



THE  
JOURNAL  
OF THE  
LYCOMING HISTORICAL SOCIETY

the JOURNAL of the  
LYCOMING HISTORICAL SOCIETY

PUBLISHED BIANNUALLY IN WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

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Extra Copies of The Journal Fifty Cents Each

VOLUME 1

OCTOBER, 1956

NUMBER FOUR

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

During the quiet of the summer season, plans have been formulated for an active 1956-1957 program for the Lycoming Historical Society.

Mr. Morris H. Housel, program chairman, has arranged a varied and excellent program for the coming season, and it is our hope that there will be a large attendance at every meeting. This season the meetings will be held the FIRST THURSDAY of each month, starting in October and ending in April.

Your Board, after a great deal of thought, decided to omit the annual outing this summer. Construction at the historic sites we contemplated visiting was held up due to weather, etc., and several interesting

nearly historical shrines will be available next year.

The magazine needs financial help, if it is to be continued. I am sure every member enjoyed the two issues, which contained interesting and informative material, as will future numbers. Please help underwrite future issues by promptly mailing your contribution.

The Museum will need Sunday afternoon hosts and hostesses, so when you are asked, please accept. If everyone helps, it need not be a burden to a few.

Again thanking everyone for his or her part in making our last season a success, and with continued best wishes, I am,

Clement Stewart Coryell,

President

## July 4, 1863, Gettysburg, 'He Was There'

by George D. Wolfe

The anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg is always a cause for a new look at the source materials of that momentous engagement by the historian. While delving into the files at the Historical Museum and making personal contacts with local descendants of Civil War fame, it was my good fortune to come across the story of Harry Bingham. A portion of that story is told in a thrilling letter which Harry wrote to his sister Margaret, here in Williamsport, concerning his experiences at Gettysburg in the greatest battle of the nineteenth century.

Harry Bingham's sister, Margaret, was the wife of John B. Coryell, the grandfather of C. Stewart Coryell and his sister Margaret

Bingham Coryell of Williamsport. The second child of that marriage, Sarah Borrows Coryell, was the mother of John Coryell Hays, whose wife, Sylvia Bowman Hays, provided the letter which serves as the basis of this account. Both Mr. Hays of Nisbet, and the above mentioned Coryells of Williamsport were of great help to this writer.

The July 18, 1863 letter of the young captain, Henry Harrison Bingham, offers a vivid, personal account of Union resistance to Pickett's Charge, and the horrors of the rainy night which followed it.

In this letter Harry gives reference to an earlier "safety" letter, a Bingham custom after each engagement, before recounting

Vol. I No. 4

THE JOURNAL

October, 1956

with amazing modesty his valorous contribution in repelling Pickett's Charge; the agony of the wet, after-battle night, and a brief mention of a well-earned promotion

There are a few circumstances worth noting separately before passing to the letter in its entirety. First of all, the rain of July 4th must have been a severe one as other correspondence of the period mentions it also. In the July 2, 1956 issue of LIFE there is reference to a letter of Charles Francis Adams II in which he writes of the "drenching rain" of that horrible night.

Also, the obvious devotion of Captain Bingham to his superior, the "Superb", General Hancock, is an interesting contrast to an earlier letter which gives a highly unfavorable impression of General Hooker at the Battle of Chancellorsville. Harry Bingham was very definitely cognizant of the qualities of leadership.

Regarding the battle itself, it must be remembered that prior to the charge, Hancock's Staff, including Bingham, was up and down the Union line in the face of the greatest cannonading in history to that time. An interesting sidelight is the reference to the loss of a beautiful white horse at this particular juncture. Strangely enough, Rothermel's "Battle of Gettysburg", which hangs in the state capitol of Harrisburg shows Captain Bingham astride what appears to be a dark horse.

Finally, his postscript comment about "Jim" refers to his brother who had recently joined Hancock's Second Corps.

All in all this exciting narrative helps to accentuate the "eternal" flame which burns in the glory of our historic past. Harry Bingham's story is vital because at Gettysburg on July 4th, 1863, he was there.

The following is a copy of Harry Bingham's 'Gettysburg Letter' in full:

Headquarters Second corps, near Harpers Ferry, Va., July 18, 1863.

