adam volunteers to furnish one hundred silver half dollars that the experiment might be completed.

The two men now become partners in this very interesting experiment. After further work, the silver with certain chemicals is placed in a crucible and this is placed in the furnace which is enclosed and heated continuously for three days. At the end of this time, Dr. Adam says that they could scarcely wait until the furnace cools off that they might see the result of their experiment. At last the furnace is opened. But alas! Dr. Adam says that all the silver had escaped through the chimney of the furnace in the smoke. Nothing remained in the crucible.

This, Dr. Adam assures us, cured him of any further experiments in alchemy, but he says Abele continued his experiments for many more days. In the meantime, Abele had lost his hold on his congregation. Things were not going well and after a visit to Philadelphia, he comes back and breaks the news that he expects to move to Williamsport the following week as he had purchased a drug store in that place. He extends the invitation to Dr. Adam to accompany him there. After some hesitation, Dr. Adam decides to go and makes his future home in the new location.

Here he practices medicine among the German speaking people, and he says that his attention was called to a peculiarly dressed people when he occasionally sees them on the streets and market place. On inquiry as to who these people might be, he is told that they are known as "Blooming Grovers" and that they are a religious sect noted for their piety, thrift, and honesty. He becomes much interested, meets some of them in his practice of medicine, and is finally called to visit a sick mother in Blooming Grove.

His vivid description of the impression that he receives as he travels north of Williamsport into the Blooming Grove district, and further, the impression that he receives from the home where he makes his professional call is indeed very interesting. The sick woman was none other than the mother of Christley Heim. The thing that seemed to

make the most impression was the fact that soon after he entered the sick room he was startled by hearing a piano in the neighboring room and a beautiful tenor voice singing a hymn. This is beyond his comprehension--first, that a piano should be found in this out-of-the-way place; and, second, that as in the presence of death, music should be desired and welcomed. Upon leaving the room, he speaks to the young man (Christley Heim) expressing his surprise. The answer he receives is after this fashion: "It cost me many a day of hard labor to make the piano and there is nothing that gives my poor mother so much comfort even on her dying bed as the music and singing of hymns." Dr. Adam says that he felt that he was indeed among a very superior people and that Blooming Grove must be very much like heaven.

He tells of later visits to the community and finally when speaking the praises to one of the residents there he is asked why he does not move to Blooming Grove and make that his home. The thought appeals to him. Here would be indeed where he could live, practice his profession, and realize his spiritual ideals in quiet and comfort. He finds a small unoccupied cabin on a farm which is now owned by Norman Brucklacher. He has very many interesting experiences which time will not allow us to relate here. He is genuinely converted and has some very interesting spiritual contacts which he refers to in much detail.

Finally he feels that sooner or later he must vacate his cabin, so he looks about to see if he could purchase a home of his own. In relating this incident to Joseph Grose he is surprised when the offer is made to sell him a lot whereon he might erect a small house. This he decides to do. A quarter of an acre of land near the foot of Quaker Hill is finally purchased, and when he asks the price, he is told that land is worth twenty dollars per acre, therefore, a quarter-acre lot would be worth five dollars. The house is built, and Dr. Adam lives here the rest of his life. There are many people here this evening whose

memory still go back to recall rather vividly the later days that he spent here. I, myself, can just remember as a very small boy his sickness and funeral.

Dr. Adam told many interesting incidents that happened to him and the other people in the community while he lived and practiced medicine in Blooming Grove. It would make the story entirely too long for me to recite those incidents tonight. At some other time you may be able to read in his autobiography the full account of these stories.

One of the very interesting accounts that he gives is that of his visit to his mother in Germany. This story is not so interesting for the personal things that he refers to but is extremely interesting because it brings out the life of the people and the customs of the time. We have it on good tradition that he decided one day that he would visit his mother and his homeland, and the very next day he started. He goes to Baltimore--an account of his trip there he does not mention--and there awaits the sailing of the ship. In his account of that journey, he portrays very vividly the life of the sailors and also the inconveniences and hardships of the passengers. He relates in considerable detail the incidents of a mock-marriage between one of the sailors and a somewhat irresponsible woman passenger. He mentions further how, while at sea, they sight a derelict, how they approach it with considerable misgivings, and finally go on board the ship and find it abandoned but loaded with Italian marble. The ship is then set afire.

