

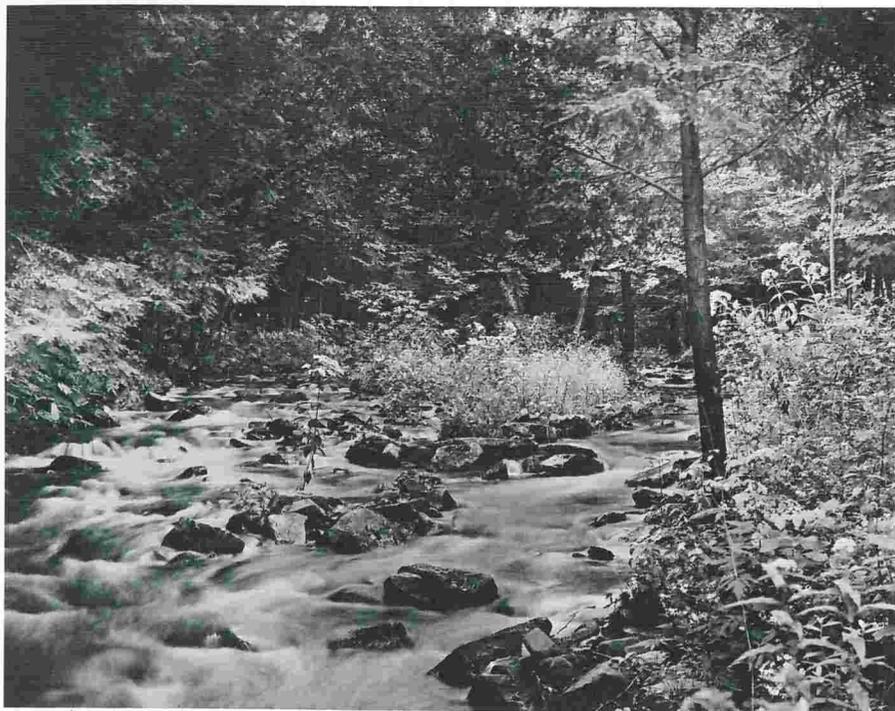
JOURNAL

OF THE

Lycoming County Historical Society

VOLUME XXIX
NUMBER ONE

SUMMER
1989



Ravensburg Creek, from the D. Vincent Smith Collection.

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

This has been an important year for the Lycoming County Historical Society and its Museum. We have built on the momentum developed by our Boards and leaders of the past several years, including in particular our recent presidents, Horace Lowell and John Person, and we have taken a number of major steps forward. Those steps include renewal of accreditation by the American Association of Museums, a successful membership campaign, and the completion of the updating of our exhibits.

Accreditation by the American Association of Museums this past fall was the culmination of three years of hard work by everyone associated with the Society. Three years ago the AAM reviewed the Museum and decided to delay reaccreditation. Failure to receive renewal was serious and carried with it the possibility that we would be denied. Deaccreditation would effect us like the NCAA "death penalty" in college football. Much of our outside funding and many of the fund granting agencies require accreditation. Without AAM recognition most of our outside fund sources would disappear. It would also effect many other aspects of our work, including the possibility of hiring qualified professionals to run our program. Our Boards have worked hard over the past three years, but as one of the Board members I want to share with you my conviction that we owe our successful appeal for reaccreditation to our determined Executive Director, Joseph Zebrowski. Of course we all helped, from Board Officers to volunteers, but Joe has been at the center of the struggle, persuading the Board, writing the grants, hiring new staff, and overseeing the work of the Museum. When you next see Joe please remember to thank him for his efforts. The AAM renewal is for ten years and puts us in a strong position to move forward.

The news of our reaccreditation arrived in the midst of our first annual membership campaign. Our membership system is a revolving one, dating from the time a person takes out his or her membership. Some members of the Board have felt for some time the need for an annual concentrated effort, partly to increase the membership and partly to serve as a way to heighten public awareness of the Society and its Museum. This year we had a memorable effort, led by member Jim Faix and Board members Ricki Maietta and George Durrwachter. Many members and friends shared in the drive and well over one hundred new members joined the Society. The increased income is very helpful, but more important are the people who have decided to make the Society part of their lives and the lives of their family members. It comes down to this: we have been given in the Museum a precious treasure, signs and symbols of our heritage, and more of us have decided to sustain it and pass it on to those who will come after us.

Last but not least, we are approaching the end of a long process of rehabilitating and renewing our exhibits. This has not been an easy process. It has taken time and money. Much of the money we have used for this we realized from the sale of deaccessioned items, some of which were not characteristic of our area's history and some of which were duplicates. Quite frankly there were differences of opinion, on and off the Board, about some of the decisions that were made. However, we need to display items which are appropriate to our area and we need the space which was being taken up by duplicate items. All of the staff have been involved in this in one way or the other, but we owe a special word of thanks to Sandy Rife, who has been with us part-time helping us design and update many of our exhibits. The fruit of all this work should be clear to anyone who visits the Museum. In September the American Association of Museums sent David L. Parke, Jr., Director of the Hershey Museum of American Life, to assess our program. In his report he said the following about our collection: "LCHM has fine collections well suited to its mission. Collections range from local and regional archeological materials to twentieth century decorative arts, tools and implements. Unlike many county historical organizations LCHM does not appear to have an overabundance of unrelated or duplicate objects. Also LCHM is very much an exception to the rule in that it has a reasonable amount of space for its stored collections."

The most recent new effort to attract support for the Society and Museum has been a Business Support Campaign. President Person initiated an informal version of this last year. This year Treasurer Steve Moff has mounted a more formal and extensive campaign. We are now in the midst of this effort and have little to report as we go to press, but we hope that it will attract significant support.

The Lycoming County Historical Society and Museum is alive and well. Many thanks to all of you who have given of your time and effort over the past three years to make it possible for me to say that. The future looks promising. It is up to us to seize it and fulfill the promise. May you all have a joyful holiday season and may we all prosper in peace in the coming new year.

Sincerely,
John Piper, Jr.
President

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Is it a good idea to explode general beliefs in favor of a more intellectual, rational approach to a question? Or, should we leave well enough alone? In some cases it probably does not matter. But, when it comes to historical facts, anthropological, or archeological facts, can they too be ignored in favor of an old idea? In exploring the history of the region the facts recorded by those experiencing the moment must be of the first consideration. That is not to say that the folklore of a region is not important. Indeed it is, as long as it is accepted as just that. So, too, is it important to preserve popular period literature, for what it is.

Looking at the world through rose colored glasses may be pleasant and does no harm as long as it is recognized for just that. But, when the facts are displaced by the pleasant pictures we've imagined, well that's when the trouble begins. For folklore to be misinterpreted as fact and the believer so willing to cling vociferously to its claims is a grave error. It is perhaps a tribute to the author's convincing skill, but it is not fact, nor is it history.

Whether you, the reader, are convinced by the facts, the available evidence, is up to you. As for me, I prefer to enjoy all aspects, real or imaginary, for what they are. And so it has been researching original sources searching for evidence of buffalo in Pennsylvania. To see things for what they are, the black and the white, is not always the way we would have it. But, it is the way things are, or were, in this case.

Stephanie Zebrowski
Editor

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

As a life-long conservationist I greatly appreciated the story of Gifford Pinchot by Stephanie Zebrowski as it appeared in the *JOURNAL* of the Society. She must have had access to a copy of Pinchot's book *Breaking New Ground* as a basis for her story. I would very much like to secure a copy.

As proof of my conservationist interest I helped in securing and organizing our Lycoming County Conservation District and was its first Secretary. I have gloried in its growth and success ever since.

Sincerely yours,
Charles D. Carey
Williamsport, PA

Indeed "Breaking New Ground" was the basis for the article and is available in both the James V. Brown Library and the Ross Library in Lock Haven.

Being a native of central Pennsylvania and having an interest in the history of the region I was pleased to receive my copy of the *JOURNAL* (Summer, 1988, XXVII, No. 1). I wish to take this opportunity to compliment you on the manner in which you edit this worthwhile publication.

However there is a statement at the top of page 23, mentioning "that there is no evidence to support the theory that buffalo inhabited Pennsylvania."

To help clarify the situation you will find attached herewith a list of publications which verify the existence of Buffalo in central Pennsylvania.

Keep up the good work with the *JOURNAL*.

Respectfully yours,
Frederick H. Rinn
Seneca Falls, NY

Thank you for your appreciation. However, I maintain my statement and invite you to read my argument included in this issue of the JOURNAL. It is thanks to your comments that I embarked on a very absorbing and time consuming search for additional information. I hope that you enjoy the results.

Stephanie Zebrowski

WHEN ELECTRICITY WAS EXTENDED TO RURAL AMERICA AND BLOOMING GROVE

by Karl J. Ely

(Reprinted from *The Journal of the Blooming Grove Historical Society*, Vol. 1, #7, Spring 1986).



Beautiful Blooming Grove, with electricity. Photo from the D. Vincent Smith Collection.

While this story is only fifty years old, it is about an event that has changed the way of life in rural America as much as any ever devised by man. On May 11, 1935, Franklin D. Roosevelt signed Executive Order No. 7073 bringing electricity to country homes and farms, and creating the Rural Electrification Administration (R.E.A.). This promised to bring the farm families of America up-to-date with the living standards of their city cousins, to remove some of the back-breaking work of farm living, and provide a little pleasure in the home.

R.E.A. did not come to Blooming Grove, but, it prompted local electric power companies to take a look beyond their present lines for possible expansion into the rural communities. Our local power company, The Pennsylvania Power and Light Co., listened to our request for service and came out to our townships to investigate possible extension into Pleasant Valley. The "customer-per-mile" requirement did not measure up to PP&L standards and the prospects for profit here were not encouraging. However, they said that if the people would help them sign up customers and get a free right-of-way for the lines and poles, they would consider a line extension as far as the Hepburn Baptist Church by late 1936, or early 1937.

The people were recovering from the Great Depression to the extent that they thought that they could handle the additional expense of \$3.50 per month for electricity. This would pay for 49 kilowatt-hours, which must be paid for whether used or not. At that time PP&L had a graduated rate schedule whereby they reduced the price per kilowatt-hour as more electricity was used. This encouraged adding motors, heaters, etc., to the system. A day's pay at that time, if you could get work was, \$3.50. Employment outside of the farm was either W.P.A. or State Road work paying \$.35 per

hour for a ten-hour-day. Using the then common rule of one day's pay for one month's electricity service would be a bigger bargain today than it was fifty years ago. Today you would get ten times more electricity for the same day's work at the same place.

Getting back to the building of the power line, problems were encountered the first mile out. The problem was that landowners were afraid of the electric wires falling on their buildings setting them afire, so they would not allow the line near their places. The lack of the necessary permission from the farmers required the power company to go by one place only to come back across the next farm, placing the poles in the fields. We learned this fact in a hurry, rural electric lines must have poles on land someplace, since skyhooks had not been invented yet. After the rights of way were settled, all went well. People could hardly wait for service to arrive. What a thrill to see the equipment come! There were big long poles (some of old chestnut, which have lasted many years), and big spools of wire. The men said the wire would last fifty years and I am sure they were right as it is still there.