"Dear Sister: Do not think I have forgotten you. I wrote you immediately after the battle concerning my safety, and if I mistake not a letter since, but perhaps I am wrong. Well, I came safe and sound out of the last engagement, and have no objections to go into another to-morrow, provided always that we whip them. Gettysburg was a hard-fought and fairly-won battle. God grant us many such victories, and those of our comrades that are

spared will soon return to our homes wiser and better men. By-the-by, I will tell you how I spent my 4th of July night. About 8 o'clock in the evening I laid myself on the ground (and it was wet and foggy at the time) to rest for the night. I had nothing to put under or above me (on the field we take nothing in the shape of bed clothing). About 12 o'clock I woke, and found that I was in a complete pool of water that nearly covered me, and it was raining terribly. I got up and stood by, or, rather, against, a tree until daylight, but unfortunately this tree was within 20 or 30 feet of some hundred wounded, dying or dead rebels, and, together with the groans and cries for water and the rain, I passed the night the remembrance of which I can never forget. I would not have been surprised to have found my hair gray, my agony at times was so intense. But that is only one of the side scenes in the great conflict. The morning after the battle I went over all the battle-ground and I saw that which gave rise to the old expression 'dead heaped on dead'.

"Our General, I mean Gen. Hancock, was the hero of the fight. Oh, but he is a gallant man! When we rode along our line of battle, while the enemy were advancing in three perfectly-formed lines, every man looked up, and saw the perfect soldier in their General, and as he spoke to them here and there cheer after cheer ascended, for all have had the most unbounded confidence in him. He was wounded during the heaviest part of the engagement. We assisted him from his horse, and he ordered us all again to mount, and there on his back he lay and gave us order after order to execute. Said he, in giving me one of the many orders which we executed: 'Mr. Bingham (he always calls the gentlemen of his staff Mr.), take those two regiments on the left of this line, lead them to left flank of Webb's front, and pour enfilading fire in that line of rebels just advancing'.

"I led them within 20 yards of the rebel line, and poured a raking fire into the enemy that caused a breaking of their ranks and a promiscuous retreat. It was at that time that I lost as beautiful white horse as it is possible to obtain. I hope the General will soon return. He is now in Philadelphia. I am very well. Write soon. I

suppose you know that I am Judge-Advocate of the Second Corps. When Gen. Hancock received command of the corps he took me with him.

"Love to all. Direct, H. H. Bingham,  
Head-qrs. 2 "Corps"  
Washington, D. C.

Your brother, Harry.

I forgot to say that Jim is in this army now. I saw him some days ago. He is very well.

We, of this valley, are fortunate indeed to have had this connection with one of the foremost heroes of the Civil War. For

after Gettysburg, Harry Bingham continued to serve his beloved country, receiving two more wounds in combat and being raised to the rank of Brigadier General. The crowning achievement was the reception of the Congressional Medal of Honor for gallantry in the Wilderness Campaign. Even this was not enough for this man of a mere one-hundred and nine pounds, for he continued to serve as a Representative in the Congress of the United States from the First Congressional District in Philadelphia. This seat he held for thirty-three consecutive years until his death in 1912.

## PAGES OF DIRT

by James P. Bressler

Rare indeed is the person who has no interest or curiosity about some phase of history. To most of us the word history takes on the school age atmosphere of a book from which we study factual data about things past. Actually history is an account of anything past, whether written or not. You, as a person, are becoming history in a sense, every moment you live.

The archeologist looks at written history too. In addition he reads a book that is written in a different fashion. Furthermore he has ever so much more latitude in which to maneuver. While we take such justifiable pride in the history of Lycoming county and the exciting part it played in the growth of a nation, we are actually confined to less than 200 years of recorded historical facts, give or take a few years. To be sure more has happened in that short time to affect the physical appearance and human population of this river valley than occurred in all the days before. These events are all recorded in a fashion that makes it real, and gives it life and feeling. Then again, this is history of our own people, and how we got what we have. That in itself involves us directly through our ancestors. It is the history of our time.

The archeologist on the other hand, goes back in time as much as 10,000 years or more—50 times the span of our recorded history. He alone knows the language of this history book, and the skill he must develop to read it. Really he has a frontier all his own, trying to put a puzzle together

