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VOLUME IX.

The Historical Record

— OF —

WYOMING VALLEY.

A COMPILATION OF MATTERS OF LOCAL HISTORY FROM THE
COLUMNS OF THE WILKES-BARRE RECORD.


Edited by F. C. JOHNSON.

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ERRATA—

On page 31 the matter headed "Death of" should read "Sketch of".

Rice, Judge Harding, Gen. Paul A. Oliver, Benjamin Dorrance, Capt. Calvin Parsons, Hon. Charles A. Miner, Alexander Farnham and Rev. Dr. H. H. Welles. In the audience were the Children of the Revolution.

The exercises opened with the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," and prayer was offered by Rev. Henry H. Welles, D. D.

THE OPENING ADDRESS.

Mrs. McCartney made the opening address and it was full of patriotic sentiments. She said it was fitting that on the anniversary of the adoption of the nation's flag the Daughters of the American Revolution should mark the sites of the first forts used by the early inhabitants of this settlement. She paid a glowing tribute to the memory of Zebulon Butler, Nathan Denison, Benjamin Shoemaker and John McDowell, whose descendants are members of the Wyoming Valley Chapter. Mention was made that the mountain stones for the monuments were the gift of Gen. Oliver. Credit was given to George H. Butler for the principal assistance in carrying out the arrangements for the occasion. Instead of the hostile troop of 1769 against Wyoming, Philadelphia sent for this occasion two distinguished women, Mrs. Thomas Roberts, State regent, D. A. R., and Mrs. Charles Custis Harrison, regent of the Philadelphia chapter.

Mrs. McCartney's address was given without manuscript and did her great credit both for diction and for delivery.

POEM.

Miss Euola B. Guie, one of the teachers in our common schools, and a member of the Daughters, recited an original poem. Possessing a strong, well modulated voice, and a splendid delivery, her poem was one of the star features of the occasion. It was a study of the evolution of the American nation. The singing of the patriotic airs was led by Mrs. Freudenburger.

JUDGE HARDING.

Ex-Judge Garrick M. Harding made a brief address, recalling some of the incidents connected with the British and Indian invasion of 1778. He had learned the story from the lips of his grandmother, (who, he said, was the great grandmother of Madame Regent McCartney). Judge Harding told how the expedition approached Wyoming. It did not follow the river all the way down, but left it at Sutton's Creek and went up behind the mountain, near where the Wyoming camp ground now

is. This threw the settlers off their guard and they were unprepared for the invasion. He mentioned the old Sullivan road and said he believed he was the only living man who could now trace it. He says Sullivan's army did not come into Wyoming Valley by way of Prospect Rock, but by way of Bowman's Spring.

BENJAMIN DORRANCE.

Benjamin Dorrance followed with some thoroughly earnest and patriotic utterances. He said in part:

"Wherever remains a place of sacrifice, a memory of brave deeds, of suffering, of tears shed, of agony endured in the cause of liberty, there should be raised a monument, that future generations may pause and to the young recount the deeds so memorized.

"Our country is so young in its possibilities not only of greatness but of civil corruption, that any act of any citizens, leading to greater honor, purer lives, higher aspirations shall not die, at its doing; the longer it is remembered, the greater its influence, and this deed done by you, oh, Daughters of the American Revolution, will live so long as there remains in the breasts of your descendants the same lively sense of patriotism which prompts you to raise these monuments to the deeds and suffering that were part of the throes which hallowed the birth of a nation; a nation destined to take its place at the head and maintain its lead.

"So long as these stones may last, and the book of record grows larger, your footsteps on the sands of time will be recorded, never to be wiped out while man shall exist.

"Your whole duty is not done, though by you had been marked every spot of historic interest throughout all our broad land.

"Do your duty by your children and they will know the story of their country; you will teach them those lives were freely given, that the blood that was shed was holy; that to be worthy descendants of such men and women they must lead honest lives; that when the time comes if ever they must give up their lives for the land, teach them to say with every prayer, God bless and save our country."

JUDGE RICE.

Hon. Charles E. Rice, chief justice of the Superior Court, gave an address which thrilled and electrified his auditors. He was interrupted with frequent applause. In the course of his remarks he said:

These rough hewn stones, dug out of the mountain that overlooks this beautiful valley, have been well chosen, and well placed. They typify the rugged character of those early settlers who fought and held its possession against all foes. I am not "to the manor born," but I am sure that I voice the sentiments of all patriotic citizens, who revere their memory, who appreciate their services and character, and who enjoy the heritage they left, when I say that they are under a debt of gratitude to the Wyoming Valley Chapter, D. A. R., for their disinterested and well directed efforts to perpetuate the memory of those early settlers by marking these and other historic spots.

Two accusations have been made against the people of this county—one that they are too much given to that self-glorification, which has come to be known as spread-eagleism; the other that they are sordid in their aims and impulses, devoting their energies and aspiring above all else to advancement in material things, and lacking in what, for want of a better term, is denominated sentiment. That is to say, that they are a practical, not a sentimental, people, that as to any proposed action the controlling question with them is, "will it pay?"—not is it a noble, unselfish or patriotic thing to do?

A sordid, unimaginative, practical people, lacking in noble sentiment, whose controlling passion is gain.

What is a flag to them? Let the pages of the history of our Civil War answer; let the history of the Spanish-American war, scarce yet written, answer. From fever-stricken camps, from dusty plain, where columns of marching men are swinging along under a tropical sun; from hastily dug trench, where in alternate heat and chill, they lay, expectant of the hour when they shall charge up the heights and strike a blow for their fellow men, or perchance yield up dear life as a sacrifice, worthy to be made for a noble sentiment; from almost impenetrable thicket, where many and ill fed, but stout of heart, Northerner and Southerner, Union man and ex-Confederate, college bred and unlettered, foreign born and native born, white and black, but American soldiers all, are pushing on up the hills; from the captured heights, where waves their victorious flag; from the far-off Orient, where men are wading swamps and swimming rivers, under the enemy's fire, to open the way for their comrades on the other side; sounding forth loud, clear and exultant, in the booming of

Dewey's guns at Manila, and echoed and re-echoed by the guns of the victorious fleet at Santiago; from every place where the American soldier and sailor has carried the flag comes back the answer that thrills the heart and lifts the soul out of the cheerless environment of material things, up into the clear life-giving atmosphere of noble and exalted sentiment.

Under its sweet and unrestrained influence let imagination be carried back to the time which these rough hewn stones have been planted to commemorate. Think of the sublime courage, of the self-denial, of the privations, of the perils, and with them all of the undaunted hopefulness of pioneers of those times.

All hail to the men who planted these outposts of civilization in the Wyoming Valley. All hail to the men who defended them with their lives against cruel savage and foreign oppressor. All hail to the women who upheld their hands in all those early struggles, who shared their hopefulness, and at the same time their toils and their privations, their sacrifices and their perils.

The interesting exercises closed with the singing of "My country, 'tis of thee," the band accompanying.

THE BANQUET.

At 2 p. m. the Daughters and their invited guests enjoyed a banquet at the Sterling. There were present as guests of honor, Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Harrison of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Roberts of Philadelphia was called on and paid a graceful compliment to Wilkes-Barre for its rare hospitality. Gen. Oliver gave utterance to a fine bit of patriotism—a tribute to the Daughters and to the American flag. It was the utterance of an enthusiastic soldier and was a highly creditable impromptu effort. He was followed by Alexander Farnham, Esq., with a few humorous remarks.

FORTS AT WILKES-BARRE.

FORT WYOMING.

Fort Wyoming was located on the river common, about eight rods below the foot of Northampton street. It was a Pennamite fort, having been built by Capt. Ogden, leader of the proprietary forces in 1771, he having 100 men under his command. Its purpose was the reduction of the Connecticut defense, Fort Durkee, and as the latter drops out of the records from this time on, it is

likely that Fort Durkee was destroyed in some one of the encounters between the two forces, although we have no knowledge to that effect. In 1771 it fell into the hands of the Yankees, and after they had occupied it a year or two it, too, drops from the records. The ultimate fate of the two forts can only be conjectured. It was not built to defend against the Indians, but against the Pennamites. It evidently entirely disappeared and a new fort was built on its site in 1778, it becoming an important post during the war. It was built by Col. Zebulon Butler, who, soon after the massacre of Wyoming, was ordered by the Board of War to take command of this fort.

The fort was built of logs. Two parallel walls, seven feet high and four feet apart, were placed horizontally and framed to each other at proper distances; the space between the two was filled with well tamped earth. The walls were protected by a ditch, and beyond the ditch tops of trees, with branches carefully sharpened, were set in the ground, forming a kind of Cheval de frise. Within the inclosure a low platform was erected along the walls on all sides, standing upon which the men were able to deliver their fire over the top. A single four-pound gun was mounted in the works, and in order to insure its great efficiency in time of need, embrasures were made in each of the walls. The walls were rounded at the corners so as to flank on all sides, and a gate opened toward the west; access to a copious spring at the margin of the river was had by a protected way; the inclosure contained about half an acre of land and barracks were provided for the garrison.

The fort figured prominently in resisting Indian attacks on Wyoming during the Revolution. It was here that Gen. Sullivan prepared for his campaign against the Six Nation Indians in 1779, in obedience with orders from Gen. Washington.

Gen. Sullivan arrived with his command June 23, and after a time spent in preparing for the campaign and providing a fleet of batteaux as a transport train, he set out on the 31st of July, leaving a garrison in the fort during his absence. He returned on the 7th of October after a campaign of so great success as to have broken entirely the power of the Six Nations, having devastated their country and destroyed their villages.

During the land controversy, which was resumed after the Revolution, the fort was an object of contention on the

part of both sides. It was finally destroyed by the Yankees in 1784.

FORT DURKEE.

Fort Durkee was the first of the several defenses erected by the pioneer settlers. It stood at the foot of South street, where now stands the residence of William L. Conyngham. The monument to mark the spot has been located across the street, on the river common. The Connecticut settlers began the erection of this fort soon after their arrival in 1769. It was a log blockhouse, surrounded by a rampart and entrenchment. It was protected on one side by the Susquehanna river and on the southwest side by a morass. It was a strong military defense, both in point of location and in construction. Nearby were some twenty log houses, each provided with loopholes for musketry firing. It derived its name from Capt. John Durkee, one of the Connecticut men. He had served in the war with France and later made a meritorious record in the Revolution. It is not known to have even been subject to attack by Indians, but it played an important part in the struggle between the Connecticut and Pennsylvania claimants of Wyoming Valley. Its history is not well known. It drops out of the records in 1771 and the last mention of it is in 1779 when reference is made to "Old Fort Durkee," at the time Sullivan's army passed through Wyoming Valley on its way to chastise the Six Nation Indians to the Northward. Miner the historian says its ruins were visible as late as 1800, and that it was sixty rods southwest of Fort Wyoming.

The foregoing facts are taken from the valuable paper of the late Sheldon Reynolds, who was one of the commissioners appointed by the State to locate the sites of the several Revolutionary forts within the limits of Pennsylvania.

F. C. J.

COMMEMORATIVE ASSOCIATION.

[Daily Record, July 4, 1899.]

Yesterday was one of those rare days in July when the weather was of typical loveliness. Though there was an unclouded sky, the sun's rays were delightfully tempered by refreshing breezes and the thermometer held at a comfortable figure—a sharp contrast with the 109 degree day of 1898. In the afternoon the temperature ran up above 90, but the exercises were all ended before that, having lasted only from 10 to 12. The big canvass fur-

nished shelter from the sun and if any reinforcement was needed for the zephyrs which played around the monument it was found in several hundred patriotic fans, which were distributed by Mr. Cohen of the Broadway store. The fans were particularly appropriate, bearing on one side a warship and on the other a good picture of the monument. From new galvanized iron barrels and new tin dippers cool water was dispensed. The base of the monument was bedecked with pots of daisies, and the speaker's platform bore vases of roses and other flowers. The flowers were from Mrs. Benjamin Dorrance, and Mrs. W. A. Lathrop.

From the flag staff Old Glory was floating. As the several hundred chairs and benches did not furnish seats to all who came, some persons went within the iron enclosure around the monument and found a resting place. Scores of people were unable to find seats at all. In addition to those who came by trolley from up and down the valley, many came by bicycle. It is estimated that there were considerably over 1,000 persons present, a gratifying demonstration that the commemorative exercises are growing in popularity year by year.

The Wyoming Fire Co. had brought their hose carts the night before and thoroughly watered the grounds and the dusty roadway leading thereto. All arrangements had been made by the committee on grounds—Benjamin Dorrance, James D. Green, William H. Jenkins, Charles Law, B. G. Cooper—and there was not a hitch anywhere. Alexander's Band was a strong feature, as usual, and there was some most enjoyable vocal music by a quartet, composing David James, Richard Williams, Joseph Williams and Morris Llewellyn. One number was "Sword of Bunker Hill," specially arranged by Mr. James.

There were delegations from the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution, the Colonial Dames and the Wyoming Monumental Association. One familiar face, missed for the first time, owing to the hot weather, was Mrs. Judge Pfouts. Among those present was Dr. I. E. Ross, who has for several years been deprived by ill health from attending. With him were several Rosses, of various generations down to the fifth, from the pioneer Rosses of Wyoming. There were also present little Dana Hodgdon and Margaret Chase, sixth in descent from Anderson Dana who fell in the battle of 1778. Dr. Joel J. Rogers, of Huntsville, the oldest doctor in this region, was

present. In fact nearly every pioneer family had its representative. Many of these representatives were mere children, but they romped happily about the grounds and took their first lessons in honoring the memory of their forefathers and foremothers who suffered in Wyoming Valley more than a century ago.

The exercises began promptly at 10 and the opening invocation by Rev. Horace E. Hayden was full of patriotic fervor. The president, the venerable Capt. Calvin Parsons, made a few informal remarks, saying that his first visit to this place was in 1834, at which time an effort was making to raise money for the monument. He told how his father and Messrs. Charles Miner and William S. Ross went to Connecticut, hoping to raise money and how unsuccessful the visit was. The Yankees did not respond and only one dollar was obtained from Connecticut. However, thanks to the women of Wyoming, the monument was completed without help from Connecticut. Though there was no Parsons name on the monument his paternal grandfather Whiton and his maternal great-grandfather Dana lay underneath. He was glad that in spite of failing sight and strength he was able to be present and to see so large a throng. He concluded by turning over the further lead of the exercises to vice president Benjamin Dorrance.

Led by the band the audience sang "America," and sang it very well, too, under Professor Alexander's preceptorship. The poem was by David M. Jones, Esq., of Wilkes-Barre. It was a graphic recital in verse of the story of Wyoming and was one of Mr. Jones's finest efforts.

The address of the day was on "Conditions of national tenure" by John Howard Harris, Ph. D., LL. D., president of the Bucknell University at Lewisburg.

Many persons had feared on seeing the title on the program that the address would be heavy and perhaps lacking in interest. On the contrary it proved to be one of the finest orations ever delivered at the monument. It was a masterly study and went deep into the matters of national life. The venerable Dr. Rogers afterwards remarked of it that it ought to be made a text book for use in schools. Though Dr. Harris read from manuscript, his delivery was in nowise weakened. On the contrary it was delivered with splendid effect and his auditors were not willing to miss a single word. He

has a strong voice which was easily heard by all and his address elicited a profusion of compliments. He is a profound thinker, an extensive student of men and things and a master of rhetoric. Bucknell University ought to be proud—and it is proud—to have such a man as Dr. Harris for president.

F. C. J.

DR. HARRIS'S ADDRESS.

Conditions of National Tenure.

Nearly three centuries ago there came to the Eastern coast of this country the beginning of that great wave of Aryan migration which has changed the face of this continent, and has profoundly affected the whole world. The Aryan immigrants found here another race of people. These people had spread over the continent, and after a sort had occupied it. They found themselves, however, no match for the invaders, and gradually they receded before the advancing tide, not without fierce resistance, and many a fight and massacre, such as the one unsurpassed in sadness, which we commemorate today. The question arises, by what right, the Aryans with their superior organization, their better mental development, their greater moral force, wrested the continent from its original possessors. The consideration of this question leads to the yet more fundamental one, by what tenure do nations hold their lands and possessions? The book of human history and the book of divine revelation are at one in teaching that no nation holds its lands by indefeasible right. They rather both declare, that continued right use is the indispensable condition upon which continued possession depends.