Now, we needed an electrician to wire up our house, barn, and chicken houses. We found a man in Williamsport by the name of Howard Miller, a relative of my wife's folks. He wired up several places out here, finishing our place just before the power lines were ready. One afternoon the line was tested out and ready to use. Mr. Miller put in the fuses and we were ready to turn on the "juice" as some people called it. We put in the biggest bulbs, called our neighbors in, and when it was dark turned on the lights. Our house lit up like it had been struck by lightning! The house was so bright that my wife, to her embarrassment, saw dust on the furniture. I don't remember what we served to our friends that night for refreshments, but I know it was not coke or ice cream out of the deep freeze or refrigerator, for we did not have either. It was a strange feeling lying in bed that night, realizing that wires were all over the house charged with some strange power just ready to be used.

Very few events in my life were greater than the day when electricity was turned on in our house. It created so many desires. What to buy first? Should it be a radio (that did not need batteries)? A refrigerator? Toaster? Water pump? Which one of the many things that were now available to us? My wife has reminded me not to forget the washing machine and iron, two real labor-savers. Each Christmas thereafter we bought a new electric gadget, such as an electric clock, blanket, razor, phonograph, deepfreeze, automatic furnace, and many years later a box with a glass front that brought the world into the home, a television set. The home has not been the same since.

For the first few years the Pennsylvania Power & Light Co., sold appliances and had a service man to show us how to use them. A credit plan was set up to spread the payments to suit the customer's ability to pay. This was a big help for most people up until World War II. After that, people had more money to spend. You must remember that in 1935, many rural homes still had the familiar path to the little house out back where last year's Sears & Roebuck catalogue hung, and poetry was scribbled on the wall. There was also the clothesline by every house. Everyone washed on Monday, ironed on Tuesday, and mended on Wednesday. Now that electricity was available people drilled wells, put in bathrooms, bought deepfreezes, electric heaters, milking machines, window fans, and everything else you could think of that was available.

To get back to the R.E.A.; they built a line in Rose Valley in 1939, bringing service to all of Gamble and Cascade Townships and many more places farther north until all but a few remote places have had service for years. Generally speaking, rural electrification has contributed very much to the turnaround of people's habits. Years ago, as

people prospered, they moved to the city. Now as they prosper they move back to the country. The rural areas now have good roads, telephone service, fire and police protection, schools, and churches. These, I believe, were led by the rural extension of electricity.

I realize that today electricity is commonplace. You expect it to be there like the sun in the morning and the moon at night. So just keep this story until some dark night when the power is off, the room is dark, when by the light of a candle, you can read and understand just why we got so excited fifty years ago when we learned that electricity was coming to our valley. One farmer was quoted as saying in church the Sunday after electricity arrived, "Brothers and sisters, I want to tell you that the greatest thing on earth is to have the love of God in your heart, and the next greatest thing is to have electricity in your home."

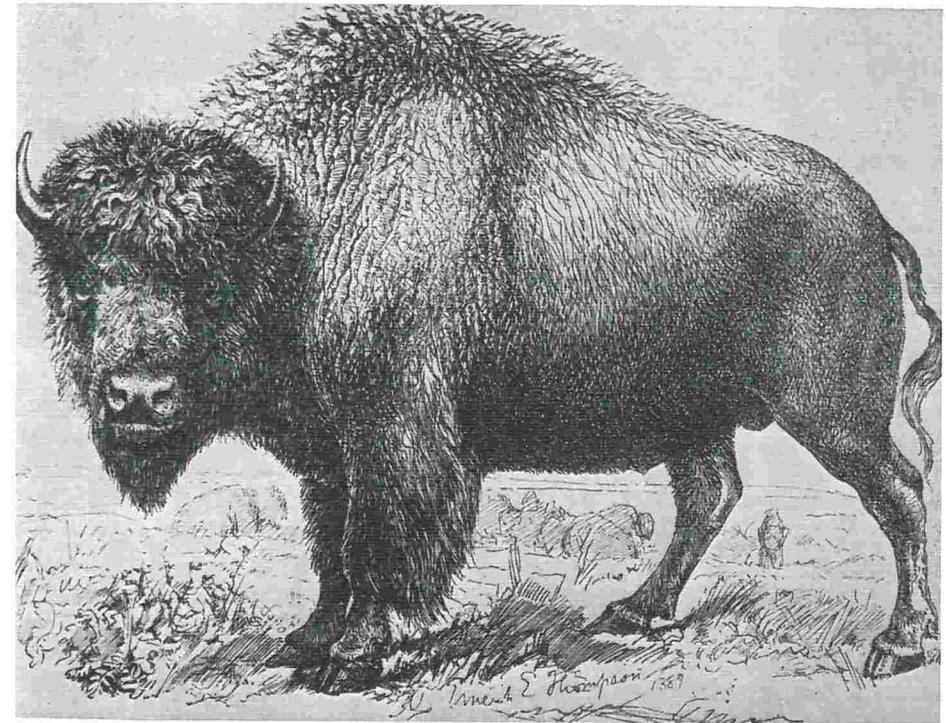
"On March 17, 1682, at William Penn's request, Claypoole* writes to his friend in France, and says "he wishes to get about fifteen hundred to two thousand vine plants, to carry with him to Pennsylvania, a colony in the West Indies, near Maryland, which the king has given him lying in forty one degrees, forty two degrees, forty three degrees, north latitude, whither he intends God willing with his family and servants, and many people, (to go) this summer. He desires of those that bear the best grapes, rather than the most. There are now several vessels at Bordeaux, which will take them."

From: *Annals of Pennsylvania from the Discovery of the Delaware*,
by Samuel Hazard, 1850. (p. 540)

*James Claypoole kept a "letter book" showing the progress of William Penn in England.

DEBUNKING A MYTH — WERE THERE REALLY BUFFALO IN PENNSYLVANIA?

by Stephanie Zebrowski



Bull in the National Museum

There have been so many stories and claims as to the existence of "bison bison" in Pennsylvania it is hard to separate fact from fiction. Archaeological evidence is non-existent, yet the stories abound. There are places, names, and famous citizens. There are the writers, the tellers of tales, quoted as absolute authorities on the subject. And, there are the believers. So, were there really buffalo in Pennsylvania?

One of the most often quoted sources, and there are two, is Thomas Ashe. Ashe wrote *Travels in America* in 1806. It was first published in 1808 in London as an adventure novella and is often quoted as a reliable eye-witness account. It reads as follows:

The native animals of the country too, as the buffalo, elk, deer, etc., are well known to pay periodical visits to the saline springs and lakes, bathing and washing in them, and drinking the water till they are hardly able to remove from their vicinity. The best roads to the Onondargo go from all parts, are buffalo trails so called from having been observed to be made by the buffaloes in their annual visitations to the lakes from their pasture grounds.

Ashe goes on to say that, "an old man, one of the first settlers in the country, built his log house on the immediate borders of a salt spring. He informed me that for the first several seasons the buffaloes paid him their visits with the utmost regularity. They travelled in single file, always following each other at equal distances, forming

droves on their arrival of about three hundred each . . . an old man claimed to have killed six hundred to seven hundred buffalo in the first and second years for their skins with a worth of two shillings each . . ." and after this "work of death" they were forced to leave the place till the following season, or "till the wolves, bears, panthers, eagles, rooks, ravens, etc., had devoured the carcasses, and abandoned the place for other prey." Ashe claimed that in the following two years the man killed, "great numbers out of the first droves that arrived. They left the bodies after skinning them out. As the remaining buffalo came upon the place they saw the rotting bodies and departed in great haste. They "returned instantly to the wilderness in an unusual run, without tasting their favorite spring."

Ashe, I noted, gave no names and gave no dates that these massive killings took place. Furthermore, Ashe states that he did not see the buffalo, himself, at the salt springs. He goes on: "The simple history of this salt spring is that of every other in the settled parts of this Western World, the carnage of beasts was everywhere the same. I met with a man who had killed two thousand buffaloes with his own hand. In consequence of such proceedings, not one buffaloe is at this time to be found east of the Mississippi."

LE BOEUF

"Very early in the seventeenth century, we find the Neutrie Nation of the Eries spoken of by the French Priests, and we know that Jean Brebeuf and Joseph Marie Chaumont were on the south side of Lake Erie."

As soon as the Fort was finished (1753) they marched southward, cutting a wagon road through fine level country, twenty-one miles to the River of Boeff (leaving Capt'n Depontency with a hundred men to garrison the Fort la Briske Isle), they fell to work cutting timber boards, etc., for another fort, while Monsieur Morang ordered Monsieur Bite with fifty men to go to a place called by the Indians Ganagarah'hare, on the banks of Bell River, where the River O'Boeff empties into it.

From: An Illustrated History of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, Civil, Political, and Military from Its Earliest Settlement to the Present Time., William H. Egle, MD., MA., 2nd Edition; Philadelphia, 1880.

"The French abandoned Fort Dusquene late in 1758. In 1759, Sir William Johnson attacked their fort at Niagra and the French garrison at that post was reinforced by about 1,200 men drawn from Presque Isle and the adjacent posts, and with provisions and cattle raised along the meadows of Le Boeuf.

From: Historical Collections of the State of Pennsylvania, Shermom Day, 1843.

If there were, in fact, large annihilations of buffalo, where are the skeletal remains? John Heckewelder wrote in 1792 that at French Lick, Indiana, then known as the "so called Buffalo Salt Lick where (as people say) five hundred buffalo may sometimes

be seen at one time . . ." that "On the ground are many buffalo skulls and the skeletons of these animals which had either been shot from time to time or been killed by themselves." (Wallace, p. 284.) John Guilday also points out that nowhere is Pennsylvania mentioned, only "Onondargo." According to Guilday "This is presumably the Onondaga salt springs in western New York, discovered by Father Simon Le Moine in 1654. (Evidence For Buffalo In Prehistoric Pennsylvania, p. 136.) Guilday's source is Father Le Moine's journal, found in the Jesuit Relations. Father Le Moine wrote that he did see what he believed were "herds of wild cattle . . . on the upper St. Lawrence River, their horns resemble in many respects the antlers of a stag." Father Le Moine was followed at Onondaga by Father Claude Dablon, (September 1665), who wrote that the "wild cows had horns like the stag's, and not like those of our European bull." (Guilday cites Edna Kenton Ed. The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents, New York, 1925. pp. 258, 265.) Dablon wrote that "It is pleasant to see herds of cows or deer swimming from isle to isle." Guilday concludes that the animals were caribou and that "The observation in any case does not pertain to the 'Onondargo'," (Ibid, p. 137.).

If that does not convince you of the unreliable nature of Ashe's words perhaps this account of his unusual encounter with a bear will be more convincing. Ashe claimed to have shot a bear at twenty yards, hitting it in the groin. "He staggered, and leant against a tree but recovering a little from the pain and surprise he deliberately stooped to pick up a quantity of clean leaves, which with the upmost precaution he stuffed into the wound and stopped the flow of blood." Considering that Ashe was writing about a new and wondrous world few had ever seen and that he made his livelihood by the pen, it may have been simple prudence on his part to write something sensational that would sell.

As Guilday points out, Ashe had his location wrong. Considering that Father Dablon also wrote that "Our hunters cut them off, on their return to the mainland, and lined the entire shore with them leading them to death withersoever they chose." (Kenton, p. 265.), perhaps it was caribou he had heard of slaughtered in such large numbers.

