



DO YOU REMEMBER: The first Temple Beth Ha-Sholom House of Peace at the northwest corner of Mulberry and Front Streets? Erected in 1871-72, the brick edifice served the city's Jewish community until September, 1904, when the congregation built a new synagog at Edwin and Center Streets. In 1892, when this photograph was taken, the congregation had 30 members. Its leader was Rabbi G. A. Levy. The Italian Christian Church, built in 1823, stands on the site of the old synagog.

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March 10, 1976

CONTENTS

Page

Society Meeting and Activities, 1975-76 4
 Greetings from the President's Desk 5
 Ninety-Five Years of Beth Ha-Sholom by Benjamin Hirsh 6
 Annual Rental: A Peppercorn, or William Penn's New
 World Inheritance, by Katharine W. Bennet 13
 The Pine Creek Tragedy (a story) by Jake Haiden 15
 The April 25, 1893, Visit of the Liberty Bell to
 Williamsport researched by Richard L. Mix with a
 Picture of the Event 17
 The Presbyterian Ministers of Lycoming County by Warren
 L. March: Rev. Fithian, Rev. Bryson, Rev. Grier,
 Rev. Henderson, and Rev. Snowden 20
 Ole Bull in Williamsport 24
 Concert in Jersey Shore 26
 The Trip to Ole Bull's Castle by Charles T. Logue 30
 The Great Pilgrimage to Ole Bull Castle 31
 Miss Inez Bull's Discoveries and Museum 31
 The Spirit Violin by Celeste S. Henderson (a poem) 32
 The Peter Herdic Corner 34
 Cheap Coaches for Philadelphia 34
 Philadelphia's New Coaches 35
 Peter Herdic's Failure 36
 A Business Trip through North Central Pennsylvania, 1844,
 by John A. Otto (a letter to his father) 38

COVER PICTURE: The first Temple Beth Ha-Sholom at the northwest corner of Mulberry and Front Streets.

MEETINGS AND ACTIVITIES, 1975-1976
LYCOMING COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

March 24, 1976, 6:30 p.m.
Dinner meeting at Eldred Township Fire Hall, Warrensville. Mrs. Maurice Mook will present her program on Severin Roesen.

April 3, 1976
Society bus tour to Pennsbury Manor and "A New Look at Olde Philadelphia."

April 22, 1976, 8 p.m.
ANNUAL MEETING. Bicentennial program, subject to be announced in April membership letter.

Dear Members:

This year as your president has passed quickly for me. The program committee under the chairmanship of Dr. Loring Priest has given us outstanding programs with special emphasis on local aspects of the Bicentennial celebration. The attendance at all meetings has been gratifying.

Bus tours to Colonial Williamsburg with Mrs. Edith Wright and to the Mercer Museum and Moravian Tile Works at Doylestown with Mrs. Kathryn Clute were thoroughly enjoyed by members of the Society and their friends. Another tour is planned on April 3 to Pennsbury Manor and "Olde Philadelphia." We have received enough reservations for two buses and have several names on a waiting list. Tentatively, we plan to repeat this trip in September or October.

Unfortunately, the concert by the United States Marine Band was not a financial success. In fact, there was a deficit of \$311.36, due to a number of factors including lack of support from many of our own members. In spite of this, the afternoon program for members of area high school bands and the evening program were outstanding musical events, and a significant contribution to the community. The student audience at the afternoon program was the finest and most appreciative I have ever experienced. The musicians were inspired to produce what their tour director described as "the best student program of this tour." And the evening audience was just as appreciative. We are grateful for the support of so many of you -- it was well worth the effort.

The meeting room was filled to overflowing on January 15 for Dr. William (Bill) Turnbaugh's lecture on "The Pennsylvania Indians' Broad Horizons." He has kindly given us a manuscript to be published in a later issue of the Journal.

The program on February 19 was also well attended. "The History of Blacks in Williamsport" was significant as the first production of the new Black Studies Project originated by our director, Andrew Grugan.

We look forward to the dinner meeting at Warrensville on March 24 when Mrs. Maurice Mook will present her program on Severin Roesen.

The Annual meeting and election of officers will be held in the Museum on April 22. The program will be a report by our Museum Director on recent discoveries, donations, and acquisitions by the Museum directly pertaining to the founding of Lycoming County. The Bicentennial celebration has brought many interesting and important facts and objects to add to our museum collection, and we want you to know about them.

For myself personally and for all our members I wish to express appreciation --to the members of the Board of Governors and the Board of Trustees for their faithful guidance of the operation of the Society and Museum. --to the staff of the Museum, professional and volunteer, whose names appear on preceding pages, for their faithful and devoted service in the many activities which have brought us recognition throughout the County and beyond. --to all of you who by your membership and interest enable us to continue to operate as an important cultural and educational asset for our area.

We solicit your continuing interest and support.

Sincerely yours,
Robert D. Slink, *President*
Lycoming County Historical
Society

NINETY-FIVE YEARS OF BETH HA-SHOLOM

By Benjamin Hirsh

[This history of the congregation of Temple Beth Ha-Sholom was written for the dedication of its community center and religious school in 1961.]

From the small and intimate prayer meetings which were held in the rooms of private homes more than a century ago, to the present elaborate modern facilities in which nearly a quarter of a million dollars has been spent, our congregation has made great strides, and is now looking forward to provide greater advances for our community's religious, educational, social, and cultural needs for the decades ahead.

How has all this come about, and who were the men and women responsible for the many advances that took place through the years? This brief article shall endeavor to give to our present members a glimpse into the past history of Temple Beth Ha-Sholom and its early leaders who courageously carried on the spirit of Jewish faith through the most difficult and trying periods of our community.

The nearly one hundred years of Jewish life in Williamsport was a period beset with constant changes and tribulations. There were changes in our religious concepts, changes in the physical structures and locations, changes in the leadership of our Jewish community during the past century.

Early in the nineteenth century, stout-hearted, brave, pioneering men and women from many countries started migrating to the United States, seeking new opportunities and new frontiers to conquer. A number of them found their way into this West Branch Valley, settling in the agricultural and lumbering communities in Central and North-eastern Pennsylvania. They sought the opportunity for a better way to provide

a livelihood for their families and to enjoy political and religious freedoms which this nation offered to all who set foot on its soil. The task they faced was not an easy one -- they encountered many hardships and difficulties in a new and strange country. Unfamiliar as they were to the customs and the language of its people, they were compelled to depend upon their own resources and personal ingenuity in order to be accepted by the people and to establish themselves among the residents of this isolated, rugged, pioneering territory.

In many ways these Jewish immigrants were quite different. They had a different culture and religion. They spoke a different language and had strange and varied social backgrounds. Yet, they were a hardy and persevering people. They met each and every challenge and were determined and resolute in the desire to establish themselves in the new land they found.

When the first Jewish settlers came to this section of the state, Williamsport was a small village with less than fifteen hundred inhabitants. Most of the dwellings were situated within a short walking distance from the river front. Therefore, it was convenient that the early Jewish settlers would also reside in that neighborhood. It is not quite clear just who the first Jewish settler was, but it is known that a number of Jewish pack peddlers and itinerant merchants came to this valley early in the eighteen thirties, taking their wares to folks in the country and the lumber camps stretched along the river basin, and to the folks in the villages. Lycoming County history records that a Jewish pack peddler by the name of Solomon Huffman was killed on February 1, 1838, in the vicinity of Trout Run. The murderer, whose intention was to rob the Jewish peddler of his goods and money, was later

apprehended and brought to trial in Williamsport. He was found guilty of the crime in the county courthouse on July 27, 1838, and was hanged in the jail yard on West Third Street.

During the eighteen thirties and the eighteen forties, some Jewish families came here to settle and to establish themselves in various occupations. The first known families to settle here permanently and who founded the Jewish community were members of the Ulman families. They included Henry, Moses, Isaac, Sadock, and Simon Ulman. They emigrated early in life from Manheim, Germany, and found opportunity to become successful in their chosen fields of occupation. They in turn encouraged the Strasburgers, the Wittenbergs, the Lindheimers, the Kuhns, and others to bring their families here and seek their fortunes. Many were related, and they became a very intimate group. With limited capital and pioneering spirits, their ambition to make good permeated their enthusiasm to become successful citizens of the new land. They engaged in such trades as retailing, tailoring, liquor stores, real estate, manufacturing, and merchandise distribution, including peddling. From such humble beginnings, these local Jewish settlers soon became engaged in banking, finance, etc., and were among the community's best known business men and largest tax payers.

As was the history of many minority groups, the Jewish people faced many complex problems. The great need of the community was for the establishment of a religious congregation, one that would provide the spiritual and social needs of a small Jewish community. During the early years, the social and religious activities were held in private homes. The Jewish community was a friendly group; each family welcomed its neighbors and co-religion-

ists in its home. The Aaron Strasburger family with many daughters, residing on Front Street, furnished a frequent meeting place for young and old. The daughters who were talented in music and voice always provided a friendly atmosphere, with a cup of tea, a snack, and good cheer.

As the Jewish population grew with the influx of new families, the need for permanent quarters to house the Holy objects and to conduct services soon developed. Some rooms were acquired on the third floor of the Ulman Opera House where religious services were conducted. Even these quarters were soon inadequate. For the high Holy Days, they rented the Reno Post Hall on West Third Street and the German Lutheran Church sanctuary on East Third Street. Because the small Jewish community had not been organized and did not have a sanctuary of its own, they could not afford a full time Rabbi. When an occasional itinerant Rabbi would visit the city and lecture to the group, it was an important religious and cultural event. Often these roving spiritualists would conduct Sabbath services and earn a few dollars through small personal donations. Periodically, cantors were brought into the community on a contract basis to officiate at services.

The Civil War affected the small Jewish community in several ways. The shortage of rabbis made it necessary for the local Jews to conduct their own services, while two of the young men, Abram Jacobs and H.C. Ulman, answered the call to service, with the latter attaining the rank of Captain.

Before the congregation applied for its charter to officially organize a religious body, the community faced a cemetery crisis. It needed a place to bury its deceased. Such a plot was purchased on March 13, 1863, in what was then known as Lloyd Addition at

the corner of Wyoming and Almond Streets. This burial place was known as the Williamsport Jewish Cemetery Association, and continued as a burial site until 1895. The first persons to be buried there were Hiram Ulman, 1859; Samuel Kuhn, 1868; Jacob Silverman, 1872; and Jacob Ulman, 1873. Later on, the cemetery proved inadequate for the growing Jewish community. The congregation purchased a large section of land from the Grandview Cemetery Association on September 19, 1894. (Wildwood). On September 16, 1895, they petitioned the court for authority to remove all the bodies buried at Almond and Wyoming Street, and at Cemetery Street, to the new section at Wildwood.

Congregation Formed

With the termination of the Civil War hostilities, travel was made easier. New Jewish families once more moved into the area, and the Jewish community took a deeper interest in establishing a congregation. A meeting was held at the Henry Ulman home on April 24, 1866, and it was decided to apply to the courts for a formal charter. The following persons became the first officers of the congregation, which was known as "BETH HA-SHOLOM -- THE HOUSE OF PEACE": Henry Ulman, Sadock Ulman, Benjamin Levi, Abraham Newman, I.H. Greenwald, and Samuel Ulman. Others among the first members included Elias Kuhn, L.C. Myers, William and Sol Silverman, Isadore Sampson.

As a non-profit organization, the charter specified in part: "We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we have agreed to associate ourselves together for religious purposes under the following articles and conditions. First, The said Association shall be known as THE HOUSE OF PEACE. Second, Its object shall create the more perfect enjoyment of the Jewish religion

in which we believe. Third, Its officers shall consist of a President, Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer to be elected by a majority of the members of the Association on the first Monday of March each year." And thus an organization which brought hope and spiritual comfort to the small group of proud and pious people was born.

When new immigrants came to this community, having little money or knowledge of the problems they faced, they often needed assistance. To provide help to the needy, the sick, and the stranger, the local Jewish women formed an organization on August 21, 1869, at the home of Mrs. Moses Ulman, known as "THE HEBREW LADIES BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION OF WILLIAMSPORT, GERMUNDE No. 1." The dues were four dollars per year, and the by-laws provided that every Jewish woman of eighteen years or over and of Israelish faith shall be eligible to become a member. Its purposes were to assist the needy, the widows, and the orphans. The first officers included Caroline Ulman, Caroline Myers, Clara Ulman, and Therisha Kuhn.

At the annual election of the congregation in March 1870, the following officers were elected: Gabriel Rothchild, president; Isidore Sampson, vice-president; and Isaac Ulman, treasurer. The years ahead saw feverish action in planning, fund raising, holding bazaars, dances and other events designed to raise funds to enable the building of a synagogue. A committee made up of the three officers purchased a lot for the congregation on Mulberry and Front Streets. After much deliberation, the plan of the architect was approved, and the contract was let for the erection of a two-story brick edifice with a high tower. In a residential neighborhood of small dwellings, the building looked impressive and attracted much attention from Jews and Christians in the vicinity. The building

provided space for meeting quarters and classrooms on the first floor, an auditorium on the upper floor for prayer services. The building was heated with coal and wood iron stoves, and illumination was provided by gas and kerosene lamps. Almost all the interior furnishings, including chairs, pulpit and carpets, were contributed as gifts. For the corner stone ceremony on August 23, 1871, Dr. Meyer, a Cleveland rabbi, came to Williamsport for the event. En route from Elmira, his train broke down and he made the journey from Blossburg by horse and wagon. The summer of 1872 saw the completion of the building and its dedication. Many prominent persons and official dignitaries attended.