There are three stages discernible in the use and possession by a people; stages which are to a great extent contemporaneous: (1), the mastery of the physical environment; (2), the development of a civilization; (3), the diffusion of the civilization created.

I. There is first the mastery and transformation of the physical environment. The world is given, not as a finished product, but as raw material, to be shaped by the energies of man into a basis for spiritual activities. The face of the earth is covered with forests, the abode of wild beasts, or noxious serpents, the seat of health-destroying vapors. The forests must

give place to fields and gardens; the swamps must be drained; the air and the waters made wholesome. Hollows there are in the trees and caves in the hillsides where man may find shelter, but he cannot have a home, or become morally developed until he has a house, with separate rooms for living and for sleeping. So the trees of the forest, the stone of the hillside, the clay of the plain must be transformed into houses, and these houses must be connected by roads and bridges. The people who cannot comply with this primal condition of tenure, forfeits its holding and must yield its place to others.

I need not remind you that the Red Man did not prove equal to meeting the terms of his lease. In the central parts of the continent, in Mexico and in parts of the Union, he built houses, founded cities and developed a civilization, and in those parts, though he was subjugated, yet he was not evicted. In the temperate zone of the continent, he continued to live in tents and depended for sustenance on the fish of the rivers and the fowl and game of the forests. It required miles of land to support each person. One way was open, even after the failure of centuries, to retain their place. When the new civilization appeared they might have taken lands in severalty; bought tools and animals from the new race of people; builded homes and organized a like civilization. Otherwise, even without war, the new world has driven out the old. The buffalo and the deer would have perished, and with them the Red Man. To every man is given to choose life or death; it is not otherwise with races.

The first condition of possession applies to us as well as to our predecessors.

I believe it may be said that in fulfilment of this first condition of continued possession we have measurably succeeded. In a period so short that but for the clearest proofs it would be incredible, we have transformed a continent. We have so far transformed forests and prairies into farms, that we produce from nearly five millions of farms more than a half a thousand million bushels of wheat, nearly two thousand million bushels of corn, and other food products in proportion. By virtue of the vast system of inter-communication between all parts of the country, famine has been vanquished. Houses we have built, so that only among the foreign population and among the negro are families confined to a single room. By steamers on the

vast inland waterways, by cars on the yet vaster network of railroads and by telegraphs, the nation in its remotest parts is brought into a unity of thought and aspiration inconceivable fifty years ago. There are in these days few out of the way places.

Our country roads, though better than the Indian trails, are susceptible of improvement. In clearing away the forests we have not always been wise. By denuding the hills too closely we pay the penalty of drouths and floods. From many a swamp pestilential vapors are yet exhaled; the sanitation of cities and houses is still in its infancy; the water supply of many cities is no improvement except in convenience upon the hillside spring of the primeval dweller. The bear and the wolf have disappeared; but typhoid and diphtheritic and a multitude of other germs sweep off yearly as many victims as the whole Indian population east of the Rocky Mountains when Columbus landed at San Salvador. As long as consumption and pneumonia, cancer and diphtheria and fevers carry off more than three hundred and sixty thousand yearly, we can scarcely be said to have mastered our physical environment, and be permitted to sit down as conquerors. Yet much has been done beyond what was possible to the Aborigines, whose average age was but twenty years, while their successors have attained to an average twice as great.

II. Upon the mastery of the physical environment, and contemporaneous with it, the people who would hold their possessions, must build up a civilization. Civilization consists of certain ideal institutions, ideal organizations and ideal products.

The primal institution of civilization is work. Moralization begins and ends with doing. The savage or slave labors under compulsion; the civilized man works because he delights in work. His rest he finds in change of occupation. The pleasure a man takes in work, in moulding things or determining events, is a measure of his advancement in civilization. The judges of the United States Supreme Court may retire on full pay at the age of seventy, but none do. America is a nation of workers. Men of wealth who wish to be idle, must go to Europe to find companionship; men of no means must take to the road. Out of work grows wealth. "Property is objectified will." That is mine which I transfuse with my thought and modify by my will. Property which I inherit from my father is

more nearly mine than what I receive from a stranger; but that is only in reality mine which I myself create and conserve. Property so understood is the basis of civilization. Churches, schools, the home itself rest upon property. The Aborigines had little property. Their bows and arrows, their clothing of skins, was about all. The land was held in common by the tribe as a hunting ground, the tent was held by a tribal group. The new civilization took lands in severalty, and each man owned from the earth's center beneath him to the stars above him. This has been continued, and wealth amounting to more than sixty thousand millions has been created. This represents an incalculable amount of voluntary work and self-restraint on the part of a large portion of the people. Unfortunately too many wage-earners have not learned the lesson of self-restraint in expenditure, and so live lives dependent upon the fluctuations of trade. Also it must be admitted that our moral and religious teachers, while they have not failed in inculcating the duty of giving, have too often neglected to enforce the not less imperative duty of creating and conserving wealth. Yet a nation which has created the enormous wealth represented by sixty thousand millions of dollars, and in which there are five and a quarter millions depositors in savings banks representing two thousand millions in deposits cannot be said to have failed in the creation and conservation of the material basis of civilization.

The two principal institutions at the basis of civilization are justice and benevolence. Justice renders to every man his due; benevolence aids every man it can. The State is organized Justice; the Church is organized benevolence; the family is both benevolence and justice, and so the family is the training school of both church and State. Each has also a natural basis. The State has its root in the social instinct; the Church has its root in the religious instinct; the family basis is biological. Some animals herd together for mutual protection, or to take their prey; that is the gregarious instinct; the Aboriginal tribes united or followed a chief for self-protection, or for aggression. As the tribe was small, all the men must be on the war-path or hunting-trail. They had no time to develop useful arts or science. The conception of justice was with them rudimentary. Our own State is grounded upon the conception of justice. It

has been raised from the sphere of the natural into the sphere of the moral.

The nation exists to secure equal rights among men. It has so far advanced in power as to be practically irresistible. For justice must be backed by power. The weak State will yield to the powerful and oppress the feeble. Weakness cannot be just. We have extended our borders to both oceans, and so are free from fear of foreign foe. Consequently the population is freed from the need of maintaining a large force to defend its borders, and may devote itself to the pursuits of peace. Not that we are released from fear of war, or from the need of being prepared for it. Universal peace may be reached by so emasculating the nations that they will be too weak or too spiritless to fight. There is no war among the oysters. Or we may reach peace when the nations, still clothed with power, and vivified with spirit, have become so imbued with justice and good will that they will restrain themselves and submit themselves to the rule of right. But that time has not yet come. Arbitration may help towards it; but only the strong can yet arbitrate. The thousand can arbitrate, if the million is willing to fight. Even Great Britain is not at present arbitrating with Venezuela, but with the august Republic, which is able to call into the field five million men, and to cover all seas with her fleets. Power, justice, good-will, through these we will hold the majestic heritage received from the fathers and hand it down augmented to our children. China has wealth and numbers, and her people have courage; but they have not justice, and so they have no faith. If through corruption of the officers of justice and government our people should lose faith, the nations will allot to themselves New York and Philadelphia, and Baltimore, as they are now allotting the cities of China. Why should I fight for a government which exists merely to rob and oppress me? Better a foreign government just and strong than a domestic one weak and corrupt.

The Church has for its formative principle benevolence. It inquires after those who need, and helps them. Its sphere is the spiritual. Its purpose is religious and moral development. In our land we have severed the religious and the secular. The State takes cognizance of the overt act, the church concerns itself with the inner condition, the motive. The recognition of these two spheres as distinct marks an epoch in the history of mankind, and is the

ground of the separation of Church and State. With us the Church must so commend herself to the enlightened conscience and sober judgment of men that they will voluntarily support her worship and her teaching. This is the the problem before us and upon its right solution depends the perpetuity of our institutions to maintain a free church in a free State.

While the State is organized justice, while the Church is organized benevolence, the home, the third great basal institution, finds its ethical ground in both justice and benevolence. Its natural basis is biological, the necessity for the preservation of the species,—but it is raised into the realm of the spiritual and becomes a sacred relation by being imbued with the principles of morality and religion. America is the land of homes,—a land where a larger number of persons own their own houses than elsewhere; a land where more than anywhere else, woman has a position of justice and equality, a share greater than elsewhere in the mental and moral wealth of the world. The home is not only the nurse of those milder virtues which the world calls best, but is also the parent of the sterner virtues which the world calls heroic. Out of the homes of America went, now nearly four decades ago, the two million volunteers who stood the stress and strain of the great civil conflict; and only from homes could such men have gone. They could never have come from the harems of the Orient. A careful student of human development tells us that the Aryan race has become world-conquering because of monogamy and the home. No polygamous nation can become, or remain great. Our majestic position among the nations of the earth, achieved in time so brief, has been achieved because of the American home, because of the reverence paid to the American mother. As long as America is the land of homes, as long as our republic has its roots in such soil, nothing can shake its deep-seated strength. God thinks more of a land covered with Christian homes than He does of a primeval forest.

Civilization has also its products. It develops sciences, useful and fine arts, literatures, philosophies. It cannot be said that we have yet contributed greatly to any of these departments except that of the useful arts and inventions. Nor are we to regard this with discouragement. We have had as our first task the mastery of our physical environment. To bring a continent un-

der cultivation, to found cities; to build up a political system in many respects new, this has tasked the mind and heart of the people for these two centuries. Our poet will come by and by. The poet is the flower of a civilization, not its root, nor trunk, nor leaf, nor fruit. When one epoch is passing and another is unfolding from it, then the poet appears, to embody in immortal verse the epoch that is passing, as Shakespere did for the kingly epoch; as Milton for the Puritans; as Virgil for the Roman Commonwealth; as Homer for the heroic age. In other words, we are not writing an epic, because we are now enacting an epic and that is the greater.

III. Whether a nation is to endure, depends not only on mastery of its physical environment and the development of civilization, but also upon its willingness and ability to diffuse its culture. If all the wealth, if all the culture, if all the political power of a people be the exclusive possession of the few, then the few will become corrupt and selfish, and the many will become corrupt and indifferent, and the nation will fall either by internal factions or from a foreign foe.

It is conceded that no tribe or people or individual starts upon a career of moral development except from an impulse from without and from above. It is also true that a people who have developed some moral principle, and who do not diffuse and communicate the principle will perish. The Athenians reached the highest point in mental culture of any nation before or since. No philosophers, no poets, no orators have surpassed theirs. But they did not diffuse their culture down among the slaves and tradesmen, ten times as numerous as the free citizens; and when Alexander took up the culture of Greece to sow it broadcast over Asia, Athens refused the great call and perished.

We have before us a like task, but of greater magnitude. The fact meets us at the start, momentous, but commonplace, that each generation must moralize and imbue with its culture the succeeding one. The task must be perpetually renewed—and renewed in our case with a population now numbering probably seventy-five millions. Then we owe a debt of religion and morality, of civilization to the Aborigines, now nearly as numerous as when that fateful third of July dawned a hundred and twenty-one years ago. The efforts to convert the Indian to a higher religion and more advanced

civilization by the fathers were, perhaps, not as wisely directed nor as persistent as they might have been. The work, at any rate, remains undone in our day. More vital still, there is within our borders, brought hither by compulsion, a vast and increasing population of low type, from whose destiny, that of the nation cannot be disjoined. Of these there are some eight millions, one-sixth of whom are of mixed blood. They have received while in bondage as much of development as can be gained from compulsory labor; not that there is much educational value in such work, yet it is not as hopeless as the idleness of the savage or the tramp. The home, long denied them by their condition, may now be theirs; ownership of property is now possible to them, with the vast educational value that it brings; reading, once a penal offense, now opens to them a chief avenue to the thoughts, feelings and aspirations of the world. Movement from place to place, once forbidden, is now permitted, and with it the breaking up of the inertia and stolidity inseparable from remaining always in one place. Especially the same language opens the way for the influx of the moral forces of the time, and paves the way for assimilation in thought and action. So we may hope that in the course of a few generations the fear of this question may be set at rest and in a few centuries the problem itself be solved.

The ten millions of foreign-born, being nearly all of the Aryan race, present a less serious problem. English soon becomes their language. Now, language expresses our way of looking at things, our thoughts about things, and consequently all who use the same language must look at things in substantially the same way. At the same time, to simplify the problem, difficult enough at best, paupers and criminals, and undesirable immigrants should be excluded. The defective and delinquent classes present a more difficult problem. There are in our prisons some eighty thousand; in our almshouses some seventy thousand. Our highways swarm with tramps. Our asylums and almshouses are a credit to our kindness of heart, but a reflection upon our wisdom. To point to them as an evidence of our civilization is as if a physician should point out as a proof of his skill, the fine monuments upon the graves of his patients. Three things seem to be needed in the case of adult delinquents, isolation from society so that they cannot commit crimes, separation from the youth so that they

cannot educate them in crime; and from the other sex so that they will not breed others like themselves.

What then are the forces upon which we must depend to diffuse morality and religion, so that the terms of our lease in this third respect may be complied with? Chief is the moral force of the age—that which you think, that which you feel, that deed which you do or will to do, that which you are; that, multiplied by millions constitutes the moral force of the age. It is the sum of the thoughts, the feelings, the volitions of a people. It is ubiquitous, it is plenipotent. It seizes the child at birth; it enfolds him and guides his growth, as it is represented in his mother's caresses; his nurse's smile or frown; his playmates' applause or derision; his teacher's stimulation or repression; in his every act, in his most trivial and in his most momentous ones; in all business activities; in all intellectual efforts, acting as stimulus or deterrent, the moral force of the age is found; and except a man's feet be planted in another world he cannot resist it; except he be a moral genius, he cannot rise above it; except he be a madman, he will not wish to traverse it. By virtue of it kings rule; by disregarding it dynasties perish; representing it parties flourish; expressing it, laws are enforced; bereft of its support, institutions fall into decay.

The highest service, then, which a man can render his age is to think high thoughts, to cherish pure and ennobling sentiment, to do righteous and beneficent deeds; to be a man. He will thus be a power which makes for righteousness in this world, a factor in the solution of the problems of the age.

As making this moral force effective in the formative period of life, we must assign a high place to the school; to the colleges with their thirty thousand instructors, and one hundred and fifty thousand students; to the public schools, with their four hundred thousand teachers, and fourteen and a half million pupils. In these schools one language must be used, and that the English; one flag must be honored, and that the stars and stripes; one morality must be inculcated, and that the morality of the decalog and the sermon on the mount. Close beside the school we must place the press as a power to bring the moral forces of the times to bear upon every individual. I refer to literature in general; I refer to the book and the pamphlets and to the more than twenty thousand periodicals issued in our own country. The man who con-

nects himself with the activities and thoughts of his time through the press becomes a citizen of the world, a student of every university; a partaker of the universal Ethos.

Besides this diffusion of intelligence and of moral force, there must be a diffusion of political responsibility and privilege. It was one of the errors of the older writers to call a monarchy a strong government,—a democracy a weak one. If in a republic every citizen feels himself to be a part of the State, there can be no stronger government for all purposes of government than a republic. In our country this diffusion of power has taken place, at least as rapidly as the people were prepared for it. But it is immeasurably educative. I refer not now to the discussions of our quadrennial contests when the whole nation goes into an institute for the study of politics, but to the educational effect upon the men who serve on juries, who serve as justices of the peace, as constables, as members of councils, as street commissioners and supervisors of highways. It is this wide diffusion of responsibility, in official stations, and the selection of these officers by the electors that has made the Americans a great self-governing, self-controlled nation.

The church has as its special problem the development of the morality of the people, and the right direction of the religious instinct. Her momentous task it is to reach and raise the humblest, and the highest, the worst, and the best among men. She has, however, her auxiliaries in the development of morality. I have referred to the home and the State. Let us note that all political, social and financial institutions are grounded in morality, and would fall without it. Even the liar succeeds with his short-lived success because most men are truthful. He does not succeed by virtue of the lie, but by virtue of the truth. So every bank becomes indirectly a teacher of morality; nearly all the great railway companies are becoming temperance societies; industrial operations become schools of self-control. We need to take this wider view in order that we may not despair. There are people on the other side of the mountain; there are mighty and world-wide forces working in the hearts of men. There is an increasing purpose running through the ages and the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns.