Unlike Ashe, Gabriel Thomas, author of *An Account of Pennsylvania, 1698*, claimed that, "What I have deliver'd concerning this province is undisputable true, I was an Eye Witness to it all . . ." He goes on to say that, "I have declin'd giving any account of several things which I have only heard others speak of because I did not see them myself for I never held that way infallible, to make reports from hear-say." If this statement of honesty can be taken at face value then Gabriel Thomas' statement that "There are vast numbers of other Wild Creatures, as Elks, Buffalos, etc. . . ." may be true. Though Thomas' descriptions of native Pennsylvania wildlife is fairly accurate, this reference to the bison stands isolated.

Thomas returned to England, after 15 years in Penns colony, in the year 1697. In 1698, he published his book *An Historical and Geographical Account of the Province and County of Pennsylvania and of West "New" Jersey in America . . . In an Effort to Promote Immigration to Penn's Colony*. He later returned to Philadelphia where he argued with Penn over the remuneration he felt he deserved, for his writing's had "proved to the province's great advancement by causing great numbers of people to go over to those parts."

The most influential of all authors on this subject, and certainly the most quoted is Henry W. Shoemaker. Shoemaker originated nine buffalo stories located within Pennsylvania's boundaries, and quoted many sources. But, again, there are no eye-witness accounts. His story of Philip Quigley or Quiggle came from a man named Jacob Quiggle, a one time Clinton County commissioner. The Philip Quiggle or

Quigley homestead tract was also the site of Restless Oaks, the Shoemaker summer estate, where a young Henry spent many a summer vacation with his grandparents. In "A Pennsylvania Bison Hunt" compiled by Henry Shoemaker and published in 1915, he described the Pennsylvania woods bison. He quotes his source, Jacob Quiggle as having had the story from his mother and other relatives since both his Grandfather and Father had passed away. According to the story handed down to Quiggle, the Pennsylvania bison "... exceeded in size the buffaloes met with west of Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee." He was "very dark . . . old bulls being coal black (with) grizzly white hairs around the nose and eyes." They had short curly hair "especially at joints." The bison had no hump, long legs evenly placed unlike the western bison with its heavy front and meager hind quarters. They were agile runners and climbers and "carried no superfluous flesh." The bull reportedly weighed a ton, cows half that. A mature bull carried a mane or crest which reached its maximum growth where the hump would be found on a western buffalo. They had beards or tufts of straight stiff black hair while their horns grew upwards like "Ayrshire Cattle."

Jacob's grandfather, according to Jacob's mother, reported a herd of twelve thousand animals in 1773. They were preyed upon by grey, brown, and the larger black wolves. He claimed that because "the settlers kept them on the run . . ." there were no buffalo summering in the ridges adjacent to the West Branch Valley by 1770. Quiggle's mother told him that she has been told that the herds were made up of families, each led by a "giant bull," many of which "summered in the high tablelands of Seven Mountains (Gregg Township-Clinton County)."

Shoemaker claimed that it was their acute sense of smell that motivated the woods bison to migrate. Family herds "would ascend to the tops of high peaks, and bellow loudly for several days, drawing their little colonies around them . . ." They then fell in with the passing herd, their bellowing alerting hunters. The paths of their migration, Shoemaker claimed, were worn two feet deep due to many years of use while the bark of adjacent trees was worn away.

Shoemaker goes on, "about 12 years ago, when the writer was in Union and Snyder Counties gathering the old folktales and legends . . ." he was directed to Flavel Bergstresser, "a handyman who hung out at the Kleckner House at New Berlin." Shoemaker then relates the story of Martin Bergstresser of Snyder County, as told to him by Flavel, of how that severe winter of 1799-1800, a herd of only four hundred bison had been hiding on the "highest and most inaccessible mountains and darkest ravines." And the story of Old Logan unfolds. The herd of four hundred (later in the story Shoemaker says it was a herd of three hundred forty five that were actually counted), left their hiding place in search of "fodder in the valleys" and migrated to Middle Creek Valley. The herd proceeded to Martin Bergstresser's farm and tramped down fences, trampled to death his cattle and sheep. Aided by Samuel McClellan, Martin was able to kill four buffalo. When McClellan returned home he found three hundred buffalo milling around his cabin. Charging through the herd, McClellan found Old Logan "standing guard at his front door." He wounded Old Logan (remember McClellan was standing in the midst of this herd of one ton animals) who charged into the cabin with the rest of the herd close behind. The noise of the commotion brought Martin Bergstresser and three neighbors. They tore down the cabin to get at the buffalo. Though McClellan shot Old Logan to death, the old buffalo had exacted a heavy toll. McClellan's wife and three small children were crushed to death.

Bergstresser, Shoemaker relates, then told the story of the great hunt of December 31, 1799, when the buffalo were spotted from the high plateau "known as the Big Flats" by the 50 hunters who had assembled at Bergstresser's farm with their dogs,



some "partly wolf." They estimated the herd to be about three hundred. The animals were so numb and cold they were unable to move, "so deeply were they crusted in the drifts."

Shoemaker relates that most of the buffalo were killed with knives, the hunters taking only the tongues, since the snow was too deep to skin the buffalo. After the last buffalo was dead the hunters, including Conrad Weiser, Jr., climbed Council Kup and lit a bonfire to notify all that the last herd of buffalo had been killed. Shoemaker then goes on to say that Flavel Bergstresser

put the date of that last great hunt at December 31, 1799, because he had heard that it had taken place "... after Christmas and before the New Year."

Another Shoemaker account was one based on stories of John Kelly's life "handed down" by Michael Grove who died in 1827. Grove wrote that John Kelly killed the last buffalo in Pennsylvania on February 19, 1801, twelve miles from Black Gap. Kelly was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania on February 11, 1744, and moved into Buffalo Valley in 1768. He was a veteran of the Revolutionary War, having risen to the rank of Colonel, and was cited for bravery at the battle of Princeton. Not only was he a warrior, he was a great hunter. He was said to have killed more than one hundred buffalo. He was riding his Revolutionary War charger, Brandywine, when on January 19, 1801 he saw a buffalo and shot it. The site is now known as Buffalo Crossroads, Kelly having hung the skull on a pitch pine tree. Unfortunately the tree blew down in 1820, and the skull was taken to the Kleckner's, "Kelly's relations," where it was eventually burned in the trash; alas. The Buffalo Cross Roads Church was already organized in 1773. Just a little detail to remember.

The stories and accounts go on. Professor Allen quoted a Dr. Beck with the story of Jacob Wickert, and his rendition of the last buffalo in Pennsylvania as told to him by Jonas J. Barnett, great nephew of the intrepid buffalo hunter. As Michael Wood has followed the Iliad to prove that the folktale of oral tradition preserved by Homer did indeed have its roots imbedded in the truth, it is possible that Shoemaker's tales are more than the imaginings of a bright and privileged young man. However, keep in mind that at least five of the "last buffalo killed here" stories originated with Shoemaker. And, one of Shoemaker's many sources is none other than Thomas Ashe. The parallels between Shoemaker's account of the last buffalo herd bears a suspicious similarity to Ashe's story.

According to John E. Guilday of the Mammals section of the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the "occurrence of the buffalo 'bison bison' in Pennsylvania is enigmatic, neither proved or disproved by archeological evidence. There are no exact specimens." (Evidence For Buffalo In Prehistoric Pennsylvania, p. 135). Thomas Ashe's account of large herds of buffalo in western Pennsylvania, when investigated, turned up no archeological evidence. According to Linton Satterthwaite, Jr., in a letter to Guilday (June 21, 1958), the metacarpal from the Beach Bottom Mound, West Virginia, could have been a domestic cow as well as that of a buffalo. The specimen was not preserved and there are no other records in the area, "despite the fact that archeological faunas are known from Greene, Washington, Beaver, Westmoreland, Fayette, Allegheny, and Venango counties in the Ohio drainage, and that all other

expected species of big game have been recorded from these sites. (Ibid, p. 137.) In addition, Guilday goes on to point out that archeological faunas from Lancaster, the Eschelman site, Sheep Rock Shelter in Huntingdon County, and in Berks County, Poplar Neck Shelter, "have had no buffalo bones in them." All earlier records of isolated teeth and skeletal parts from cave and river deposits are questionable." (Ibid, pp. 137, 138.)

Guilday further asserts that though the buffalo was known to have existed in "both Pleistocene and late archeological sites in New York", as well as in the meadow land of the Miami, the Muskingum, Scioto, and Ohio in Ohio; they were present in the mountain glades of the Appalachians from Maryland to the Carolinas, and on the eastern seaboard near Washington, D.C. There is also archeological evidence that they were in Illinois. However, John Griffin and Donald E. Wray both assert (Bison In Illinois Archeology), as Guilday points out, that the buffalo were not found east of the Mississippi in any significant number.

The Lay of the Land

The Appalachian System forms a natural barrier between the Atlantic slope and the great interior valley of continental North America. The system in Pennsylvania and Virginia consists of a "series of roughly parallel ridges with valleys of varying width between." In the east "lies the Great Valley of Pennsylvania and its extension, the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, bordered by the Blue Ridge in Virginia and by South Mountain and a low range of hills in Pennsylvania. The Valley is readily accessible from the coast, but west of it the ridges lie closer together and the valleys are narrower. Beyond the Allegheny Front, which marks the western boundary of the mountains proper, lie miles of rugged plateau with two additional ridges thrust up through it in southern Pennsylvania.