er from the most meager pieces of evidence. His language is one of stone and bone, and his pages are written in dirt, layer upon layer as the red man left it. From the artifacts he finds, the position in which he finds them, the prints of ancient huts, the burials of the dead, the refuse heaps, their pottery of stone and clay, the wicked and deadly arrowheads, all these and many more are his words and tell his story. He must be able to dream a little too, for his whole book, age by age is one of the imagination based on what he finds. He must truly put flesh on the bones and make them live. He sees fierce combats of the wild; of man against a vast unbroken wilderness full of wild beasts, wars of annihilation, the wild beauty of a savage kingdom with strange tribal customs, witch doctors in hideous costumes like ghosts in the flicker of a campfire performing antics to drive the evil spirits from the sick and the wounded. He can see brown skinned savages spearing fish in the Loyalsock or the Susquehanna, squaws grinding maize on stone mortar or scraping hides for winter clothing. He sees a single file of dusky warriors creeping through the dim half light of our mountain valleys, bound for a distant land to make war on a hostile tribe. He puts each arrowhead into the bow of some ancient hunter and tries to picture the mission that lost the arrow to be found a thousand years later. These things he must see by himself, for the Indian had no written history otherwise. Archeology

is more than finding stones.

Cultivation of the fields in which the ancient villages stood has broken up many of these pages of dirt and he must dig below to find more accurate reading. As he does so he knows too that these pages can be read only once for he must destroy one to get to the next. The deeper he goes the older the story and the words become more obscure. He must record and photograph as he goes, and even at best he cannot be sure of all his translations. He deplores the depredations of his well meaning but poorly informed friends who destroy his pages of dirt merely to find strange and curious objects without recording the facts he needs to read the real story.

Here in the Susquehanna Valley and in the hills about rest in silence many of the secret stories that are just as thrilling,

just as vital a part of our cultural heritage as the recorded history of our times. With this motive in mind local people interested in archeology have organized so that some of the unwritten history may be studied and preserved so that all may learn. Our historical society has a direct interest in this for it becomes the medium whereby this evidence can be displayed and the story told.

Many people in all levels of society find this field a refreshing relaxation and are excitingly rewarded in material and cultural enrichment. We hope the interest will grow, for it is already late to begin writing the story of our ancient past. The evidence is rapidly being gathered up and the pages are becoming fewer. And yet there is time to help in this work if you are willing to learn a new language—written in pages of dirt.

## FOUND - A LOST SCHOOL

by Della G. Dodson

The inquiry came from a distant city. Where was it located and what became of it? I refer to the old Everett School.

We checked with the City School Board Office. A search through the archives came up with the information, it had been located on Maynard Street between Third and Fourth Streets near Junction of Vine, and that it had been closed in 1893 when the Clay Building, now located on south side of Third above Park Street was opened.

After many attempts at getting more information and locating any former pupils who had gone to school in this building, we finally found a retired teacher who had been a pupil in the Everett School.

She told us it was not located between Third and Fourth Streets but was at the southwest corner of Second and Maynard Streets. It was a two-story brick building and later was turned into a factory which manufactured men's shirts. There were four grades in the building and this teacher went there in her fourth grade. The Principal at that time, was Daniel Keeler. She remembers that Miss Adda Wells and Miss Jannette Ephlin were teachers.

To show how time and conditions change, the teacher told us about a happening that

occurred while she was in attendance there. At the same time the Everett School was in operation—there also was a school building on Hepburn Street below Third where all colored pupils were enrolled. This building became too old and beyond repair and the City School Board decided to close it and send the colored children up town to the Everett Building.

Up to this time the white children had not mixed with nor known many colored children and the girls especially, were very much scared at the idea and didn't want to come to school. When the teacher of the room where the colored children were to be placed, heard this, she gathered her white pupils around her and told them not to be frightened that she would have them, the white children, go out and stay in the hall after the colored children arrived and were assigned to their seats. When the day came for transferring the colored children she had all the white youngsters go into the hall until the confusion of seating and enrolling the new scholars was completed and everything was in order. Then she opened the door into the hall and the white children still somewhat scared, came in and took their places and quiet and order was restored without any further fear on either white or colored sides.

## EDITORIAL

COMMENTS ON AN ANONYMOUS DIARY — 1868

by Michael M. Wargo

A diary says Webster's dictionary is a "daily record, especially of personal experiences or observations" or "a book keeping such records." To the historical researcher a diary is more than this. It is what discovering gold would have been to a prospector, or finding an honest man to Diogenes. Yet in innumerable attics, cellars, and closets of Williamsport and the Williamsports of the United States lie diaries, papers, and letters whose intrinsic value is nil, whose worth to the holders is nought, whose value even as salvage for waste collectors is negligible, yet, as undiscovered, unmined finds—historical primary sources, eyewitness accounts, are invaluable to the historical scholar.