In the decades that followed the Civil War, the ranks of the congregation were increased as new families moved into the valley, and its members became active in civic as well as religious affairs. Lemuel Ulman served on the Williamsport City Council for eight years, and Lew Cohen also held posts on this civic body. Before the turn of the century, Temple members also served on the school board. In 1912, Ansel Ulman was elected to the State Legislature, and in 1916 Jonas Fischer was elected Mayor of the city.

First Full-Time Rabbi

Owning a synagogue sanctuary, the need for a full-time spiritual leader became evident. The Rev. Samuel Friedlander, a German educated scholar, was the first full-time rabbi and served the congregation from about 1866 to 1870. He was succeeded by the Rev. Henry J. Messing, who was the teacher and preacher during the following years.

The annual budget was less than one thousand dollars per year. The rabbi's salary in the 1870's was six hundred dollars per annum. Other items of expense included five dollars monthly for the janitor, Mr. Simpson; fuel for heating; gas for illumination; insurance; and other maintenance items such as prayer books and ritual paraphernalia. Membership dues ranged from three to twelve dollars per year, based upon the person's ability to pay and the size of the family that needed Jewish education.

Moses Ulman

Moses Ulman was one of the most successful citizens in Williamsport. During the many years that he lived here he was an active member and liberal supporter of the Temple. He was one of the charter members in 1866 and served as an officer and Beth Ha-Sholom's president. It was from the estate of his daughter, Miss Rosetta Ulman, that the Temple became the beneficiary of a large sum of money to build the Community Center. The Williamsport Hospital was among the many charities benefiting from her estate.

Moses Ulman was born on July 3, 1830, in Manheim, Germany. He was next to the youngest in a family of fourteen children. Mr. Ulman was an ambitious and adventurous youth, sailing for the United States at the age of eighteen. He settled in Liberty, Pa., where he became a pack peddler, and in 1850 he opened a store there. When the small farming community offered little hope for success, he moved to Williamsport in 1856, where he had relatives, and started a clothing business. He became successful, acquired much real estate and farm land. Interested in finances, he was elected a director of

the Merchants National Bank at Pine and Third Streets. He retired from his business in 1882, turning over his store to his sons, Hiram and Lemuel. The sons were active in politics, served on city council. Hiram was a school director and a nominee for Mayor. After Mr. Ulman's retirement, he devoted much time to Temple affairs. His wife, the former Caroline Strasburger, was one of the first Jewish women to organize a Ladies Aid Group.

The Lycoming County History, published in 1906 by Emerson Collins, says of Mr. Ulman, "He was a self-made man, starting in life empty handed, with no capital save a pair of willing hands and a young man's bright hope for the future, and from a humble position steadily worked his way upward to wealth and affluence. Mr. Ulman was possessed of more than ordinary business ability, but he had other commendable qualities. He was always courteous and considerate to those in his employ, charitable in his opinion of others, and dispensed with a liberal hand the wealth which he had accumulated during his many years of business life. In his gifts to charities and to the poor and needy he followed the scriptural injunction, 'Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth.'"

Death came to Moses Ulman on August 20, 1905, as the result of a kidney infection, a short period after the family had celebrated their Golden Wedding anniversary.

Isidore Sampson

Isidore Sampson was a charter member of the congregation and one of its most colorful personalities during the 1860's and 1870's. He was an organiza-

tion man, taking a personal interest in all phases of Jewish life. He served the congregation as treasurer and president for many years, and was active in all Jewish social and fraternal groups. With his wife Fanny, he operated a millinery and specialty shoppe at 42 East Third Street. Their residence was at Mulberry and Canal Streets, just a short walk from the Temple.

Others who served the Temple during that period were secretaries Isaac Weill and Aaron Strasburger.

The era saw families like those of Sol and William Silverman, Simon Hart, the Goldenbergs, Jonas Fischer, L.C. Meyers, Michael and Louis Levi, and others settle here. Each found some occupation or business and prospered. These families became actively associated with Beth Ha-Sholom congregation and provided a broader and more active Jewish life.

There came a need for the formation of social and fraternal organizations. In 1875, The Independent Order of The Free Sons of Israel, Chapter No. 86, was formed with the following officers at its helm: Lemuel Ulman, Simon Schloss, and Abraham Hart. Monthly meetings were held in the social rooms of the Front Street sanctuary. Two years later, another group organized The Independent Order of B'nai B'rith Lodge No. 120. They, too, met in the same rooms on alternate Sundays. Its officers were Aaron Strasburger, Moses Ulman, Isidore Sampson, and Sadock Ulman. Because the early Jewish settlers of the community yearned for close fellowship with their own people and desired to have the sense of belonging, of togetherness, they were anxious and eager to join and participate in new social and fraternal organizations. It was a period during which these organizations practiced elaborate ceremonies and rituals. The officers would attend the meetings in

formal attire, wearing tail coats, high hats, and striped trousers. During initiation ceremonies, the new members would pledge their allegiance to the constitution and bylaws of the order and join in lengthy ceremonies. A social group for men and women formed on March 4, 1891, was known as The Young Men's Social and Literary Club, with its object to provide more social life for the community. They set up club rooms in the upper floors of the Ulman Opera House on Market Square, holding dances, parties, card games, and all types of social events. Its first officers were Harry A. Jacobs, Isidore Sampson, Solomon Silverman, Samuel E. Ulman, and Henry Myers.

Constant Changes In Spiritual Leadership

When liberal Judaism spread throughout the country during the latter part of the nineteenth century, Beth Ha-Sholom became affiliated with the Reform movement and made many changes. The congregation installed an organ and organized a choir. Jennie and Ida Strasburger, girls of musical talent, were in charge of the organ music. The earliest members of the choir included Blanche Goldenberg, Hortense and Myrtle Kaufman, Miss Hart, and Tillie Strasburger. The Strasburger sisters were paid twenty-five dollars a year for their services as organists. A testimonial was given to Miss Tillie Strasburger for her service in the choir. The economy-minded officers specified that not more than five dollars should be spent.

In the eighteen seventies, the congregation paid its rabbis the sum of six hundred dollars per year, and as late as 1907 and 1908 the local rabbi's income was only nine hundred dollars per annum. The total budget in 1913 was \$1,550.00 The rabbi was paid \$1,200; choir, \$120; janitor, \$100; and \$130 for all incidentals. For that reason

Beth Ha-Sholom faced the problem of constant changes in spiritual leaders.

In the thirty years from 1874 to 1904 the following rabbis served this congregation: Michael Wurtzel, A.M. Block, August A. Levy, A. Myers, Lewis Schreiber, M. Nathan, and Alexander Bassil. Many of these clergy preached their sermons in the German language for most members spoke and understood German. Some of the early Jewish settlers observed strictly kosher dietary laws and insisted on using the old Hebrew prayer books (Sidrim and Chamusim). Others favored the German translation prayer books. It created much confusion and many heated debates.

The rabbis who served the congregation during its first half-century were a variety of types and backgrounds. They included German-educated scholars and graduates from American Yeshivas and theological seminaries. Some were older men, and others young students. Some were family men, and others single or widowed. Some rabbis stayed only a few weeks or months, while others remained for sixteen years.

Beth Ha-Sholom's spiritual leaders not only served its members but took an active part in all phases of civic and community life. One rabbi served on the faculty of Lycoming College as a professor of religion, others were chaplains and officiated at the community penal institutions. Each one, in his own way, left an imprint on the membership and on the community in the preparation of a confirmation class, the marriage of newlyweds, the eulogy at a funeral, or just paying a friendly visit to a parishioner.

William Silverman

For more than a decade William Silverman held the leadership of the

congregation, serving as its president from the mid-eighties to the mid-nineties, and he was responsible for much of the progress of the Temple. Mr. Silverman came to the United States from Bavaria while a young man and settled in Williamsport. He became successful, operating a variety store on West Third Street, which later became known as the Bush and Bull Department Store. When he was about to leave the city, it was such a loss that the congregation appointed a committee, including H. N. Goldenberg, George Rubinstein, and Isaac Weil, to express the regret on his departure. The following resolution was adopted September 23, 1895:

"Whereas our president, William Silverman, is about to sever his connections with the congregation and move to the city of New York, and

"Whereas the present prosperous condition of the congregation is due in a large measure to his unremitting labor and great liberality,

"Therefore, be it resolved that the gratitude of the congregation is due him for his many years of faithful service, as their president; and while they regret his departure from among them, yet they are conscious of the greater usefulness in the larger field which his new home will afford him.

"The congregation will never forget his continued devotion to their welfare, and trust that his usefulness and present prosperity will continue to be with him."

Mrs. Silverman, who remained in Williamsport with her son Jack, died on February 26, 1949, at the age of 91.

Frequent Arguments and Debates

Debates about ritual policies and headwear took place frequently. A compromise resolution was adopted at the December, 1891, meeting, with the following resolution: "And it is further resolved that the members of this congregation over the age of sixty years, who in accordance with their personal beliefs desire to retain their heads covered, shall be allowed to wear black skull caps. Signed, L.C. Myers."

The devastating flood of 1889 so severely damaged the Temple structure that it needed expensive repairs and renovations. The congregation engaged Mr. Casper Ready, a local contractor, to make the repairs. Additional flooding in 1901 weakened the building so that it became unsafe to be used for services and social events. It had to be abandoned, and the congregation was faced with the problem of finding other quarters. During a three-year interim, services and meetings were held in the Reno Post building, the Ulman Hall on Market Street, and several East Third Street churches. Hiram Ulman was appointed chairman of a committee to seek a suitable location away from the river front flood area and centrally located nearer to the expanding Jewish residential section. The committee recommended the purchase of the site at Edwin and Center Streets as a desirable location for a new temple building.

[To be continued.]

ANNUAL RENTAL: A PEPPERCORN, or William Penn's New World Inheritance

(From "Stories of the West Branch Valley" by Katharine W. Bennet. This article was printed in The Sun, February 1, 1928.)

When William Penn asked Charles II for land in America in which to found a colony for the Quakers, the idea was neither new to Penn nor to the Quakers.

The Friends had turned longing eyes across the Atlantic for many years, hoping to establish themselves in the wild lands of the New World. But there seemed no place to go! The Dutch held New York, the Roman Catholics were in Maryland, and the Church of England people dominated Virginia. The colonists of Massachusetts had left England to worship God as they chose; but when some of the Quakers migrated there, four of them were hanged for their religious convictions, and those who remained were whipped at the cart's tail and driven from village to village. Apparently Massachusetts was not the place to go for religious freedom unless one were a Puritan.

As early as 1650, when William Penn was but six years old, George Fox, the great Quaker leader, began making inquiries about the mountains and forests said to lie north of Maryland, containing rich valleys drained by the Susquehanna River.

In 1660, he commissioned a certain Quaker, Josiah Cole, to treat with the Susquehanna Indians concerning their lands. At this time the Susquehannocks were engaged in their last wars with the Iroquois and were not interested in the white men who wanted their land. Their answer was, "There is no land that is habitable or fit for situation beyond Baltimore's liberty till they come to or near the Susquehanna Fort."

Twenty long years passed, most of which the Quakers spent in England's pestilential gaols. Then Admiral Sir William Penn died and his son William inherited the debt of eighty thousand dollars due him from the Crown.

King Charles was only too glad to give William Penn wild lands in America in lieu of the sum due his father. He rid himself of a troublesome debt and troublesome subjects at the same time, without it costing him a penny. The land wasn't his anyway, so he waved a lavish hand and gave to Penn a tract "bounded on the east by Delaware, on the west limited as Maryland, and northward to extend as far as plantable."

The northern boundary caused Penn trouble at once. When he reached his colony and, true to his tenets, arranged to purchase the land from the Indians, he found that the Susquehanna lands were claimed by an Irishman, Thomas Dongan, then Earl of Limerick but sometime Governor of the Province of New York. Dongan had acquired either by gift or purchase from the Seneca Indians all land in the North and West Branch valleys of the river and along the main stream as well. Penn leased the Susquehanna lands from Dongan for 1,000 years. The consideration was one hundred pounds of lawful English money and an annual rental of one peppercorn to be paid every year on the "Feast day of St. Michael, the Arch Angell." The transaction was made on the twelfth day of January, 1696; and two Sachems of the Susquehannocks, Widaagh and Andaggy-junkquagh, con-

firmed the purchase by transferring to William Penn the Susquehanna River and islands therein, and lands on both sides, and all the privileges that they or their ancestors could, might, or ought to have had, held, or enjoyed.

William Penn thought he had satisfied all claims to the Susquehanna lands by this deed. It proved to be but the forerunner of many agreements for the same territory. The Indians had an itch for transactions of this sort. Any kind of treaty meant presents, usually accompanied by high-flown oratory. "In liberality they excell," wrote William Penn to the Free Society of Traders. "Give them a fine coat, gun, or other thing. It may pass twenty hands before it sticks." Moreover they did not understand that they were giving up possession of their lands. They thought they were consenting to a joint occupancy with the whites.