The most vivid description of all is that of a storm at sea. They had entered the North Sea and were rapidly approaching toward their goal when suddenly the wind ceased and for a number of days it appears that not a breath of air stirred. They grow impatient and the passengers are eager to move forward when suddenly there seems to be motion in the air and all are filled with hope that it will be only a short time until they reach the harbor. The sky darkens, the winds become more furious, and in a short time they are in the midst

of a terrific storm. The passengers are all compelled to go on the lower decks where they are free from supposed danger and are given no information whatsoever of the progress of the ship or the dangers they may be passing through. The ship rolls and tumbles as though it were a mere toy in the path of the terrific storm. Finally there is a fearful pounding and crash after crash on the deck until the passengers are dumb with fear. Almost in the midst of this, they hear laughter and loud talking in an adjoining room, and a passenger ventures to ask them concerning their safety and the cause of the terrific crashes on deck. He receives the reply that nothing is very serious but that two barrels of water, which are on deck, have broken loose from the fastenings, and as the ship rolls on the waves, the barrels fill with water and roll back and forth on the deck. However, no special damage has been done excepting that the chicken coop and the pig pen have been thrown into the ocean.

But, the storm does not subside. Instead, it increases in fury. The ship has not been able to take its bearings for a number of days. They have no idea how far they have drifted and expect that at any time they might be thrown on the rocks. The captain, with a pale face, admits that they are in the gravest of danger. It so happens that a second captain, who is a mere passenger, knows the North Sea much better than the regular captain. He mounts the lookout and with glass in hand holds his position for hours, hoping that the dense fog might lift or that the clouds might raise so that the bearings can be taken.

Finally after days of danger, the clouds break in the west, the sun sends its first welcome beams, and the captain in the lookout is heard to shout, "De tenen! De tenen!" The regular captain swiftly ascends the ladders to the lookout, grasps the glasses and is seen to joyfully shake the hand of the stranger captain. "De tenen" were nothing more nor less than barrels so anchored that they might float on the seas and thus mark the only safe passageway into the harbor. The captain at once orders the sails to be

lowered, while they expect a tug boat to come out and guide them into the harbor, but none comes. They venture cautiously and slowly in the path marked for them. Before midnight, Dr. Adam says, they heard the pleasing sound of the splash of the anchor as they arrived safely at their destination.

There was great commotion; the ship was being unloaded; and Dr. Adam says that he decided to stand by and watch the proceedings for some time. Suddenly there was a great crowd and rush of people to which he paid little attention. But a short time after this, when he decided to look what time it was, he felt for his watch and found it was gone. He then realized that during the pushing of the crowd someone had deftly relieved him of his watch. However, this does not cause any reproach on his part for he feels genuinely thankful that they were in safety, feeling that it was only divine providence that saved him and his watch both from being at this time many leagues under the water. He then explains in some detail his journey towards his home. Part of the journey was made by railroad and part by stage coach, and the last distance on foot.

He vividly describes his feeling as he approaches his old home, wondering whether his poor mother might still be alive or whether the Angel of Death might have claimed her since he last heard from her. He decided to not go to his mother's house immediately but to go to the house of an aunt. He feared that the shock to his mother might be too great. His aunt was the keeper of an inn, so he enters and asks for a glass of wine and some food. He is not recognized until finally his nephew looks him over closely and says, "You are none less than Dr. Adam from America." He acknowledges the fact and there is great rejoicing in the inn. He makes inquiry concerning his mother and finds that she is well and living at the old home. Word is soon carried to his mother that her son has arrived and she demands that he come immediately.