In truth much of what these "old papers" contain may be valueless, but they are records of an age without tape transcriptions, records, and other "collecting" gadgets of our time. Only the research writers can know or judge their worth, and it is from these researchers' point of view criminal, the revisions, new outlooks, filling in of gaps and additions to the early traditions of our nation that are lost by destroying of, or the continued unavailability of these sources.

It is only from such sources that scholars of the future will be able adequately to revise past histories or, if need be, to substantiate present concepts. For, a little note here, or a scrap of information there—an anecdote—these are the feeder streams, the tributaries which when tapped feed waters into the larger streams of history from which records flow.

Some primary sources may seem too personal or too insignificant to be saved by you members of the Historical Society. Even we, your editors, are often not sure that when we ask you or your acquaintances for contributions, records, or to take the time to write up stories or accounts of events you or your relatives may have observed that we are recording history. But if just one of your contributions is used by future researchers, if just one of our

articles stimulates one of you to recall an "event", an "incident" worth recording, then we in our small way will have succeeded. We will have panned dust from previously unproductive streams to enrich the knowledge of our past in the stream of history.

But enough of polemics; we are after facts. Your editors have received a small time stained book, coverless, but a diary, specifically of the year 1868. It is about the size of a small notebook of today and contains space for daily comments from January 1, 1868 to December 31, 1868. Many of its pages are blank, but on many in ink, and occasionally in pencil, a gentleman of early Williamsport days has recorded observations; some in passing—the weather; some intimate—his lady acquaintances; some business and loans, house buying; some social—customs, manners, and entertainment.

In all likelihood this diary is merely antiquarian but not antique, i. e., it is old but not valuable. Yet one is never sure. Obviously whatever family the gentleman belonged to discarded it. In fact the diary is a mystery, since its author's name appears nowhere on it or in it.

An anonymous diary, discarded, containing no startling revelations—not worth keeping even by a public library, since to rebind it, store it would be inconvenient, but if it were made available in the archives of an historical society?—ah, that is something else. For to the historical researcher this little book is a challenge, a "find," and a source.

For example, man is curious, and researchers are human. The obvious first question comes up—who wrote this diary?—who is this man who periodically in the year 1868 in the little town of Williamsport in the throes of the lumbering boom which would make it the city of today took the time to record history?

Here the researcher begins. Preceding the diary, as in many memo books of today is a calendar. The diarist has faithfully labeled one Tuesday as "Lodge" revealing

himself to have been of the Masonic Order. But there were many Williamsport Masons in 1868 as now. However, following the diary itself, in pages reserved for notes and memos the writer lists the rules for loans, comments on credit, vaults, etc. and occasionally in the diary proper speaks of getting to "the bank" on time or returning from it. He mentions being elected as "Captain General" on March sixteenth and being installed on April twenty-first.

But were not Masonic records not available, on numerous instances he notes having attended specific weddings, mentioning others in attendance. A check of such weddings in newspapers of the dates he cites might reveal his identity. Further on April twenty-seventh he penned "Rec'd the refusal of Dr. Logan property (a 7200 for 15 days from date)"; on May ninth he "signed agreement for purchase of Dr. Logan home this morning." Further additions show he paid the doctor for "his building" and finally that on July twenty-ninth he "was making preparations to leave for my new home in Wmspt in the morrow" and that the following day he "slept in the House for the first time this night." A search of court house records, real estate transfers and our anonymous diarist would again probably be identified.

For our purpose it sufficed, however, that he lived in Jersey Shore, eventually moved to Williamsport and his new house to start a "private bank." He was single and at the time escorted many local ladies of still prominent families to various functions, teas, sewing circles, etc. He was a Christian gentleman and records variously attending the "10th and Arch Street Church" and the "Old School Presbyterian Church" and thought worthy of consideration that on Sunday, March fifteenth a sermon was finished containing the church order "forbidding dancing."

Our anonymous gentlemen was seemingly quite well-to-do, sophisticated, and cosmopolitan, for he recalls frequent trips by train that year to Philadelphia for theatre, opera, business, and fraternal affairs. He mentions his gloves, studs, trunks and owned a "sulky" which was finished for him that spring and in which he took rides, weather and roads permitting "along the rocks" to Mill Hall, the Sock, etc. and one interesting excursion "in the

rain" with a lady companion.