Nor should I pass over a fact so momentous as that the diffusion of whatever truth we know, whatever

civilization we may develop, must not stop with our borders. China developed a high civilization for the times and diffused it widely within her own boundaries, but she gave nothing out, she received nothing from without, and so became stationary and stagnant. The Hebrews when the time came to disseminate through the world the priceless truth which was revealed to them, refused, and the glory departed from them. Churches in our land of all creeds have heeded the great command to preach the gospel to every creature; it seems from recent events in the Pacific that we are called to partake in the political regeneration of the ancient East. If the call has come, we must obey.

Looking back upon the beginnings, such as they were when by cruel massacre helpless men, women and children perished in this place, while their fathers, brothers and sons were absent with Washington battling for independence; looking around upon the mighty developments such as they are to-day, we may look forward with hope to a yet greater future. Not that the sky is cloudless; nor that either in mastery of environment or in creation of moral institutions, or in their diffusion, we have already attained, or been made perfect. Often yet the storm is upon the deep of the political seas and clouds hide the stars from our eyes, yet God plants his footsteps in the seas and rides upon the storm. While the wind-raised wave upon the surface may hurry now east, now west, with foam-capped summit, the great gulf stream is moving on, slowly to be sure, but steadily, by night and by day, in sunshine and in storms, hundreds of miles in width, hundreds of fathoms in depth, irresistible, impelled by the force that swings the earth in its orbit. Place athwart that stream your mountains proudly called eternal, and the waters will lift them bodily from their base, and crush and grind them and pulverize them until they are spread out a glassy pathway for the passage of the victorious but unelated waters. The gulf stream lights no bonfires.

So nations and races which place themselves across the great moral gulf stream are ground to powder. Each tribe, each nation, each individual, must accept morality, or perish.

By our own Aryan race in this land much has been accomplished and much elsewhere, and we may confidently expect that our own Columbia who is reaching forth her hand to the scepter which even now she seems to touch,—

the scepter of the commercial and mental supremacy of the world, a scepter, and moral supremacy of the world, a scepter, which soon firmly grasped, will, under God, lead the nations forth into the fuller and brighter day.

FOREST REMOVAL.

The recent disastrous floods in the rivers of Texas, sweeping away houses, people, fences, crops and cattle, suggests the question, whether the removal of the woods increases the liability, frequency and height of the floods in our rivers and streams. The writer was born on the banks of the Susquehanna, has always lived beside it, cultivated its fertile flats, observed its floods, bearing down large quantities of property; noted the causes which produced them, and therefore believes he is competent to discuss the subject of forest removal in relation to floods, and to agriculture.

During the continuance of the great flood in the Ohio River which occurred in the month of February, 1884, and caused much suffering and loss of property some of the daily papers of New York and other cities declared it was produced by the denudation of forests along the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers and their tributaries. Even Harper's Weekly, usually careful and exact in its statements, fell into the same error and said: "Let us hope that next year the wilful destruction of our forests will not combine with such uncontrollable causes as early freezing weather, unusual abundance of snow and continued thaws accompanied with rain to produce a recurrence of these disasters that appeal to the sympathies of all."

That great flood was produced by the same causes which have produced some of the highest floods in the Susquehanna, and not at all by "the wilful destruction of our forests." Early freezing weather which freezes up the ground and closes the pores of the earth so that no water can soak into it, then a heavy fall of snow, which before the frost is out of the ground is melted with great rapidity by a warm rain—sometimes a hard rain, and a great volume of water, (none of which can get into the ground) rushes off in the streams and they jump over their banks and create havoc and destruction.

Had every tree remained that stood on the head waters of the Ohio River

before the French built Fort Duquesne, that great flood would have happened just the same, and the water would have stood seventy-one feet above low water mark at Cincinnati at it did Feb. 14, 1884. In fact, the flood in the Ohio in 1836, before the forests were to any great extent cut down, was almost exactly as great as that of 1884.

The highest flood ever known in the Susquehanna River, which happened on March 18, 1865, was produced by the same causes that afterwards made the flood in the Ohio. The ground was frozen solid even in the woods under the leaves, there was a large body of snow on the ground, which several thawing days had softened into "slush" and started the water to running; then came a warm rain that melted it all off in one night. Had the whole country been one unbroken wilderness from the Chesapeake Bay to Lake Erie it would not have prevented that great flood, or left its high water mark one-tenth of an inch lower.

There was a great ice flood in the Susquehanna on the 15th of March, 1784, which is described by Col. John Franklin, one of the ablest leaders of the Connecticut party in the Valley of Wyoming. He says:

"The uncommon rain, and large quantities of snow on the mountains, together with the amazing quantity of ice in the river, swelled the stream to an unusual height—ten, and in many places fifteen, feet higher than it had ever been known since the settlement of the country."

He states that upwards of 150 houses, with their contents, were swept away by the raging torrent and lost forever.

Some of the great inundations have been caused by rain alone, without the assistance of melted snow. One of the greatest in the Susquehanna of which we have any account, and which was not much, if any, less than that of 1865, took place in October, 1786, two years after the ice flood, and was called "the pumpkin flood" because large numbers of pumpkins were seen floating down on the turbid waters, together with shocks of corn and rail fences. It is described by Col. John Franklin as follows: "The rain on the 5th of October, which fell in about twenty-four hours, raised the river about six feet, and in the narrows ten feet deeper than ever known. The small streams became mighty rivers, the mills are mostly swept off, and one-half of all kinds of

food for man and beast is forever lost. The greater part of the rain fell in the afternoon and evening of the 5th. The Susquehanna River, that was fordable at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, was over the face of the earth from mountain to mountain at 6 o'clock on the morning of the 6th."

Neither the ice flood of 1784 nor the pumpkin flood of 1786 (both of which happened more than 100 years ago) could have been caused by "the wilful destruction of our forests," for the forests had not been destroyed. The whole country drained by the river and its tributaries was at that time a dense wilderness of woods, except some narrow clearings along the banks.

The highest flood ever known in the Wyalusing creek, and which took off every bridge on the stream from its source to its mouth, was caused by a thunder shower in the latter part of the summer. The water did not fall in drops, but in solid sheets, sheet after sheet as fast as you could count. The area covered by the raincloud was estimated to be not much over nine square miles, and was near the head of the creek, not a drop falling at the mouth. About the centre of the storm the water ran down a hillside of moderate slope to such a depth, and with such force as to float away bodily a crooked rail fence, which was carried six or seven rods and lodged against some trees. The water came into the farm house which stood considerably higher than the main road to such a height that the inmates had to flee to the chamber for safety.

It is folly to talk about the destruction of forests being the cause of great floods. When a tremendous rain falls there must be a tremendous flood, forest or no forest. If it be said that such a fearful rain cloud would never have gathered in a forest, the answer is, we do not know.

The Hon. George P. Marsh, in his "Earth as Modified by Human Action," after having argued that the removal of the forests have a tendency to increase disastrous torrents and floods, admits that "floods will always occur in years of excessive precipitation, whether the surface of the soil be generally cleared or generally wooded."

The effect of forest removal on farming, so far as I know, is not a subject of dispute. Everybody agrees that the removal of the woods admits the fierce rays of the drying sun, permits an un-

obstructed sweep of the arid wind, together producing a rapid evaporation of the rain water as soon as it falls, allowing but little to soak into the earth to supply the springs, wells and creeks with water for the farms in the adjacent country. Springs which were once perennial, wells which were never failing, and creeks which once furnished an abundance of water for turning mills at all seasons of the year, have since the country was cleared either greatly failed or have dried up entirely.

Woods are not only a conservative of moisture, but they equalize the temperature of the surrounding country, making it cooler in the summer, and warmer in the winter. They provide an excellent wind-break for the protection of fruit trees and gardens and "temper the storm for the shorn lamb." Before much of the farms were cleared in Northern Pennsylvania there was no trouble in raising peaches every year. The trees lived to a good old age and grew large.

Of course, most of the country had to be cleared to support a growing population, but more woods might have been kept at a profit. Land has been cleared that never ought to have been cleared, because it is worthless for farming purposes. The steep hill sides which wash and gully the rocky fields, and ravines which cannot be easily cultivated and do not pay for cultivation, had better now be planted with timber trees, sugar maples or nut trees.

J. W. Ingham.

Bradford County, Pa.

From an Old Colonial Family.

Jabez Church of Lehman died Tuesday, May 30, 1899, of general debility, aged 77 years. Mr. Church was a son of the late William Church of old Colonial stock, who was born near the old fort, near Forty Fort, and took an active part in the Indian fighting in 1778. Jabez Church is the last direct member of this old family, four brothers and two sisters having died previously. He lived on his farm near Lehman for the past thirty years. Mrs. Ruth Gilchrist of this city is a daughter, as also are Mrs. Theodore Wolfe, Mrs. John Barnes, Mrs. Elizabeth Wesley and Almon, all of Lehman Township, and Rufus of Fairmount Township.

EIGHTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

Charles F. Reets, a Resident of This
City Over Sixty-two Years.

Among the older residents of this city no man is more respected than the venerable Charles F. Reets, of 236 South River street, who has been a citizen of this valley for over sixty-two years. Mr. Reets was born near Bergen Hill, which is now a part of Jersey City, N. J., on June 7, 1819. His father was Charles F. Reets and in the early days he conducted a farm about Bergen Hill, near Communipaw, which was devoted to the raising of truck for the New York market. He died something like twenty years ago. Mr. Reets's mother was Elizabeth Keene, who was born in the former French territory of Lorraine, and she died nearly forty years ago. Besides Mr. Reets another son, George, and two daughters, Louisa and Elizabeth, were born of the union.

From the age of 6 to his 9th year Mr. Reets attended the school at Bergen Hill, and then his parents moved to Easton, Pa., for a short time. Shortly after their arrival there a party of Germans decided to establish themselves on farms in Wayne County, Pa., and they located at a town called East Sterling, Mr. Reets's parents accompanying the party. Mr. Reets did not remain with them, but accepted an apprenticeship at a store at Cherry Hill, Northampton County, with Charles Moulter. About a year after he went with him Mr. Moulter was drowned in the Delaware River, and this released him from his apprenticeship. Mr. Reets then went with a Mr. Miller, who kept a Moravian store at Nazareth, Pa., and while there, at about the age of 13, he attended the Moravian school at Nazareth Hall, one of the largest educational institutions in the country of that day. He recalls that there were present a number of students from the West India islands, and other distant countries.

Mr. Reets, while at Nazareth Hall, was a classmate of the following Wilkes-Barre gentlemen, all of whom attended the school in the years of 1832-3: Hon. L. D. Shoemaker, William H. Butler, Charles Bennet, George Porter, Thomas Horton, Miller Horton and Hon. Thomas Brodrick, then of Summit Hill, afterwards mayor of this city in the early eighties.

His studies at Nazareth Hall concluded his efforts in this line and afterwards he took up a special line of evening studies in Wilkes-Barre under Gen. E. L. Dana.

Following his stay at Nazareth Hall Mr. Reets entered the employ of Edward Wooley at Nazareth, and afterwards was transferred to the Katherine Iron Works, on the Bushkill River, three miles distant, where he was employed in the office and the store for about two years. From this point Mr. Reets came to Wilkes-Barre on May 12, 1837, and has resided here ever since.

Mr. Reets came here in the stage and it required two full days to cover the distance. He remarked that he recently saw a list printed in the Record of the old-time stage drivers, and after recalling the old knights of the ribbons and lash wishes to add the following to the list of the drivers on the routes to Philadelphia and New York, and the East via Carbondale, Tunkhannock and Honesdale. The Bloomsburg line was then called the "Huckleberry Line." Following are the names of the drivers: Charles Horton, "Jep" Swainbank, H. Mitchell, John Teets, Stewart Rainow, George Root, James White, Mr. Devers, Charles Laraway, David Seamon, Harrison Williams, Sidney Eick, Mr. Kite, and one of the Gress boys of Hanover.

Mr. Reets first worked for Benjamin Phillips in a little general store on the corner of Franklin and West Market streets, the site now occupied by Dodge & Speece. He boarded at the old White Horse Hotel, then kept by George Kocher. He remained with Mr. Phillips about two years and then went with Hollenback & Rutter, who kept a general store on the site of the present Coal Exchange Building, the venerable Nathaniel Rutter being the junior member of the firm. Since, Mr. Rutter is still alive and in remarkable vigor at the age of 94 years, Mr. Reets, at the age of 80 years, has the distinction of frequently chatting with his old "boss" of sixty years ago. After a few years Hollenback & Rutter dissolved partnership, having however before their separation, removed to the site of Dodge & Speece's place, the present building having been erected in the meantime.

Somewhere about 1852 George M. Hollenback induced Mr. Reets to take a portion of the stock of the old Franklin street store and open a general store at the corner of River and Market streets and he there conducted the business in the name of Hollenback &

Reets for several years. Subsequently Mr. Reets erected what was then called the "iron front," which is the building now occupied by Voorhis & Murray, and the business was there carried on for a number of years. This building was for many years considered the most handsome business structure this side of Philadelphia. Mr. Reets afterwards dissolved partnership with Mr. Hollenback, and continued in business in the Flick building and other sites until about 1881, when he retired from active business associations owing to ill-health. He remarks that his health is much better to-day than it was fifteen years ago.

In the early days Mr. Reets boarded at the Exchange Hotel, a frame building on the site of the present Exchange, which was kept by Major Samuel Puterbaugh. Among the boarders of the house at that time—about 1839-40—were Jesse Lyons and Amos Sisty, the latter being editor of the old Whig paper. Samuel P. Collings was the editor of the Democratic paper, and Collings was so sarcastic and such a veritable thunderer that he was feared by every Whig writer in the State save one—and that was Amos Sisty, the local opponent on the Whig sheet.

"In his editorials Sisty was a thorough master over Collings and invariably got the best of the argument," said Mr. Reets, "while in conversation or speech Collings was no match for Sisty. Sisty came here from Mauch Chunk and was a most remarkable writer and succeeded in carrying the community with him. Those were terrible times for Collings, who thoroughly realized that he had a superior man to deal with and he finally let Sisty alone."

"I well remember one morning when I was taking an early breakfast at the old White Horse in about 1839," said Mr. Reets, growing reminiscent, "when the girl came and called me to the door.

"See here, Mr. Reets; here comes Mr. Gildersleeve on the rail!"

"I went to the door and there was W. C. Gildersleeve being ridden on a rail. He was a rank abolitionist. I remember that Hiram Dennis was at one end of the rail. Of the four I cannot remember the rest. They had tar hanging on the rail. Gildersleeve had induced a noted Eastern abolitionist to come here to deliver a lecture in the old court house one night, but he was not permitted to talk. The following morning the men of the town called at

the hotel to see the lecturer who had been prevented from speaking and Gildersleeve walked down to the old Phoenix Hotel. The minute Gildersleeve arrived he was told his "horse" was ready. They had a rail leaning from the walk on the porch rail and it was only a moment's work to compel Gildersleeve to take his position, and he was then given a free ride up Market street to Franklin and from that street to his home, about 400 feet up the street, followed by a large crowd. To the best of my recollection some of the crowd broke into the kitchen of Gildersleeve's home and destroyed some of his furniture. The lecturer disappeared from town early that morning, taking the stage for the East. Between 10 and 11 o'clock that morning 'Squire Dyer read the riot act to the crowd, telling them to disperse as they were rebels. The crowd did not obey the 'squire, but finally about noon I saw Abram Nesbitt, father of Abram Nesbitt, president of the Second National Bank, and Mr. Norton, a harness maker, go past with horse pistols. They repaired to the front of Gildersleeve's house and at the point of their pistols commanded the crowd to disperse. Both Nesbitt and Norton were determined men and had the respect of the community, and the crowd soon melted away."