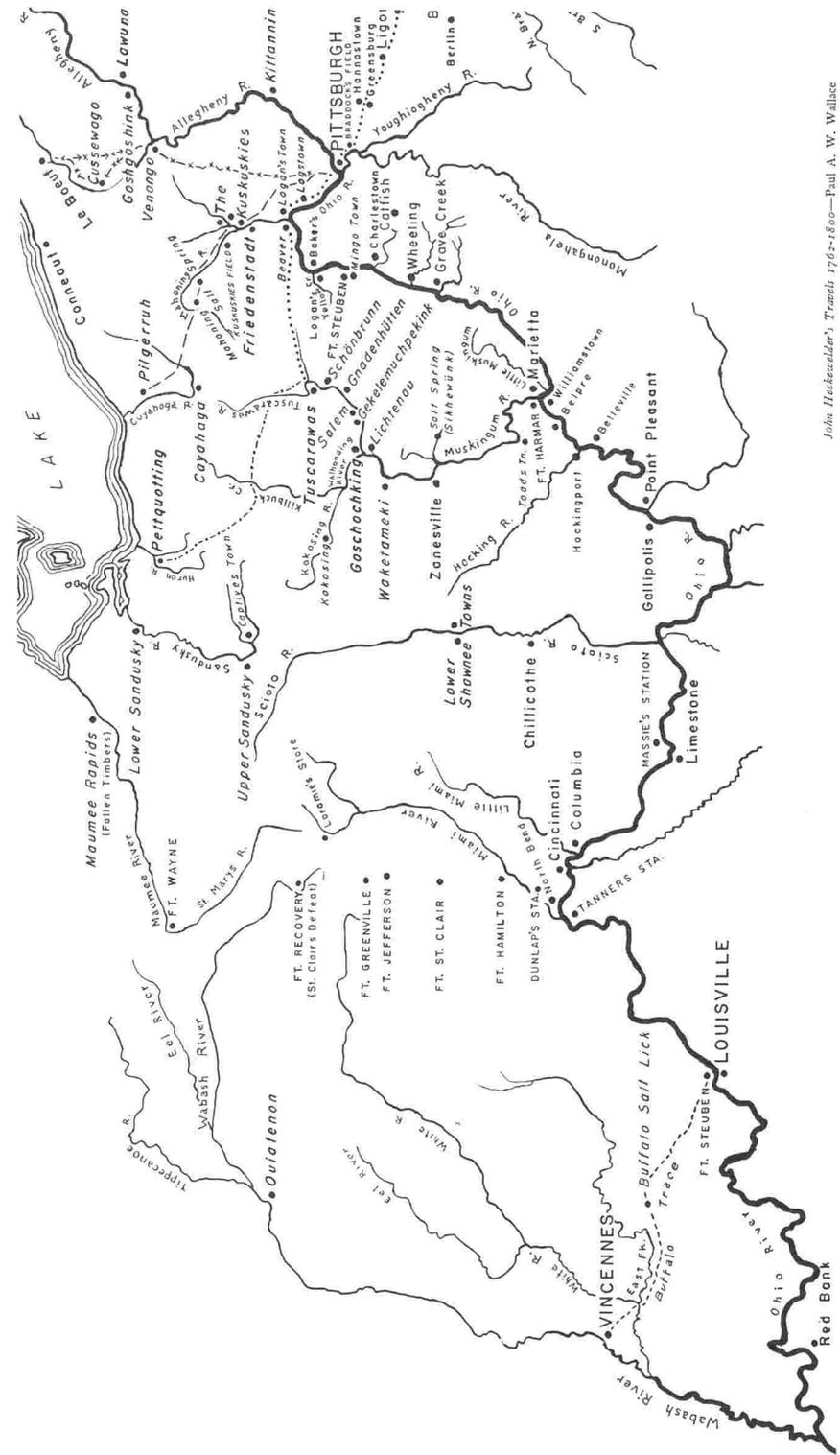
From: *The Planting of Civilization in Western Pennsylvania*,
J. Buck, E. H. Buck; Pittsburgh, 1939.

Guilday also cites Erhard Rostland, "*The Geographic Range of the Historic Bison in the Southeast*." Rostland wrote that due to the pressure of limited pasturage, higher hunting pressure, and agricultural practices the buffalo were "not able to compete successfully with the Indians . . ."

Other sources, along with Guilday, note that the buffalo was a grazing animal and not suited to a dense forest environment. Wayne Gard, *The Great Buffalo Hunt*, researched the reminiscences of many of the more prolific hunters who nearly brought the buffalo to extinction in North America. The descriptions of the habits of the buffalo are extensive and reinforce Rostland's conclusions, as well as Guilday's assertions that the buffalo was a grazing animal.

"The need for grass and water kept the buffaloes on the move much of the time. After a herd had consumed the grass on one part of the range it would move on to fresh forage. About every third day the animals would come to water, mostly at night, said Wentin A. Wilson, who hunted on the Canadian River in 1876." (Gard, p. 9.)

George Catlin in *Letter and Notes on the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians* stated that the migratory habits of the buffalo were local and not far ranging. "They graze in immense herds and almost incredible numbers



John Hessekeller's *Tamels 1762-1800*—Paul A. W. Wallace

at times. They roam over vast tracts of country from east to west and from west to east as often as from north to south." While J. S. Allen, *American Bisons Living and Extinct*, noted that the buffalo moved no more than a few hundred miles in a north to south direction, their "annual migration being merely a moderate swaying northward and southward of the whole mass with the changes of the seasons," (p. 59-61).

If there were large herds of buffalo migrating throughout Pennsylvania or even passing through the state, there would have been attrition of one sort or another, be it the process of natural selection or death at the hands of a native hunter. So, where is the archeological evidence?

Paul A. Wallace, *Thirty Thousand Miles with John Heckewelder*, quoted Heckewelder on his way to Vincennes in 1792, when he stopped at French Lick, Indiana, then known as the "so called Buffalo Salt Lick, where (as people say) five hundred buffalo may sometimes be seen at one time, especially during the months of June, July, and August. The salt place, several acres extent, is so much trodden down and grubbed up that not a blade of grass can grow, and the "busch" for some distance round has been eaten bare. On the ground are many buffalo skulls and the skeletons of these animals which had either been shot from time to time or been killed by themselves," (p. 284).

Heckewelder described the dress he saw among the Delaware on the Muskingum. "In ancient times" the Indian dress was made of skins and feathers. They can dress and skin hides, even that of the buffalo, so that it becomes quite soft and supple, and a good buffalo or bear skin blanket will serve them many years without wearing out," (1762).

If what Heckewelder said is true, then where large herds of buffalo congregated there should have been skeletal remains extant in Pennsylvania. However, Guilday points out that fragmented bones, such as those found at the Martin site, Watsondale, Fayette County, are not valid specimens because, "Fragmented bones of domestic cattle and buffalo are often impossible to differentiate." Though the fragments were found in the lower level of the dig, Guilday speculates that "an intrusion of cattle bones into aboriginal context is most probable," (p. 135).

Clark Kahler wrote to James Bressler in 1977, (Bressler, "Excavation of the Bull Run Site 36Y119"), that a bison bone which had an arrowhead imbedded in it had been found along with part of a bison skull at Wolf Run Earthworks in 1936. However, there is no mention of bison bones in the final printing of *The Archaeological Record of Clark Kahler*. Kahler's "Record" states that the builders of the fortifications used "deer, bear, coon, rabbits, squirrel, elk, opossum, turkey, grouse, pigeon, duck, and goose, as well as other small game and fowl." The comments of Dr. William Ritchie, of the Rochester Museum, included in the Kahler records do not mention bison. And though Clark Kahler's archeological contributions are extremely valuable to the study of the history of Pennsylvania, he termed his excavation of the Wolf Run Earthworks, amateur. In light of this and the fact that domestic animal bones were found at Fort Brady, perhaps those "bison bones" Kahler couldn't positively identify because they had broken, were those of a domestic animal. As I stated before, Kahler's final report does not mention bison bones.

John E. Guilday, "Biological and Archeological Analysis of Bones from a 17th Century Indian Village (46PU31), Putnam County, West Virginia" noted: "Buffalo (Bison Bison) remains are conspicuously absent while all other big game species known to have occurred in the area were present at both sites." While later historical evidence indicates that buffalo did inhabit the Kanawha River valleys, prehistoric evidence is absent in the Ohio Valley and as far west as Illinois. Beavers made of bison thoracic vertebra

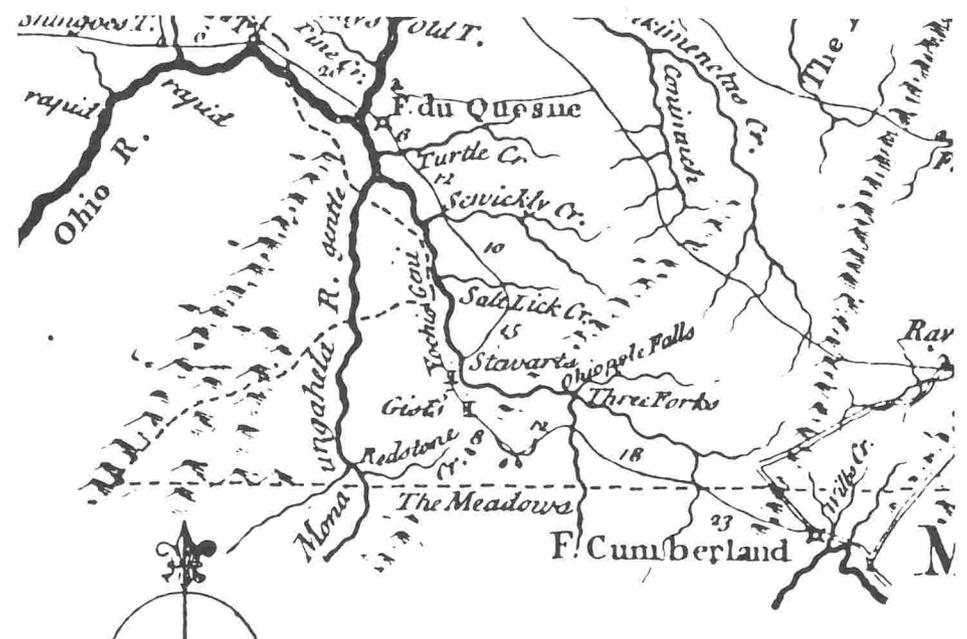
spines have been found at the Madisonville, Ohio cemetery (one of the Fort Ancient sites), "but the archeological evidence farther up the Ohio drainage is neither equivocal or negative." However, a change in faunal remains on the Illinois River at Starved Rock suggests either a change in hunting technique or climate accompanied by large scale migrations of buffalo to eastern prairies, (as per Donald E. Wray, 1952, p. 162.)

Samuel Rhodes said that bison remains were found in Durham Cave near Carlisle. But, Ted Daeschler, Department of Vertebrate Biology of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia believes that the specimen Rhodes referred to is "late pleistocene (Rancholebrean stage) in age," (personal correspondence).

Rhodes also offers the fact that there are many buffalo place names as proof of their existence in Pennsylvania. Quoting Thomas Ashe and Dr. J. A. Allen, Rhodes also offers the Colonel Kelly story as proof.

It is interesting to note that sites in Western Pennsylvania, such as the Johnson site in the Upper Ohio Valley and sites of the Youghiogheny River, i.e., the Montague and Hanna sites along with other sites in Somerset County belonging to Woodland Indian culture produced bear, deer, and turkey bones, the bones of smaller mammals, fish and birds. Though there were unidentifiable bone fragments, there were no identifiable bison remains. This is also true of sites in eastern Pennsylvania, (Kent).

According to Gail Gibson, the number of buffalo place names, though there is no supporting archeological evidence or historical data, and the journal of Captain Harry Gordon, a British army engineer, are evidence that there were buffalo present in southwestern Pennsylvania. The journal of Captain Harry Gordon was written after the fall of Fort Duquesne in November, 1758. General Forbes sent Gordon with a detachment to find a route between Pittsburgh and Virginia. Lieutenant Colonel Joseph Shippen of Pennsylvania made the map of their route. Though the map is undated,



T. Kitchner's map, 1756.



Modern Pennsylvania road map.

The 1791 edition of the Reading-Howell map on exhibit at the Museum does not show Redstone Creek.

and as Gibson admits, could not be fully identified, she believes that the Gordon journal and map are related. Gordon's route moved southeast from Pittsburgh to join Braddock's road and then up the Monongahela to Redstone (Brownsville according to Ms. Gibson), and "travelled approximately 12¾ miles southeast to Dunlap's plantation." In his "Report of the Country between Pittsburgh and Great Meadows" Gordon says that he gave his men time to rest and hunt game, ". . . which is plenty of all kinds hereabouts, consisting of Buffaloes, Elks, Deer, Bear, and innumerable quantity of Turkey." Referring to Shippen's map and Gordon's journal, Gibson places the "location at about present day Uniontown near 'Lick Creek'." Ms. Gibson also uncovered a reference to the buffalo in a letter from Fort Cumberland which said that Captain Luke Collins followed some Indians to the Cheat River, a Monongahela River tributary, where they killed the Indians while "they were barbecuing a Buffaloe, not thinking of danger."