As he enters the hall, he finds his mother, brothers and sisters immovable at the other end of the hall and making no advancement to meet him. However, he says this was but for a minute. Then he himself rushes forward and embraces his mother. All had changed and all expressed their joy in seeing him and offered thanks to Almighty God for bringing him back safe and sound. They had somehow received the impression that in his eccentric wandering that he had become demented and feared that he might do them harm, but when they found that he was in his right mind, joy was unbounded. Food was set before him, and the evening was spent far into the night listening to his adventures at sea and to the strange stories that he had to tell of his experiences in America.

He was told that he should sleep the next morning and rest as long as he cared to do so. Upon waking, he looks for his clothing and cannot find it, however, he found a dressing robe at his disposal. He enters the living room where he finds three men awaiting him. The first was a merchant who places before him samples of cloth, asking him to select one. The second is a tailor who asks permission to take his measurements for a suit of clothing. The third is a shoemaker who wishes to make a pair of shoes for him. After the departure of these men, his mother informs him that he will not be able to leave the house for several days since she had given away his suit of clothing and that it would be several days before his new wardrobe would be ready.

Somehow, the impression had reached his mother and brothers that he was very poor and needed their financial help. To dispel this idea he takes his money girdle from his body, takes from it the pieces of gold that it held and asks the brother to change it for the specie of his own country. The mother is not much interested but the brother, being a merchant, handles it very carefully and exclaims, "Beautiful Gold! Beautiful Gold!"

Dr. Adam now visits in his home town and says that he became an object of curiosity of the village and home town. Even the children on the street stare at him in wonder and amazement as he had been the first one of the town to make the journey to America. In a short time he apparently lost some of his popularity because of his apparent piety in attendance of the theatre and the dance, but he attended divine services regularly in one of the very humble churches of the village. His people were very aristocratic and possessed great wealth, and they were apparently humbled more than they could say by his eccentric actions.

Dr. Adam relates several more incidents of minor importance and then closes his autobiography by stopping in the very middle of a paragraph, and nothing more is said concerning his experience in the home town or his journey back to America. However, we have it from older people who remember, that his sojourn in Europe was about two years and that he returned as unexpectedly and with as little warning as he left. I have always been sorry that he did not complete the very interesting sketch of his life that he so ably started.

As he grew older, he cared less and less about the practice of medicine. He devoted considerable of his time to reading and writing. There is in existence at the present time at least three large volumes of sermons that he wrote. His handwriting is perfect. Every letter is as carefully made as though it were engraved. He was respected--not only respected, but feared--by most of the people of his day. He was a scholar far beyond any with whom he associated. In his later days as his health failed him, he was extremely difficult to get along with, being peevish and fretful and demanded the closest attention from those who were nursing him. He died and was buried in the little cemetery on the farm of Joseph Cross with whom he took his meals all of the years that he lived in this vicinity. This farm is now owned by Samuel Heim, and those who care to make the visit will find the cemetery but a short distance from the turn of the road at the foot of Quaker Hill.

With the passing away of Dr. Adam, there passed from this life a man of very eccentric and of very complex characteristics. Nevertheless, he must always be considered as one of the very interesting and rather noted characters of this vicinity, and during a part of his life he was very closely associated with this church, acting for a number of years as one of the pastors. It is my hope that the complete story of his life may at some time be published, and I feel sure that

all here tonight would find it well worth their time to read that story, not only for the history it furnishes but also for the inspiration it gives. It shows that the very men and women who were so closely tied up with this community and this church were men and women of intelligence, integrity, and Christian character; and may we ever remember that those are the foundation stones upon which human life and human character have always been founded.

"THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD"

Words of an old song found in a scrap book among other clippings antedating the Civil War. The same appears in "North Pennsylvania Minstrelsy" with slightly different wording under the title "The Slave's Lament" and the sub-title "The Underground Railroad."

I am standing as a free man upon the northern banks
Of Old Erie's fresh water sea;
And it cheers my very soul to see the billows roll,
And to think, like the waves, that I am free.