Our gentleman had many friends and despite the church's order admits that on January thirteenth he "concluded arrangements for a little dance . . . this evening about 15 couples assembled . . . had a most delightful time, arrived home about one o'clock a. m." On numerous occasions he attended "Sewing Circles at 'T's' and 'H's'" where the attractions ranged from "Eucher" (at which he occasionally lost a little money) to "looking at statuary and microscopes," fellowship over "jelly cakes and tea" and often "lager beer" and finally escorting one of the young ladies home. And on one occasion, March fifth, he admits "this being a leap year party I was called upon and escorted by Miss \_\_\_\_\_"! He escorted other young ladies and records sleigh rides in two horse sleighs, etc.

The gentleman was a sportsman as well as a "bonvivant", drank cognac (to keep warm presumably on these trips) and notes on April fourteenth that on a pigeon hunt he "killed 10 before dinner" and on July twenty-third "went . . . fishing . . . caught 3 doz less one" and "examined the deer lick."

He faithfully records the weather comparing floods with that of 1865 and commenting on March thirteenth "the ice broke away and passed over the dam at five o'clock this afternoon" after "torpedoes were exploded . . . to break the jam," and that on March sixteenth the river reached "24½ feet." From May fifteenth to May twenty-third his sole entries were "Rain" and on July second that it was "almost fearful warm." On February fifteenth however he is happy that "the sleighing has been good for a month" and often he comments that the weather was "splendid" or "warm and pleasant."

Thus our diarist revealed nothing particularly startling or new, yet does reveal the life, after working hours of the respectable Williamsporter of 1868. He gives names of acquaintances which might be of interest today. But the researcher must be discreet and not reveal personal accounts without permission of next of kin, for historical writing is not and should not be sensational or scandalous.

This diarist then, whether he intended it or not, has left clues and little vignettes of Williamsport 1868. To the religious,

social, economic or political researcher different details of his diary would be pieces which compared with other sources would make possible new conclusions about our past.

Some day our sons or daughters may decide that excellent though they be, the histories of the West Branch of Meginess, Lloyd, and others are outdated and must be revised or re-written. It is to men like our anonymous diarist who on August 2, 1868, having attended church, retired and concluded his diary for whatever reasons with "expecting to commence business in the morning. Hopes bright and prospects fair—11 o'clock p. m.", that we must turn for materials.

We trust that his business prospered and that he lived to a ripe old age in his new Williamsport residence. We wish there were more like him, who took the time to write what then and now might be invaluable links in fitting together a much larger story.

We trust that his descendants, and those of others like him will examine old papers however trivial they may appear and before destroying them at least offer them to historical archives or to our Journal in particular. As they are used, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have made a contribution to history and to writing and research.

## Memories Of Wild Life On Young Woman's Creek

Dedicated with deep respect to Max Henrici

by Henry W. Shoemaker

Maynard's most excellent History of Clinton County, published in 1873 tells much of the wild life in the Clinton townships, but says little of the game of Young Woman's Creek. Yet, it was the true sportsmen's paradise of Pennsylvania for thirty years after the super-abundant natural conditions had disappeared elsewhere. The finding of an occasional elk horn on Quiggle Branch, (I saw one in Jim Dyer's place in 1902), testified that these grand animals lingered on Young Woman's for twenty years after Jim Jacob's kill at Flag Swamp on the Cameron-Clearfield County line in 1867. Or the animal with the curious elk-like horns, yet deer's head, killed by John D. Decker in Decker Valley, Centre County, in 1877. Or the pair of wapitis seen in various parts of Cambria County in February, 1881. Elk were not re-introduced in Pennsylvania until 1916.

Wolves harrassed the hunting camps of John Ziegler and Michael Skurr both of Clinton County, who hunted on the main Young Woman's and the Quiggle branch

during the same period up to 1892.

John Dougherty an aged resident of Young Woman's returning home from a skating expedition one moonlight night in the winter of 1892, on the "Main straight" encountered several wolves, but being unarmed continued homeward at his fastest pace, outskating the varmits without much difficulty. This adventure was told to Max Henrici, Pittsburg editor, his guest on a trout fishing visit during the early summer of 1916.

I rested in the old man's cabin after a long hike from Slate Run, one evening in September, 1902, and enjoyed his recollections of the days when Young Woman's Creek Valley was filled with wolves, panthers, bears, wildcats, golden eagles, and passenger pigeons. Mr. Ziegler, a tall, strong, white bearded pioneer who for twenty years maintained a "sleeping place" at Rauchtown, Clinton County, and was well known to travellers, hunters and fishermen passing through Rauch's Gap, usually had spent the time from deer season until the New Year at his camp on Young Woman's Creek.