Heister H. Muhlenberg published a "Map of the Province of Pennsylvania, 1738, Illustrative of the Expedition of Conrad Weiser." Though this map is T. Kitchin's map, (1756), Muhlenberg, whose great-grandmother was Weiser's daughter, took his collaborative information from one of Weiser's own journals "made in the year 1736, to the six Nations of Indians in New York." According to this map The Meadows lay in Virginia in the region of Cheat Lake. The Cheat River runs to the Monongahela through Cheat Lake from the south or modern day West Virginia. The spot where Collins and his men attacked those Indians at their barbecue was probably in Virginia since the men were coming from Fort Cumberland in Maryland.

Though Gordon's journal reported an abundance of game between Pittsburgh and the Great Meadows "near present day Uniontown" according to Gibson, I believe that

the location might have been closer to present day Morgantown, West Virginia. George Washington reported in his journal of 1784, that he saw buffalo paths and salt licks frequented by buffalo in the Morgantown area. Morgantown is just a few miles south of the Pennsylvania border. Buffalo had also been reported in the Potomac River region south of Morgantown, (Swank p. 97).

Further, in a letter dated January 21, 1767, to the Earl of Shelburne from Governor John Penn of Pennsylvania regarding the "removal of the people who have made illegal settlements of lands westwards of the Allegheny mountains . . ." Penn requested that Governor Fouquiere aide him in removing the offenders. Before Fouquiere had time to respond, "the Commander-in-Chief had already taken a more effectual method to drive them away," by giving orders to an officer with a Party of the King's Troops, to summon the settlers on Red Stone Creek, the Monongahela, and other parts to the west of the Allegheny Mountains (*Minutes of Provincial Council*, Vol. 9, p. 53). That places Red Stone on the border of present day West Virginia. If Gordon's men had reached Red Stone, as it was known then, and then travelled about 12¾ miles southeast, they would have been in West Virginia.

Reason would also leave one to ask, had game actually been so plentiful in the area of modern Uniontown, then why would Colonel Broadhead have sent his men from Fort Pitt to the Little Kanawha to hunt the buffalo? That game was scarce in Pennsylvania is evident. According to Charles Frederick Post, while at the Connequessing Creek, the only game they could find was a single squirrel (November 13, 1758); and at Great Island where they were unable to find game and were supplied a deer by some friendly Indians (September 20, 1758); that after hunting deer in 1758, twenty miles from Fort Dusquene, Post complained that everything on the Ohio was "extremely dear, much more so than in Pennsylvania." (Thwaites, p. 227.)



Conrad Weiser also wrote about the scarcity of game in the Winter of 1732, when he reached Towanda where the Indians were starving, and again when he reached Madam Montour's village. At the Lancaster treaty talks to settle a controversy over Maryland lands claimed by the Susquehannas, Conrad Weiser was an interpreter. Canassatego, an Iroquois, told the English that though the Indians had been good friends to the white man "yet we are sensible that with all the advantages of the white man's guns and knives and hatchets, we are each year growing poorer, deer are growing scarcer. (Walton, p. 103.) Again, no buffalo mentioned. In a 1749 letter from Mr. Parson of Lancaster to Richard Peters discussing the possibility of Conrad Weiser accompanying Lewis Evans on his mission to map Pennsylvania and Virginia, Parson's wrote, "The number of persons necessary cannot yet be determined because if we go at a time when provision is not to be had in the desert woods, a great number will be wanting . . ." (Pa. Archives, Vol. 2, pp. 47, 49).

The fact that deer hides were a frequent trade item has been documented over and over in Weiser's journals, Post's journals, and Croghan's. Other information from these journals provides descriptions of the geography of Pennsylvania, the condition

of the woods, and even put to rest the notion that the buffalo herds travelling across the state left their mark on the land in the form of deeply worn paths. From Jone's *History of Juniata*, where the Kittaning Trail crossed the Allegheny Range the path was still usable, "In some places where the ground was marshy, close to the run, the path is at least twelve inches deep, and the very stones along the road bear the marks of the iron-clad horses of the Indian traders." Conrad Weiser, George Croghan, and other traders travelled with large "trains" of horses, often twenty or more, to carry their goods.

It may be noted too, that if buffalo had been roaming through Pennsylvania in large numbers Conrad Weiser might not have written in 1749, in a message to Onondago after Shekellimy's death, explaining Indian concerns of settlement beyond the Endless Mountains on the Juniata River and Shermon's Creek, etc.

"Some have settled almost to the head of Juniata River, along the path that leads to Ohio. The Indian says (and that with truth) that that country is only hunting ground for deer, because further to the north there is nothing but spruce woods and ground covered with palm bushes. Not a single deer could be found or killed there." (Walton, p. 203.)

Note too that Weiser wrote that the "scarcity of food in Shamokin overcame Shekellimy and he died."

If buffalo had been plentiful it would have been reported that the buffalo was used as a form of currency instead of deer. However, it was reported that Pennsylvania Indians made their purchases using deer for currency on the Maryland border.

"a match coat for a Buck, a strand for a Buck and a Doe. A pair of stockings for two raccoons. Twelve bars of lead for a Buck."*

Albert Mehring of the Natural History department of the William Penn Museum in Harrisburg stated that there is no archeological or zoological evidence in Pennsylvania proving that the bison was here. There is also no Indian evidence. Because there is confirmed archeological evidence at New Philadelphia, Ohio, and some Syracuse, New York, evidence, the buffalo may have entered infrequently in small numbers.

Stephen G. Warfel, state archeologist, also at the William Penn Museum, stated that there is no evidence for buffalo, though both he and Mehring said there is evidence in Prehistoric Pennsylvania. But, according to Mehring the pleistocene evidence is of a different species and not the "Bison Bison", the plains bison, (personal conversation).

Though it may be a hotly debated question, yet, for some, I do not believe that the bison ever lived in Pennsylvania. It is possible that the bison did occasionally wander into Pennsylvania, but, if it did I cannot find any real, reliable, confirmable evidence. I do not believe that the bison ever inhabited Pennsylvania due to several factors. First, geographically, Pennsylvania did not provide the environment necessary to the bison's survival. The bison is a grazing animal. Durwood Allen wrote that the bison, if it reached Pennsylvania at all, would have been the plains bison. Post described the Alleghenies as very steep with his horses becoming very weary going up and down the mountains, the roads were very difficult to pass because of the bushes. Near Punxatawny "we went through a bad swamp, there were very thick sharp thorns, so that they tore our clothes and flesh, both hands and face, to a bad degree. We had this kind of road all the day." (Thwaites, p. 229.) He was on his way to Clearfield.

* (Crisap and Parker, Maryland traders, prices to Indians June, 1750. (Walton, p. 225.)

Weiser also described parts of Pennsylvania. After leaving the West Branch of the Susquehanna they followed what the Indians called the lost or bewildered stream. "The woods was so thick that for a mile at a time we could not find a place the size of a hand where the sunshine could penetrate even in the clearest day." (Walton, p. 36.) Grass does not grow under these conditions.

Unlike Michael Wood, I never found my "Troy". I can only conclude that if bison did wander into Pennsylvania, and I do not believe this to be so, they probably left hungry.

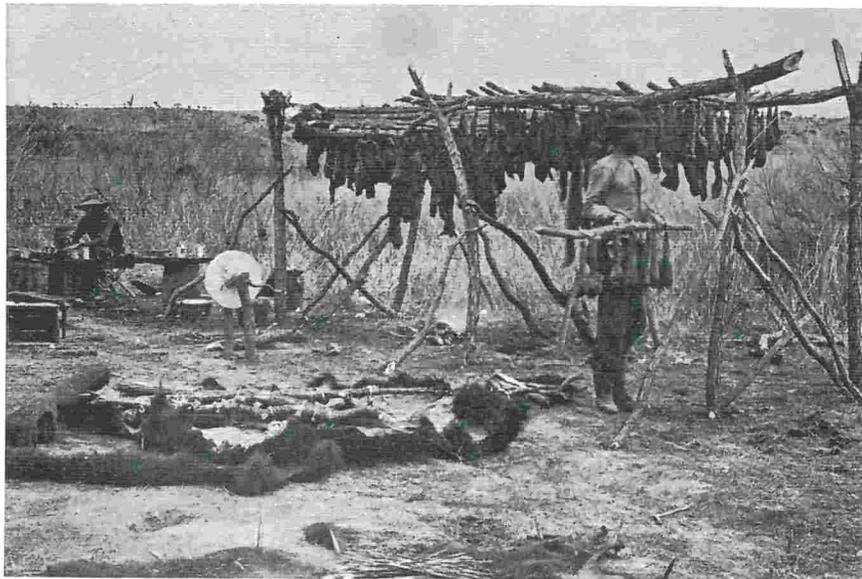
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THOSE BUFFALO HIDES . . .

Pennsylvania was once a leading tanner of Western buffalo hides, most at Wilcox, Elk County. They sold at \$20.00 per bale, 12 hides per bale. Henry Shoemaker claimed to own a Pennsylvania buffalo hide which was purchased from the estate of Cornelius Cromley of Clinton County. Cromley was said to have purchased it in 1880 from John Wanamaker of Philadelphia for \$3.50.

From: *A Pennsylvania Bison Hunt*, Compiled by Henry W. Shoemaker.



Drying Hides and Tongues in the Texas Panhandle, 1874.

The fur trade, which had been pursued on a smaller scale all through the 1700's, had its most flourishing period from 1807 to 1843. In 1808, German born John Jacob Astor founded the American Fur Company, which later became dominant in the Northwest and the largest United States business firm of its day. Buying buffalo robes with goods rather than with money, the fur traders took every advantage they could of the Indians. They profited especially from the red man's thirst for whiskey and other intoxicants. Whiskey was one of the chief articles of trade . . . In 1822, Congress considered a drastic bill to ban the carrying of liquor into the Indian country. Strongly opposed were the fur merchants, including John Jacob Astor, whom furs had made the country's wealthiest man. Spokesmen for the pelt dealers declared that this bill would ruin them. If the United States fur traders on the upper Missouri were denied the use of alcohol they argued, all the business would be lost to their rivals. Congress enacted the measure anyway, but the traders found ways to violate it.

From: *The Great Buffalo Hunt*, by Wayne Gard

“. . . A FEARFUL ORDEAL” THE HISTORY OF THE “MUNCY RIFLES” COMPANY “F”, 84th PA VOLUNTEER INFANTRY 1861-1864

by David L. Richards

This is the story of sixty-five young men from the Muncy vicinity who left the area in October, 1861, destined for service in the Union Army during the American Civil War. During their term of service they would participate honorably in some of the great battles of that war fought on Virginia soil. To better understand their role, it is necessary to step back a moment and briefly review the events that led to their organization.

With the coming of spring in 1861, the country rocked over the open split of the nation with the sudden exodus of eleven Southern states from these “United States”. Their purpose, to create a new Southern Confederacy. This break developed into open war with the bombardment of Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor, South Carolina, on April 12, 1861. The reaction of the rest of the nation was swift and in earnest. President Abraham Lincoln immediately called for 75,000 Volunteers from the remaining “Loyal” States to suppress this open rebellion and restore the Union.