I'm as free as the waters that roll up at my feet;
Or the sea gull that glides so swiftly by,
No hammer do I hear, nor dreaded auctioneer
Nor driver's lash need I defy.

Oh! don't you remember the promise that you made,
At my old mother's dying request?
That I never should be sold for silver or gold,
While the sun makes its way from east to west.

But as soon as she was dead, you forgot what you had said,
E'er the grass had grown over her grave.
I was advertised for sale and would have been in jail,
Had I not become a bloodhound hunted slave.

Old master and mistress, don't you grieve after me
For I shall not be your slave any more.
I'm beyond the tyrant's laws, safe between the Lion's paws,
And he'll growl if you but come near the shore.

Oh! don't you remember the tall and towering oak
'Gainst which you put on my last "forty-four,"
How it bowed its lofty head to behold me as I bled,
Oh! Hallelulah! I'll bleed there no more.

But here I am standing upon the northern shore,
I can raise both my hands up free from chains,
I defy the tyrant's power, and from this very hour,
The land where the bold tyrant reigns.

THE PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS OF LYCOMING COUNTY (Continuation)

By Warren L. Marsh

Rev. Abram Dehart Hawn

Abram D. Hawn was the youngest son of Daniel and Elizabeth Hawn. He was born about 1832 in Union County, Pennsylvania. When eight years old, his parents settled in the town of Lewisburg, Pa., in the same county. He there obtained his early education in the public schools and at the academy. By personal efforts in teaching and manual labor, he was enabled to complete his college course in the University of Lewisburg, now Bucknell University, in the year 1859 with a B. A. Degree.

Having studied theology under private instruction, he was licensed by the Presbytery of Huntingdon on June 12, 1859, and entered directly upon the Home Missionary work in the coal regions of Shamokin, Pa., and adjoining localities. He remained in this field until the Shamokin First Presbyterian Church became self-supporting. He was ordained by the Presbytery of Northumberland on November 17, 1859, and six years afterwards was installed pastor of the Shamokin Church for full-time service.

About 1865-66 the Lycoming and Linden Presbyterian Churches of Williamsport, Pa., called the Rev. A. D. Hawn who came to them in June of 1867. When called to the pastorate of the Lycoming Church, the people promised to build a manse for him. They fulfilled their bargain by erecting a very neat two-story cottage on the site of the old stone church, having nine rooms. It was completed in the fall of 1867 at a cost of \$2,000.00, complete with fences, stable, well, and the required landscaping. The labors of Mr. Hawn during the short time of this pastorate were greatly blessed and the Lycoming Church received more than a hundred members during the pastorate of 18 months. He resigned this pastorate in November, 1869, to accept a call to the Third Presbyterian Church of Williamsport, Pa.

Following the completion of its formal organization, the new Third Presbyterian Church and congregation met on Wednesday evening, November 10th, 1869, for the purpose of electing a pastor. After an hour spent in devotional exercises the Rev. William Sterling, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Williamsport, Pa., by invitation, took the chair. Rev. Abram D. Hawn of the Presbytery of Northumberland was nominated and there being no other nominations he was unanimously elected. His salary was fixed at \$1,500.00 per year to be paid in regular quarterly payments. The call was made out and the Elders and Trustees were authorized to sign it in behalf of the congregation. Mr. L. M. Chase was appointed a committee to prosecute the call before Presbytery. Mr. Hawn accepted and became the church's first settled pastor--entering upon his duties December 29, 1869.

From the historical material thus far found in the Third Presbyterian Church of Williamsport there has been no clue concerning the character or personality of Mr. Hawn, nor a word about his education or family. Apparently even his first name was in question for it appears nowhere in church records or in historical bulletins of this church. As late as 1935 a register of pastors of the church listed his initials incorrectly.

At a session meeting Sunday, September 8, 1872, Rev. Hawn extended his resignation to the members of session and on Sunday evening, October 6, 1872, a congregational meeting was held for the purpose of electing a pastor, "the Rev. A. D. Hawn having at his own request been dismissed to the Presbytery of Zanesville, Ohio." Termination of the pastoral relationship however seems not to have been made officially by Presbytery until February 16, 1873, when the Rev. John Burrows was elected to succeed him.