About 1898 he decided to remain at home, and take care of overnight guests at Rauchtown; his wife's health failed and she could no longer do the cooking for the guests and hostlers' were hard to keep. He always entertained his guests after supper in an ample, well-lighted living room with a blazing wood stove, telling tales of his hunting days in the Black Forest.

"One year about 1885 or 6," he said, "I had a pigeon trap on the Quiggle Branch, and the birds left before all the grain had been consumed. I came up the fork unexpectedly one forenoon, and saw the ground filled with feeding ruffed grouse, at least 25 or more. Another step and a big brown wolf jumped up behind the screen. The grouse rose hurriedly and flew far away. The wolf was gone before I could get my Henninger into position. I don't think the grouse ever returned there."

Samuel Heckert believes he saw a few individual wild pigeons on the various branches of Young Woman's as late as 1891, which year he saw and heard wolves howling in that region, one of the latest dates recorded in Pennsylvania. At that time there had been no wolves on the adjacent Kettle Creek since Civil War times, but that region, says Samuel Pfoutz (1855-1940) was being timbered off and rafted out and prospected for minerals with clearings opened up it became an uncertain domain for varmits, causing them to stick to Young Woman's Creek for many years in virgin forest, with only a few hunter's cabins its entire length until probably around 1900 when woodsmen, prospectors, hunters, fishermen, and settlers came in more plentifully and the wolves quietly faded out.

I shall never forget the big Woods, on the Coudersport Pike, at the head of Young Woman's Creek, a ten mile stretch of gigantic primeval hemlocks and hardwoods. Now the giant stumps have been burned by forest fires and a new mixed growth forest rises from the ruins.

The Slate Run railroad train arrived, and was crowded with passengers. It would have been a much easier way, on the stemwinder, but the hike had its varied charms. Yet out of the passenger coach, hooked before the log cars, stepped several beautiful dark girls of the mountaineer type, with skins like alabaster and features diamond clear,

one wearing a red straw hat. Then came an old man, white bearded, carrying a heavy burlap sack. He was followed by an old lady with a heavy covered market basket. Four or five 'Woodsies' then stepped out and assisted a young mother with three small children. The engineer in his undershirt leaned out the cab window, to watch the exodus.

We had supper at Raisch's while the crew washed up, and then started down the hollow towards Young Woman's Town, then recently re-named North Bend. We saw quite a crowd at Jim Dyer's and stopped there a while. Jim, a great tall blonde hunter, said he believed the last elk in Pennsylvania harbored somewhere down the creek and showed me the horn he had picked up a couple years before, it had not been long shed, by its glossy appearance. "Deer are going the way of the elks", he continued, "they are on the creek but getting scarcer every year." None of us could foresee Dr. J. H. Kalbfus' re-introduction of western deer and elk, the deer multiplied but the elk, badly placed were hunted too hard to increase.

A boy in a top-buggy was waiting to meet the girl with the red hat. The other two beauties wandered off through woodland paths, deep with skinhopple and elkwood. A great horned owl or grand duke, looked down from the fork of a huge beech, they were fearless then, there was no brutal \$5.00 bounty on their scalps. In a few minutes the train crew disappeared and all became silent again. Along the North horizon stretched the dark timber line of virgin hemlocks, the Black Forest was still a vast, little traversed region. On the "War Path", going up, we saw a magnificent golden eagle, rising with a long wiggling blacksnake in his claws. We encountered several porcupines, which seemed in no hurry to get away.

One of my most interesting excursions up Young Woman's Creek was with Thomas C. Simcox, the noted woodsmen, prospector, and hunter, to spend a chilly night at the Van Sickle place, then a summer school for Swedenborgian divinity students. Van Sickle had come there after the Orangeville rebellion in Columbia County in 1863, of which he had a keen personal memory, much like that of historian J. G. Fricze. The clearing he made on the

mountain top was fought for, against invading wolves, which he said, "came over the fence", until about 1890 to 1893, when the last were gone, he thought. All kinds of game, including deer harrassed his crops to about 1900. There were still quite a few grouse in the woods

I spent a pleasant evening listening to hunting stories, and a wee bit of history of the Columbia County rebellion, talks by the young Swedenborgians including William Stroh, whom I heard of fifty years later at the Swedenborgian cathedral, near Philadelphia. He had become a successful preacher, missionary and winner of converts up to his death in 1935 I was told.