"I recall an occurrence of one of the old 'training days,' so called because of the gathering of the militia of the country, men coming here to the city from all over this section. Usually they 'trained,' or drilled, on the river bank, and the occasion was made an annual gala day. I belonged to the Jägers and that made me take an interest in the matter. On one occasion, after the training, I recall that when drinks were served at the Exchange, which was kept by Major Puterbaugh of the militia, Puterbaugh and the late Col. Charles Dorrance drank to each other's health. Puterbaugh was a remarkably illiterate man, while Col. Dorrance was one of our brightest men. Said Major Puterbaugh, lifting his glass:

"'Here's to the ignoble Col. Dorrance!' thinking he had paid him a compliment, meaning to use the word 'noble.' Quick as a flash Col. Dorrance replied:

"'Here's to the pusillanimous Major Puterbaugh!'

"And then they quaffed one another's health. Major Puterbaugh construed

it that Col. Dorrance had paid him a great compliment."

Mr. Reets's recollection is that when he came here in 1837 the population, as given by those who were in a position to know, was about 1,200, and the population of the rest of the valley did not exceed much over 5,000. It seems marvelous that to-day the valley is teeming with industries of every character, and densely populated, while railroads reach every part of its beautiful confines. In the days when he first came here Mr. Reets says that the salt, plaster, lumber, much grain and very many articles of necessary use came down the river in arks.

Mr. Reets was married to Miss Jane Ely Rainow of Wilkes-Barre, when he was 25 years of age, by Rev. Mr. Hand, father of Isaac P. Hand, and by this union three daughters were born—Emma L., who died on Feb. 7, 1899; Elizabeth K., who died on Feb. 14, 1868; Ella D. Parrish, widow of Fred Parrish of this city. Two sons were also born—Harry S. Reets, the well known civil engineer of this city, and William Fox, who died in infancy. Mrs. Reets died in 1863, and afterward Mr. Reets was united in marriage to Mrs. Martha J. Bennett, who still lives, on April 14, 1864. By his second marriage a daughter, Bertha, was born, on Sept. 16, 1866, and died in infancy, and Edgar Randolph Reets, a son, now employed as private secretary to general superintendent Rollin H. Wilbur of the Lehigh Valley system.

Mr. Reets served two terms in the town council under Judge William S. Ross, who was a president of marked executive ability, and among his associates were Charles Price, David Mordecai, Josiah Lewis, Paul Dunn, and Caleb Bowman was secretary of the body. Mr. Reets also served on the school board for seventeen years, and then resigned. He was ever in advance in his advocacy of new buildings.

H. G. M.

Death of Capt. Sturmer.

[Pittston correspondence of Wilkes-Barre Record, May 22, 1899.]

By the death of Capt. Solomon Sturmer, which occurred at his home on Wyoming avenue, West Side, on Saturday morning, one of the best known residents of this city has passed away. For several years he had been in ill health, but not until last Thursday was

he sufficiently ill to prevent his attending to his various business interests. On that day he was stricken with apoplexy, which rendered him unconscious. On Friday his right side became paralyzed. For years Capt. Sturmer was a familiar and an influential member of the business world in this vicinity. By his force of character, his indomitable perseverance, his realization of opportunities, he rose from a position of obscurity and discouragement to one of influence and ease. He was a shoemaker by trade and in a small shop on Charles street he began to climb the ladder of prosperity. The Charles street shop soon became too small for the captain's business and he moved from there to a store on Main street, where he soon had a large retail trade. He erected the building at present occupied by A. L. Tower, the shoe merchant, and there he conducted his thriving business for several years. He subsequently conducted a grocery store and later a restaurant on North Main street. About ten years ago he retired from the restaurant business to devote his time to his various other interests. Among these interests were considerable real estate and coal lands, he being one of the organizers of the United States Coal, Iron & Manufacturing Co., composed principally of Pittston capitalists, and owning coal lands in Virginia.

His patriotism, when patriotism was put to a test in the year 1861, won for himself and his town some fame and honor. At that time he was captain of the Pittston Artillerists, a local military company organized in Pittston prior to the war and composed principally of Germans. Without a moment's hesitation he offered the services of himself and his company to Governor Curtin, and he was the first captain in the State to take this patriotic step. In 1861 he enlisted and became captain of Co. D, 15th Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, commanded by Col. Richard Oakford of Scranton, and served with his regiment during the term of enlistment, returning home with his company. Capt. Sturmer was twice married. In 1853 he was united to Mary Goodwin, who died a few years later. In 1862 he married Valerie Schultz, who survives, with the following sons and daughters: G. W. Sturmer, of Philadelphia; Rudolph S., of Jerome, Arizona; Clara, wife of G. H. Hewitt, of Chicago; Oscar F., of Easton, Md., and Ernest, who resides at the family home. Capt. Sturmer was one of the oldest members of St. John's Lodge, F. and A. M., of

this city. The arrangements for the funeral have not yet been completed. Capt. Sturmer was born in Ettlingen, Baden, Germany, seventy-three years ago last December; he came to America in 1848, and after a brief time spent in New York and Carbondale, settled in Pittston, which was ever afterward his home.

A Relic for His Cottage.

[Daily Record, April 25, 1899.]

J. E. Patterson of this city, who is constructing an addition to his cottage at Glen Summit visited the Record office yesterday and exhibited a fire place crane which was one of a pair placed in a house erected at Hooper, Broome County, N. Y., by his grandfather, Judge Patterson, in the years of 1798-9. Dinner was cooked on the cranes on Oct. 2, 1800. The crane was removed from the fire place by J. H. Sayer on Dec. 14, 1892, and by him sent to Mr. Patterson. He will place it in a new fire place in his cottage at Glen Summit. Attached to the crane is one of the pot hooks and the key to the lock of the front door and Mr. Patterson expects to secure the handirons and bramel and more of the hooks. The house is still standing on the bank of the Susquehanna near the Erie road and is in almost as good condition as when erected.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

An Aged and Worthy Citizen of Lehman—A Long and Useful Life—
Last One of a Large Family.

David Major, the subject of this sketch, is a resident of Lehman, Luzerne County, where he has lived since childhood. Mr. Major is a son of the late Thomas and Mary Brittain Major, and was born March 11, 1820, at North Burton, Yorkshire, England. The family came to this country in 1821 and lived for a while in Wyoming Valley. About 1823 they purchased 600 acres of land at Lehman Centre and moved upon it, settling where the late George Major lived and died. The place is now owned by T. N. Major.

The Majors were well-to-do farmers and millers in the old country.

Thomas and Mary Major, parents of the large family mentioned in this

sketch, were sturdy, honest, typical Yorkshire people, well stocked with health, industry and common sense. They were the parents of thirteen children, eleven of whom grew up and married and had children and lived to be old. The following are the names of the children; Thomas, Betsey, John, Mary, Robert, Rebecca, William, Frank, Ellen, David and George. David, the subject of this sketch is the only survivor of the large family.

Descendants of this family are numerous in Luzerne and Wyoming counties. Mary, who married Miner Fuller, and Ellen, who married Josiah Lamoreux, went to the West many years ago. Rebecca married Benjamin Jayne and lived and died in Wyoming County, and Betsey married Edward Wardell and passed her married life at Daleville, Covington Township, Lackawanna County. The brothers spent nearly all their days in or near Lehman and cleared up nice farms and planted orchards and built good houses.

David lives in a pleasant home about half a mile east of Lehman Centre, near where about all his life has been passed. He has spent his life as an unassuming, industrious farmer, honest, sober, consistent and useful. His example has been a good copy for young men to follow.

When the subject of our sketch was a boy the township was nearly a wilderness and did not blossom as it now does. It has taken tens of thousands of hard days work to make old Lehman the charming, fruitful place she is and she owes much to the Majors and the Ides, two large families.

Then schools were crude and few and far between. Then the children going miles through the woods to school would meet the fox, the deer and the bear, and at night might hear the howl of the wolf and the scream of the panther. The forests were so wild and primeval in appearance that the children would involuntarily glance about expecting to see the form of a stealthy red man.

David Major married for his first wife Phoebe A. Brown, daughter of Clinton Brown. By this marriage came Ziba B., Martha J., and Mary E. Ziba lost his life by an accident in the fall of 1879. Martha J. married Hiram Wolfe and they live in California. Mary E. lives at home with her father. For his second wife he married Elizabeth Benscoter, daughter of Isaac Benscoter of Union, and she also is dead. His second marriage was blessed with two

children, Isaac B. and Ada. Ada died in childhood and Isaac B. married Miss Mary E. Beck, and they live near the father's residence.

Mr. Major is in his 80th year and is still quite smart and when the weather is fine walks up to the postoffice, about half a mile for his mail.

He is a member of the Baptist Church, as his parents also were. His politics is Republican, but he is not loud nor radical in his words or views, and apparently one of his favorite mottoes has been: "Attend to your own business."

He probably has lived longer in Lehman than any other person now living there and when he departs this life, he will be missed by very many people and leave pleasant memories of a long life well spent.

C. D. L.

Recalling an Early Family.

Here is an old letter sent me by a friend in Bath, N. Y. It was written by Thomas Wright to Capt. Charles Williamson, a Bath pioneer and extensive land owner. It is postmarked Wilkesbarre, March 2, 1801, and the postage was 12½ cents to Bath, with an additional 20 cents for forwarding:

Wilkesbarre, February 28th, 1801.

Respected friend
Charles Williamson, Esq.:

I have the pleasing acct. by this day's Mail from Lancaster—the Legislature is busied on the Turnpike Road from here to Easton—there has been every exertions used by the Inhabitants of this Village—Easton—and all the Marchantile Interests of Phllada—they are roused on the subject—nothing will prvnt th Bill from passing this session—only the suddenrise of the House—as there is no money demanded from the public purse—I am in hopes it will pass unanimously. There has been a great conveyance of wheat from here to Easton this winter and would have been a great deal more—only the sleighing being poor—Number of Waggon's has come from Northampton County and gave 10s. 6 d. pr. Bl. here, and got 15 s. 6 d. I have sent copies of thy letters to Philadelphia, which was published—likewise to the chamber of Commerce, &c.—To my great surpize I rec'd a letter from David Jones, Esq., who had employed a gentleman at Geneva, Jacob W. Hallet, to present a Certificate for thee to sign discharging or cancelling the Mortgage on the Honeyoy Tract

of Land that William Dunn had purchased of thee, afterwards sold to my son Joseph by Robert Dunn—which was sold in fee, thee must recollect—I called on thee at thy House in Bath—with William Dunn—and at the same time gave me from under thy hand a Discharge from the Mortgage, but the records being at Cannondasque—satisfaction could not be there entered—perhaps this small matter of Writing has never been produced. I hope to be honourable dealt with I have paid 2500 Dollars for this 500 acres—I hope the first time that thee meets Lawyer Jones the matter may be settled with his producing thy acknowledgement—in writing—I will advise thee from time—to time of the progress of our Intermediate Road.

I am with sentiments of regard thy friend,
Thomas Wright.

* * *

The reference to the progress then making in the turnpike scheme is interesting. In these modern days when Luzerne County has to import breadstuffs for its nearly 200,000 population, it seems almost like a fairy tale that a little less than a century ago our farmers were hauling grain to Easton and Philadelphia.

* * *

The writer of the letter, Thomas Wright, was prominent in Wilkes-Barre at that time. He was the ancestor of the Miners now living in Wilkes-Barre. His daughter Mary married Asher Miner and was the great-grandmother of the present Col. Asher Miner, son of Hon. Charles A. Miner. Asher's brother Joseph's daughter Letitia married Charles Miner, journalist and historian, and was the mother of William P. Miner, the founder of the Record. Thomas Wright was the owner of the Gazette, a pioneer Wilkes-Barre paper. His son-in-law, Asher Miner, bought the Gazette from him and established in its stead the Luzerne County Federalist. The paper was afterwards purchased by Charles Miner. Many interesting facts about the Wrights and Miners are given in Harvey's "History of Lodge 61."

* * *

The other day while strolling through Hollenback I noticed the grave of Thomas Wright, which is on the very summit of the ridge along the side towards Wilkes-Barre. This is the inscription:

"This monument is erected to the memory of Thomas Wright, Esq., who

closed his temporal existence on the 25th of March, 1820, in the 73d year of his age. He was a native of Ireland, an American citizen. He lived at Philadelphia and died in peace with all mankind."

In the same plot are these graves:

Asher Miner,
Born Mar. 3, 1778,
Died Mar. 13, 1811.

Joseph W. Miner,
Born Mar. 29, 1825,
Died Feb. 5, 1859.

Sarah Miner,
Born Mar. 20, 1810,
Died Mar. 3, 1811.

Mary W. Miner,
Born Apr. 16, 1820,
Died Dec. 14, 1839.

Helen Miner,
Born Dec. 3, 1822,
Died Jan. 18, 1841.

Adjoining is the lot in which is buried Hon. Charles Miner, father of William P. Miner. His last resting place is marked in accordance with instructions in his will by a shaft of native mountain stone. It is marked as he requested by his name and the words, historian of Wyoming.

Alongside is the lot of Dr. Thomas W. Miner, one of Wilkes-Barre's prominent physicians a couple of generations ago.

There was lately found a miniature in oil of Thomas Wright and a photograph has been placed in the Historical Society.

* * *

Asher Miner and Mary Wright were married at Wilkes-Barre May 19, 1800, and the certificate is in the Historical Society. The ceremony was performed by William Ross. In accordance with the Quaker custom, the certificate bears the signatures of all who were present as witnesses.

FRANKLIN.

OUR FIRST LOCOMOTIVES.

Facts of Interest to the Rising Generation—Coal Trade Caused Locomotives to Come.

The following story, says the Coal Trade Journal, has been used in the whole or in part by every writer of the history of the D. & H., but it may be new to the rising generation, and as it shows plainly that it was the requirements of the coal trade that locomotives were first introduced in this country, we think it appropriate to reproduce.

Seventy years ago there were imported from England the first practicable steam locomotives seen on the American continent. To-day the situation is reversed.

Horatio Allen, who died at Montrose on Dec. 31, 1889, was in 1824 made resident engineer of the summit level of the Delaware & Hudson Canal, his immediate superior being the late John B. Jarvis, chief engineer of the company. Mr. Allen had made a careful study of locomotives on his own responsibility and became convinced of the practicability of applying the new power to the railroad in Honesdale, at the head of the canal, and at Carbon-dale, in the Lackawanna coal fields.

In 1827 Mr. Allen determined to go to England, where the subject could be studied. A proposition from the Delaware & Hudson Co. to make the trip as its representative and purchase locomotives for the road was accepted. The company gave Mr. Allen a free hand, only calling his attention to certain limitations which the roadbed and other requirements of transportation would impose. For instance, the track consisted of strips of iron two and a half inches wide and one-half inch thick, screwed to rails of hemlock timber six by twelve inches in cross section, these being in turn supported by ties ten feet from centre to centre. It will be seen that the iron strips formed merely a running surface for the "coal wagons," the actual rails being the hemlock timbers. Naturally the limitations of such a roadbed were very narrow. It was required that the engines make a certain speed, and yet be so light that the rails would not be crushed or spread, and yet be heavy enough to give the required amount of friction to the wheels in order to draw the loads. It was suggested that if a six-wheeled engine should be found to take

curves satisfactorily, the machine, including water tank and fuel box, might weigh six or seven tons, a preference being given, however, to one weighing six and a half tons. On the other hand, if the six-wheeler failed to take a curve, a four-wheeler would be required. This would necessitate a reduction in weight to five and a half tons at the outside. Further, the engines purchased must be capable of moving eighty tons at four miles an hour, or sixty tons at the rate of five miles an hour. The cost of the locomotives was limited to \$1,800 each.

Armed with letters of introduction to George Stephenson and other prominent railroad and engineering men, Mr. Allen landed in England. He visited Liverpool and Newcastle and went over the line of the Stockton & Darlington road. The result of his observations was that he ordered three engines of the Stockton & Darlington type of Messrs. Foster & Rastrick of Stourbridge. One of these three engines had the distinction later of being the first steam locomotive to turn a wheel on a track in America. This machine was a four-wheeler, the wheels being coupled to a walking beam actuated by the pistons of two vertical cylinders placed well back on the boiler near the firebox. The cylinders provided for a stroke of thirty-six inches. The boiler was cylindrical in form and contained several large flues. The spokes of the four driving wheels were of oak, a wrought iron tire providing the wearing surface for each wheel. The waste steam from the cylinders was allowed to escape through the smokestack or "chimney," as that important accessory was then called. Fuel and water were carried in a small tender. The engine was not fitted with a cab for the protection of the driver. A painter at work on the engine discovered a convex surface on the front of the boiler, and in fun painted thereon the head of a lion, no doubt expecting the painting to frighten cattle from the track, hence the name Stourbridge Lion given to this machine.