In August, 1872, the Second Church of Zanesville, Ohio, extended a call to him and he remained as its pastor until the close of the year 1878 when upon invitation of the First Church of Delaware, Ohio, he entered upon a pastorate there, which continued until April 9, 1902. Having then reached the three score and ten limit, he resigned and was elected Pastor Emeritus, with a modest annuity for life. Since this time he served such of the smaller churches of the Presbytery of Marion, Ohio, as occasion seemed to require.

In September, 1862, he was married to Miss Ettie Ritz, of Lewistown, Pa., who died at Zanesville, Ohio, January 13, 1876. In January, 1881, he was united in marriage to Miss Clara Musser of Lewisburg, Pa. His Alma Mater, Bucknell University, in 1883, conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. At the meeting of the Synod of Ohio, in 1884, in the First Church of Cincinnati, Ohio, Mr. Hawn was elected and served as Moderator of that body. As a delegate from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the U. S. A., he attended the Sixth General Council of the Alliance of the Reformed Churches of the Presbyterian Faith in the World, which met in Glasgow, Scotland, June, 1896. After attending this conference he made a tour through parts of Great Britain and the continent.

He represented his Presbytery at the great Re-Union Assembly of Old and New School Divisions in 1869, which met first in New York and finished its work in Pittsburgh; also at Springfield, Ill., in 1882; at Saratoga Springs in 1890; at Winona Lake, Ind., in 1898 and 1905.

Abram Hawn waited out life's closing scenes on earth among the very kind friends of his home in Delaware, Ohio, where he died July 4, 1912, at 80 years of age.

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Rev. John Burrows, D. D.

John Burrows was born at Arnold, Nottinghamshire, England, on December

25, 1831, the son of John and Sarah (Burrows) Burrows. He came to this country at an early age and made a public profession of his faith in the Centerville (now Emilie) Presbyterian Church, Bucks County, Pa., at the age of seventeen. He was prepared for college in Wilmington, Delaware, under the Rev. Samuel Gayley and graduated from Lafayette College in 1857. He spent a year teaching in Newtown, Pa., and in 1858 entered the Seminary at Princeton, New Jersey. He took the full three years' course there, graduating in 1861.

Rev. John Burrows was licensed by the Second Presbytery of Philadelphia, April 18, 1860, and ordained by the Presbytery of Raritan, N. J., November 26, 1861, and at the same time installed pastor of the Second Church at Amwell, N. J. This relationship was dissolved April 14, 1868, and on July 16, 1868, he held a pastorate at the church in Milford, N. J., until April 8, 1873. Following the charge in Milford, he removed to the local church, The Third Presbyterian Church, Williamsport, Pa.

At an adjourned meeting of the congregation of the Third Presbyterian Church held February 16, 1873, an election for pastor was duly held. Election was by acclamation and the vote for Rev. Burrows was unanimous. The Rev. William Sterling of the Second Presbyterian Church was chairman of the meeting. On motion the salary was finally fixed at \$1,600.00 per annum and the free use of the parsonage.

Mr. Burrows was installed by a committee of the Presbytery of Northumberland, July 9, 1873, with the Rev. William Sterling presiding and proposing the constitutional questions. Rev. Dr. W. C. Cattell preached the sermon from Heb. 11:4, "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain." The Rev. William Simonton delivered the charge to the pastor and the Rev. Abram DeHart Hawn, the retiring pastor of the Third Church, delivered the charge to the people.

His labors here resulted in a steady growth and in much improvement to the church property. The interior of the main building was remodeled and decorated, the lecture room built, and the organ installed in the latter part of Dr. Burrow's pastorate.