I was aroused early by Mr. Van Sickle to see the "greatest natural wonder", the peaks of mountains peering out of the clouds. It seemed like islands in some trackless sea. I made a pen and ink sketch, which I cherished until only a few years ago. It was an unforgettable scene of supreme grandeur, a view which never could be forgotten, the tips of fifty peaks emerging from clouds and mist. Billy Stroh walked down the mountain a short way, saying as we parted, "I think this place where heaven and earth are one has impressed you deeply, it is the keystone of our faith. You must come back again this autumn, and see the mountains in colors. Think over our philosophy, for I feel certain you, will want to associate with us. I do not mean to try to convert you, but you are a type who can become very loyal and enthusiastic over our faith." I have given all this much unforgettable thought down the years, but never returned or saw Mr. Stroh or Mr. Van Sickle again, I occasionally got letters from "Mr. Van", but they influenced me unappreciably. Recently says Mrs. Eleanor Sands Smith, a speaker at Bloomsburg tried, as he said, to 'debunk' the Orangeville rebellion, but every point he tried to make in his speech which was sent to me, was controverted by Mr. Van Sickle's memories which made the so-called "rebels" positive heroes to my recollections. The beating to death of the old Quaker Mendenhall in his muddy cell at Fort Mifflin because he insisted the rioters were entirely right, and other

brutalities, still linger ineffacably in my memory. The most famous panther killed on Young Woman's Creek was by all means the "Sam Snyder panther", killed about 1859, which measured 9 feet, 3 inches, though about the same time one was shot on Kettle Creek which was 11 feet, 4 inches, and one killed on the Loyalsock about the same time, 11 feet, 3 inches from tip to tip. The measurements of Pennsylvania panthers has furnished much amazement to youngsters who have never seen anything bigger than a three foot bob cat, and attempts made to question eleven foot measurements. There was a story told in lumber camps of a twelve foot monster taken in Sugar Valley. Though nine feet seems to be the average length of an adult male Pennsylvania mountain lion, they fairly often went to eleven feet and over. Sam Snyder's "cat" was not an old fellow, as a bush meeting being in progress it was served as a tasty morsel, and its chops pronounced better than the best mutton. The last important note in Young Woman's Creek affairs struck in my life occurred in June, 1930, after I had returned to the foreign service, and terminated my work with the Pennsylvania Forestry Commission, it was the dedication of a bronze tablet up the creek, on the first tract acquired to start the State Forests in 1899 by late Dr. J. T. Rothrock, Commissioner of Forestry. It was attended by Secretary Dorworth who died in July, 1954, aged 78 years, the late Edward Bailey, the late "Pete" Wheeler, late Dr. Henry Sturgis Drinker, also crossed over and my successor Hon. Asher Odenwelder of Easton, helped dedicate a marker to Samuel Phillippe inventor of the split bamboo rod, recently. The picture sent me was a good one, and shows these dear friends full of their accustomed lively activity. The scene is far less wild looking than when I was on the spot first the year the State forest reserve was started. It looks really parklike, but in those far off days I had no dreams I would ever enter the forestry department and spend my best years in it and visit the deserted site of Raisch's Camp several times with the compelling, fascinating, witty, and able. Gifford Pinchot.

## ACCESSIONS TO THE MUSEUMS

Lumber Measuring Stick; Gift of John Whiting, Williamsport, Pa.

Stuffed Owl in glass case; Gift of Mr. Fred Leinbach, Williamsport, Pa. (dec'd.).

Alphabetical Infants book; Gift of Mr. Richard Thompson.

Parasol; Gift of Jans S. Russell's granddaughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Reed Mann and Mrs. Matilda Reed Saxton.

3 Ladies Gold Pens, Mother of Pearl Handles; Gift of Miss Louise Roberts, Williamsport, Pa.

Paper Fan, advertising Hudson Essex Sales and Service; Gift of Walton B. Geiger, Williamsport, Pa.

World War I Army Uniform; Gift of Dr. John E. Knight.

3 Scrap Books, Scout Activities; Gift of Boy Scouts of America, West Branch Council.

Daguerreotype of Mr. Horace Taylor and Mrs. Horace Taylor, brother and wife of the first Mrs. Peter Herdic.

Photos of H. E. Taylor and his wife Mrs. Horace Taylor.

Photos of Florence Herdic, daughter of Peter and his wife Amanda Herdic. Will (photo) Mc Clary; first husband of Florence Herdic; Gift of Mrs. G. A. DeWitt.