The result close to home was immediate. Within days several companies were recruited and many of the volunteers from Lycoming County became members of the 11th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry. Their term of enlistment however, was but 90 days! Apparently the Lincoln Administration expected to end the war quickly. At the expiration of their term in July, the war was far from finished. The Confederates won a spectacular, if indecisive, victory at the Battle of Bull Run, near Manassas, Virginia, on July 20, 1861. With the obvious need for more troops, recruiting for soldiers began in earnest throughout the North. Their term of service was now established at a more realistic “Three years for the War.”

At this crucial moment Robert M. Flack, a 35-year-old shoemaker from Muncy, and more importantly, a veteran of the Mexican War, entered the scene. Armed with valuable military experience, Flack was able to procure an order from Governor Andrew Curtin authorizing him to recruit a company of three-year men from Muncy and the surrounding area. Recruiting began on October 1, 1861, for a company of infantry to be known as the “Muncy Rifles”.

On October 17, amid great fanfare, the first squad of recruits departed Muncy by train, destined for Camp Crossman, near Huntingdon, Pennsylvania. From there, they were forwarded to Camp Curtin, near Harrisburg. By December 15, further recruits had swelled the ranks of the “Muncy Rifles” to sixty-five men permanently attached to the 84th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry (P.V.I.). They now became known officially as Company “F” of that Regiment and the term “Muncy Rifles” was dropped. It was during this period of organization that the following men were appointed to command Company “F”:

Name	Rank	Age	Occupation	Residence
Robert M. Flack	Captain	35	Shoemaker	Muncy
Milton Opp	1st Lieut.	26	Lawyer	Muncy
Jacob Peterman	2nd Lieut.	20	Law Student	Muncy
Charles W. Fribley	1st Sergt.	26	Teacher	Muncy Creek Twp.

Of particular note here is the fact that Opp, Peterman and Fribley were all considered outstanding young men in the community and all were destined for promotion and greater responsibility.

On January 1, 1862, the 84th P.V.I. (about five hundred men largely from Blair, Cameron, Clearfield, Columbia, Lycoming, and Sullivan Counties) departed for the front. Throughout the Winter of 1862, the 84th served along the upper Potomac River in the Cumberland, Maryland vicinity to guard the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, a valuable East-West thoroughfare linking Washington D.C. with the Ohio River Valley. While on duty there, the Regiment fought the mud and cold winter chill more than they did the Rebels. During this time two men from Company "F" died from disease, and the ranks were greatly reduced due to sickness brought on primarily by poor food, bad water, and a general lack of proper shelter.

Finally, in March of 1862, a major push southward culminated in a sharp engagement south of Winchester, Virginia. Near Kernstown, on March 17, with a small "army" of nine-thousand men, the 84th P.V.I. experienced its baptism in battle. In a brief struggle near sundown, the 84th lost thirty-five percent of its men in a desperate, short range battle, suffering two killed and thirteen wounded in Company "F". All the officers in the Company survived unscathed even though Captain Flack's position was "next to the Regimental Colors (flag), which had forty-one bullet holes in it." The battle ended in a clear-cut Northern victory, the only battlefield defeat that the noted Southern General T.J. "Stonewall" Jackson ever suffered!

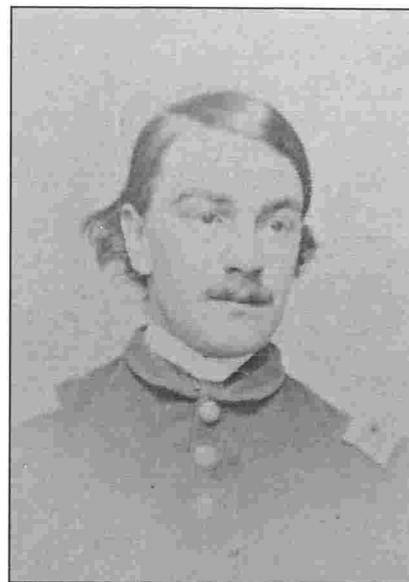
Over the next six months the 84th marched well over three hundred miles throughout Northern Virginia and engaged in five battles: Front Royal, May 10; Port Republic, June 9; Cedar Mt., August 9; Thoroughfare Gap, August 28; and the Second Battle of Bull Run, August 31. All proved indecisive and all, save Front Royal, were Southern victories. Company "F" losses were four wounded and eight men taken prisoner in these operations. Again, many more men fell out of the ranks due to the difficult conditions and were sent to hospitals in the rear. By September 3, the company had dwindled to less than twenty men.

Throughout the autumn of 1862, the regiment rested within the defenses of Washington, D.C., on Arlington Heights. Here, many sick and parolled prisoners of war were returned to duty. The company was further strengthened by a squad of forty-two additional voluntary recruits largely from eastern Lycoming and Columbia Counties.

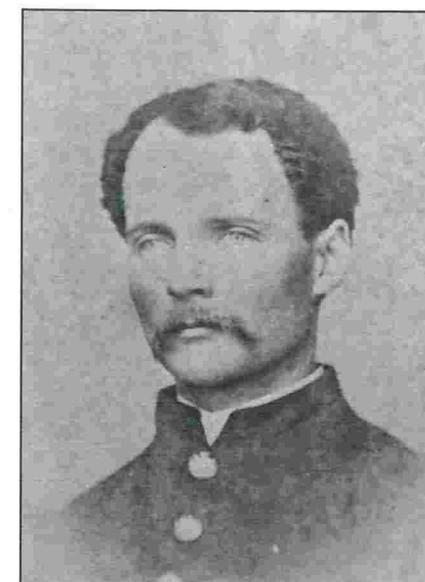
By this time, Captain Flack had resigned due to chronic illness, while a string of promotions materially altered the officer corps of Company "F". Milton Opp was promoted to Major and assigned to the 84th Regimental Staff. His was a rising star, as he was soon to command the Regiment, itself. Jacob Peterman was promoted to the rank of Captain and transferred to take command of Company "K", which was composed of men largely from Clearfield County. Charles W. Fribley was also promoted to Captain and soon after appointed Adjutant of the Regiment. These promotions enabled Second Sargent John. S. Farley to be promoted to 1st Lieutenant. As ranking officer in the company he served as commander of Company "F". At thirty-one years of age, Farley, a pre-war carpenter, was one of the older members of the company from Muncy. Fearlessly brave, he was later promoted to Captain and would serve with distinction in that capacity until he was severely wounded in the left shoulder on May 31, 1864, near Cold Harbor, Virginia. This wound led to an early discharge, in September, 1864, and troubled him more or less constantly until his death in 1894.

The 84th Pennsylvania would then participate in the bloody Northern disasters at Fredericksburg, Virginia, on December 13, 1862, where Company "F" suffered four

casualties and one wounded, and at Chancellorsville, Virginia, fought May 2nd to the 3rd, 1863. In the heavy fighting at Chancellorsville on May 3rd, the 84th was literally overrun by twice their number of Georgia troops. The enemy "... came up behind us before we knew they were there." In moments, over half the Regiment was surrounded and forced to lay down their guns and surrender. In this action, Company "F" suffered three killed, five wounded and twenty-two captured. Only five men in Company "F" escaped becoming prisoners. Personally led by 1st Lieutenant John Farley, these men actually overpowered their captors and made good their escape, bringing twenty-seven Rebel prisoners off the field with them, in a turn of events.



Commander Jacob Peterman



Captain Charles W. Fribley

Outstanding young men of the community. Peterman became Commander of Company "K," while Fribley was promoted to Adjutant of the Regiment. (Photos from the author's private collection..)

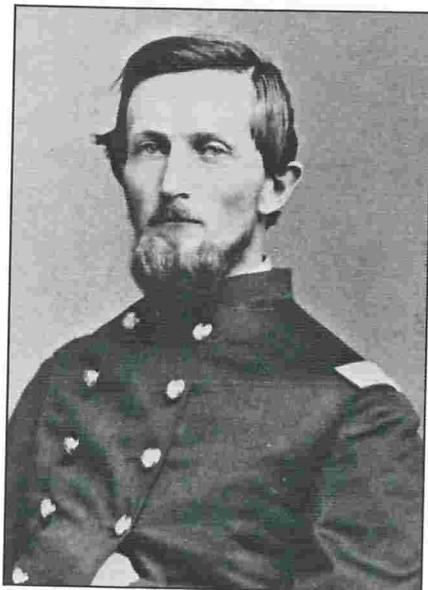
During this frantic struggle, Captain Jacob Peterman was killed. First struck in the side by a bullet, he refused to go to the rear when shortly afterwards he was struck by another bullet that "... passed through his body and he was instantly killed." Because the Rebels held this area after the battle, his body was buried by the Confederates in an unmarked grave and his remains were never located afterwards. Universally regarded as a bright and promising boy of but twenty-one years of age, Peterman's loss was particularly felt by the men throughout the Regiment. Two members in Company "F" also suffered similar fate. They, too were killed in the Battle of Chancellorsville. It had been a fearful ordeal.

Milton Opp, recently promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, actually commanded the Regiment at Chancellorsville and exhibited great gallantry on that bloody field. He deplored the heavy losses in his regiment and like a fatherly figure he sent newspapers back home with casualty lists. These provided names and injuries suffered for anxious families that had friends and relatives in the 84th P.V.I.

The remainder of 1863, would see the Regiment but little engaged. On June 30, by a strange twist of fate, the 84th was detailed to guard Army wagon trains at Westminster, Maryland, and thus missed an engagement a few miles north near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Hard marching accompanied by occasional skirmishes with the Rebels characterized the Autumn of 1863, culminating in actions at Kelly's Ford on November 7th, and Mine Run from November 29th to the 30th. Though under fire, Company "F" suffered no casualties during these operations.

During this interlude, Captain Charles W. Fribley was promoted to Colonel and appointed Commander of the 8th United States Colored Troops, a newly-organized regiment composed of blacks officered by whites. February 1864, found Fribley and his new regiment operating near Jacksonville, Florida. On February 20th, at Olustee, Florida, the 8th U.S.C.T. fought their first battle and were nearly annihilated. As the regiment started to break under a withering cross-fire, Colonel Fribley rode into the thick of the action attempting to rally the men. While in this act, he was "... struck in the breast ..." and instantly killed. Like Captain Peterman, the victorious Rebels would bury Fribley in an unmarked grave; where he rests today far, far from his home. His career was almost meteoric, and his final fate particularly sad. Unlike most Yankees, he was very idealistic in his motives and was deeply concerned about the issues of the slaves and their eventual freedom. Contrary to popular concept today, most Northern soldiers were fighting primarily to restore the Union, and not for the freedom of the slaves.

The coming of spring and the onset of the famous Overland Campaign during May and June of 1864, proved particularly disastrous for Company "F" and the 84th. In over thirty days of almost incessant fighting Company "F" lost over sixty percent of its men with seven killed and twelve wounded. Especially heavy losses were suffered in the Battles of the Wilderness, May 5th and 6th, and at Spottsylvania Court House on May 12th.