Shortly after closing the deal with Foster & Rastrick, Mr. Allen placed an order with George Stephenson for an engine to be an exact duplication of the renowned Rocket, which opened the eyes of everybody by its remarkable performance in October, 1829. A few weeks after awarding the Stephenson contract Mr. Allen returned to this country.

The Stephenson engine was shipped to London and there transshipped to

New York by the Columbia. The Columbia arrived in port on Jan. 18, 1829. On arrival in New York the parts of the engine were taken to the shops of Abeel & Dunscomb on Water street, there assembled and the complete machine blocked up, its wheels just clearing the floor. Steam was raised and let into the cylinders, causing the engine to work in all respects as it would in actual service, except that, its wheels clearing the floor, it had no progressive motion. The exact date of this performance is not known.

The Stourbridge Lion was shipped by Foster & Rastrick in February, 1829, and arrived in New York on the packet John Jay on May 14. The parts of this locomotive were taken to the West Point foundry and assembled under the direction of Mr. Allen. The Lion was blocked up, as had been the Stephenson engine, and on May 27 and 28 both were put on exhibition. The second Stourbridge engine reached New York about the middle of August on board the ship Splendid, and the third one on the John Jay on Sept. 17, 1829.

Early in July the Stephenson engine and the Lion were shipped by sloop to Rondout, at which point they were transferred to canal boats and sent on to Honesdale, where they arrived on July 28. The two locomotives attracted a great deal of attention in the villages and were something more than a seven days' wonder. On Aug. 7 the Stourbridge Lion was hoisted to the railroad track, the valves tuned up and the screws and nuts tightened, preparatory to the trial trip on the morrow.

Mr. Allen volunteered to take the mysterious machine out on its maiden trip. After steam was up on the morning of Aug. 8 Mr. Allen took up a position at the levers, and remarking that "if there is any danger in this ride it is not necessary that the life and limbs of more than one should be subjected to danger," pulled the whistle cord. As the echoes of that blast died away the engineer opened the throttle and the curious machine responded to the first pressure of the steam, running up the track amid the applause of the people who had assembled to witness the start. A few hundred yards from the starting point the track crossed the west branch of the Lackawanna, on a frail bridge of timber. Grave doubts were expressed as to the stability of the structure under such a load, but with much shaking and groaning the bridge held together and the Lion continued its trip for three miles through the forest. Then Mr. Allen reversed the machine

and ran her back without mishap to the point of starting. It was the first and last time he ever ran a locomotive or other engine. Immediately after this Mr. Allen left to fill an engagement with the South Carolina R. R.

Death of W. P. Ryman.

[Daily Record, Aug. 1, 1899.]

Another of Wilkes-Barre's substantial and honored citizens has passed away—another whose going from our midst leaves a void that the whole community will feel.

The death of William Penn Ryman, attorney and ex-president of the Wilkes-Barre & Eastern Railroad, occurred at his home, 151 South Franklin street, last evening at 7:30. Though the end had been almost hourly expected for several days, the announcement will cause sincere sorrow among his acquaintances and keen grief to those who were intimately associated with him in business or in private life. Mr. Ryman had been in poor health for almost ten years, but being a man of remarkable will power he would not give in and continued to direct the many important business affairs in which he was interested with rare intervals of absence until his last illness.

HIS CAREER.

William Penn Ryman was born in Dallas on Aug. 23, 1849, and was a son of Abram and Jemima Kunkle Ryman. He was of German descent, the family having emigrated to this country in 1750. The first member of the family to come to America was George Ryman, who settled near Easton, and he was the great-grandfather of the deceased. He was the father of four children—Peter, John, Jacob and Kate. The former, Peter, was the grandfather of the deceased. Peter Ryman was born in New Jersey in 1776 and married Mary Sweazy. After living a time near Hope, N. J., he moved to Dallas, this county, in 1812. Peter Ryman was the father of six children—John, Joseph, Peter, Eliza, Abram and Richard. The two latter were born at Dallas. They settled on lot No. 5, Bedford Township, which is now Dallas, and the farm is still in possession of the Ryman family.

Abram Ryman, the father of the deceased, was born in Dallas on Aug. 21, 1817, and he spent his whole life there, dying in 1873. He married a daughter of Philip and Mary Labar Kunkle of Dallas Township. The subject of this

sketch was the fourth of a family of seven children born to them. After spending several years as an extensive lumberman, Abram Ryman embarked in the mercantile business, the firm of A. Ryman & Sons having been established by him. An elder brother, John Ryman, was a distinguished lawyer of Lawrenceburg, Ind.

The subject of this sketch was educated in the common schools of Dallas and this city and was prepared for college at Wyoming Seminary. He entered Cornell University as a sophomore when that college was opened and graduated in 1871. He then entered the Harvard law school and finished a two years' course in one year. After leaving college he entered the law office of the late E. P. Darling and he was admitted to the bar of Luzerne County in 1873, and to the United States Court in 1882. One Dec. 17, 1879, he was united in marriage to Charlotte M., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George P. Rose of Freeport, Ill.

Mr. Ryman devoted much of his time to the promotion of corporations and in this, as in all of his undertakings, he was signally successful. He introduced the first telephone put in practical operation in Wilkes-Barre, and was the organizer of the Wilkes-Barre Electric Light Co., of which he was secretary and treasurer for many years.

In 1892, when the Wilkes-Barre & Eastern Railroad was being built, Mr. Ryman became president of the corporation and continued at its head until it was merged into the Erie system, about one year ago. Up to the time of his death he was attorney for the road. He was also president of and a large stockholder in the Algonquin Coal Co., which he formed in 1893.

In politics Mr. Ryman was a Republican, and although he did not aspire to public office, he never shirked his duties as a citizen, feeling it a privilege and a pleasure to always exercise his right as a voter. As a lawyer he had eminent attainments and his methods were, in harmony with the character of the man, always upright and could never be impugned. He was a splendid conversationalist and was familiar with several languages.

Deceased is survived by his wife and two daughters—Roselys and Emily, who are at present in Europe. He is also survived by four brothers—John J., Theodore F. and Leslie of this city, and Fred S. of Boston.

EXEMPLARY CITIZEN.

In the sudden death of William Penn Ryman not only the immediate family, but the whole community, has sustained a loss. He stood out as one of the best types of American citizenship, a man whose home life was ideal and whose professional and business transactions were always marked with the stamp of honesty and integrity. Not, perhaps, as generally known as some men whose success in life is even less marked, yet those who enjoyed his friendship or companionship could not but be impressed with his ideal temperament, his scholarly attainments, the beauty of his private life and his love of all that is American. His most pleasant moments were those he spent among his books, of which he had one of the finest collections in this city. With him study was a delight and he was continually adding to his store of knowledge. He had no specialty, his library embracing not only all that is most desirable along legal lines, but also books on science and art. His law library especially is one of the finest in this section. His home is rich in treasures of art and he loved to be among them. He, too, was unusually fond of music and was an intelligent critic along this line. It is no wonder then that he was high-minded in all his duties as citizen, lawyer and father,—that his sympathy was so wide and his qualities of mind and heart such as to make him beloved by those who, through business association or friendship, were brought to see the beauty of his character.

He was eminently progressive and few men of equal means did more to add to the city's industrial activity and prosperity than he. He was the promoter of a number of large industrial enterprises and every one of them, by the success that followed them, showed the ability and foresight of a master hand. The Wilkes-Barre & Eastern Railroad owes its existence to William Penn Ryman as much as to any other man and during its struggle for a position in the railroad world he prudently and intelligently guided its affairs. He was also a large stockholder in a number of other corporations and in all of them his counsel was always sought before any important step was taken. Mr. Ryman believed in the investment of capital in enterprises that would benefit those who were dependent on them and this progressive quality no doubt accounted for the interest he always manifested in such enterprises.

In whatever venture he engaged he was conservative and yet grasped opportunities that perhaps others might not see; he had the courage to start out in the course he believed to be right and worked energetically to compass his ends. An instance of his far-sightedness was shown just before the construction of the Wilkes-Barre & Eastern Railroad. Mr. Ryman worked for some years upon the scheme of building another outlet for anthracite coal to tidewater and while many were skeptical as to the advisability of such a plan, he had great faith in it and the road was finally built, many of the multitudinous preliminary details being attended to by Mr. Ryman himself. Not only has the road been successful in its present undeveloped state, but there are great possibilities ahead of it should it become an active competitor for freight and passenger traffic and should connections contemplated some time ago be built. Under Mr. Ryman's management the Wilkes-Barre & Eastern secured valuable coal properties in Parsons and vicinity under the name of the Algonquin Coal Co. and the Laurel Run Coal Co., and under his fostering care the anthracite business of the road became one of the largest and most important in this section.

In private and in business life Mr. Ryman maintained the attributes of an exalted character. He was one of the few men actively engaged who would stoop to nothing dishonorable, and one needed not the evidence of any transaction with him to learn this fact. Openness and dignity of character spoke out of his countenance, and to be in his presence was to be in the company of a thorough gentleman. Pleasant and agreeable to those who came in contact with him, it was his closest friends who knew him best, and to enjoy this relation was to associate with it the highest esteem and regard. Regret over his death is comingled with the thought, would there were more such as he.

At the Old Burying Ground.

[Daily Record, Aug. 17, 1899.]

The site of the proposed B. I. A. building in the rear of City Hall, where excavation is now going on, was years ago a cemetery and, it will be remembered, when the cellar for City Hall building was dug boxes full of bones were taken out and reinterred in the City Cemetery. Workmen doing the

present excavating are also finding a number of bones. The workmen turned up an old grave stone, on which was inscribed: "In memory of Sarah, wife of Jabez Fish, who died December, 1796, in the 49th year of her age." The old grave yard extended from Canal street to Washington street and from Market street half way to Union.

As the town grew from a village to a borough and the population began increasing, it was found that the old grave yard would be entirely inadequate to the needs of the community, and when Wilkes-Barre became a city the plot of ground in North Wilkes-Barre was purchased and set aside as a city burying ground.

The bodies were carefully taken up and reinterred in the present City Cemetery. All those who had loved ones buried in the old plot were given a lot in the new cemetery. All graves which were marked by head stones in the old plot were similarly marked in the new.

The work of taking up the remains was begun in 1869 and was continued during 1870 and 1871, and over 1,000 bodies were removed during these three years. The work was carefully done and it was thought all the bodies had been removed. Such, however, was not the case, as bodies have been recovered in nearly every instance where building excavations have since been made.

An Old Route Carrier.

[Wilkes-Barre Times, Aug. 18, 1899.]

The Times has the distinction of having the oldest carrier in the country to deliver its papers. He is John D. Harris of Wyoming, who is past 73 years of age. There is none more faithful than Mr. Harris. It matters not what kind of weather, he may be seen each evening of the week making his rounds.

Mr. Harris was born in Ledburg, England, April 17, 1826. He immigrated to this country with his parents at the age of 7 and settled at first in Philadelphia. The voyage across the Atlantic was made in a sailing vessel and it required six weeks, which was considered quite a rapid transit in those days. After residing in Philadelphia and Harrisburg, Mr. Harris came to the Wyoming Valley in 1856 and settled in Wyoming, where he has lived since. The Borough of Wyoming was then only a small village with a population of about 200. Many of those resident there when he came have passed to the great beyond, while among those still living are

John Sharp, James D. Green, Harry Polen and Mrs. Polly Breece.

After Mr. Harris's arrival in Wyoming, at the age of 28, he learned the carpenter trade, which he followed for many years. While living in Philadelphia in 1849 Mr. Harris was married to Miss Hannah Anderson and one child was born to them, a son, John Harris, who is at present employed in the Vulcan Iron Works. In 1855 Mrs. Harris died, and since then Mr. Harris has most of the time lived alone, as he is doing now.

When the civil war broke out Mr. Harris enlisted as a private in the 150th Pennsylvania Volunteers and served his country for three years, participating in eight battles, the principal ones being Chancellorsville, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg and in front of Petersburg. He was wounded once in the foot. He rose from private to corporal and then to second sergeant.

Mr. Harris is a well preserved man, of strong vitality. He enjoys excellent health and his snow white hair and beard are distinguishing features as he goes about the town. He rides a wheel, having learned to do so at the age of 70. He makes use of this almost daily.

SCRANTON'S OLDEST HOUSE.

The Oram Homestead Built Nearly a
Hundred Years Ago.

[Scranton Truth, Aug. 4, 1899.]

The following article written by Victor Lauer and which appeared in the Truth of Jan. 15, 1887, is of particular interest at this time since the movement to purchase the Oram plot:

"Probably few people in this city are aware that the oldest house in Scranton is No. 807 North Main avenue, now (1887) occupied by F. W. Oram.

"No one seems to know exactly in what year it was built, but Col. Ira Tripp, who is now seventy-three, says that it was erected long before he was born, and about the beginning of the present century, by his uncle, Stephen Tripp.

"The building of this house was a great undertaking in those days; the timbers are hewn and are as sound now as they were eighty-seven years ago. Indeed, the main portion is more solid to-day than many modern residences.

"A two-story porch ran along the entire front, and, being supported by four massive fluted columns, made the house look very imposing. This porch rotted so badly that a few years ago it was torn down and replaced with a one-story structure, more modern, but less striking.

"Two huge chimneys built inside of the structure (to give it support, as architects then believed), were made from brick procured at great cost from Plains, two miles this side of Wilkes-Barre, and hauled here over our very rough roads in wagons. The owner was envied by every one in the valley, for he had the only brick chimney, and was considered 'tony' in consequence.

"The first store in the valley was in the room where Mrs. Oram now has her parlor. The first hotel was also in this house, and it was for many years the only one between Pittston and Dundaff.

"Mrs. Stephen Tripp, the colonel's aunt, was one day in Wilkes-Barre, on horseback, as was the custom then, and when about to return broke a twig from a Lombardy poplar tree to use on her steed. When she returned Mr. Tripp stuck the twig in the ground and it grew until it became a large tree three feet in diameter. It was broken off about ten feet from the ground during a tornado that visited this section a few years ago, but, strange to say, it sprouted and is still growing, attracting the attention of all passers-by in the summer time, few if any of them being aware that it is historic.

"This house was for many years the polling place of Providence Township, then six miles square, and the meeting place on 'training days' when the militia of those parts came together to drill.

"Col. Tripp—to whom we are indebted for the facts in this article—tells this anecdote of an old militia captain, Wills Bennett by name. His company, about twenty in number, armed with fork handles, had imbibed too much 'commissary,' and had great difficulty in keeping in line. After repeated trials he backed them up against the hog pen when they 'dressed up' without further trouble.

"Samuel Tripp would be 75 years old if living. When he began to walk they were repainting the house, and the 'little tot' put his fingers to the paint on one of the doors, and the marks are yet to be seen, having been preserved

at the request of his sisters. Horace Tripp, when a boy, wrote his name in the paint in the hallway. He is now (1887) 86 years old. This writing is also to be seen.

"The property is owned by the D., L. & W. R. R. Co., but has been occupied by Mrs. S. G. Oram since 1854. Mr. Oram, a brother of the alderman, and many a business man in this city could tell, if he wished, of the days when he stole apples in Mr. Oram's orchard, since cut down. Mr. Oram is now 75 years old, and through sickness, is incapable of doing business. He has of late years been living with his son, F. W. Oram. He occupied many offices of trust and honor conferred on him by his fellow citizens, and is well known in the community."

REV. JOHN DORRANCE, D. D.

Some Personal Recollections of a Man
Who Occupied a Commanding Position
in Wyoming Valley Half a
Century Ago.