Handmade peg and nail, removed from house, during remodeling, house was built of logs in 1792; Gift of Sandra Kehler.

Phoenician Glass Vase.

Dedicatory Services, Booklet, to the memory of Matthew Brown and Eleanor Brown; Gift of Miss Margaret Bingham Coryell.

Picture of the Herdic Coach, a public conveyance; Gift of the Committee of the Williamsport Sesquicentennial, July 1956.

Very large Mirror, Gold frame with table, it rests on; Gift of E. S. Schleh Co., West Fourth Street, Williamsport, Pa.

### ELECTION OPINIONS

The following opinions were freely expressed to a *REVIEW* reporter, on the great result, the morning after election, by our prominent public officials, politicians and business men, and will undoubtedly be read with interest:

MAYOR ELLIOT: "A great victory, McKinley for '96; business in a month will be flourishing again, for the Democrats will not dare monkey with the tariff."

PRESIDENT W. E. C. MERRIMAN, Young Men's Republican club: "I am delighted over the result, and I guess it is not hard to determine the cause."

COMMISSIONER'S CLERK OTT: "Cleveland didn't make appointments fast enough and the Republican press kept up a howling howl."

CITY TREASURER, V. W. QUIGGLE: "Slow presidential appointments, unkind treatment of old soldiers and hard times did it."

PRESIDENT JOHN B. EMBICK, Young Men's Democratic Club: "I don't think any comment is necessary."

PROTHONOTARY HOPKINS: "If we continue to nominate good men, we will regain our prestige."

EMERSON COLLINS, ESQ.: "I have not

read the papers yet, but from what you say, hard times did it."

T. J. M. LAIRD, ESQ.: "A slap at the Democratic party for their actions in the late Congress."

Ex-PRESIDENT W. W. ACHENBACH: "Great victory, especially in New York."

MR. FRED MILLER: "The best thing for our commercial interests."

MR. HORACE Y. OTTO: "A Democratic rebuke to the party management."

JUDGE METZGAR: "I accept the result."

ATTORNEY WILLIAM RUSSELL DEEMER: "It looks like a snow storm."

JOHN BUDD, Assistant Prothonotary, "I think we stubbed our toe."

MR. E. L. SCHUYLER: "And the band played 'Annie Laurie.'"

MR. HARRY A. GIBSON: "I think it a great victory."

DR. W. G. ROOTS: "And the next day it snowed."

ADJUTANT FRED SNYDER: "It suits me first rate."

MR. CHARLES H. BATES: "It tickles me all over."

MR. A. D. KNAPP: "Do I like it? Well I guess."

MR. JAMES H. REED: "I gambled on it."

MR. S. Q. MINGLE: "I expected it."

## Program Lycoming Historical Society

October 4 —

"THE PLAIN PEOPLE OF PENNSYLVANIA", Illustrated  
Dr. Maurice A. Mook, Pennsylvania State University.

November 1 —

"WHAT THE FOREST MEANT TO THE PIONEERS"  
Dr. Lewis E. Theiss

December 6 —

"HISTORICAL PAGEANT"  
Miss Ida Heller, Stevens Junior High School.

January 3 —

"HISTORY IN STONE"  
James P. Bressler

February 7 —

TO BE ANNOUNCED

March 7 —

"STEP CHILD OF LYCOMING COUNTY"  
Miss Rebecca Gross, Editor Lock Haven Express.

April 4 —

"THE STORY OF POTTS GROVE", Illustrated  
Mrs. James I. Wendell, Pottstown Historical Society.

### ABOUT PEOPLE YOU KNOW

They say that every Sunday night there is always a crowd of lovers from this city go up to Newberry to see their girls and at midnight, when the train comes through, at the last minute, the boys come running from all directions, each with a newspaper and a match in his hand for the purpose

of making a light to flag the train. They have been going up so often that the crowd has become pretty well acquainted by this time, and after the train starts the boys guy each other as they come to the city. If some of the Newberry girls could hear what the city dudes say about them, they would stop the young men from calling on them.

19.....

### INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIPS:

Annual .....	\$ 2.00 yearly
Contributing .....	5.00 yearly
Sustaining .....	10.00 yearly
Life .....	100.00 yearly

To the Officers of

The Lycoming County Historical Society:

I herewith accept your invitation to become a .....

Member of The Lycoming County Historical Society.

Full Name .....

Address .....

Please mail to HOWARD J. LAMADE, JR., Treasurer  
1351 Clayton Avenue, Williamsport, Pennsylvania