Lt. Col. Milton Opp
Commander of the Regiment at Chancellorsville

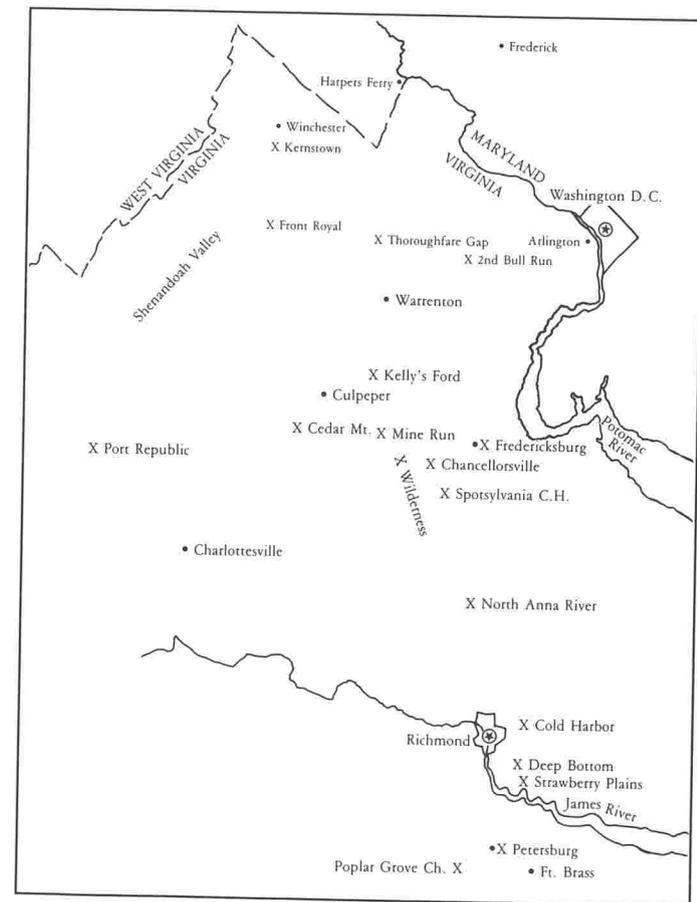


Cpt. John S. Farley
Served with distinction until wounded near Cold Harbor.

(Photos from the author's private collection.)

During the heaviest fighting on May 6, while personally leading his men in a desperate counter-attack to recapture lost trenches, Lieutenant Colonel Milton Opp suffered a mortal gunshot wound in the left lung. Sent to the rear in an ambulance, Colonel Opp suffered for three days at a hospital in Fredericksburg before expiring on May 9. An extraordinarily popular commander with his men, Milton Opp died before his 30th birthday and his absence was deeply mourned by the surviving members of the Regiment. Ambitious yet able, he had run an efficient Headquarters while his concern for the welfare of his men had endeared him to all. Unlike his comrades, Peterman and Fribley, Milton Opp's remains were shipped home and repose today, all but forgotten, in a quiet corner of Muncy Cemetery. Over twenty-five years later, his death was eulogized by a surviving member of the 84th P.V.I. as "... a great loss to the Regimental household".

The summer and autumn of 1864, would see the Regiment actively engaged in several operations near Petersburg, Virginia, particularly in "the trenches" east of the city, from June 15th to the 20th, at Strawberry Plains from July 27th to the 29th, at Deep Bottom on August 15th to the 16th, and at Poplar Grove Church on October 2nd. By October 7th, Company "F" had dwindled to a mere thirteen men present for duty. They had left camp on May 1st with thirty-nine men. It had indeed, been a hard campaign.



Map of the battles involving the 84th.

The final days were spent in garrison duty at Fort Bross, near Petersburg, Virginia. There, on October 23, 1864, those men whose term of service had expired, were honorably mustered out of the United States Army. Of the original company of sixty-five men and boys that left Muncy three years earlier, only eight were left! Of the remaining fifty-seven, five more returned home by Christmas, twelve had been killed or mortally wounded in action, twenty were discharged at an earlier date due to wounds, sickness and injuries, twelve were transferred into other units, four died of disease, three deserted, and one poor soul, 2nd Sargent David DeWald died at the Confederate prisoner of war camp in Salisbury, North Carolina, on February 14, 1865, only three months and twenty-two days after his comrades had been discharged at Fort Bross. Captured in action at Deep Bottom on August 16th when the skirmish line was overrun, Sargent DeWald was the "last casualty" in the company.

Late in October of 1864, a dinner was held at the Robbins' Hotel in Muncy, site of the present day Post Office, to honor the returning veterans. Joining the eight recently returned soldiers were twelve old vets of Company "F" who had been home for some time due to discharge on account of wounds, injuries, and sickness. This group included their former capable commander, Captain John S. Farley.

As they all went their own way at the conclusion of the dinner that evening, one thing was readily apparent, so many were gone. Those that remained were mere physical wrecks, their constitutions destroyed forever by the hard conditions and Rebel bullets. They had seen the enemy, they had fought the good fight, they had paid their dues. And now they had passed . . . into history.

Today, the best available evidence would indicate that Corporal Hiram G. Fribley, younger brother of the lamented Colonel Fribley, was the last survivor of the original sixty-five members of the "Muncy Rifles". He died quietly in his sleep on July 5, 1932, in L'Anse, Michigan, far from the roar and the smoke of the battlefield of Port Republic, where nearly seventy years earlier he had suffered an injury that plagued him until the day he died. He was buried a few days later in Big Rapids, Michigan, an American Flag was draped over his coffin in honor of his service with the 84th Pennsylvania so many years ago. With his passing, the last of a generation was gone, as were the memories of those dreadfully long marches, the meager fare, the terrible Virginia mud, along with the bravery and heroism those men had displayed so many times on the field of battle against a more than worthy foe.

What follows is the muster roll of Company "F", 84th P.V.I., the 1861 recruits only. Their age at enlistment, residence, and occupation is also included. This was, afterall, their story.

MUSTER ROLL OF COMPANY "F", 84TH PENNSYLVANIA
(CIRCA DECEMBER 15, 1861)

Name	Age	Occupation	Residence
David H. Baker	20	Shoemaker	Muncy
John Ball	18	Farmer	Moreland Twp.
Robert L. Barr	25	Boatbuilder	Muncy
Daniel Bitler	19	Farmer	Moreland Twp.
Oliver B. Bruner	31	Farmer	Muncy
John R. Castleberry	22	Lumberman	Plunketts Creek Twp.
James M. Chapman	21	Blacksmith	Montoursville
Thomas L. Chapman	19	Farmer	Montoursville
William M. Coolbaugh	31	Carpenter	Moreland Twp.
Thomas Craven	23	Carpenter	Hillsgrove
William Croman	20	Boatman	Muncy
William A. Cummings	21	Stonecutter	Muncy
Michael O. Day	19	Boatman	Lock Haven
David S. Dewald	24	Farmer	Moreland Twp.
Hiriam Dewald	21	Farmer	Muncy Creek Twp.
George W. Doctor	20	Farmer	Moreland Twp.
John S. Farley	31	Carpenter	Muncy

Name	Age	Occupation	Residence
Robert M. Flack	35	Shoemaker	Muncy
Charles W. Fribley	26	Teacher	Muncy
Hiram G. Fribley	18	Farmer	Muncy
Charles E. Grange	22	Blacksmith	Muncy
Levi Green	44	Farmer	Muncy
Thomas Harkins	19	Lumberman	Plunketts Creek Twp.
Allen W. Hines	18	Farmer	Muncy
James A. Hines	20	Farmer	Muncy
John Hogue	18	Boatman	Muncy
Levi Hunsinger	23	Blacksmith	Fairfield Twp.
George R. Irwin	20	Boatman	Muncy
Sanford Johnson	34	Boatman	Muncy
William Kleese	25	Lumberman	Muncy
Simon M. Kreisher	36	Laborer	Muncy
George W. Little	18	Distiller	Muncy
Samuel Long	18	Shoemaker	Muncy
John H. Lowmiller	18	Blacksmith	Muncy
Jesse McCarty	23	Brickmaker	Muncy
Samuel McCarty	18	Farmer	Muncy
William McCarty	28	Boatman	Muncy
James B. Mackey	16	Farmer	Muncy
Robert M. Madara	18	Farmer	Blackhole
John F. Manville	16	Boatman	Muncy
Charles Mecum	18	Farmer	Muncy
Robert H. Mecum	22	Blacksmith	Muncy
Thomas Meredith	20	Shoemaker	Muncy
Lewis E. Miller	23	Harnessmaker	Muncy
Milton Opp	26	Lawyer	Muncy
Jacob Peterman	20	Student of Law	Muncy
Jonathan W. Rissel	20	Clerk	Muncy
Charles W. Rooker	18	Blacksmith	Muncy
Francis M. Rupert	22	Farmer	Montgomery Station
Adam Seids	19	Shoemaker	Montoursville
John R. Sheridan	21	Moulder	Muncy
Charles P. Shoemaker	20	Farmer	Muncy
Charles S. Shoemaker	22	Farmer	Jersey Shore
George A. Shoemaker	18	Farmer	Muncy Creek Twp.
William Smith	22	Farmer	Moreland Twp.
Ellis Sones	18	Farmer	Moreland Twp.
Issac Sones	39	Farmer	Laporte Twp.
William E. Stead	23	Farmer	Lewis Twp.
William I. Steele	18	Laborer	Pennsville
Norman Stryker	21	Farmer	Plunketts Creek Twp.
John Tolbert	33	Brickmaker	Muncy Creek Twp.
William M. Taylor	22	Upholsterer	Muncy
John S. Walsh	18	Boatman	Muncy
Daniel S. Webb	19	Shoemaker	Muncy
Harvey S. Wells	21	Carriage Maker	Muncy

AUTHOR'S NOTE: I am currently conducting research on the 84th P.V.I. for eventual publication. Should you have any information, such as letters, diaries, or photographs pertaining to the 84th P.V.I., please write to me, David L. Richards, 4823 A. Chambersburg Road, Rt. 30, Biglerville, PA, 17307. Of special importance is a photo of 1st Lt. Harvey S. Wells, who became a popular newspaper man in Williamsport until his death in 1892.

**BLACK MARBLE FIREPLACES —
A SWEDISH PIONEER DISCOVERED THEM,
THEY ARE EVERLASTING,
ALL OVER A GRATEFUL COMMONWEALTH**

by Henry W. Shoemaker, Member of the Swedish Colonial Society

It was a night of Easter snow squalls, and a bitter east wind, twenty miles per hour, at least, when my shivering horse pulled up in front of the Morgan's Hill Hotel in Lycoming County. An old, grizzled man, like the ones we used to see all around country hotels in those days, with a scraggly beard and his ill-fitting coat, tied in position by a piece of rope, appeared out of the lighted door and took charge of the outfit. I had met the stubby bartender on a previous visit, a blonde, red-faced man with a drooping mustache. He called to me cheerfully, introducing me to a tall, six foot four inches of a silk-hatted gentleman with mustache and chinbeard, a man of fine carriage and distinguished appearance. "This is Mr. Marcus Hulings. He has just told me something which interested me powerfully. The first settler in these parts was a Swedish-born pioneer, Marcus Hulings or Huling and he is buried in Mosquito Valley, just across the ridge. I get so homesick for my people at times that I'd have made half a dozen visits to take care of his grave if I had known." The tall man in silk hat and faded Prince Albert coat shook my hand warmly, and said whenever he could spare the time he placed an Easter flower in a pot, usually a chrysanthemum on his ancestor's grave, the Swedish frontiersman, Hulings or Huling. He had bought it at Jersey Shore and had driven in that evening and the next morning would visit the grave and place the plant. He would like to show the place to Mr. Gustafson, the bartender, but his daughter Elga, who was very proud of her Swedish blood, was with him. His carriage was a fine two-seated runabout, he had obtained from Peter Leas' livery stable near the bridge to the Long Island.