My acquaintance with Rev. Dr. Dorrance, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Wilkes-Barre for twenty-seven years—from 1833 to 1860—and grandson of Lieut. Col. George Dorrance, who was captured and slain at the "Massacre of Wyoming" in 1778, commenced in 1844, while a student in the Princeton Theological Seminary, a few months before my graduation. He was at that time seeking a missionary to share with him the labor of caring for those of his flock who resided in the Lackawanna Valley, including Pittston and Scranton. He was at that time the only Presbyterian pastor in Luzerne County except Rev. E. Hazard Snowden of Kingston.

John W. Sterling, who was a classmate of mine in the seminary, and who had been a teacher and law student in Wilkes-Barre before commencing the study of theology, and who was familiar with the Wyoming region of Pennsylvania, Dr. Dorrance knew intimately and esteemed highly as a scholar and as an earnest Christian man, and wished to secure him for this Lackawanna Valley field. This wish he had made known to Mr. Sterling, and as he had many warm friends among the representative people of Wilkes-Barre, the prospect of congenial work imme-

diately after graduation, in the neighborhood of Wilkes-Barre under the supervision of Dr. Dorrance, was inviting and he decided to accept the position offered.

But the way to accepting the position in the form it came was not entirely clear. He was at the time mathematical tutor in Princeton College. This work he was doing while prosecuting his theological studies in the seminary, and the college would not close for several months after his graduation. To help him out of the difficulty he came to my room with the letter of Dr. Dorrance in his hand, saying that he wished him to come to this field immediately after his graduation. What Mr. Sterling wished of me was that I should take his place on this Lackawanna field until the close of the college term.

I knew nothing of Dr. Dorrance or of this region, but I consented to consult with Dr. Alexander, our senior professor. The doctor did not speak encouragingly of the field. Lumbering, he said, had been the chief industry of this part of Pennsylvania and the lumber would soon be exhausted. But he said, "You are young and if you are willing to go to such a field for a time it will not hurt you." He knew Dr. Dorrance and spoke of him as a wise man who was doing a good work. The result was a correspondence on my part with Dr. Dorrance and an engagement to be in Wilkes-Barre the first week in June, 1844. He attended to securing for me a commission from the Board of Missions and arranged for my work for three months.

On Saturday preceding the first Sabbath of June, 1844, I reached Wilkes-Barre after a horseback ride from my father's of two hundred miles, and found my way to Dr. Dorrance's house on Franklin street. Here I learned that he was absent, attending the meeting of the General Assembly, and that Mrs. Dorrance was not at home. I found my way to the Dennis Hotel, where I met a seminary friend and classmate, Solomon McNair, who had come up from Berwick, where he was temporarily supplying the church of Rev. Dr. Hand. He expected to spend the Sabbath with Judge Collins's family, but the way was not clear. The annual "house cleaning" was in the way. The prophet's chamber was not in order, so he lodged with me at "the inn." On the Sabbath we shared the labor of supplying Dr. Dorrance's pul-

pit. On Monday morning, after calling on Mrs. Dorrance and presenting letters of introduction from Mr. Sterling to Mrs. George Hollenback, Mrs. Chester Butler and Mrs. John L. Butler, I made my way to Lackawanna.

On Dr. Dorrance's return from the assembly I met him for the first time, and learned what his wishes were in regard to my work. He received me kindly, as did also Mrs. Dorrance, and made me feel at home among strangers, as I had not done before since leaving my father's house. The doctor was a medium sized man and apparently in the prime of life. He had small hands and feet and a large head, covered with dark hair, and a smoothly shaven face. His manner was mild, gentle and unassuming. He acted to me as one who, fully conscious of his position among his fellow men, is not anxious to impress them with his importance. In his speech there was nothing of Dr. Johnson's "stilted style," and in his manners there was nothing Chesterfieldian. Absence of egotism in all its forms was a marked feature of his manner and of his character, always, everywhere and in everything. He rarely spoke of himself or of his work, and only those who were intimately associated with him knew the work he was doing.

There were two things in his plans of work for me that he emphasized. He wished a house of worship erected in Pittston as speedily as possible and a preaching service maintained in Scranton with regularity. Other points in this mission field, as the Plains, Newton, Arlington and the Atherton neighborhoods, he wished looked after as I had opportunity.

The three months for which I had engaged on leaving Princeton soon passed, and Mr. Sterling was ready to take the place designed for him, and I was ready to give it up. But by this time the church of Tunkhannock that Dr. Dorrance had organized some years before, and in the success of which he was interested, was vacated, and he now wished Mr. Sterling to take charge of the Tunkhannock church, the Lackawanna mission to remain in my charge until a house of worship had been erected in Pittston. His wishes were regarded. Mr. Sterling went to Tunkhannock, which was nearer his old home, and I, under the direction of Dr. Dorrance, went to work to build the Pittston church. This enterprise under the circumstances brought me

into very near relations with Dr. Dorrance and with his people, who were greatly interested in the work. It was really the first missionary enterprise of the Wilkes-Barre Presbyterian Church.

There was at this time very little money in Pittston, and no one understood this matter better than the Wilkes-Barre pastor. Indeed there could not have been a superfluity of that commodity at that time in Wilkes-Barre, as the pastor's salary was only \$500 a year. He, however, felt rich enough to go to Pittston and buy us a lot for our church, which probably cost him about one-half of a year's salary. He then invited me to come to Wilkes-Barre and present the subject of the "new church" to his people. This I did, taking for my text "Come over into Macedonia and help us." Abram Nesbitt, now president of the Second National Bank of Wilkes-Barre, was one of the boys who heard the discourse. Dr. Dorrance was in the pulpit at the time, and when I sat down he said: "If we take up a collection now we will get something. If we wait until to-morrow, and you will call on the people at their houses, we will get more." His suggestion was acted on and the next morning, accompanied by John L. Butler, a representative man in Wilkes-Barre, I made a canvass of the congregation with very encouraging results. George M. Hollenback, encouraged by his good wife, who was interested in the work, headed the subscription with \$50, the largest subscription that had ever been made in Wilkes-Barre towards the erection of a church. Every one we asked gave something. A servant girl who opened the door for us at one house where we called and knew our errand said to us: "I have not much money, but I will give you 50 cents," probably a week's wages.

Dr. Dorrance then opened the way for me to visit the Presbyterian churches of New Jersey in the interest of the Pittston church, and armed with a letter to Dr. Nicholas Murray of Elizabethtown, from Mrs. Chester Butler, I started on my mission. I was kindly received by all the churches I visited. The amount of money collected I do not remember, but this I do remember. In Belvidere, N. J., I received a subscription from a gentleman who was interested in the lumber business at Stoddartsville, in the form of an order for several thousand feet of lumber, and on my return to Wilkes-

Barre over the old turnpike I stopped at Stoddartsville, looked up the saw mill and sold the order for \$5. This was about the first business transaction of my life. Encouraged by my success Dr. Dorrance prevailed on a young man, who is now the president of the First National Bank of Pittston, to try his hand in the same line of work.

The church he proposed to build in Pittston was to cost \$2,500. Four-fifths of the amount came from outside of Pittston, the house was completed and dedicated in the fall of 1846 and was at the time the most costly church in the county.

Very soon after the dedication of this Pittston church the Methodists of Wilkes-Barre moved out of "The Old Ship Zion," on the Square, into a new house on Franklin street, the predecessor of the present elegant sanctuary, and Dr. Dorrance's people erected the house now occupied as the Osterhout Library, which was at the time architecturally and otherwise the finest church building in this part of the State.

While Dr. Dorrance was the pastor of the Presbyterian Church and claimed no diocesan Episcopal power, his ecclesiastical supervision extended over the entire county. He was interested and active in educational work. He was the leading spirit in the Wilkes-Barre academy from the time he became pastor of the Wilkes-Barre church, and when it was given up, he was active in laying the foundations of the educational institutions of the city of which her citizens have reason to be proud. He never spared himself in any work he undertook.

It was a fortunate thing for the cause of church extension and of education generally in the valley that Dr. Dorrance was not dependent on his salary for support, but it was not so fortunate for the church he served. His people knew that he was not likely to suffer for want of bread, and, like other churches similarly situated have done, they grew careless in the matter of paying his salary. The organization in the church for looking after its finances became demoralized. While Dr. Dorrance felt this keenly he said nothing to the congregation about it; but he went to the Presbytery and tendered his resignation. This revealed in an impressive and somewhat humiliating way to his people the fact that they had been lamentably derelict in duty;

and there was such a waking up among them as speedily removed the grievance of which the pastor had good reason to complain.

The writing of personal recollections of a friend does not carry with it necessarily an estimate of his character, but I may be allowed to say a few words in this line of Dr. Dorrance, the simplicity and naturalness of whose character charmed and to whom I am so largely indebted for help in my life-work, and with whom my associations were so close and inspiring during the early years of my ministry.

It was said of Benjamin Franklin recently, at the unveiling of his monument in Philadelphia, that "he was calm, wise, far-seeing, long-headed and many-sided. Some men have excelled him in some ways, but no one in the history of this country reached such greatness in so many ways." This, with some qualifications, may be said of Dr. Dorrance. The sphere in which he acted, as compared with that in which Franklin acted, was contracted, but in that contracted sphere his influence was felt in much the same way. He was calm, wise, far-seeing, long-headed and many-sided. Without being brilliant, he was intellectually gifted. Representative men of all professions and of all political parties who were brought into close contact with him, have acknowledged this. He was not a fluent writer, nor a popular pulpit orator, but he was an earnest and instructive preacher of the word. And on the floor of the Presbytery, synod or General Assembly, where he was always heard with interest, there were few men here who could make a clearer or more convincing statement of the facts in a case. As a result what he asked for that he regarded for the interest of our Zion in this part of Pennsylvania was commonly granted.

There are many in the valley of Wyoming and Lackawanna and in the surrounding country who are largely indebted to Dr. Dorrance for the self-denying work he did here. They are reaping from his sowing. With the generation to which he belonged he has passed away, but the work he did so quietly, so unostentatiously, so unselfishly and so successfully abides and will abide.

N. G. Parke.

Glen Summit, Pa., Aug. 21, 1899.

FRANCES SLOCUM.

Romantic Story of This Pennsylvania Girl—Stolen by Indians in 1778, She Married an Aboriginal Chief—A Monument for Her.

A dispatch from Wabash, Ind., dated Aug. 24, 1899, says: Hon. James F. Stutesman of Peru was in Wabash the other day for the purpose of interesting the people of that city in the plan to erect a monument to Frances Slocum, the "lost daughter of Wyoming," whose remains are buried in an old Indian graveyard near Reserve Postoffice, on the Miami-Wabash county line. Mr. Stutesman, with a few other gentlemen from Miami, Grant and Wabash counties, expects to bring the subject before the annual gatherings of the old settlers in the three counties, but as they feel that not enough money can be raised in this manner to erect a suitable stone, they are now preparing to hold a popular assemblage at the lonely graveyard where the adopted daughter of the Miamis lies buried. Prominent men from all over the State will be invited to deliver addresses, and the program will be such that it cannot fail to attract a large crowd. At this gathering subscriptions will be taken to the monument fund.

The whole world is familiar with the story of Frances Slocum. Shortly after the massacre of Wyoming, in 1778, a roving band of Delaware Indians fell upon the defenseless settlement, killed several settlers and carried little 5-year-old Frances Slocum into captivity. The Slocum house, from which Frances was stolen, stood near the corner of North and Canal, and the site is now occupied by Lee's planing mill. A few weeks later, the father of Frances and his aged father-in-law, William Tripp, were cruelly butchered by savages.

The little child vanished into the forest with her captors, nor did the faithful searches of her family result successfully until fifty-nine years had passed. Her brothers on reaching manhood searched far and wide. They at last found her in 1837 at Logansport, Indiana, a wrinkled and gray squaw, the wife of a Miami Indian chief. The interview was a touching one, and the identification was complete, but when overtures were made for her return she declared that life in the Indian camp

had such a fascination for her that she had no desire to return to civilization. She was extremely popular among the members of the tribe, and the village southwest of that city where she made her home was known as the "White Woman's" village. As she grew to womanhood, adopting the savage customs, attire and language, she married She-pah-ca-nah, meaning the Deaf Man, the chief of the Osage village, and by him had four children, two sons and two daughters. She accompanied her husband to the Osage village and afterward to the Deaf Man's village, and lived there long after the white man had invaded the wilderness and begun to clear up the dense forests.

She-pah-ca-nah died in 1833, and in 1847, fourteen years after, Frances died at the age of 80, loved and respected by whites and Indians alike. Frances Slocum's Indian name was Mah-cones-quah, or "Young Bear." Her daughter, Ke-ke-nah-kushwa, became the wife of Capt. B. Brouillette, and died on March 13, 1847, aged 47. The other daughter was O-rah-was-shing-quah, who married Tah-co-nah, and he dying, she became the bride of Wah-pah-pe-tah, and several of her children by the last marriage live on the Indian land south of the city in abject poverty. She died in January, 1877, the last of Frances Slocum's children.

An excellent painting of Frances Slocum, nearly life size, can be seen at the Historical Society, it having been loaned by one of her descendants, Mary Slocum Ayres. George Slocum Bennett and E. G. Butler are descendants. A most interesting volume devoted to Frances Slocum was published a few years ago by John F. Meginnis of Williamsport.

Speaking of the news which comes from Indiana that a monument is to be erected to the memory of Frances Slocum, who was stolen from Wyoming Valley by the Indians in 1778, and who became an Indian herself, it is interesting to know that about sixty years ago, when the lost daughter was first discovered, an interesting volume containing her life history was sent to press, but never fully published. The Slocum family of the Wyoming and Lackawanna valleys did not care to have the work issued and bought up the author's rights and the plates, together with twelve volumes which had issued from the press, thereby curtailing the publi-

cation. The twelve volumes were distributed among various branches of the family, but in the intervening years nine of them have disappeared. There are just three of the books in existence to-day, all owned by descendants of the Slocum family, and they are valued as priceless relics. Two of them are in Scranton and one in Wilkes-Barre.

[After the above fugitive paragraph was in type inquiry was made of George Slocum Bennett of Wilkes-Barre, who said he had never heard of any such book being suppressed by the family. He said the book mentioned was probably the story written by Rev. John Tod, which appeared in Nelson's British Library, published in London about 1847. It occupies thirty pages.]

Handrick Family Reunion.

[Daily Record, Aug. 19, 1899.]

The annual reunion of the Handrick family was held at the pleasant home of Stephen Tuttle at Springville, Pa., on Thursday and some seventy members were present. A fine dinner was served by landlord Flumerfelt at his hotel and the day was an ideal one. Miss Anna L. Bard of Factoryville, a bright young elocutionist, gave a number of recitations. The next meeting will be at Montrose August 9, 1900. Officers elected for the ensuing year: Col. E. S. Handrick, president; Frank B. Handrick, secretary; Dr. G. J. Berlinghof, Dr. E. L. Handrick and R. T. Handrick, committee. Those in attendance from this city were Dr. and Mrs. F. L. Hollister and Master Donald Smith, F. B. Handrick and wife and R. T. Handrick.

DEATH OF W. S. PARSONS.

One of Wilkes-Barre's Best Known Residents Passes Away.

[Daily Record, Sept. 13, 1899.]

At an early hour this morning news was received in this city of the death at his cottage at Bear Creek of Winfield S. Parsons, alderman of the Seventh ward of this city.

For upwards of forty years Mr. Parsons had lived in Wilkes-Barre and he was known by a majority of the residents and was held in high esteem by

all of them. He was born in Lennox, Mass., in 1823, and came from a well known New England family. He graduated from Lafayette College as valedictorian of his class and later attended Princeton Theological Seminary, from which he also graduated. He was ordained a minister of the Presbyterian Church and assumed a charge at Lockport, N. Y. His career in the ministry was brief, however, an affection of the throat compelling him to resign his charge.