Five years later another agreement was made with the Susquehanna Indians, and thirty-five years later the Iroquois said the lands were theirs by right of conquest, and to restore good feeling a council was called at Philadelphia. After much parleying, they released "all the said River Susquehanna with the lands lying on both sides thereof, to extend eastward as far as the heads of the branches or springs which run into the said Susquehanna, and the lands on the west side of the said river to the setting of the sun."

For this great tract the Iroquois received 600 pounds of powder, 500 pounds of lead, 45 guns, 60 strowd (stroud) match coats, 100 blankets, 100 duffle match coats, 200 yards half-tick, 100 shirts, 40 hats, 40 pairs shoes and buckles, 40 pairs stockings, 100 hatchets, 500 knives, 100 houghs (hoes?), 60 kettles, 100 tobacco tongs, 100 scissors, 500 awl blades, 120 combs, 2,000 needles, 1,000 flints, 24 looking-glasses,

100 tin pots, 25 gallons rum, 200 pounds tobacco, 1,000 pipes, 24 dozen of gartering.

This treaty was made in 1736, and the population of the province was estimated at about fifty thousand. The colonists were not to settle on any Indian land beyond the Blue Hills. But by 1754 they were again encroaching on the territory of the Indians, and the Proprietary Governors asked for another purchase. The conference was held at Albany in July, 1754, with sachems of the Iroquois Confederacy, then Six Nations. Pennsylvania was represented by John Penn, Richard Peters, Isaac Norris, and Benjamin Franklin, commissioners, and Conrad Weiser, interpreter.

The Pennsylvanians wanted to make a large purchase and especially stipulated the West Branch Valley. The Indians became greatly agitated and withdrew to an end of the room to confer among themselves. Their answer was, "We will never part with the land at Shamokin and Wyoming; our bones are scattered there; and on this land there has always been a great Council Fire." But in 1768 they yielded to pressure and agreed to give up a part of the West Branch Valley, the western boundary of the tract to be the creek that is called by the Indians, Tiadaghton. The white settlers flocked up the river but were stopped at the present Newberry by the Indians. Lycoming Creek they claimed was the Tiadaghton.

The controversy as to which stream, Lycoming or Pine Creek, was the boundary line of the treaty, and the struggle between white man's greed and red man's cupidity, lasted many years. It was not settled until the last treaty was held at Fort Stanwix, 1784. Then the Indians admitted that Pine Creek was, after all, the real Tiadaghton.

THE PINE CREEK TRAGEDY

By Jake Haiden

Love in a lumber camp is as full of romance as love in a king's court; for wherever love sets up her throne the world must bow down and recognize the Queen of Hearts. Jack Cleveland had been Rhoda Carson's accepted lover ever since she came to be cook's assistant in the big camp run by Reuben Harris, and this was her second winter in the camp. They expected to get married when they went back to civilization in the spring.

In January Walter Jackson, of Maine, came to work on the job, and Rhoda was fairly hypnotized by his manly beauty and robust health. Before the first week was out Jack saw how things were going, but still hoped Rhoda would get over her infatuation and come back to her old love. But Rhoda quarreled with Jack deliberately and after due meditation. She even insinuated that she would be happier if he left the job.

Poor Jack was awfully broken up over the affair, and would have gone away with his broken heart, but he was foreman and couldn't leave his employer until after the drive was out of the creek. For two months previous to the spring flood Rhoda did not speak to Jack, but spent a great many Sundays playing checkers with Walter in the big dining room, and her merry laughter went straight to poor Jack's heart. He had given her up, but his love for her was greater than ever before.

The day the flood came, and they were starting the big jams of logs far up the creek, Rhoda stood on the high bank near the camp to watch the logs sluice through the narrow channel; for at this point the creek cut through a rise of ground, with banks of red clay on both sides rising as much as twelve feet

above the water. It was very exciting to watch the great logs dart through this narrow channel and pitch over the falls 200 feet further down the stream.

While she watched, a great mass of logs came sweeping down the stream and jammed at the head of the narrow channel. Other logs piled up against the jam. Then the men came and boldly walked out on the tumbled jam and tried to pry it loose with their cant hooks. All at once the great jam started, and the men ran back over the logs to a low place in the bank and came ashore. No, not all the men came ashore, for Walter Jackson made a mis-step and fell with one leg pinned between two logs.

It was lucky for Walter that the jam stopped before reaching the falls, for he was unable to extricate himself, and would surely have gone over and lost his life. Even now he must have assistance before the jam started again, which was sure to occur, for water was rising so fast behind the logs that it must surely break loose in a few minutes. The danger was so great that none of the men would venture on the jam again, and Walter was given up by those who stood helplessly on the bank and waited for the end.

At this moment Jack Cleveland came upon the scene and saw his rival lying helplessly out on the logs. Did a gleam of triumph flash through his heart? No one will ever know, for Rhoda came up to him and shouted in his ear: "Can you save him, Jack?" Ah, did he catch a gleam of the old time love in her blue eyes? And was it this that urged him on?

Taking a cant hook from one of the men, he leaped down upon the creaking

and surging logs and carefully walked down to where Walter lay. With a strong pry on the log that pinned his rival fast, he parted the logs, then took hold of the prostrate man and lifted him to his feet. But his leg was injured so badly that Walter could not walk. Dropping his cant hook, Jack picked Walter up and staggered with his heavy load toward the bank. The men reached down and took Walter by the arms and were lifting him to safety when the great jam started. They saved Walter, but Jack was moving on with the logs!

Rhoda saw his danger and ran a few rods further down the stream, threw herself on the ground and reached far down to give Jack her hands. In his desperation he lay hold of them with a firm grasp and Rhoda braced herself for a mighty pull. But she was now too far over the bank to gain her poise again, and, with a scream that sounded above the roar of the water, she pitched down upon the head of her jilted lover, and together they went over the falls. He was holding her in his arms when they

went over, and then the terrible jam of logs dashed down upon them, while the horrified men on the bank looked helplessly into each other's eyes and groaned with mental pain.

In the village graveyard there are two stones standing side by side, where an old woodsman, now bent with age, visits every spring and places a bunch of flowers between the two. It is Walter Jackson. When he goes away the curious people go to the spot and read the card attached to the flowers: "Jack and Rhoda - They died for me. Even the gods could do no greater thing."

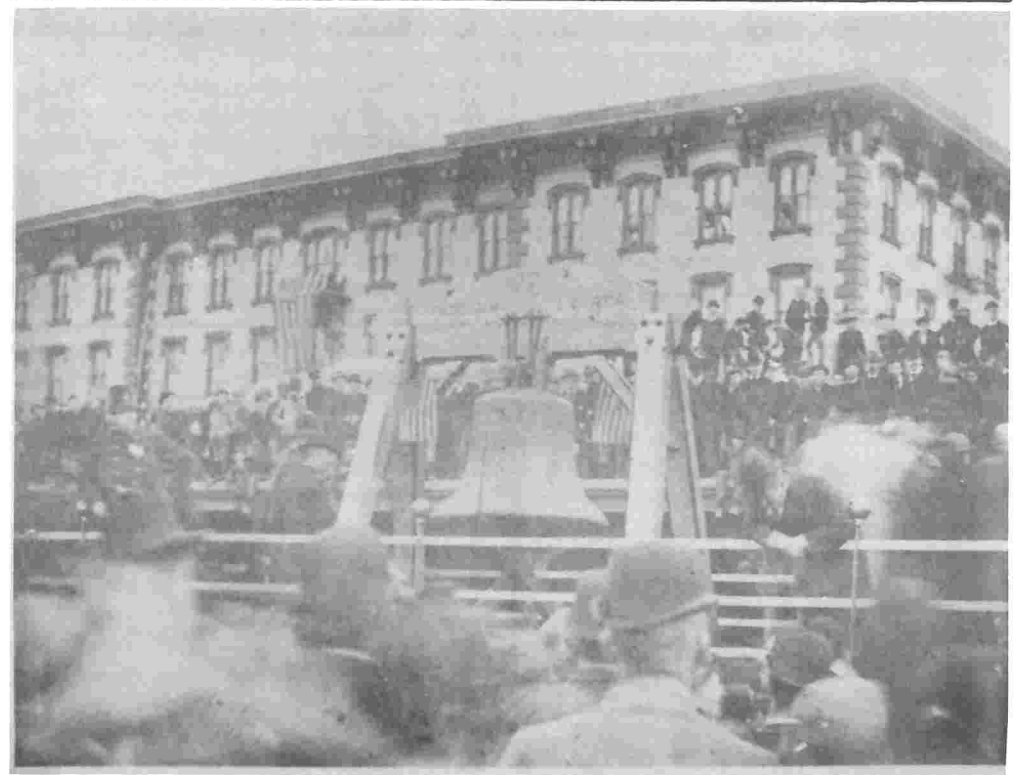
[Jacob K. Huff was born in Clinton Co., Pa., on January 31, 1852. Under the pen names of "Faraway Moses," "Jake Haiden," and "Finnicky Finucane" his stories and articles appeared in the Reading Times and the Grit. This one is taken from a collection of his writings called "The Philosophy of Jake Haiden," 1911, edited by Henry W. Shoemaker.]

DID YOU KNOW THAT --

The Indian refuge, like the refuges marked out by the State Game Department today, was sanctuary for all Indians from the incursions of the professional scalp hunters. It included parts of McKean, Potter, Lycoming, and Clinton Counties, and was guarded by Rangers, a type of men a good deal like our State Police today. An Indian once inside was supposed to be safe. This refuge was set apart for the Indians by Colonel Daniel Broadhead as early as 1779. The Colonel's sagacity saved many an Indian family from extermination as the \$150 bounty for the scalp of a mature Indian, and \$50 for the scalp of an Indian woman or child, made the scalp hunters very active. [From "The History of Williamsport," a pageant

sponsored by the Auxiliary of the Lycoming County Medical Society, 1931.]

CORRECTION: Miss Gertrude H. Hill wishes us to state that her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wood Hill, had four children, not five as mentioned in the article on page 25 of our Fall, 1975, Journal.



THE APRIL 25, 1893, VISIT OF THE LIBERTY BELL TO WILLIAMSPORT

Researched by Richard L. Mix

(Excerpt from the Gazette & Bulletin, April 26, 1893.)

Due Honor Paid The Liberty Bell.

*Fully Fifteen Thousand People Witness The Passage of the Special Train
Through Williamsport.*

The reception to the Liberty bell last evening was a complete success, unmarred by any occurrence that detracted from the pleasure of the occasion. The train arrived at the Park Hotel station at 6:15 o'clock and remained just fifteen minutes. In this time all present had ample opportunity of gazing upon one of the nation's proudest posses-

sions. A great deal of enthusiasm was created, and the passage of the special was witnessed by a larger crowd than ever before assembled in this city to greet a similar train. It is not placing the estimate too high to state that fully 15,000 people were gathered along the line of the Pennsylvania railroad within the city limits.

Preparing To March

As early as 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon a few children began to gather in front of the court house, and from that time on until 5:45 o'clock (the hour set for the movement to be made toward the Park Hotel station) the little ones bent their steps toward this interesting point. All the arrangements made by Mayor Elliot were carried out in full. The necessary carriages, shooflies and electric cars were early on the ground.

The two shooflies were soon packed with the happy little folks, and their beaming faces showed how well they appreciated the pleasure that was in store for them. One glance at the congregated crowd of children was sufficient to show the inadequacy of the equipages on hand, and through the courtesy of Hiram R. Rhoads, president of the Williamsport Passenger Railway Company, the promised electric cars were placed at the disposal of those managing the affair. Four electric cars were soon filled and started slowly toward the station.

The Procession Moves

At 5:50 o'clock the line of march was taken up. The police force in all the glory of entire new uniforms, which they wore for the first time, headed the column, followed by the Fisk Military band. They marched upon the sidewalks. The line of conveyances in the street were led by the shooflies containing the children, then followed carriages containing Mayor Elliot, the ex-mayors, city and county officials, etc. As the procession moved along the number in line was swelled at every corner. The route was out Pine street to Fourth, up Fourth to Campbell, out Campbell to the Park Hotel station.

Long before the parade left the court house people began to gather at the Park Hotel station. They poured in from every street leading to it. Soon the immense platform was covered with a restless, moving, and good-natured throng. At that time there was a meagre opportunity offered for one to walk about with some degree of comfort, but by 6:10 o'clock locomotion was exceedingly difficult. At about this hour the children, under the guardianship of the police, arrived.

Greeted With Cheers

The turnout of people to greet the train was simply immense - every suitable place along the line of the road, within the city limits, having its quota of interested, enthusiastic, and patriotic people, young and old, many of whom had never seen this bell of world-wide reputation. Beginning at East Third street the train was greeted with shouts and from there on until its arrival at the upper station it was constantly cheered. At Dickinson Seminary the students crowded the campus; at Mulberry, Market, Pine, Hepburn, and Walnut streets the crowds were large.