Mr. Burrows announced to the congregation, Sunday evening, October 5, 1884, that he had at a meeting of the Elders and Trustees made known the fact that he had received a call from the Church at Olean, New York, and signified his intention of accepting. Mr. Burrows had been advised by two physicians that Mrs. Burrows' health would not improve in this area and it was hoped that a change would be beneficial to her.

On Sunday evening, October 25, 1884, Mr. S. L. Seymour offered the following resolutions:

"Whereas: For the past twelve years the Rev. John Burrows has faithfully filled the pulpit of the Third Presbyterian Church of Williamsport, Pa.; and that during these long years of consistent labor he has won the hearts of his people by his simple upright Christian life, ever-breaking to his people The Bread of Life in all sincerity and trust...."

"Resolved: That as a church and congregation we unitedly and individually desire to express sincere sorrow that we are called upon to sever the pleasant and tender relations so long existing and that we greatly regret the removal of his beloved family from our midst...."

Mr. Burrows had pastorates at the Presbyterian Church of Olean, New York, from 1884 to 1888; and at Chester, New York, from 1889 until 1894.

John Burrows was married November 19, 1861, at Lebanon, Pa., to Clara Davis, the daughter of Josiah Davis, Esq. of Easton, Pa. As a preacher, Dr. Burrows was clear, positive and direct. As a pastor, his warm-hearted, cheerful piety and faithfulness made him much

beloved. He was a teacher as well as a preacher, and through most of his busy life had students under his care in preparation for college, while no less than six ministers owed their inspiration to the service to his efforts. In recognition of these labors, Lafayette College, his alma mater, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1886.

The first of the ministers of the Third Church to pass from the earthly life, Dr. Burrows left to his many friends and to his family a legacy of precious memories and a record of faithful service. John Burrows died April 10, 1894, his wife and two children John and Elizabeth D. survived him. This daughter years later served a portion of her time in Williamsport doing the work of a Deaconess among the members of this Third Presbyterian Church of Williamsport.

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Rev. Elliott Chidsey Armstrong, D. D.

Elliott Chidsey Armstrong was born in Easton, Pa., March 24, 1858, a son of the late Colonel William H. and Myra Chidsey Armstrong. After attending the public schools of his home town, he entered Lafayette College from which he graduated in 1879. During the college years he was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity, The Franklin Literary Society, and was winner of the Douglass Prize and won third prize in the Junior Oratorical Contest. After graduation he taught in the South Orange, N. J., Teachers Academy for a year from 1879 to 1880 and the two years following, 1880-1882 he served as Principal of the Academy. In 1883 he entered Union Theological Seminary graduating in 1886 and was ordained by the Presbytery of Nassau, New York, June 1, 1886 at which time he started the pastorate at the Green Lawn and Comac Church of New York which he served until 1888. In 1888 he received and accepted a call from the Grove Presbyterian Church of Danville, Pa., where he served for four years until 1892. Following this pastorate he removed to Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

Before entering Lafayette College, Elliott Armstrong had united on confession of faith with the Woodland Presbyterian Church of West Philadelphia in 1874, at which place his parents had lived for seven years. He married in 1887, Miss Mary McNeal of Easton, who passed from this life December 4, 1943, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Margaret Brooks of Easton Orange, New Jersey. (Miss Mary McNeal was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. John McNeal, Sr., of Easton, Pa. Their daughter Margaret married D. C. Brooks of East Orange, N. J.)

At a congregational meeting held May 16, 1892, a pre-election test vote was taken for new pastor with the following results: Rev. McElmoyle: O, Rev. David: O, Rev. Cameron: O, Rev. Douglass: 4, and Rev. Armstrong: 52. After due notice a formal election for pastor was held by the congregation of the Third Presbyterian Church on May 23, 1892, at which time a unanimous total vote of 71 elected the Rev. E. C. Armstrong at a fixed salary of \$1,600.00 per annum and parsonage.

At a congregational meeting held in the church, with the Rev. James Carter (of The Second Presbyterian Church) as Moderator, May 26, 1892, a call was unanimously extended to Elliott C. Armstrong of the Grove Church, Danville, Pa. At the adjourned meeting of Presbytery in the Third Presbyterian Church, Williamsport, Pa., June 20, 1892, this call was placed in Mr. Armstrong's hands and was accepted by him.