Perhaps it was intended as a gentle hint, but I took the idea, though I had never seen Elga before. I said I would be very happy to take the young girl with me, if she would accept, as I was going that way myself. Both Mr. Hulings and the bar man seemed delighted and the gentleman of Swedish blood stated he would like to introduce me to his daughter. He turned from the bar and went into the lobby and up the main staircase of the quaint century-old hotel, which no doubt, had entertained many interesting encounters. In about two minutes he came down with smiling Elga. No doubt she would have hated to be left behind at the gloomy hostelry while Daddy went on an excursion with the Swedish bar-keep. I was immediately pleased with my future companion's appearance, a girl of probably five feet seven or eight, a golden blonde with features which showed the best blood and noble charms. Her voice was soft and natural and her manners easy and cheerful. "Papa took me", she said, "to our ancestor's grave, and to his old blockhouse when I was five years old. I don't remember it well, but I am anxious to go again. Father felt this Swedish gentleman who runs the bar would be the best person to watch the graves as he is unable to get here with any degree of completeness. I was going to stay and write some Easter letters but I'll be very happy to go with you."

The rest of the evening was spent discussing the Swedes, the first white settlers in what is now Pennsylvania, Gloria Dei Church, John Morton, Admiral Dahlgren, Clemson College, and Dr. Keen, among the many famous Swedes who left their place in history here. I also told them of the recent founding of the Swedish Colonial Society

in Philadelphia. The bartender had joined our group, along with several descendants of pioneers from Alsace, who had built the handsome Roman-Catholic Church half a mile up the road to Mosquito Valley. They seemed to think that they had other descendants hereabouts.

About nine o'clock, the day before Easter, the hired man and a shabby stable boy brought the two horses and buggies to the front entrance of the hotel. My horse, Bonnie Dundee, was a three-gaited Kentucky bred saddler and a good buggy beast. Mr. Huling had a chestnut pacer, formerly well known on the tracks of central Pennsylvania. I regret that I have forgotten his name. He didn't like Bonnie and kept nipping at him when the hostlers were looking in another direction.

We were all ready when the vehicles appeared and soon were on the road up the hill past the site of the catholic church and the shrine with its beautiful marble statue of Mary, where several candles grouped about it had burned throughout the night, and were still flickering. Elga was pleased at these quaint sights and before long was engaged in active conversation which became more personal and intimate as the drive progressed. We were in the depths of a hemlock forest and as we started down the hill, a frozen brook followed the winding road and several times ruffed grouse crossed the road and ravens soared overhead. "I am glad to be here", said Elga, "it is an interesting road. I had planned to run away if I had been left behind. I really did not want to as I knew I would be caught, but this drive gave my cowardly heart a chance to escape from itself." Then she went on to say that her father and her mother strongly desired she marry the flour miller whose place was next to their home. He was a widower of six months and a man nearly her father's age, close to sixty. The intended husband was an agreeable old fellow but there was nothing lovable about him, nothing at all she could prize and hold on to if he was hers. She had saved up enough money to live for a while until she could get into some amusement opening in one of the big cities, but now her plans were changed again. She could not run off. She asked if I would suggest some plan to avoid this marriage. She feared now she would have to return home with her father. Her parents were good to her, but on the subject of marriage, very firm. Unfortunately she had not found a man of the right age to love. She had been a home girl and now their insistence made her require some means of escape. Looking at me suddenly with her two glorious bright eyes, she said, "Since leaving the Morgan House the following idea has come to me. Tonight I will tell my father that I have fallen in love with you. It would please him and mother too. You are a well known college man and you are Judge Mayer's nephew. They would be keen to help such a romance through. I will go home, and we'll break the news to mother. I will correspond with you, and in time, they will forget all about the old miller. Then you could come for me, or telegraph me to visit you in the East. I'd find a place in one of the big cities and a place in the show business and you need never hear from me again, until I was marrying some man of suitable age and prospects. Will you do it?" It would make me a conspirator or schemer at an early age, and I did not like to break her plan. I merely said nothing.

We came out of the woods and saw her father's buggy a hundred yards ahead. We turned off the public road and drove in a long, winding lane lined with broken off poplars which had once made a shady driveway. We saw a great stone and brick house ahead with a slate roof; over the front door was a coat of arms carved in black marble. "Here is our old family home at last! I recognize it after fifteen years," she said excitedly. We stopped and Mr. Hulings got out and pulled the "bell pull". Soon a nice looking woman opened the door. "She's probably the wife of the caretaker of the Redington family," whispered Elga, still feeling she had won her point about freedom from marrying the miller.

The tiny cemetery was on a high, rounded hill, back of the mansion. The woman pointed the way and we resumed our journey to the grave of the pioneer Hulings who died 150 years before. We opened a wire gate and drove into the sacred acre. In the centre of a group of broken-off tombstones stood a higher monument. It had been broken off in the middle but was cemented together. It was not a marble tombstone, but had once been polished. It had an angel with wings. On top it said, "that here rested the remains of Marcus Hulings or Huling, pioneer, explorer, ocean traveler". This stone was, no doubt, erected by the Redingtons who owned all the surrounding territory including the marble quarries. They had made a great fortune with black marble fireplaces some of which remain in every county in the Pennsylvania Commonwealth. I saw several recently in the grand old Cameron County seat at "Donegal". Along the tumble-down wire fence lay pieces of marble tombstones, not yet pieced together after they had been brushed down by wayward colts.

We were joined by Mrs. Campbell, the caretaker's wife who invited us to stop in for some hot coffee and light cakes on our way out, which we did. The bartender from the Morgan was very talkative. He told of Sweden, Sweden Hill, and Sweden Township in Potter County, and of the colonies of Swedes in Elk and Warren Counties, but the great Swede buried here was a complete surprise to him. Mrs. Campbell told how young Redington, the marble quarrier's son had gone to New York City after graduating with honors at Harvard. "He is such a handsome lad with an angry mustache and is now a suitor of one of the Astor heiresses". "That is the one", said Mr. Hulings. He was with Robert Roy Hamilton, the wealthy youth who disappeared mysteriously several years ago. I met him in a bar in a Montana cow town. He looked to be in perfect health and told amusing stories to the cow hands clustered about him." "How funny all should head into Mosquito Valley", said Mrs. Campbell.

After our comfortable refreshment we parted. I took the bartender back to the Morgan House. Mr. Hulings and Elga started back for Jersey Shore by way of Long Reach so they could call at the Updegraff's. I heard nothing more from Elga.

The next summer I saw signs that the decoration Easter flower had been replaced, but the second year nothing was on the lonely grave. I thought it over, perhaps something had happened to Mr. Hulings. I decided to drop a line to Elga, whose Nordic beauty still haunted me; to which came a reply. She began by telling me of her father's death from a stroke at the age of 67 years. She said that on the train back home from Jersey Shore she had met a party of Swedes coming back from a funeral at Nippeno Park. In the group was a fine looking young man of twenty-four. "He seemed to be interested from the start". After a short courtship he proposed marriage, and since he was heir to the laundry corporation at Johnsonburg, the family could offer no oppositions. They were married three months to the day after I had met her at the Morgan House. She was expecting a baby. I was delighted to hear the good news, especially since she could have broken down and married the persistent miller.

After that, whenever I could contact a florist in Williamsport, I would purchase a potted geranium and decorate the grave of Marcus Hulings, Huling, or Hewling. Various times due to wars and foreign service I could not get there, but whenever able, I paid my tribute to the memory of this mighty Swede whose career is so full of stirring incidents it would fill a book. He is always in my mind when I sit before one of those black marble fireplaces and smell the wood smoke and think of his most lasting achievements, the black marble fireplaces which spread his shadowy discovery all over Pennsylvania.

THE WILLIAMSPORT SANITARIUM,

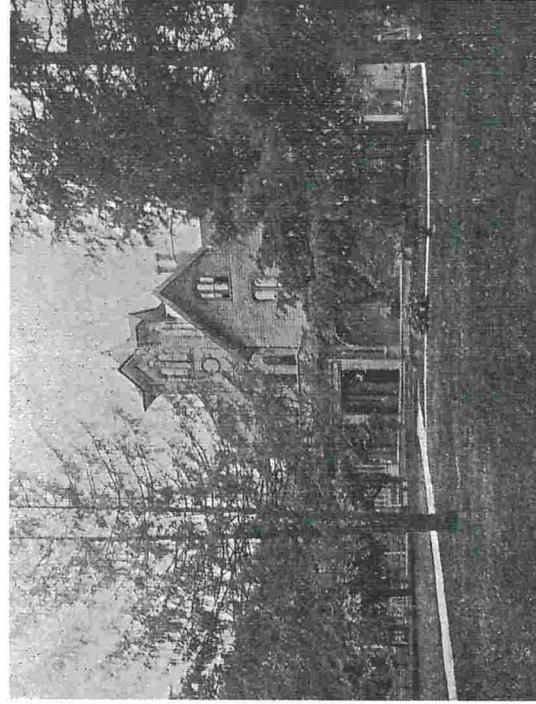
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Any communication addressed to the Williamsport Sanitarium will receive prompt and courteous attention. All correspondence is attended to by Dr. Brown himself, which is held in Strict Confidence.

Taken from Souvenir A. O. H. Convention Book, June 1896.

FOR SPOOKY SPOOKS OR TIRELESS SLEUTHS

*Taken from: Household Discoveries,
An Encyclopaedia of Practical Recipes and Processes
by Sidney Morse, The Success Company, c. 1909*

Sympathetic Inks: These inks are invisible until brought out by the effect of heat or some chemical. For an invisible ink write with fresh milk, which will not show until the paper is gently heated.

Or write with a solution of sugar in water.

Or write with a mixture of one part sulphuric acid and twenty parts of water, using a quill or gold pen. The acid will corrode an iron or steel pen. This is invisible until the paper is made warm enough to evaporate the water when the acid will char the paper in black characters.

Or write with a solution of acetate of lead, and afterwards expose the writing to the fumes of a brimstone match.

Luminous Ink: Dissolve one dram of phosphorus in one ounce of oil of cinnamon. Cork tightly, and put the bottle in hot water until dissolved. Letters written with this solution will be visible in the dark.

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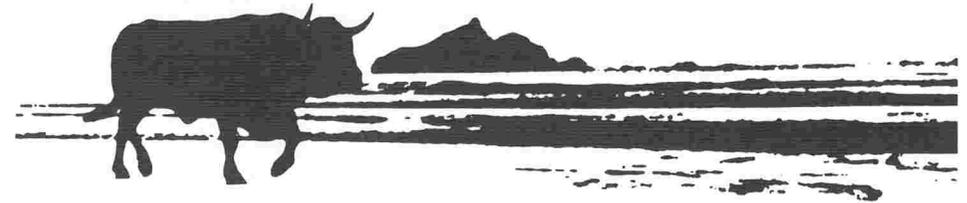
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