At 6:15 o'clock the train pulled into the station amid ringing cheers and the boom of a light gun. The crowd that was present to greet it was a dense one, the people good-naturedly jostling each other in their efforts to get a nearer view. They swayed forward and backward for a moment, and then the movement towards the western end of the station was made, carrying everybody with it. For a few moments the press was intense, but then the crowd was orderly and moved on at the command of the officers.

On The Bell's Car

On the first car containing the bell stood its escort, together with the City Solicitor N.M. Edwards, ex-District Attorney O.J. Riley, ex-Mayor F.H. Keller, and F.E. Embick, the Williamsport committee who accompanied the special from Harrisburg.

The car was surrounded by a detachable steel fence, upheld by thirteen nickel-plated posts representing the original thirteen states, the bronze balls which surmounted them bearing the names of the states in raised silver letters. The venerable bell itself was hung in plain view, the framework sustaining it bearing the words: "Proclaim Liberty, 1776." Upon it all eyes were turned.

Almost immediately upon the stoppage of the train Mayor Elliot introduced Mayor Stuart of Philadelphia, and the latter made a brief speech. He was followed by Robert W. Finletter and R.C. Herr of the joint special committee of Philadelphia Council. Their remarks were brief owing to the fact that the hum of voices was so great that they could scarcely hear themselves speak.

Children Honored

At the close of the formal ceremonies the police began to move the crowd forward so as to offer the opportunity for those on the outskirts to get a nearer view. Little children were lifted up by those on the car and seated upon the bell, much to the pleasure of the little ones and also the happy gathering who were willing to cheer at almost

anything. One little boy was greeted with louder cheers than the rest. He was seated upon the bell and a flag placed in his hand. After kissing the stars and stripes he waved them.

At 6:30 o'clock the special started westward, and the dense crowd that thronged the station platform began to thin out. It was as interesting to see the dispersing as it was the gathering of the crowd. At Campbell street, on Fourth, the procession again formed and marched downtown. Electric car No. 3 was by far the greatest attraction and it furnished a perfect picture of the famous "Brownies." The boys it contained were hanging on in every conceivable manner and resembled the well-known little elves.

In The West End

The reception tendered the bell in the Seventh and Eleventh wards, apart from the general one in this city, was as informal as it was successful. East and west of Arch street, along the line of the Pennsylvania railroad, the residents of that end of the city gathered, and from the number of people present it looked as though the entire population of the two wards had turned out en masse. The appearance of the special was greeted with resounding cheers. The train ran slowly through the assemblage, and all present were afforded the coveted opportunity of seeing the bell. When the train reached a point opposite the Reading Newberry yards, six or seven engines, which had been run out to the pit, saluted it by the blowing of whistles.

THE PRESBYTERIAN MINISTERS OF LYCOMING COUNTY

By Warren L. Marsh

REV. PHILIP VICARS FITHIAN

Philip Fithian, the eldest son of Joseph Fithian, was born December 29, 1747, at Greenwich, New Jersey. He was prepared for college by Rev. Enoch Green at Deerfield, New Jersey, and was a graduate of the College of New Jersey, class of 1772, a class noted for the ability and subsequent prominence of many of its members.

He was licensed to preach on November 6, 1774, by the First Presbytery of Philadelphia, and left his home at Greenwich, New Jersey, on May 9, 1775, for a tour through Delaware, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Virginia. Traveling by horse alone with Andrew Hunter, a classmate, they addressed congregations of settlers all along the route.

On Tuesday, July 25th, he passed from Muncy up the valley to Pine Creek. There were very few settlers between Loyalsock and Pine Creek at the time. It was his custom to take note of people and places in letters (Journal form) addressed to Miss Elizabeth Beatty, a sister of Dr. John, Dr. Reading, and Col. Erkuries Beatty, subsequently prominent officers in the Pennsylvania Line of the Revolution.

Following his return, he was married to Miss Beatty on October 25, 1775, and the following June accepted the appointment of Chaplain to Col. Newcomb's Battalion of New Jersey militia. He died in camp at Fort Washington, New York, of dysentery, October 8, 1777.

REV. JOHN BRYSON

John Bryson, the second son of Robert and Ester Bryson, was born on January 1, 1758, in Allen Township, Cumberland County, near the famous Silver Springs Presbyterian Church, about eight miles west of Harrisburg, Pa. His father died September 29, 1769.

John Bryson was the child of many prayers. From a pious and widowed mother he received his earliest religious impressions, and that mother lived to see her son a devoted minister of the Gospel. She died December 4, 1809. At the age of 18 years he was drafted as a militiaman in the Revolutionary service under the command of General Potter. His tour of service was about six months. From childhood he had been of a serious and thoughtful turn of mind, but the precise time when first he indulged a hope in Christ, whether just before or immediately after his tour of military service, is not known by those who survived him. He informed Rev. Hudson, his son-in-law, that one of the strongest impressions upon his mind after his conversion was "Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel."

Mr. Bryson's classical studies were pursued for the most part under the tuition of the Rev. Dr. Waddell of Orange County, Va., afterward known as the celebrated "Blind Preacher." After finishing the course taught in Dr. Waddell's school, he took charge of the school and taught it successfully for two years. He then entered Dickinson College at Carlisle, recently organized under the presidency of Dr. Nesbit. He was graduated in the first class formed. His diploma awarding the degree of

Bachelor of Arts and praising him Latin Salutatorium of his class is dated September 26, 1787. His theological studies were commenced under the direction of Rev. John King, D.D., of Mercersburg, and the Rev. Robert Cooper, D.D., of Middle Spring. He completed these studies under the Rev. Dr. Nisbet in his first class of theological students, which was composed of four members, viz: John Bryson, Isaac Grier, Nathaniel R. Snowden, and William Spear. The first three of these men directly affected the early history of this valley and of our Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Bryson was taken under the care of the Presbytery of Carlisle on October 9, 1788, and was licensed to preach at Carlisle on October 8, 1789 -- the same year in which the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church was organized. As a licentiate, he preached his first sermons to the people of his future charge in 1789 at Chillisquaque on the second Sabbath, and at Warrior Run on the fourth Sabbath of the same month. At Falling Spring (Chambersburg) on November 3, 1790, he received a call from the united congregations of Chillisquaque and Warrior Run which he accepted, and he was ordained June 8, 1791. The call from the two churches was signed by 109 members.

Mr. Bryson was married to Miss Jane Montgomery, daughter of John Montgomery, Sr., of Paradise, Northumberland County, on September 7, 1790. Immediately after his marriage Mr. Bryson settled upon, and improved, the farm known as Long Square (elsewhere called "Four Square"), which was situated about two miles from the church in Lewis Township, Northumberland County. The stone house is in a good state of preservation (1950), having been built in 1801.

The churches of Warrior Run and Chillisquaque, numbering 500 members, were the largest in the Presbytery of Northumberland until the close of Mr. Bryson's pastorate. He resigned the pastoral charge of Warrior Run on October 5, 1841, after a ministry of 52 years.

Mrs. Bryson died July 5, 1845. Early on the morning of the 3rd day of August, 1855, at his residence in Northumberland County, Pa., the spirit of the Rev. John Bryson returned unto God. In the month of January of that year, he entered the 98th year of his life on earth. His surviving children, four in number, with his son-in-law, the Rev. John Paris Hudson, were present to witness his pious and peaceful exit from this world. In long and quiet procession the congregation of friends went to the church in McEwensville to hear the precious gospel of Him who is the resurrection and the life. The body was laid in the Congregational cemetery near the village.

[October 12, 1950. It is of interest to know that a descendant of Rev. Bryson lives at 23 Main Street, Watsontown, Penna., and is an Elder of the local church. This descendant, Mr. James C. Bryson, was very cooperative in furnishing some biographical material for the above article.]

REV. ISAAC GRIER

Three brothers had emigrated to this country: two of whom settled in the Carolinas and one, Thomas, in Franklin County, Pa. Thomas and his wife Martha, Scotch-Irish emigrants, had a son Isaac, born in the year 1763, the subject of this sketch.

Isaac Grier passed his preparatory course in the classical school of James Ross, a celebrated teacher in Chambersburg. Afterwards he entered Dickinson College in Carlisle, where he was graduated in 1788. He was received under the care of the Presbytery of Carlisle on April 15, 1790, having studied divinity a greater part of the previous two years under the direction of Rev. Dr. Nesbit. He was one of those who formed the Belle Lettres Society in Dickinson College, and was one of the first class of Dr. Nesbit's theological students, which was composed of four members -- the others being Dr. Spear, Mr. Snowden, and Mr. John Bryson. The last two served under the same presbytery as Mr. Grier.

Isaac Grier was licensed to preach the gospel on December 21, 1791. During that winter and spring he was appointed a missionary to supply the churches of Harrisburg, Paxton, Upper and Middle Tuscarora, Bedford, Great Cove, and as far west as Pittsburgh, having preached several times in that place. In the spring of 1792 he was appointed a missionary on the West and Northeast branches of the Susquehanna, and through the state of New York.

From a journal which he kept, it appears he commenced at Northumberland and Sunbury on June 15, 1792, and passed on to Milton, Warrior Run, Derry, Muncy, and Williamsport. On June 22nd he arrived at Lycoming (now Newberry) and lodged with a Mr. Hepburn, and on the 24th he preached there. This was Mr. Grier's first visit to the people who were destined to constitute his first charge. From here he went on to Pine Creek, Great Island, and up Bald Eagle Creek as far as where Jacksonville now stands. He returned to the North Branch, following it to New York state and on to Cooperstown, Albany, and Ticonderoga. He also visited several places on Lake Champlain.

On June 19, 1793, a call was put into his hands from the united congregations of Lycoming, Pine Creek, and Great Island, which he took under consideration. On the 2nd of October, the same year, presbytery put into his hands a call from the united congregations of Pitt Township and Ebenezer. On the same day he declared his acceptance of the former call. He was ordained on the 9th of April, 1794, at Carlisle, with Mr. Paxton preaching the sermon from John 21:16 (the last clause) and Mr. Craighead presiding and giving the charge. At the same time he was installed as pastor -- commissioners from said congregations being present.

He was married in June, 1793, to Elizabeth Cooper, the second daughter of Dr. Robert Cooper, pastor of the church of Middle Spring, Cumberland Co., Pa. He moved to Lycoming County, Pa., in 1794. The following spring he purchased a small farm adjoining the borough of Jersey Shore. Being poorly supported by his congregations, he commenced a classical school in 1802.

He moved from this pastorate to the united congregations of Sunbury and Northumberland in April 1806, as he had been induced to take charge of an academy at Northumberland, for which he possessed excellent qualifications. Having a large family of sons and daughters, such a position afforded him a desirable opportunity to educate his children. Two of his sons adorned Presbyterian pulpits for many years, and one was appointed to a judgeship in the Supreme Court of the U. S. by President James K. Polk.

Rev. Isaac Grier died on the 23rd of August, 1814, at Northumberland. Dr. Sprague, in his annals of the American pulpit, states, "As a teacher of the Latin and Greek languages, he is said to have had no superior in Pennsylvania."

REV. SAMUEL HENDERSON

In the same year in which Rev. Isaac Grier died (1814), Rev. Samuel Henderson was received into the Presbytery of Northumberland from the Presbytery of New Castle at the October 4th meeting. He was installed over the Lycoming Church at Newberry at the next stated meeting in April, 1815. This pastorate was not a happy one, nor of long duration.

He was arraigned at the bar of the presbytery at its spring meeting in 1817 on a charge of conduct derogatory to his ministerial character, and was suspended from the functions of the gospel ministry and dismissed from his pastoral charge. He was, however, restored to the ministry on giving satisfactory evidence of repentance, and another call from the Lycoming Church for his services as pastor was presented to the presbytery. However, the presbytery did not think it wise to put the call into his hands.

At the April meeting in 1818, a call directed to Mr. Henderson was presented to the presbytery from the united congregations of Shamokin, Bloomsburg, and Briar Creek, in which the congregations promised to pay to Mr. Henderson \$500.00 in regular half-yearly payments. The installment of Mr. Henderson was appointed to take place on the first Tuesday of the next October.

REV. NATHANIEL R. SNOWDEN

Rev. Snowden was received at Philadelphia on April 10, 1793, and was ordained on October 2, 1793. His charge at "Old Derry Church" from October 2, 1793, to April 13, 1796, ran concurrently with a pastorate in the Paxton Church.

He also had a pastorate at Harrisburg from October 2, 1793, to June 25, 1805, and was dismissed on June 25, 1805, to Redstone.

From 1818 to 1824 he had the first pastorate of the Millerstown Church. He was a supply for the Dauphin Church, or Middle Paxton Church, from 1796 to 1805, to which group he gave approximately one-fourth of his time. The churches of Liverpool and New Buffalo were made a part of his charge for about two years when he became pastor at Millerstown.

On the 18th of April, 1820, Mr. Snowden, then of the Presbytery of Huntingdon, applied for admittance to the Presbytery of Northumberland. On being received, a call from the Lycoming Church was put into his hands and was accepted by him.

On April 15, 1823, this pastoral relation was dissolved. After some time, Mr. Snowden was put on trial before presbytery for some misconduct, for which he was ordered to be admonished by the Moderator.