Mr. Armstrong occupied the pulpit for the first time as Pastor Elect, on Sunday, July 3, 1892, and Installation Services were conducted by a committee of the Northumberland Presbytery held in the church Friday evening, October 14, 1892, with the Rev. James Carter presiding and charging the pastor; Rev. J. B. Grier, D. D., preaching the sermon; and Rev. J. D. Cook delivering the charge to the congregation.

Dr. Armstrong had a brilliant personality and possessed a mind trained

to highest efficiency. He was the author of scores of remarkably beautiful and deeply spiritual poems, collector of historical records of utmost value, and a man whose passing was an unforgettable loss to the community he served so devotedly. Dr. Armstrong was active in the progress of the Williamsport Religious School of Education and dedicated three hymns to it, "Personality," "Consciousness," and "Creative Life." The students at Williamsport Dickinson College also used the hymns in their services. At the time of the discovery of the tomb of Tut-Ank-Amen, Dr. Armstrong gave a series of lectures upon King Tut, his times and the significance of the objects recovered from the tomb, and he was called upon to repeat the series in many places.

One of the most valuable sources of information for the history of the Third Presbyterian Church, Williamsport, Pa., is a magazine entitled, "Our New Church" published in the interest of the Third Presbyterian Church, by the pastor, Rev. Elliott C. Armstrong, D. D., which was designed to appear at intervals of from one to two months, sold by carriers at five cents per copy and starting with issue No. 1, Vol. 1 in March, 1906. There have been found only five issues of this magazine in the hands of a former members.

From Session minutes of August 3, 1904:

"The Session desires to place on record the fact that the Degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on our Pastor by Lafayette College at its recent commencement, and was further desired in this connection to express our gratification at the honor that has been so worthily bestowed."

A namesake is noted when in December 10, 1905, the rite of infant baptism was administered to Elliott Armstrong Artman, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Artman. On Wednesday morning, April 11, 1906, Myra L. Chidsey Armstrong, of Easton, Pa., mother of the pastor, was suddenly called into that rest which remaineth for the people of God.

The first Sunday of July, 1912, being the Twentieth Anniversary of Dr. Armstrong's ministry with the Third Presbyterian Church--at this time called the Central Presbyterian Church by name change--fitting references were made in the public services of the day. A week of special services were held from Sunday, October 7 to 14, 1917, in commemoration of the 25th Anniversary of the Pastor, and again on Sunday, July 2, 1922, the 30th Anniversary was celebrated. For 31 years Mr. Armstrong gave a most active and valuable service to his church and the community. He quickly established himself as one of the leading ministers of Northumberland Presbytery, and his efforts in the line of educational work, his lectures in the community and many adjacent localities, his civic pride and ready response to the innumerable demands upon a minister's time and strength, were all in addition to the duties and privileges of his pastorate.

Of interest among the many comments on Dr. Armstrong is the fact that he knew music very well but was unable to sing a note--he was quite a monotone. He also divided his sermons into four parts or points as compared with the well-known three part or point sermon heard today.

After twelve years of extremely busy life as pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church, a much larger and more exacting work devolved upon him through the planning, erection, and use of the new commodious building erected on West Fourth Street and dedicated October 10, 1910. The church name was changed to that of the Central Presbyterian Church and Dr. Armstrong continued to serve it long and well, until his resignation December 31, 1923.

On December 19, 1923 at a special meeting of the members of the church and congregation held at the church after a brief devotional exercise, the pastor, Dr. E. C. Armstrong, gave formal notice

of his intention to ask the Presbytery of Northumberland at a special meeting to be held Saturday, December 22, at this church, to dissolve the pastoral relations existing between himself and the church. He made a request that his wishes in this matter be respected. Upon motion, the congregation so concurred and on December 22, 1923, the Presbytery of Northumberland granted the request of Dr. Armstrong to dissolve the pastoral relations.