Deceased came to Wilkes-Barre more than forty years ago and opened a school for boys and girls in the old Baptist Church on Northampton street and later he conducted a boys' school in a house on the old Brown property corner of Northampton and Washington streets. This was about thirty-five years ago. He continued to conduct this school for several years, at the end of which time, or about 1862, he assumed charge of the Female Seminary (now known as the Wilkes-Barre Institute) which at that time admitted boys as well as girls. This extension of the school's advantages to both sexes was due to Mr. Parsons's efforts, he declining to take charge of the school unless its doors would be thrown open to both boys and girls. Later, however, under another regime the school was again closed to the male sex. Mr. Parsons remained at the head of the Seminary for about five years, after which he retired from the teaching profession and entered the insurance business, in which he remained for some years. In 1872 he became alderman of the Seventh ward and held the office continually up to the time of his death, associating with it the management of estates, etc.

Mr. Parsons was first married at Lockport, N. Y., in 1852, to Miss Eunice Lattin, who died five years later. One son was born—W. L. Parsons, who is engaged in the real estate business in this city. Mr. Parsons remarried in 1859, his second wife's maiden name being Ellen E. Brower, who was the youngest daughter of the late Anthony Post Brower and Laura (Gardner) Brower. Four children were born, all of whom survive—A. A. Parsons, of Providence, R. I.; Elinor, at home; Effie von Gelder, of New York, and Catherine, at home.

POLITICS IN DAYS OF OLD.

Some Recollections of Columbus J.
Baldwin, Now an Ohio Man—He
Describes Some Interesting
Doings of Those Days.

[The following interesting reminiscence is from the pen of Columbus J. Baldwin, of Norwalk, O., now (1899) visiting Wilkes-Barre, which was his home for many years.—Ed.]

To the Editor of the Record:

Upon our return to the stamping grounds of our primitive days, the thoughts intuitively revert back and call to mind recollections of ye olden times. Incidents of a political nature and of local significance may prove of sufficient interest to some of your readers to sufficiently compensate for the space in your paper which their narration may require.

The writer retains quite a vivid recollection of the Harrison-VanBuren presidential campaign of 1840, although then a mere lad. The hard times of 1837 and 8, the days of "wild cat" money, occurring, as it did, under a Democratic administration, greatly conduced to the advantage of the Whigs, who advocated tariff reform as a panacea for hard times, and promised the laboring man should they, the Whigs, attain to power, \$2 a day and roast beef, which promise they had emblazoned upon their banners, and which proved the slogan of their success. That campaign was a memorable one, and as hotly contested as any, perhaps, in the history of the country. It was especially so in the State of Pennsylvania. Parties were so equally divided outside of that State that her vote was quite certain to determine the result. The saying once was, "As goes Pennsylvania, so goes the Union." Harrison carried the State by a majority of only 343 and thus secured his election.

Richard M. Johnson (the reputed slayer of the great Indian chief Tecumseh), who was on the ticket with VanBuren for the Vice Presidency, visited Wilkes-Barre during the campaign and spoke from a stand erected upon the river green. His fame as an Indian fighter added greatly to his renown, being the means of calling out great crowds of people to see him. We distinctly remember his personal ap-

pearance as though it were but yesterday. He was of robust build, of medium height, plainly clad, wearing a long red vest, unassuming in his manner and not very much of an orator. The erection of log cabins by the Whigs, the design of which was to typify the former humble home of their candidate, no doubt drew to them support from the more humble classes.

It was said of VanBuren by his political opponents that he was aristocratic, lived in too much style and was the possessor of silver spoons and other silver tableware. How ridiculous such charges would sound to-day. But they had their bearing then. More or less silverware is now to be found in the most humble cottage. To what expedients politicians will sometimes resort by which to win success.

The Harrison log cabin was patterned after the primitive habitation of the pioneer of the forest; the logs rolled up in squares and daubed with mud. The door was of plank, hung upon wooden hinges, fastened by a large wooden latch, operated from the outside by a string passing through a gimlet hole in the door. When the string was pulled in the door was locked. Hence the origin of the remark: "You will find the latch string hanging out," which we yet sometimes hear made when one friend requests another to call at his home, meaning thereby that he will be made welcome. The Harrison log cabin was not considered complete unless it had nailed upon the outside of the door a coonskin, indicative of the kind of meat the presidential candidate subsisted upon in early life, and by reason of which the Whigs were nicknamed Coons, a name which adhered to them to the end.

During the campaign both parties held meetings on the same day at Harvey's Lake. The Whigs met at Joseph Worthington's and erected a log cabin; the Democrats at Martin Myers's, and raised a hickory pole, the two places of meeting not more than forty rods apart. The country about Harvey's Lake at that time was very much of a wilderness, consequently sparsely settled. As was to be expected, there was a rivalry between the two parties as to which meeting should have the largest attendance, so people from long distances away were importuned to be present. Large delegations went over from Kingston and Wilkes-Barre, with music and banners. The log cabin, the

hard cider and the coon skin won the prize.

Truman Atherton, who was postmaster at Huntsville for a quarter of a century and represented Luzerne County at Harrisburg in '51 and '52, and the writer's father, conceived the idea of having a little fun at the expense of the Whigs, so they fixed up an image of Gen. Harrison. Abed Baldwin kindly lending the old general his uniform, that of major, which was highly becoming to him. They stood him upon an elevated platform, at the end of a building that then stood near the street at the end of the bridge that spans the creek at Huntsville. The old general stood there, the very impersonation of a military chieftain or of some plumed knight. The sword which then hung at his side the writer now possesses, cherishing it as a valuable souvenir. In addition to the military paraphernalia which the old general had on was added a woman's petticoat, as the Whig candidate had been dubbed "Granny Harrison." Underneath the general, in large letters, was a quotation from one of the campaign songs, as follows:

"While traveling through the tangled
fern

He tore his unmentionables
And had to put on hern."

The end of the building referred to was covered over with apt and appropriate expressions. Word reached the lake in regard to what was transpiring at Huntsville. They decided to make the best of it. The delegations from the valley, on their return, were to stop opposite the old general and give him a salute. But the scene which greeted them was so ridiculous and the mottoes so ludicrous, that the band could not play for laughing. At this juncture the marshal of the day, who was greatly chagrined at the failure they were making, espied a dead mouse suspended from the railing of the bridge, with this inscription: "The mountains labored and brought forth a mouse." That mouse was caught by James Truesdale, then a little boy, and now a resident of Northmonroeville, Ohio. The marshal contemptuously struck down the mouse with his whip and profanely commanded the procession to move on. Feeling the sting of their failure, some of the Whigs induced a colored man to climb up to the old general and examine the petticoat, in the meantime remarking to the crowd that he thought he had seen the particular garment before, but to their further discomfiture it so hap-

pened that this said nether garment was the property of a Whig woman.

We call to mind a cartoon issued by the Democrats. It consisted of a log cabin tipped partly over and resting upon a figure four with a barrel of hard cider on the spindle, for bait. Hovering about the cider barrel were long-tailed rats with men's heads. The cartoon was entitled "A trap to catch dry voters." The associating of hard cider with the Harrison campaign no doubt won the Whigs the vote of many an old toper. On the other hand, it should have driven from them the support of the temperate and the moral. But most all who participated in the events of those days have passed on to the unknown beyond.

In antebellum times Luzerne County was almost invariably Democratic on the State and national tickets. But because of dissensions in the party their local tickets did not usually fare so well. For some time there were factions; one headed by Col. H. B. Wright, called Bob-tails; the other by Andrew Beaumont, known as Switch-tails. Col. Wright was in the habit of driving a bob-tailed horse, and Beaumont a horse with a long, switchy tail, which gave rise to the names applied to the two factions. Col. Wright was prominent in State politics for many years, was of commanding presence, aspiring and aggressive and capable of filling any office within the gift of the people. He sometimes met with defeat, but was more often successful. He was in Congress when the Kansas-Nebraska bill was passed, and supported that measure. A measure calculated to strengthen the cause of slavery, but which, as it so happened, proved to be the commencement of a chapter of events which led to the Civil War and the extinction of slavery. Wright was a candidate for re-election to Congress, but his support of the nefarious Kansas-Nebraska bill proved his Waterloo, Henry M. Fuller being elected in his stead by a majority of some 2,000.

Col. Wright was again elected to Congress in 1861, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of George W. Scranton. A special election was held on the 30th of June of that year, and the notice given was so short that it was thought advisable to forego the holding of nominating conventions. The several county committees selected conferrees to meet and make the nominations. The congressional district then consisted of Luzerne, Wyoming, Columbia and Mon-

four counties. Luzerne had not then been bereft of what now constitutes Lackawanna County. The Democratic conferrees met and nominated Col. Wright. The Republican conferrees met in the arbitration room of the court house at Wilkes-Barre. The day was spent without being able to agree upon a candidate. A goodly number of Republicans were in favor of endorsing the nomination of Wright. A crisis was upon the country and they thought it best to avoid, if possible, a partisan contest. Wright had, in the severest terms, condemned the action of the Buchanan administration and was loud and emphatic in his declarations against secession. When the conferrees met in the evening for further deliberation they found the door of the arbitration room to meet in his, the clerk of courts office, which they consented to do. It was nearly midnight before they decided to place Wright in nomination. During this time Wright was in his office on Franklin street in readiness to answer such questions as might be propounded to him. Questions were submitted to writing and sent him to answer. He agreed to stand by the administration in the prosecution of the war; to favor the abolition of slavery from the District of Columbia and to favor the issuing of paper currency. But when elected he disregarded every promise made the Republicans and acted with the ultra extremists of his party, those of the Vallandigham type.

C. J. Baldwin.

An Old Time Boatman.

William M. Hughes of Hazleton, who for years has been a noted horseman, takes pride in speaking of the days when he was captain of a boat carrying merchandise from Baltimore to this city, returning with coal for the Southern markets, during the years from 1856 to 1863. In the year 1858 watermelons were scarce in this market and on one occasion he brought 1,500 of them to this city. The dealers here at that time were the late John Constine and Marx Long, who controlled the markets then for fruit and vegetables. The load was disposed of by Mr. Hughes as soon as he landed and the price paid was from 15 to 25 cents each, which was considered a high figure. Mr. Hughes weathered many storms on the canal and bays and has done much hard work in his time. He is to-day apparently in good health and unusually robust for a man nearing the seventies.

SIXTY YEARS MARRIED.

This Unusual Event Celebrated by a
Couple Living Near Dallas.

An unusual event was that observed on Sept. 1, 1899, by Mr. and Mrs. William Snyder, who live on a farm about a mile from Dallas,—the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage.

Surrounded by their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren and other relatives, the aged couple passed the day very pleasantly. They were remembered with some handsome presents and a fine dinner was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Snyder have for many years lived in the residence which they at present occupy and they are among the best known residents of that section of the county. Their neighbors and friends hold them in high esteem and all will join in wishing that they will be alive and as hearty when the seventy-fifth anniversary of their nuptial union comes around. Their honored and busy life has been commended by all who know them.

Mr. Snyder was born at Ebertstown, New Jersey, and is 80 years of age and Mrs. Snyder was born in Hope, New Jersey, and is 78 years old. The former is a son of the late Christopher and Gertrude Snyder and is one of six children. Mrs. Snyder is a daughter of the late John and Annie Fleming and is one of eight children.

To Mr. and Mrs. Snyder ten children were born. Four have died and those living are: Mrs. Almira Reed, wife of J. H. Reed, living near the aged couple; Mrs. Jane Neely, wife of George Neely of Dallas; Adney A. Snyder of Lehman; William H. Snyder of Wilkes-Barre; Theodore S. Snyder of Plymouth, and George N. Snyder, who lives with his parents, formerly of Wilkes-Barre.

Of the grandchildren, twenty are living and eight dead, and of the great-grandchildren nineteen are living and six have died.

Since Mr. and Mrs. Snyder have been married they have lived in the old homestead which they at present occupy.

There were present at the anniversary reception the following: John Fleming and wife of Sullivan County, Mrs. M. B. Bonham and Mrs. Fred. Stock, the former 78 years of age and the latter 80, of Forty Fort; A. M. Woolbert, wife and son Guy of Trucksville; Mrs. Lucy Bertram of Huntsville; Mrs. Matilda

Giering, Mrs. Clara Snyder and daughter Pearl and Mrs. William Snyder of Wilkes-Barre; Theodore Snyder, wife and daughters Lulu and Leola, and Guy Beisel of Plymouth; Mrs. Chester White and daughter Grace, Charles Neely and wife and John O. Snyder, aged 84 years, brother of William Snyder of Dallas; A. A. Snyder, wife and family of Lehman; Miss Josie Oliver of Pike's Creek.

EARLY CARBONDALE.

The Early Days of Coal Mining in
Northeastern Pennsylvania.

A valuable series of articles is being furnished the Carbondale Leader by P. S. Joslin. The following has so much to do with the early days of coal mining in Northeastern Pennsylvania that the Record takes pleasure in reproducing it:

ALEXANDER BRYDEN.

Alexander Bryden was born in Dally Parish, Ayrshire, Scotland, on March 6, 1799. He was brought up about the coal mines of Ayrshire and became a coal miner, shaft sinker and mine foreman.

In the year 1836 he leased a coal work upon the Polquhirter estate at New Cumrock Ayrshire. He also leased a coal work upon the Downieston estate, at Patna, which was drowned out by the River Doon breaking into it.

In the year 1842 he emigrated to America and came direct to Carbondale. In July of that year work was very dull and hard to get about the mines, and he took such work as he could get. His first work for the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co. was with Hugh Brown, foreman of day laborers, but very soon he was given charge of the pumps which drained the water from the dip mines.

In March, 1843, he was appointed mine foreman, to take the place of Archibald Law, who was permanently disabled by a fall of roof and coal. He continued in that position until the beginning of the year 1852, when he removed to Pittston to take charge of the Pittston Coal Co.'s works at that place. He held that position until Jan. 1, 1854, when he was appointed mining superintendent of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co.'s mines, which position he held until his death on Aug. 20, 1854.

At his death he left a widow and twelve children. Mrs. Bryden and four

of the children have since died. The children still living, in the order of their ages, are: Andrew, Catherine, widow of William Law; Adam, William, Mary, Mrs. Edward Inch, Margaret, Mrs. Martin Holdich, Janet, Mrs. O. P. Miller and John A.

We do not know what his educational advantages were in Scotland, but here he exhibited a literary turn of mind, and in order to avail himself of the benefit of the best literature and history of current events he, with the aid of Mr. Clarkson, succeeded in founding a circulating library of the foreign and domestic quarterly and monthly magazines. He interested a large number of the miners and mechanics in the enterprise, by which means, at a small expense to each, every one had access to all the current literature of the day.

One of the events which will keep in memory his fearlessness in time of danger is that fatal fall of rock and coal in the mines here on the 12th of January, 1846. About forty acres of the roof gave away, crushing props and pillars. The men had just gone in to work and fourteen were crushed to death, one of the mine superintendents, John Hosie, was entombed with the others. Mr. Bryden did not relax his efforts to relieve any one who might be living. After about forty-eight hours Mr. Hosie came within hearing distance. Mr. Bryden had to crawl through a very narrow opening and over fallen coal and rock to get to him. He carried him, where he could and drew him over places where they could not stand, until they reached the outside. Mr. Bryden stated that after so long a time had elapsed since the fall he could hear the cracking of the coal and rock, showing that it was still settling over them.

JOHN HOSIE.

As Mr. Hosie was a co-superintendent with Mr. Bryden in the mines, we think it appropriate to give a brief sketch of his life here.

Mr. Hosie was born in Shropshire, Scotland, June 2, 1812. In youth he manifested a sterling character and in manhood, like the coin of the realm was sterling worth.

His father was a mason and stone cutter by trade, which it appears the son was familiar with and worked at. His education was limited to the common schools of the neighborhood. An elder married sister, whose husband kept a hotel, made him a present of

a pony, from which time, when out of school, he occupied himself in carrying parcels, and when he was 14 years old found he had saved about £60. Then the idea came to go to America, and without the knowledge of his parents he purchased a ticket for that purpose. When he informed his mother of his purpose, she was surprised and wanted to know where he got his money. He satisfied her, but both parents tried to dissuade him to remain at home, but no, he wanted to go and relieve his parents from his support. Finding his mind fixed, they thought an elder brother should go with him.

When they arrived in New York they got employment, John as a stonecutter and his brother Andrew as a carpenter. After several months near New York he went to Philadelphia and worked with another brother, James, for six years. From this time forward he was engaged in superintending or constructing railroad bridges, viaducts or any work in stone masonry.