[Between 1950 and 1953 Mr. Warren L. Marsh, a former Williamsport resident, compiled and revised the biographies of twenty Presbyterian ministers and one layman. The publication of these sketches will be continued in succeeding issues.]

(From the Daily Lycoming Gazette and West Branch Bulletin, Tuesday Morning, September 27, 1870.)

OLE BULL IN WILLIAMSPORT

Address of the Wizard of the North in Our Town -- Great Excitement -- Public Meeting -- Speeches and Resolutions -- Ole Bull's Reply -- A Free Concert -- The Everlasting State in an Everlasting Commotion -- Bull as a Man and as an Artist -- Description of His Playing, etc.

(A friend has handed us a copy of the Lycoming Democrat, published in Williamsport eighteen years ago, by John F. Carter, who will be well remembered by all our old citizens, and old Democrats in particular. He was a gossippy, brilliant, and dashing writer, and his effusions attracted much attention. He died near Washington City in 1861, if we remember correctly. The paper before us is faded and worm eaten, and bears date Sept. 25, 1852. It gives a dashing description of a free concert in the old Court House, by the famous Ole Bull, on the evening of Sept. 22, 1852. At that time fully one-third of the present population of Williamsport were unborn; the town was a straggling village of less than four thousand inhabitants, and there were very few houses above Hepburn Street, and all that part of Fourth Street, from where the Baptist Church stands up to the Herdic House, was one of the muddiest lanes in all this country, and the horror of all country people who had to visit the town in the spring of the year. Look at it now, and contrast it with its condition eighteen years ago. At that time John F. Cowan resided here, and was in the zenith of his fame as a land speculator. He sold a large body of wild land to the great fiddler in Potter county who proposed to found a colony of Norwegians there. The bargain being accomplished, Ole Bull visited Williams-

port and gave a free concert. That concert and the incidents connected with it were described by the graphic pen of Mr. Carter. -- Ed.)

Our anticipations have been more than realized -- our predictions more than fulfilled -- our prophecies made good to the very letter, to say nothing of paragraph, sentence, word, and syllable. The only fear is -- such is our modesty -- that our language will be too strong, and our descriptions too warm, to suit the temperature of this frigid region, where, if the truth must be told, there is not more than four bright, balmy, beautiful, and properly aired and sunned months (it is different now -- Ed.) in the whole calendar. To understand rightly, and to appreciate properly, let us commence at the commencement; and as the subject is of more importance to us as a people than the thieving operations of all the rip rappers (they were canal jobbers) in the land, the dignity of a new paragraph is imperatively demanded.

Well, then, at high noon, on Wednesday last (September 22, 1852) a one horse buggy was seen dashing through the main street of our town, with a brace of passengers inside. One of the passengers was at once recognized as one of our most popular (John F. Cowan), estimable and enterprising citizens. The other was -- Ole Bull! There could be no mistake about the matter. There was the white hat -- the tall, commanding form -- the muscular limbs -- the flowing locks -- the keen, impassioned eye -- the countenance all truth, all love, all sympathy, all brotherly kindness.

In the "twinkling of a bed post" -- to make use of a Shakesperian quotation -- it was soon known from one extremity of the "everlasting State" to the other extremity that Ole Bull had arrived in our midst, and that he was the guest of our fellow townsman, John F. Cowan, Esq. We do not know how the thing was brought about, or by whom it was brought about, but we do know that at an early hour in the afternoon our venerable Court House was filled by a very respectable and by a very excited audience. Since we have now arrived at the crisis of a public meeting, we must proceed cautiously and systematically in order that the future historian may collate understandingly. Alack and alas! that we should thus speak carelessly and unthinkingly of the future -- for the hand that is now dashing off this thoughtless article will soon be stiffened in the cold embrace of death, and the hundreds, if not thousands, who may read it are early doomed to the occupancy of that dark, dreary, dismal resting place, where they must remain until the trump shall sound and the grave give up its contents.

At two o'clock precisely -- without the ringing of a bell, or the posting up of a handbill, or the delivery of an oral message, a highly respectable and a highly excited audience (as we said before) had assembled at the Court House. On motion of a very large man with a very small voice, Mr. T. Coryell was called to the chair and Col. John F. Carter appointed secretary. Gen. Fleming briefly explained the object of the meeting which may be easily guessed at. He then offered the following preamble and resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, We understand that Ole Bull no more celebrated for his musical genius than for his love for America and American institutions, has just arrived in our borough, and will leave tomorrow for Philadelphia;

Resolved, That a committee of seven be appointed to wait on Ole Bull and earnestly request him to meet the citizens of Williamsport at such place, and at such time, as may best suit his convenience.

Resolved, That if our distinguished visitor should favor the citizens of Williamsport with an evidence of that skill which has made his name a household word throughout the existing world, he will confer a favor which will be long prized and warmly appreciated.

In accordance with the above resolution, the Chair appointed the following gentlemen to serve on the committee above named: Messrs. J.F. Cowan, Gen. Robert Fleming, Col. John F. Carter, George White, James Armstrong, John Hughes, and J.M. Green.

The committee promptly called upon Ole Bull. One of their number presented him with a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolution, accompanied with "a short, appropriate and eloquent speech, suitable to the occasion." The great artist, and the still greater philanthropist, drew himself up to his full height, and with his right hand on the outside of his big, warm, honest heart, replied as follows:

My frens! I tank you from the bottoms of my heart. My will is greater than my power -- my sympathy greater than my means. Dere is something in the very name of Pennsylvania, wid all its historic associations, that moves my heart to beat quickly and proudly. If my poor life be spared -- for which I shall tank God -- a few months, I shall be an American citizen -- not merely a citizen of America, but a citizen of Pennsylvania; not merely a citizen of Pennsylvania, but a citizen of dis great, dis glorious, dis growing West Branch country, (poor fellow, his fondest hopes were never realized!) of which Williamsport is de light, de sun, de center. Oh, I have

bought so much fine land in Potter county. (Oh) I shall want more in dis beautiful region, for I have made my arrangements to bring out thousands and tens of thousands of my oppressed (a few hundreds came but they were worse oppressed here) countrymen to this free and happy land. I is proud to think dat you will like dem. Ah, my countrymen are brave -- dey are honest -- dey are contented -- dey are industrious -- and though dey are stubborn Republicans dey have no sympathy wid de visionary Messiahs andof the day.

Again I tank you, my frens. If it will give you pleasures to hear me in my old capacity as an artist, gladly do I accede to the request which you have made. Use my time and my services in manner

OLE BULL CONCERT
HALF PAST SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING
ADMIT THE BEARER

By Order of the Committee

Sept. 22d.

Long before the hour designated, the Court House was literally surrounded by all the beauty, fashion, intelligence, and democracy of Williamsport. Never did we see a more exciting and excitable multitude; and when the four avenues of entrance to the Court House were thrown open, the human tide flowed in with amazing rapidity. In less than fifteen minutes the room was one compact mass of heaving, breathing, talking humanity -- the little children having been flung into the nooks, holes, corners, and window seats, in order that every inch of available space should be occupied. It was by far the largest audience ever seen in the borough of Williamsport, or in the county of Lycoming. What a sea of heads! What

most agreeable to the good citizens of Williamsport which you represent.

The committee after warmly thanking Ole Bull retired, delighted with the great violinist, delighted with the result of their mission, and delighted with each other and the rest of mankind. The Court House was engaged; a special police force hastily sworn in; and free tickets freely distributed. The news spread with the rapidity of tea table scandal. From mouth to mouth, the startling, bewildering, bewitching intelligence was proclaimed that Ole Bull, the Ole Bull, was actually going to give a concert in the Court House at half past seven o'clock in the evening. There could be no mistake about the matter, for here was the card of admission:

an upturning of eyes and noses! And what piquant scraps of fragmentary conversation. "Get off my dress." "That's my foot, sir." "Spit in my hat." "He's only thirty and he refused Jenny Lind three times hand running." "Guess you may believe me -- these canal thieves are merely getting their deserts." "What a love of a bonnet." "Just look at Dr. Green." "Never saw smaller potatoes in my life." "To be sure he can't out fiddle Dan Repasz, he can beat him all to smash." "Saw him myself as I was scrubbing out the kitchen." "Susan, says I, for mercy --." "Have you read the last speech?" "That is good tobacco." "Darn the sugar -- give it to me plain." "Only three fips a yard? Where did you get

it?" "Pap has positively forbidden him the house." "The excitement, the intellectuality of this -- ." "Take that, you little wretch." "Can he really fiddle, standing on his head?" "Ma, look at Tom -- he's a pinching of me." "Gilbert has got the best sugar hams in town." "Lookout for corns." "Bless me, what a crowd." "I am melting away, like butter in the sun." "Didn't I tell you to take a fan?" "Mary, you see if the pin is out of my collar -- that's a dear." "Best sermon that I ever heard." "Before I went into the parlor, says I to sis, sis do you think he saw me when I ran upstairs in that hateful wrapper? I never did like it and I --." "Depend upon it they should always stand to cool for --." "Why don't you blow, blow your nose at once, you're always mortifying me in public." "The Emperor of Russia gave him twenty thousand just for one tune." "You are lying -- on my hat." "Here he comes. No -- yes -- no -- yes -- that's him -- hurry -- hurry -- hurry."

Sure enough it was the great Wizard of the North, white hat and all, accompanied by Gen. Fleming and J.F. Cowan and James Armstrong, Esqs. Mr. Cowan appeared in front of the party, and said:

Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to introduce to you the world-renowned Ole Bull. He appears before you not only as the great artist, but as the adopted citizen of the West Branch Valley. Within a few weeks he has purchased from me (oh!) one hundred and twenty thousand acres of land in Potter county. He intends to bring thousands of his hardy and industrious countrymen to occupy and cultivate that land. If his life is spared, within the next five years he will be the efficient means of adding thousands to the population of Northern Pennsylvania, and hundreds of thousands to its wealth. Need I say more?

("Three cheers for Ole Bull!" "Hurra -- hurra -- hurra!" "Three more cheers." "Hurra -- hurra -- hurra!")

After the cheering had subsided, Ole Bull made his appearance, violin in hand, bowing and smiling like a welcome guest at a marriage feast. He said:

Gentlemen -- no, I beg pardon -- ladies and gentlemen. I tank you for de kindness of dis reception. You make me feel proud -- happy -- delighted. I sure of your sympathy if I fail to inspire you with satisfaction. I hold in my hand a Pennsylvania violin -- the first one of the kind I ever attempted to use. I shall try to do justice to its origin, although I would much prefer my own instrument.

More applause, followed by profound silence and breathless expectation. The instrument (he had Walter Willard's and Dan Repasz' fiddle) is placed firmly against the left shoulder -- the bow is raised with the witching grace of a wizard, as he is -- the first note trembles on the ear like the low wail of an infant -- and whew! phizz! off he dashes in one of those wild, impromptu fantasies that have carried by storm the ears and hearts of so many thousands, nay millions. You might as well attempt to imprison the gorgeous colors of the rainbow as to attempt to give a description of Ole Bull's playing. You are lost -- bewildered -- astonished -- captivated! Surely that instrument he holds must have a heart and soul, and all the other attributes of our spiritual nature -- for of a truth those sounds cannot be produced by the friction of cat gut and horse hair! He gives, as it were, an embodiment to every emotion of the heart! -- touching the deep wells of affection and reaching the consuming fire of the passions. At times you are listening to the warbling of birds -- the soft sigh of the summer wind as it woos the quivering leaf -- or the pleasant flow of tears. The next moment you are

transported to the cold, bleak fearful wilds of Norway, to hear the roar of foaming cataracts and to listen to the solemn surge of the sea as it beats against a rock bound coast. Again you are in another and a more genial clime -- in the midst of the carnival -- watching the tricks and smiling at the mirth of the beautiful but degraded children of the sunny South.

At length Ole Bull ceased playing; but the audience moved not, for

"Listening still, they seem to hear."

Bull, finally, made a movement for the door, when the audience rose and gave him three hearty, honest cheers, loud enough and strong enough to have raised the roof of the Court House. The next day he started for Philadelphia, amid the cheers of a large number of our citizens who had collected on the packet boat wharf, to witness his departure.

THE TRIP TO OLE BULL'S CASTLE, JULY 29, 1920

By Charles T. Logue
(David of Happy Valley)

Come with me a little while this morning, and without leaving your home I will take you over one of the wildest and most beautiful roadways in the state of Pennsylvania, if not in the United States. Last Thursday afternoon we (Charles H. Eldon and Charles T. Logue) left in his car bound for Ole Bull castle, 'way up in Potter County. We crossed the Market Street bridge just as the town clock struck "three bells," then up Southern Avenue to DuBois-town, Nisbet, and Bastress.

Tradition has it that the first concert of his second world tour (to recoup his fortune and help his distressed colonists) was played in the old Jersey Shore High School, which stood at or near the present flagpole on Broad Street. The night was a beautiful one. The small building, as well as the square, was packed with those eager to hear the greatest violinist of all time. The piano for the occasion was taken from the home of the late Judge Gamble, who was a citizen of Jersey Shore. It was played by his beautiful and talented wife. The following day this great artist, astride his black charger, his customary shawl about his shoulders, and his violin case on his back, was seen riding down the river road, never to return.