Shortly after his retirement, the merger of the Covenant and Central Presbyterian Churches of Williamsport, Pa., took place, and Dr. Armstrong was made pastor emeritus of the new Covenant-Central Presbyterian Church. Since giving up his pastoral work, he devoted his time to writing and lecturing, and also was a teacher in the Williamsport Dickinson Seminary, from 1929 to 1932. Besides serving as occasional supply minister for the area, Mr. Armstrong served the locality as an insurance agent prior to his death.

Dr. Elliott Chidsey Armstrong died in the Williamsport Hospital January 6, 1933. He was survived by his widow and daughter and by two brothers, Frank W. Armstrong of Roselle, N. J., and William Armstrong of Philadelphia, Pa. Funeral services were held in Covenant-Central Presbyterian Church, Williamsport, in charge of Dr. Charles Everest Granger, pastor of the church, assisted by Rev. William C. Rittenhouse of the Reformed Church and Rev. William C. Watson of Bethany Presbyterian Church. The funeral was at 11:00 a.m. Monday, January 9, 1933; the body was taken to Easton, Pa., for interment.

The following is a Memorial Hymn written by Dr. Armstrong for the Memorial Service, September 30, 1926, in the burial ground of the Chillisquaque Church and to be sung to the old tune of "Ortonville."

"The Love of Christ"

O Thou who art eternal life, we stand above the dead.
 Yet on this field of ended strife Thy living love is shed.
 Thy faithful servants, garnered here in years long passed away,
 Have found a pearl for every tear in thine eternal day.
 Thou wast their strength in time of toil, their solace when distressed:
 Their faith has made this common soil a place of holy rest.
 A mighty Lord of ages past, Thy love is with us still,
 And all the future, dimly vast, is coiled within Thy will.
 Today we hail the coming souls, who shall that future own:
 Help them, and us, to conquer goals beyond what earth has known.
 About us still the mountains stand, above us broods the sky,
 And over all Thy pierced hand shows love that cannot die.
 For though the mountains may depart, the startled heavens flee,
 Thy love, O Christ, in any heart, is an eternity.

Amen"

QUILTING PARTIES

by

Susan Heim Little

In early days the social life in a community such as Blooming Grove, centered around the school and church, also in neighborly helpfulness. If anyone 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 into 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.



Below is a reproduction of a Sales Bill published in the Muncy Telegraph, Oct. 5, 1835. It offers a detailed description of the "House of Many Stairs" and surrounding property.

**VALUABLE TOWN LOTS
FOR SALE,**

in the village of Elizabeth Town, better known by the name of "Goosetown."

The Subscriber will offer at Public Vendue, at the premises, in Muncy township, Lycoming county, at the house of Job Packer, on Saturday the 14th day of November next,

14 Town Lots,

in the above named village, which is beautifully situated in the heart of a rich, healthy and fertile settlement, called the Quaker settlement--on the great road leading from the village of Hughesville to Williamsport, and near the State road leading from the borough of Muncy and one from the Pennsylvania canal--on one of the above lots is erected

**A LARGE & COMMODIOUS
STONE DWELLING HOUSE**

30 by 46 feet, with 10 rooms and 2 cellars, at the door is a well of first rate water. There is also, a stone smoke house and a *good barn* with *overshoot* and *carriage house* and an excellent garden.--It is a good situation for a tavern. On another of the lots, there are erected

**A small Frame House and
STONE SHOP.**

and a

FIRST RATE POTTERY,

with a kiln, kiln house and all the necessary fixtures and appurtenances. It is now in operation.

All the other lots are cultivated and in fine order. An excellent *Run of Spring water* passes through part of two of them. A Plot of the town can be seen at the office of the subscriber, in the borough of Muncy, at any time, and at the premises.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock. The terms will then be made known--they will be liberal.

WM. A. PETRIKIN.

Muncy, Oct. 5, 1835

26.