During the time he was building his colony, Ole Bull traded a great deal at the Sebring store in Jersey Shore.

[From an address delivered before the Muncy Historical Society by M. Edward Toner on November 9, 1945.]

At Bastress we stopped the car for a few minutes and sat looking down over the valley of Nippenose; and my! how beautiful it did look with its fields in different colors and many hues. Then down we went over its good limestone roads, turning west through Oval, the "Capitol of Nippenose Valley." As we passed along, Mr. Eldon called our attention to an old blacksmith shop where they used to "shod". Now the "smithy" was standing out under a chestnut tree "fixin' a Ford."

Continuing through the valley we passed Lochabar, famous for its collection of Indian relics, then to the right down Antes Creek Pike to Antes Fort, and on to Jersey Shore where we kept straight ahead westward on Allegheny Street to Pine Creek Bridge which we did not cross. Here at the old Campbell homestead we turned to the right up the Pine Creek road, which we found in most excellent condition. Alongside of the roads, dotted here and there, were great clumps of tall meadow rue in flower. We soon reached "Safe Harbor" where we pointed out the old "Wilhelm Tavern," famous in the lumbering days of Pine Creek, also the spot on the opposite side of the creek where the first grist mill stood to which the early settlers would drive for two or three days from their homes, and then maybe have to wait several days to get their turn, and their flour, etc., before starting homeward again.

We soon reached Ramsey's, where Mr. Eldon stopped the car and we looked across the creek at the James N. Kline Boy Scout Camp. It is a beautiful sight, well selected, and what a great clear stretch of water they have. Many boys were out in boats, others "in swimmin'," and others could be seen sitting in the shade of the large trees, near the big farmhouse. Indeed, it was a grand gift of the donor, James N. Kline. The narrows above are very picturesque. We noticed several home-like little cottages, nestled among the big pine trees overlooking the creek below.

Waterville came next. Here we took on more gas, the last place you can buy it before entering the wilds. About one-half mile beyond Waterville we came to a big iron bridge. Here is a sign with a hand painted on it pointing across the bridge: "To Coudersport Pike." From this point there is a continuous line of poles, bearing one

wire which runs along the road clear into Coudersport. It is the telegraph line of the Tidewater Oil Company, whose two small oil pipes are always near this wire. In many places you can see these pipes out on the rocks. You simply follow this road and the poles and one wire on them and you will land in Coudersport. After crossing the bridge we traveled the road up Big Pine Bottom to the pike.

Up the road a little way is a big signboard reading in plain letters: "Pennsylvania State Forest. You are welcome. Be careful of fire." From this place on for many miles you can see the immense work of reforestry. It seemed as if there were millions upon millions of little white pine trees planted and being planted. Generations to come will thank such men as the Hon. Gifford Pinchot, Col. H.W. Shoemaker, Robert R. Neefe, and many others who are giving their time and many hard hours of toil in the great and glorious work. Pennsylvania is the only state in the Union that is planting more trees than she is cutting -- something everybody in the state can point to with great pride. We also visited the forester along the road, Mr. Charles Hogeland, who told us he and his six men had set out over 25,000 white pine trees the past season.

At the top of the mountain we turned to the right onto the Coudersport Pike, known as the road through the old Black Forest. It was "way back then" used as an Indian trail; and, when the white man came "to borrow the land" and keep it forever without pay, he commenced to travel it with ox teams. In 1826 the State took it over. It runs along the top of the Allegheny Mountains almost 80 miles, and road engineers of today say it could not be improved upon.

Continuing along we soon reached what was once Haneyville. Some years ago it was a village of twenty-five or thirty houses, during the big lumber operations. Today only one or two deserted houses remain; the rest have been torn or burned down.

We reached the Black Forest Club House at 7:45 p.m. Here we were to have supper and lodging and a "trout breakfast." The club has about 40 members, most of them business and professional men in Williamsport. The club house is built on almost the exact spot of the "Old Halfway House" between Coudersport and Jersey Shore. During the days of the early pioneers it was kept by Widow Herritt. She furnished lodgings and meals to all who came this way -- all kinds of travelers, and among them horse thieves who stole horses up in York state, got on this pike before daylight and escaped, there being no telephone or telegraph in those days to head them off. Peddlers occasionally would pass this way on horseback, and many teamsters. Some nights, it is said, she would have as many as thirty or forty teams in the old log barn (which still stands) or tied around the outside of it. A son of Widow Herritt said there was a clearing at this place, when his mother came here, and many a night the wolves and panthers would come upon the porch and howl. He also told how Ole Bull stopped at his mother's tavern, with his violin, on the way over the pike to Jersey Shore. The Black Forest club had his picture enlarged from a tintype, and it hangs on the wall in the lobby of the club house. The members take great pride in showing it to their guests.

The next morning Mr. Eldon and I started on our way to Oleona, nine miles away, to attend the Ole Bull pilgrimage on the site of Ole Bull's castle. Just a few miles down the road we passed from Lycoming to Potter

County, a stone by the roadside so notifying us.

At the bend of the road, down in the valley, is a little home nestled among a few trees. It's the home of "Andreas-son," the son of the late Henry Andreason, the secretary of Ole Bull who came to this country from Norway with the colony in those sad days. We were introduced to the family by our good friend, Rex Laurence, the pipeline walker from Bradford to Williamsport. We found them a very quiet but interesting family, from whom we got much valuable information. Mrs Andreason pointed out the little cemetery down in the corner of the farm where her father-in-law was buried in 1893.

Oleona! Once it was a little village; now it, too, has passed away. All we could find was the foundation of the old roadside inn -- and this was pointed out to us. Down the road is an old deserted farmhouse, the last building in Oleona, and it's fast passing into decay. Col. Shoemaker came along with several cars filled with friends on the way to the ruins of Ole Bull's castle. He introduced us to Hon. Gifford Pinchot, the chief forester, and many others.

We next visited the old ruins of the castle on the hill -- easy to find as a large flagstaff with Old Glory floating designated the spot. A little bridge crosses the creek, and through the beautiful woods a path about 10 feet wide leads up the steep mountain to the old ruin. There we found the big retaining wall at the cliff and the cellar with several birch trees and a maple growing on the ruins of the cellar foundation. From the high point one can see all up and down Kettle Creek and over the Little Valley far below. It was the land of Ole Bull's dreams: the land and colony he could look upon some day and enjoy in prosperity and a long and happy life. But alas! They became hungry and cold, and no longer could

the strains of the music from his old Stradivarius cheer them. Sad and disheartened, some wandered away, others died of cold and hunger, and today Oleona is but a memory.

Ole Bull will not be forgotten. How he reached this historical spot the writer does not know; by last Friday, July 30, 1920, over 6,000 men, women, and children from many parts of the state

gathered at the old castle ruins in respect to him who sleeps over 4,000 miles away. And when we wandered into the woods just below the cliff we could hear the sweet strains of the violin in another master's hands -- Dr. Will George Butler, who was playing one of his own compositions, "Visions of Oleona."

THE GREAT PILGRIMAGE TO OLE BULL CASTLE

Seven Thousand People Attend the Historical Society Meeting at Oleona and Listen to Stirring Address -- Biggest Gathering Ever Seen in Kettle Creek.

(From the Potter County Journal, August 4, 1920.)

Over roads as well-nigh perfect as skill and constant care could make them; with weather seemingly made perfect for the occasion; with enthusiasm for the meeting to commemorate the romantic history of a Scandinavian settlement in the wilds of Potter County; twelve hundred automobiles sped in a constant procession toward Oleona last Friday carrying old and young to view the site chosen by Ole Bull, the most noted violinist of all time, for a "castle" in the unbroken wilderness.

Over a thousand cars, parked in rows along the side of a meadow half a

mile long, was a sight never before seen in that lonely valley. The meeting in the grove at the foot of the mountain that lifts the "castle" high in the air was an inspiring one. State officials, from the governor down, saw in the gathering a sublime purpose, a flow of human good nature, an earnest of the character that pervades these children of the hills, where dwell resolute men, virtuous women, and ambitious children. The assembled thousands caught the inspiration to forward the interests of the highway, forestry, agricultural, and educational departments, and carried away broader visions of Pennsylvania's future and of Potter County's part therein.

The story of Ole Bull and his attempt to found a colony at Oleona is told by Norman B. Wilkinson in Historic Pennsylvania Leaflet No. 14. Quite by accident Miss Inez Bull learned the fate of the colonists after they were told their deed to the land in Potter County was worthless. On August 8, 1966, in the microfilm files of the Janesville,

Wisconsin, Gazette she read the terrible fact that most of the Norwegian Oleona colonists had been killed by heat and suffocation in a box car. Only 100 of the 800 arrived alive in Janesville and Beloit. The dead were carried through the streets of Janesville in hearses. According to the Chicago Democrat, dated August 8, 1854, seven bodies

were taken off the car in Chicago. On August 5, 1966, in a cardboard apple crate (abandoned by the Norwegian-American Historical Association at St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minnesota) she found the Oleona colonists' letters, photographs of the finished Ole Bull castle, and a letter from Ole Bull asking the Minnesota people to help the colonists escape their terrible suffering. All the letters were dated August 5, 1853.

On July 27, 1967, she went to the courthouse in Coudersport, Pa., to see if the deed for her new Ole Bull Museum had been recorded. In a large worn volume she found her name recorded on a page under Ole Bull's name. This very unexpected discovery prompted Miss Bull to ask the Recorder if Ole Bull's deed were legal. To prove that it was, he brought out another book, opened a page, and there it was -- the deed, lost for 114 years, that had been the cause of scorn and humiliation for both Ole Bull and John F. Cowan. It had been recorded on July 27, 1853. In April of 1968, therefore, Miss Bull officially requested that the name of John F. Cowan be cleared forever of dishonesty in issuing a fraudulent deed to Ole Bull and his 800 colonists. ("Cross Fork Tales," by Miss Inez Bull, pgs. 52 and 53.)

THE SPIRIT VIOLIN

In Memory of Ole Bull

By Celeste S. Henderson

At eve a traveler paused to drink
From sweet Lyso Spring.
The vesper songs of Hermit Thrush
Fond recollections bring.

In 1962 Miss Inez Bull, a descendant of the famous Norwegian violinist, built a red ski hut at Carter Camp on Route 44, several miles down the road from Ole Bull State Park. The building, now a museum, contains many historical mementos from Ole Bull's lost colony, such as his christening dress, which is in a hanging case designed by Kathi Beri of New York City. A log cabin replica of Ole Bull's castle, built as a 12th century Viking house, was added in 1968. Miss Bull and her mother reside in it during the summer.

In 1971 the Ole Bull chapel was dedicated. The stave church, designed by Pagano and Sons of Galeton, is six feet square and twenty feet tall. It houses the Ole Bull Bible from the 1852 colony. Services are held here at 5 p.m. on Sundays during the summer.

A six foot square Doll's House, built like a tiny barn, has been constructed to hold a doll collection.

The museum is open to the public daily between 2 and 8 p.m. during July and August. Miss Bull and her mother in native costume graciously welcome each and every guest with refreshments and a wealth of information about Ole Bull and his colony of Norwegian settlers.

Once more on Norseland's mountain
heights
He roams as when a boy.
He leaps from crag to crag and shouts
'Til echo answers, "Joy."

The traveler, rousing from his dream
Of home so far away,
Exultant cries, "In this fair land
I'll build a New Norway.

"My castle walls on yonder hill
Shall stand in stately pride.
Amid the trees of spruce and pine
From the curious world I'll hide.

"The only peace on earth
This tired heart can know
Is when with my loved violin
I wield the Magic Bow."

At last the dream is realized,
And on the mountainside
The Castle stands while far below
The murmuring waters glide.

The lights from turret now gleam forth,
And above the torrent's din
Is heard the angelic music
Of the sweet-voiced violin.

It tells of rippling water-brooks --
The cattle bells are ringing --
While dairy maids at close of day
Their "Home Again" are singing.

The strain is changed, the "Hailing"
gay
Resounds from floor to rafter.
Young Nils again has kicked the beam
While Bergit shouts with laughter.

Now "undernordisk" music sweet
Is heard upon the air,
As dancing 'round the Fairy Ring
The Elves and Gnomes appear.

And now in Hall of Mountain King
The "Devil's March" is sounding;
The trolls in gay procession sing
While up the hillside bounding.

The music suddenly doth cease;
Loud knocking now is heard;
A stranger comes from out the gloom --
The writ of dispossession's served.

Oh trusting heart, Oh God-like soul!
Deceived, betrayed for a paltry gain --
He mounts his stallion, black as coal,
And rides forth through the mist and
rain.

PART II

The years have passed by rapidly;
Gone, alas, the magic bow;
The Castle walls are crumbling
By vandal hands laid low.

But if, at eve, you pause to rest
By sweet Lyso Spring,
Where pines lift up their stately heads
And thrushes gaily sing,

You'll see that turret rise again
While light's gleam from within.
And then, perchance, you'll hear
The Spirit Violin.

While Kettle Creek flows gently by
The hill folk nod their heads and say,
"Dear Ole Bull still lingers near
And spirit violin doth play."

And until stone by stone restored
The Castle stands -- a sacred shrine
In memory of Ole Bull --
His spirit walks. So ends this "rime."

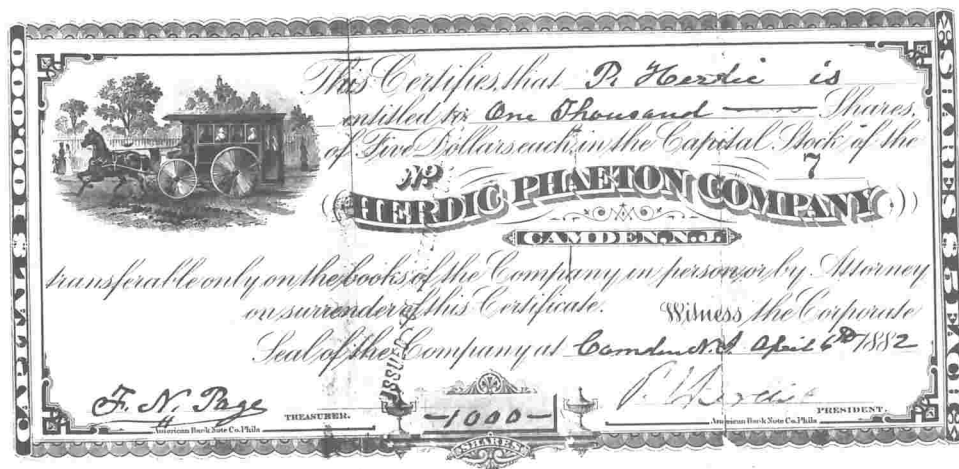
THE PETER HERDIC CORNER

*Cheap Coaches For Philadelphia*From the Philadelphia Ledger, July 10

Application has been made for a charter for a corporation to be known as the "Herdic Personal Transportation Company," the object of which will be to carry a passenger, or passengers, to any part of the city for a fare of 10 cents. The capital stock is named at \$2,000,000, and 10 per cent of this amount is now being paid in as required by law before the charter can be granted. It is said that 1,000 coaches will be placed upon the line, and 100 of that number are now being built, some at Alta, Carbon County, Penn., some at Williamsport, and others in the southwest corner of the Permanent Exhibition Building, in this city. The coaches are being built somewhat after the pattern of the Centennial coaches, with the seats running along the sides, giving seating capacity for six or eight persons. They will be drawn by one horse, and, it is said, will be fitted up with patent appliances of various kinds, for which

Mr. Herdic holds the patents. Among other things, a patent spring will be used, and the roof will extend over the entrance at the rear a foot or two, in order that passengers may be protected in inclement weather. It was first intended to introduce gas into the coaches, but this was found impracticable, and lamps were substituted. The coaches will run to all parts of the city, although in just the opposite direction to the street cars. It is thought they will be ready to begin their trips about the 1st of September, and there will be, it is understood, several stands where the coaches can be procured at all hours.

[N.B. We must assume the coaches were being built in Alba, Bradford County, just north of Canton and Minnequa, not "Alta." This article appeared in *The New York Times*, Monday, July 12, 1880.]

*Philadelphia's New Coaches*

Description of the Queer-looking One-horse Carriages

Designed for Street Travel at Low Rates of Fare

(From the Philadelphia Times, July 25)

A specimen coach of the Herdic Personal Transportation Company was tested yesterday. It is a queer-looking affair, with immense wheels and long, low body, almost touching the ground. The coach is 10 feet long, 8 feet high, and 4 feet 10 inches wide. The front wheels are 5 feet in diameter and the back wheels are 3½ feet. The roof of the coach projects outward in the rear for the purpose of protecting passengers from rain and snow, and there is also a protecting cover over the driver's seat, in the front part of the coach. The specimen coach has only one door in the rear, which is approached by a broad, low platform, apparently designed for the convenience of street boys who like to "hang on behind." This defect will be remedied in the other coaches by constructing double convex doors extending to the edge of the platform and held shut by a strap under the driver's seat. The doors and the eight windows of the coach are furnished with heavy plate glass.

The body of the coach rests on two solid steel "reaches," furnished with the "Herdic patent axle," by means of which the coach is enabled to run over any obstacle without danger of breaking the poles. The wheels turn on a pivot on the sides of the coach instead of in the centre, which removes the strain from the poles and enables the coach to turn around in a very small circle. Ordinary vehicles describe a large circle in turning, but with the Herdic axle the coaches can turn in a circle two feet in diameter. The wheels in turning do not grate against the "reaches," as in ordinary coaches. The patent axles and high wheels and low resting body tend to facilitate the motion of the coach to such an extent that one horse can draw

it with its complement of passengers with comparative ease.

A horse of ordinary strength was put to the coach; 11 full grown men got into the coach and a driver mounted the box. The horse drew the coach with ease, trotting away with it at a good pace. As the coaches are designed to hold only eight persons, the horses will not be overworked like those on the street cars. The coach is handsomely painted with black paint and varnished. Above each row of windows on the outside is painted in yellow letters, "Reserved seats, -- cents." Beneath the windows is the following sign: "Limited Coach No. 1, Market-square and Junction."

The interior of the coach is handsomely furnished. The roof is paneled in oak and the floor is covered with linoleum. There are velvet cushioned seats on either side of the coach for four persons, and more than eight will not be admitted at one time, although 10 persons might be seated with comfort. Above each seat is a leather strap, within easy reach, connecting with a gong above the driver's seat. Most of the coaches now building will be furnished with seats of perforated wood instead of velvet. The coach is lighted by a large lantern. It was intended at first to illuminate the coaches with gas, but the plan was found to be impracticable. A patented money box, smaller than those used in some of the street cars, is placed beneath the lamp in the front part of the coach. Tickets and change will be furnished by the driver.

The Transportation Company, which received its charter a few days ago, will begin operations about the 1st of

September. The main object of the company is to establish a line of coaches or cabs in every part of the city, for the purpose of conveying passengers to points inaccessible to the street cars, at reduced rates. Coaches will run on Broad street, Delaware avenue, Allegheny avenue, and streets not reached by the street cars, and also on the principal streets of the city running from north to south and east to west. Frankford, Germantown, Chestnut Hill, Darby, and other suburban points will be included, and the principal depots and places of amusement will be reached. It is also the intention of the company to establish a line of extra coaches for picnics, excursions, private pleasure parties, &c., and a number of coaches designed for that purpose are already building.

Each coach will accommodate eight passengers. Special arrangements have been made with a view to facilitating the conveyance of passengers, whereby picnic coaches may be had at any time by telegraphing to the headquarters of the company. The regular passenger coaches may be had at all hours. Up to midnight the coaches will be run every

10 minutes; after that they will run at longer intervals. They will stop when hailed between crossings. The fare will be 5 cents, but six tickets will be sold for a quarter. It is the intention of the company to run 4,000 coaches in this city -- 500 on Broad street and the remainder proportionately on various thoroughfares. Workshops have been established for the construction of the coaches in the western end of the Main Building at the Exhibition grounds, and on the lot adjoining a restaurant on Belmont avenue. About 100 men are employed, and the work is progressing rapidly. Twenty coaches will be turned out every day after the shops are in full operation. Wheels for the coaches are making at Wilmington, Chester, Mechanicsburg, and other cities. Mr. Herdic intends to establish similar lines of coaches in all the principal cities of the United States and in several of the European capitals. The work will be pushed forward as rapidly as possible, and it is expected that the enterprise will be in full blast by the first of December.

[This story appeared in *The New York Times*, Tuesday, July 27, 1880.]

Peter Herdic's Failure

How His Assets Were Manipulated by Some of His Creditors

ELMIRA, N.Y., Nov. 3 -- In 1878 Peter Herdic, the great lumber king, lobbyist, and speculator, of Williamsport, Penn., who was supposed to be worth \$10,000,000, made an assignment. From all accounts his financial wreck was complete, and the consequent disaster was widespread throughout the lumber and semi-bituminous coal regions of Pennsylvania. Herdic's heaviest creditors were William Weightman, the Philadelphia chemist and quinine

monopolist, and R.J.C. Walker, Weightman's son-in-law. These creditors were able to manipulate the affairs of Herdic so that at a Marshal's sale of over half a million dollar's worth of his property they bought the whole of it in for \$4,000. This property consisted of \$800,000 worth of real estate in Williamsport, 16,000 acres of coal land in Tioga and Lycoming Counties, and 14,000 acres of timber land in the same region.

In 1880, Herdic having passed through bankruptcy, his Assignees, Frederick and Bently, sold \$1,250,000 of his assets. Herdic had sworn that he was not worth a dollar, but at this sale he was the principal bidder. The assets consisted of \$250,000 in the stock of the many ventures of Herdic, in which his fellow-townsmen had invested largely. These included the Williamsport and Canada Lumber Company, the Robert Morris Land and Coal Company, and the Lycoming Gas and Water Company. The balance of the assets were book accounts, ranging in items of from \$5,000 to \$90,000 each in amount. An account against William Stoddard was sold for 50 cents. A claim against the Lycoming Gas and Water Company for \$48,000 brought 20 cents, and one for \$49,000 against the Williamsport Manufacturing Company was knocked down for 80 cents. Other accounts of from \$25,000 to \$60,000 sold for a few cents. The entire list of assets realized but \$1,500, and all that represented any value were secured by Herdic.

The matter of the Marshal's sale of 1878 was allowed to rest without question until 1883. Then Herdic's attorney, on the ground that the sale was illegal, procured an order for another sale, and he had the same property sold and bought it in for \$4,000. No title having passed under this sale, Herdic's attorney, Clinton Lloyd, has entered suit against Weightman and Walker to have their sale and title set aside and the sale of 1883 made valid. This suit is to be tried at the December term of the Lycoming County Court, and will reopen the Herdic affairs and circumstances attending his bankruptcy. It will doubtless result in counter proceedings in which the peculiarities of the Assignee's sale of 1880 will be made clearer. The reversing of the title of Weightman & Walker in the coal and lumber property of Lycoming and Tioga Counties would

materially affect those great interests in that region.

[This story appeared in *The New York Times*, Tuesday, November 4, 1884.]

In the archives, Miss Gladys Tozier has a tiny scrap of paper:

	Dec. 7/87	
P. Herdic		
To F. N. Page, Dr.		
Salary, Dec. 15/80 to		
April/82		\$13,055.55
Cr.		
By cash		4,130.07
		<hr/>
		\$8,925.48

This is reminiscent of the "cash slips" mentioned by the defense in the trial of the case of the Commonwealth against H. E. Taylor and Peter Herdic. See page 14 of the *LCHS JOURNAL*, Vol. XI, No. 1.

The Williamsport Sun, December 17, 1949, carried this note in its "Items of News of Other Years in Brief Review":

65 YEARS AGO TODAY

Wednesday, Dec. 17, 1884

A special term of court started to hear a case to determine ownership of the Park Hotel. (The case grew out of the bankruptcy of Peter Herdic in 1878. The hotel had been part of his assets. It was acquired by R.J.C. Walker.)

A BUSINESS TRIP THROUGH NORTH CENTRAL PENNSYLVANIA IN 1844

By John A. Otto

Mount Hebron - May 24, 1844

Dear Father:

After leaving you at Reading, I stopped at Orwigsburg and redeemed the tract of land, which was sold in 1842 to P. Ludwig, for \$83. As soon as I got my business arranged at home, I started to Clearfield -- which was 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon of the 16th inst. Before I reached the turnpike, I was caught in a heavy shower and got wet to the skin. When I came to the stage office at Fountain Springs, I ascertained the stage would not be along for two hours and probably would be so full that I could not get in; so I mounted a market wagon going up the pike and reached Bear Gap, twelve miles, at 9:00 o'clock. Here the passengers divided, some to Danville and others to Sunbury. The stage came on, crowded, two hours later than usual, at midnight. I then took my seat and drove on to Snufftown, a distance of five miles, which we reached by 2:00 o'clock -- taking two hours owing to the lights going out in the rain. We here took our supper and then proceeded on to Northumberland, eighteen miles, which we reached at 5½ o'clock. I was now told I would have to remain there a day for the stage for Bellefonte. But I could go on by packet boat, round by Williamsport, which would start by 7:00 o'clock. I then laid on two chairs till the breakfast bell rang. Till we had washed ourselves and was ready to set down, the packet bell rang. We left breakfast behind and ran for the boat. The packet then proceeded on its journey at the rate of three miles per hour. Eight miles on we passed by Derrstown, which we left on the opposite side of the river. Four miles

further on we changed horses at Milton. Thence we had fourteen miles to Muncy where we had another change of horses. Fourteen miles further on brings us to Williamsport, a distance of forty miles from Northumberland, which we reached at 6:00 o'clock in the evening. The country along here is beautiful, and the scenery is grand. Williamsport is a lively, stirring place, handsomely laid out, and displays a great many tasteful buildings. At 3:00 o'clock the next morning, Saturday, I got into a two-horse coach, all alone, passed thru Newberry and Gerrytown to Jersey Shore (fifteen miles), it raining all the time. Took breakfast here and then took another two-horse coach (fifteen miles) to Lock Haven, the county seat of Clinton, where I arrived at 10:00 o'clock. I had now to wait two days to take the stage to Bellefonte, a distance of twenty-five miles. I therefore made application for a private conveyance, and they had the conscience to ask five dollars to take me on. Sooner than be imposed on, I took my valise in hand and attempted to make it on foot. I got but a short distance when I found out it would be impossible for me to get thru the mud that day and reach Bellefonte, so I went back again and got a man to take me on for \$3.00. This distance passed thru Nittany Valley, a rich fine limestone region with several iron works in it. We got to Bellefonte at 7:00 o'clock. Here I met Griffith (and) was introduced to a representative of Centre County who owned some land in Clearfield on tract adjoining Otto and Miller. He says he considers the land worth \$1.00 per acre. (I) asked him whether he would give us \$1.00 per acre for ours, and he says, "No, not one

cent." The distance around, thru Lycoming County, is thirty-four miles more than the direct route.

The stage had just left for Clearfield that day and would not go out again until Monday, so I went to a livery stable and hired a horse to go the rest of my journey. A man promised me a good horse, but instead he brought me out a miserable little scrubby stud colt. It was five o'clock Sunday morning when I mounted him and had considerable trouble in getting him along.

On the road today I caught up with Senator Quay, from Clinton Co., on his way to Allport as agent for Gratz. In the course of conversation he remarked that he considered any man unfortunate who held lands in this wild wilderness. We reached Allport, took dinner, met Judge Boggs here and some families on their way to a tent meeting. I got to Old Town at 5:00 o'clock and was immediately introduced to Wallace, the treasurer, who was on the spot and who gave me all the information I wanted. He is what you may call a real gentleman. He spent about an hour's time with me, and on leaving him that evening I was so satisfied that I considered my visit three-quarters ended. He promised to be up early in the morning and give me all the particulars that was necessary, so after breakfast I went to his office and spent three hours in looking over the drafts, papers, etc., that gave me information respecting the lands.

According to your wish, I redeemed the More and Delany lands, and the William Powers (lands) also. As the taxes were never paid by the purchasers for the years 1842 and 1843, I had to pay them also, so that these lands are now redeemed and taxes paid up in full, to this year. The Otto and Miller's lands I did not redeem as I had orders not to do so, and my money would not have reached. Neither did I consider them worth redeeming. Smith bought them,

thinking we would redeem them; but on my telling him they would not be redeemed, he said he would get rid of them in a hurry. The Nickolson tract was bought in by one Barret in the first day's sale for \$200. Learning the tract was not worth much, he would not take it. So the tract was put up again the next day, and he bought it again for the amount of the taxes due -- but in the name of General Adam Diller with whom he was acting in concert. This Adam Diller and Barret persuaded and, thru misrepresentation, defrauded a German out of his property in trading the tract, which they valued at \$5.00 per acre (making \$5,000), for this man's property in the city of Philadelphia. This German had a property worth \$12,000, and was embarrassed with debt to the amount of \$7,000. To relieve himself, he was induced to take up with this trade so that he would be free of debt and have a property of a thousand acres of land which he had intended to move on and cultivate. When he saw the land he was, however, almost deranged at the deception that was practiced on him by Diller. He then got a surveyor, and took two men all around the land. He took these men's affidavits, who swore that the land was not worth paying the taxes. He has instituted suit to recover his property, and it is supposed that he will succeed. This Barret was very anxious that I should redeem the land, and was after Smith to get me to do so. Smith, considering he would hold the lands, had the assessment, or valuation, lowered from 75¢ to 50¢, making ⅓ less than heretofore. I told Smith to get a written description of the land from Judge Boggs so that we might have something to show in order to sell, and that he could sell them if he could. On my return, I also met Judge Boggs out surveying near Allport, and he promised to send me a description.

Having got thru with all the necessary business concerning the lands -- the redeeming, paying up the taxes,

getting assignments on the transferred deeds, getting them acknowledged, and getting the receipts of all that was necessary -- going on to the lands was of no importance as I had been on them once before; and, from the description and drafts I had seen, I was satisfied. Besides, it was raining and I did not know how long it would continue, and in seeing them I would have to have a surveyor and a great deal of expense.

I now made up my mind to start for Bellefonte as the stage would leave there in the morning. Mr. Hempfield had my horse fed and saddled at half past eleven. I was on my route again with the loan of an umbrella from Mr. Hempfield. On my way home I met Gratz on his way to Allport where I had met Boggs and Quay waiting for him. Dr. Phillips had sold out all his property, as near as they can ascertain, for \$175,000 -- \$30,000 in hand and the balance in long payments with interest, giving possession in September, and he then goes to England. All day Sunday I found the people were busily engaged in getting off their lumber, but the water was too low for them to get far though the rains which we had since will, I think, be sufficient to bring them. If it don't, they will have a sorry time as that is all they can depend on. Money is scarce and all the circulation they have is county orders. I met young Harthans at Hempfield -- he put me very much in mind of his father.

It was 5:00 o'clock Monday afternoon when I reached Moshannon Creek the other side of the Alleghenies. Here I fed myself and horse. The stage thru Phillipsburg, which left Old Town two hours before I did, had not yet reached here. I then started to cross the mountain near Rattlesnake Creek. I met a man here who had just killed a large rattlesnake, and got down in the valley where it was already dark. When I just got under the old shed, it commenced pouring down in torrents, and I was

detained a long time by the rain. I went on again thinking to reach Milesburg before another shower came on, and about half a mile from there all at once I was left in total darkness. I could not see my hands before my face and I got off the road. My horse slipped down a high bank with his hind legs, and the Bald Eagle Creek was very high just below. I jumped off my horse, completely lost. The rain now came down by buckets full. I felt the ground with my hands to find the Turnpike. At last I got hold of a place on the fence, knowing I must now be near a house. I tied my horse fast and felt along the fence until I got around the other side where I found a light burning, and then got into the house. I stayed here until the shower was over when I could see a little of the road. I then went on half a mile to Milesburg. It was midnight, and I stopped here to wait for the stage so that I might ride by the lights. The stage came on at 1:00 o'clock. We then went together and stopped to change the mail a short distance ahead. The Postmaster took so long in getting up that I went on a piece. When my horse stopped and would not move an inch, I had to get off and lead him -- get on again -- stop again -- get off again -- and so on alternately until I reached Bellefonte at 2:00 o'clock in the morning. The landlord showed me to my bed. In the same room, in an opposite bed, was laying a great big fellow who turned out to be (when he got awake and came downstairs) Eysenbise, Brigade-Inspector from Lewistown, whom I had seen before. He planned to attend the Battalion in Bellefonte that day. The stage was to start at 8:00 o'clock, but he had to wait until 9:00 o'clock when Lawyer Hale was ready.

I now got on to Old Fort between 11:00 and 12:00 o'clock. This stage goes on to Lewistown, and the passengers going to Northumberland have to wait until 5:00 o'clock when the stage comes along from Water Street. Sooner than

wait, I took my valise and walked six miles to Hemm's Tavern. I was so worn out from the night before that I gave his boy 62½¢ to take me six miles further in a little board wagon to Aaronsburg. I got there at 5:00 o'clock and was in hopes of meeting some conveyance that I might get on to Northumberland, but I was foiled in this and now had to wait until the stage came on, which was sometime in the night after I had been in bed.

Wednesday I got to Northumberland and Thursday home, exactly one week from the time I left. I have \$70.00 left. There are two tracks at Orwigsburg which I can pay off for \$55.00. The balance I can return to you when I come to Reading, which will be in time to arrange the accounts. Had I taken my own conveyance, my expenses would have been ⅔'s less. There will then remain the taxes to pay on the lands in Schuylkill County in the Gower Mankantonga, which amounts to \$117.00, and which you can pay or take your time to redeem.

We are at a loss for Clara and are very anxious to hear from her. Little Alice has improved very much since I left. Her vaccination has taken finely

and the scabs are falling off. We are very well.

Yours affectionately,
John A. Otto

For Dr. John B. Otto, Reading, Penna.

P.S. Lumber is fetching a good price and is in demand. While at Northumberland I met a great many rafts coming down the North Branch, but as yet none from the West Branch which is still back. I think the rain which they have had since I left will be sufficient to bring them on.

Elk County is not as yet properly organized. They had their election for officers last fall. Wallace says he thinks not more than one or two of our tracts will get into the new county. The county seat is now Caledonia. They are trying to get it to Ridgway. They tried to hold a court in a log house but could not succeed for want of a sufficient quorum to summon a jury. Griffith says there are three houses in the place. He was out there hunting.

LYCOMING COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND MUSEUM

**LYCOMING COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND MUSEUM**

OPERATING STATEMENT

April 1, 1975 to March 31, 1976

Checking Account - April 1, 1975 \$ 3,911.92

RECEIPTS

Membership Dues - Individuals	\$ 4,964.00	
Corporations	100.00	
Admissions to Museum	926.50	
Lycoming County Commissioners	6,000.00	
Williamsport Area School District	4,000.00	
Other County School Districts	600.00	
City of Williamsport	1,000.00	
CETA Funds -(See "Salary" below)	2,900.00	
Wmsport. Area School District - Title III Funds	1,500.00	
Rentals - Meeting Room	720.00	
Museum Gift Shop - Income in excess of Expense	4,470.42	
Bus Trips and Dinners - Income in excess of Exp.	555.24	
Pay Telephone and Miscellaneous	322.92	
Contributions - Margaret C. Brown	5,000.00	
Grit Publishing Co. - Foundation	1,000.00	
Others	1,331.04	
Interest and Dividends	743.12	
U. S. Marine Concert - Net Loss	(311.36)	35,821.88
FUNDS AVAILABLE		<u>\$39,733.80</u>

EXPENDITURES

Salaries	\$12,242.00	
CETA Salary	2,900.00	
Social Security Taxes	933.02	
Blue Cross - Blue Shield	565.95	
Insurance	1,314.45	
Printing Journals and Brochures	1,531.00	
Stationery and Office Supplies	599.94	
Postage and Telephone	1,134.55	
Dues, Traveling, Exhibit Expense and Misc.	775.12	
Power, Light and Water	4,861.32	
Heating - Fuel Oil and Repairs	3,978.48	
Bldg. - Cleaning, supplies and repairs	1,255.50	32,091.33
Excess of Funds over Expenses		<u>\$ 7,642.47</u>

Non-Operating Additions and Other Credits

Wmsport. Foundation Grant-Capital Items		
\$3500.00 less \$2399.80 expended	\$ 1,100.20	
A/C's Receivable - decrease	50.00	
Federal Home Loan Bank Bond-redeemed	125.00	
Deferred Income-Applicable to 1976-77	1,931.50	
		<u>3,206.70</u>
		\$10,849.17

Non-Operating Deductions and Other Debits

A/C's Payable - decrease	\$ 315.97	
Inventories-Gift Shop, Turnbaugh books, inc.	703.42	
Stewart Books-Income forward from 1974-75	3,493.45	
Other Debits	701.13	
		<u>5,213.97</u>

CHECKING ACCOUNT - Balance March 31, 1976 \$ 5,635.20

**LYCOMING COUNTY
HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND MUSEUM**

BALANCE SHEET

March 31, 1976

ASSETS

CURRENT ASSETS

Checking A/C - Fidelity Nat'l Bank of Penna.	\$ 5,635.20	
Savings A/C-Wmsport. Nat'l Bank-Artifacts sold	943.64	
Inventories-Gift Shop and Turnbaugh books	1,725.80	
Petty Cash - Change Accounts	80.00	\$ 8,384.64

TRUST FUNDS INVESTED

Wmsport. Nat'l Bank- 7 1/2% Certificate Deposit	\$ 10,000.00	
First Fed. Savings & L.-7 1/2% Savings Certificates	6,000.00	
First Fed. Savings & L. - Savings Accounts	685.14	
110 - shares of Affiliated Fund	990.00	
2 - shares Consolidated Cigar	60.00	
12 - shares Sun Oil Common Stock	828.75	\$ 18,563.89

FIXED and OTHER ASSETS

Land	\$ 15,000.00	
Building - Architect	18,034.98	
General Contract	233,952.55	
Heating and Ventilating	50,995.32	
Electrical	18,685.68	
Additional Lighting	1,731.89	
Submersible Pump and Drains	868.60	
Paint Materials	258.94	
New Fence - Side and Rear Yards	259.93	
Tools	1,362.62	
Furniture and Fixtures	3,238.30	
Old Barn & Blacksmith Shop Restoration	516.42	\$344,905.23
New Equipment, Cases, Materials, etc.		21,119.20
Victorian Period Parlor		4,762.04
Artifacts		69,271.63

TOTAL ASSETS

\$467,006.63

LIABILITIES and FUND BALANCE

Accounts Payable	\$ 874.54	
Deferred Income - Phila. Bus Trip in April	1,471.50	
Other	400.00	
Wmsport. Foundation Grant - Unexpended Portion	1,100.20	\$ 3,846.24
FUND BALANCE		<u>463,160.39</u>
TOTAL LIABILITIES and FUND BALANCE		<u>\$467,006.63</u>

NOTE: We received assistance under the "Training Portion" of the CETA Program, as noted in the Operating Statement. Power & Light expense increased approximately 22% over last year. The large heating charge is about \$1,200 above normal expectancy. This represents the payment in full of an arrearage in this account, carried over from previous periods.