In 1842 he entered the employ of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co. in charge of the gravity between Carbondale and Honesdale. In 1845 he became mine superintendent at Carbondale. He was married on the 12th of November of the same year to Miss Julia A. Beattys of Waymart. Two months after that date, Jan. 12, 1846, came the terrible cave-in of the mines, in which he was entombed, and imagination cannot describe the anguish of that young wife, who thought she would never see him again.

After digging in the darkness with his bare hands among the broken coal and rock to try to gain a way towards some opening, he did reach a spot where he could hear the searching parties, and making his presence known, he was rescued by the aid of Mr. Bryden after being in the mine forty-eight hours. The flesh of his fingers was worn off to the bones.

Mr. Hosie left the Delaware & Hudson Co.'s employment in 1856. His after life was an active one, being engaged as contractor or superintendent of railroads or mine work in many parts of the coal regions of the State.

THE LATE BENJAMIN BIDLACK.

Came From Revolutionary and Old
Wyoming Stock—An Honored Life.

[Daily Record, Sept. 16, 1899.]

Benjamin Alden Bidlack died at his home near Hardpan Sept. 9, 1899, with heart disease and dropsy.

The deceased was born on the farm he owned on Aug. 1, 1842. He was the only son of William A. and Amy (Tubbs) Bidlack, and the only known descendant living in the State who was of the historic family of Bidlacks, who figured prominently in the War of the Revolution, and the Wyoming massacre.

His great-grandfather, Capt. James Bidlack, Sr., was a native of Litchfield County, Conn., and settled in Wyoming Valley in the year 1777, being one of its earliest pioneers. During the massacre he was in command of an old fort at Plymouth, and while out on a reconnoitering expedition was captured by the Indians and carried to Canada as a prisoner. After the war, in 1783, he obtained his release and returned to his Wyoming home, where he died. Philmon Bidlack, the deceased grandfather, together with his two other brothers, Rev. Benjamin and Stephen, served through the war. Another brother, James Bidlack, Jr., commanded a company from Wilkes-Barre in the Wyoming massacre, and was captured and killed by the Indians.

William Bidlack, father of the deceased, was a son of Philmon and married Amy Tubbs, daughter of Thomas and Abiah (Franklin) Tubbs, natives of Cannan, Conn., who were the first settlers in Huntington Township.

Benjamin Bidlack was a man with a large heart. His motto in life was the Golden Rule, and this he lived. He was an entertaining conversationalist, was well read, and had the faculty to express himself. The young and old alike sought his society, for in him they found a hospitable and noble friend. He was an extensive reader of history and always took great delight in the study of old-time customs and manners. He loved relics of antiquity and during his life gathered a fine collection of Indian relics. As a neighbor he was considerate and obliging. He had opinions on all political questions and the courage and power to express them. He never sought to gain eminence or high honors, but was content and will-

ing to do the little things of life. He loved society, often saying: "Fellowship is like the heaven above." He leaves one son, S. Bruce Bidlack, and one daughter, Bernice, and one sister, Mrs. Sally Ann Earl, to mourn their great loss. B. B.

DeWitt Family Reunion.

[Daily Record, Sept. 22, 1899.]

A large representation of the DeWitt family met at Falls, Pa., on Wednesday. The morning being rainy, many others who had expected to attend were absent. The trustees of the Falls M. E. Church kindly offered the use of the edifice for the occasion, and this added materially to the pleasure of the gathering.

After a social season, William H. Peck called the meeting to order and suggested that an organization be effected. Nelson DeWitt, of Deckertown, N. J., was elected chairman. Mr. DeWitt, upon taking the chair, made some remarks relative to the DeWitt name in general and gave expression to the wish that the organization be perfected and the reunions continued from year to year. T. W. Kyte was elected secretary.

After Rev. Mr. Cochran had offered prayer all present joined in singing. Rev. Mr. Cochran made a few remarks.

Mrs. Elizabeth DeWitt Reed favored the company with a vocal solo, being accompanied by Miss Mabel DeWitt on the organ.

T. W. Kyte made some remarks in relation to the DeWitt family and presented a paper bearing upon the family history.

Miss Mary DeWitt gave a pleasing recitation.

A committee was appointed to nominate officers for permanent organization, and the committee reported as follows: President, Andrew DeWitt of Falls; first vice president, Mrs. Elizabeth DeWitt Reed of Tunkhannock; second vice president, Miss Bell DeWitt, of Deckertown, N. J.; third vice president, DeWitt Clinton DeWitt of Towanda; secretary, Mrs. Esther DeWitt Knapp of Mill City; historian, Jerome DeWitt, mayor of Binghamton.

Among those present were: Nelson DeWitt, Deckertown; Andrew DeWitt, J. A. DeWitt, Hannah Fitch DeWitt, Bertha DeWitt, Falls; G. Dow DeWitt, Raymond DeWitt, Olive DeWitt Carpenter, Elizabeth DeWitt Reed, Spencer DeWitt Reed, Tunkhannock; Elizabeth

DeWitt, Esther DeWitt Knapp, Mary Emelin Knapp, Frank J. Knapp, Mill City; Eva DeWitt Westfall, Wilkes-Barre; Tressa DeWitt Shupp, Dixon, Pa.; M. Amanda Kyte Peck, Scranton; Grace A. Peck, Scranton; Asa K. DeWitt Plymouth; Henry D. Kyte, Falls; Mary Kyte, Falls; Lenoir C. Landon DeWitt, Tunkhannock; Ada Baird DeWitt, Sutte, Pa.; T. Wilbur Kyte, Pittston; Jennie E. Kyte, Pittston; William H. Peck, Scranton; G. W. Shupp, Dixon, Pa.; Margaret VanTuyl, Tunkhannock; M. W. DeWitt, Emma Kyte was as follows: "In the Royal Library in Holland is the record of the descendants of the DeWitt family in an unbroken line from the year 1295 to DeWitt, May DeWitt, D. C. Smith, Mrs. Lizzie H. Smith, Cumberland.

The family sketch read by T. W. 1639. One Jacob DeWitt was land advocate of Holland. He came to New York about 1639. Tjerck and Anderes DeWitt settled in Ulster County, N. Y., in 1648. Tjerck was a member of the court at Wildwick (now Kingston), and was one of the signers of the report of the massacre at Esopus in 1663. This document is preserved in the New York records. John R. DeWitt settled in Deer Park, N. Y. His daughter Polly married Capt. (afterward Gen.) James Clinton of Windsor and became the mother of Governor DeWitt Clinton. Moses DeWitt, who settled in Wantage, was a captain in the Revolutionary War. This Moses DeWitt was the great-grandfather of many who are here to-day. To him and his wife Margaret were born fourteen children, named as follows: Hiram, Olivia (who married Amos Fitch), Jesereel, Chasick, Aaron, Margaret (married Samuel Smith), Catherine (married Jacob Sworts), Naomi (married John B. Decker), Moses, Jr., Jacob, John, Evi, Mary (married John Adams), Elizabeth (married Edwards Lewis. Descendants of this family are scattered all over the United States, and it is expected that at the next reunion there will be many more represented."

Bennett Genealogy.

The Record has received an interesting pamphlet devoted to the history and genealogy of the Bennett, Bentley and Beers families. It is a compilation by S. B. Bennett of Pittston and occupies fifty pages. Nearly twenty pages are devoted to the Bennetts. The first

American ancestor is Samuel Bennett, of Weymouth, Mass., died 1684.

Second generation, Samuel Bennett, married Sarah Forsman.

Third generation, Samuel, born 1690.

Fourth generation, Ephraim, married Mary Stafford. Settled in Wyoming Valley at close of Revolutionary War.

Fifth generation, Ephraim, moved to Ohio, married Hannah Bentley.

Sixth generation, Green Bentley Bennett, died 1843.

Seventh generation, Stephen Beers Bennett, born 1840, author of the pamphlet, a veteran of the Civil War.

Eighth generation, Frederick Charles Bennett, born 1876, officer in the Spanish War.

Ninth generation, Henrietta Bennett Morrow, niece of the preceding.

In much interesting detail Mr. Bennett has recorded the members of a family covering nine generations and a period of 265 years. He has collected a great deal of valuable material. He has rendered a service that his kinspeople ought to appreciate. Besides a picture of the monument the pamphlet gives admirable photographs of the author and his son, Lieut. F. C. Bennett. Mr. Bennett is a member of the Wyoming Historical Society and the Wyoming Commemorative Association.

Clark Family Reunion.

[Daily Record, Dec. 1, 1899.]

A home gathering of the Clark family was held yesterday at the homestead at Plainsville, now occupied by George D. Clark. The home has been in possession of the Clarke family over 100 years. Those present were: C. D. Clark and family, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Clark of Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. John Clark of West Pittston, Miss Ruth Clark, Frank Clark, Miss Syble Clark of Plainsville, Mrs. M. E. Turn of Falls, Capt. J. C. Turner and his mother, Mrs. Stephen Clark of Falls, Mr. and Mrs. William Clark and daughter of Kingston, Miss Genevieve Clark, Mrs. J. J. Place of Mayfield, Miss Jennie Ludlow. After a sumptuous dinner the family assembled in the old parlor of their fathers and great grandfathers, and Master Will Clark of Kingston favored the company with selections, and Mrs. Clark at the organ.

PRE-LACKAWANNA DAYS.

An Old Circular Which Was Intended
to Defeat the Division of Luzerne
County.

Some one has handed the Carbondale Leader an old circular, bearing on the setting off of Lackawanna from Luzerne County.

It is a full sheet circular, signed "Executive Committee," and at this late day it is hard to tell who the committee were—if indeed they ever were known.

This mammoth circular was evidently printed in 1878 and was aimed to defeat the creation of Lackawanna County. The "executive committee" deals in violent invective against that proposed measure and the circular calls upon the people to vote against it. It would not have been a very pleasant thing if the committee had succeeded in the effort and Carbondalians were still compelled to go all the way to Wilkes-Barre for their legal business—as any possibility of Carbondale becoming the centre of a new county had been proved a myth.

The circular inveighs against the Hands, Gunsters, Merrifields, Conollys, McDonoughs, Scrantons and all others interested in the movement, including Mayor T. V. Powderly of Scranton and John Nealon and David Moses of Carbondale, who were on the new county committee. All kinds of epithets were used in this circular, which was headed "No Lackawanna County," and it concludes with exhorting the voters "not to change the present well settled condition of things in Luzerne County for the purpose of giving a few political bummers public office, and the Lackawanna Iron & Coal Co. a chance to get rid of some of its acres of culm heap in the centre of the city of Scranton. Not to allow the interest of a crowd of hungering lawyers, or a set of political speculators and cormorants, and of a few hotel and saloon keepers to outweigh the great and vast interests of the farmers, business men and thousands of workingmen of the Lackawanna Valley."

Death of R. P. Patterson.

[Scranton Republican, Sept. 23, 1899.]

Roswell P. Patterson, father of attorney Roswell H. Patterson of this city, died at his home in Carbondale yesterday at the age of 77 years.

In January, 1898, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson celebrated their golden wedding, when hundreds of their friends attended for the purpose of tendering their congratulations upon the occasion.

Mr. Patterson was born at Lansingville, Delaware County, N. Y., April 26, 1822. His father, Daniel Patterson, was a native of Glasgow, Scotland. He came from there to Lansingville in 1816. His mother was Matilda Peake of Lansingville.

Mr. Patterson came at the age of 21 to Honesdale and had been fifty-five years an active, important factor in the development of Northeastern Pennsylvania. He remained five years (1843-8) at Honesdale with his uncle, Henry Darte.

In January, 1848, he was united in marriage with Miss Angelina Leonard Starkweather at Waymart, where he immediately took up his residence and engaged in the mercantile business. He continued there as merchant, tanner and hotel proprietor continuously until 1877.

It was in Waymart that he laid the foundation of the competency which he had so deservedly enjoyed up to the time of his demise. From 1877 to 1886 he lived at Herrick Centre and was engaged in the commercial, tanning and lumbering business. Since 1886 he resided in Carbondale, acting as long as his health would permit as the head of the wholesale grocery business of R. P. Patterson & Sons, although the active conduct of the business was left to the sons while he devoted his attention to his varied investments. During the greater part of his life he has been a considerable land owner and has given more or less attention to farming.

Eight children survive him. They are: Sarah M., wife of Charles Schlager of this city; Augustus Leonard Patterson of Carbondale, Isabelle, wife of Charles McMullen of this city; George Morse Patterson, Harriet, wife of Clarence E. Spencer of Carbondale; Roswell H. Patterson and Nellie E., wife of Charles F. Walter of this city, and Levi A. Patterson of Carbondale.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Address by Dr. Frederick Corss of
Kingston—He Speaks of a Geological
Feature of Wyoming Valley
—Pot Holes in Various Por-
tions of It—Mining Dis-
closes Them — Other
Geological Forma-
tions.

[Daily Record, Oct. 14, 1899.]

An interesting feature of the meeting of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society last evening was an address by Dr. Frederick Corss of Kingston on the "Buried Valley and Pot Holes in the Wyoming Coal Field." It was an admirable geological study.

The speaker began by describing the pot holes in Watkins Glen. They are apparently formed by the gyrations of stones, caused by the motion of water, the stones becoming rounded and the bedrock becoming hollowed out at the same time. Sometimes they occur, not in rock, but in gravel beds, in which case they are often called kettle holes. They may mark the spot where an iceberg had lodged before the gravel was deposited, which remained in place while the gravel bed was undergoing construction, and afterwards melting, the iceberg left its pit unfilled.

Doubtless these pot holes exist in many places, but the absence of mining leaves them undiscovered. The cutting of coal has brought many underground surprises, as the surface seldom suggests any unusual formation below.

The speaker mentioned the Archbald pot holes. They were unexpectedly encountered. The cave-in at Wyoming was similarly without warning. One of the Archbald holes is twenty feet across and forty feet deep. The other, 1,000 feet distant, is 42x24 feet at the surface and 38 feet deep. Dr. Corss then proceeded to elaborate the theories advanced by scientists for the formation of these holes. The essayist believed they were not of glacial formation, but had their origin in a pre-glacial period.

The Nanticoke disaster of 1885 by which twenty-six lives were lost was the result of unexpectedly encountering a pot hole, or buried valley. The contents of the pot hole precipitated themselves into the workings and spread for a distance of half a mile.

Dr. Corss then proceeded to describe the geological formation of Wyoming

Valley. It is surrounded by a mountain on all sides, formed by the upheaved rocks which in the valley underlie the coal. This rim consists of three strata of different degrees of hardness. The Catskill, the hardest, the red shale, the softest, and conglomerate.

As these three strata presented their edges upward, the red shale lying between, the other has wasted away more rapidly than they, forming the red shale valley, which lies between the two crests.

The rim is cut through at the northern end of the Lackawanna River. Next upon the northerly side by Fall Brook Creek, then by Legget's Creek, and in succession by the Susquehanna, Abraham's Creek, Toby's Creek and Harvey's Creek. At Nanticoke the inner crest is cut by the Susquehanna, which then enters the red shale valley. The southern rim is irregular in Spring Brook Township, but is in the main one continuous ridge. The floor of the valley slopes toward the southwest. A fact discovered in mining is that at some time water or ice flowed directly upon the rock, cutting a succession of pot holes, or, more probably, a continuous canyon from somewhere above Pittston to Nanticoke. This channel is cut entirely through the upper layer of rock and through the top vein of coal as well. The cave-in at Wyoming was caused by the men in mining coal breaking into the filled up valley, when the loose filling rushed into the mine, letting the surface fall in.

The location of this rock excavation has been determined in some places by the process of sinking bore holes to find at what depth the surface of the rock may be found. In some places the drift is about 200 feet deep, and experts think that is probably the maximum, though there may be pot holes in the bottom of the buried valley much deeper.

Now, if this rock cut continued on down the river at the same depth or with a slight increase it would be classed properly as a river canyon. But such is not the case. Nanticoke dam is 514 feet above mean tide. So that the bottom of the buried valley is 314 feet above tide, but at several points down the river the rock bottom is much higher. So it appears that the river canyon theory must be abandoned, provided it can be known that such a channel is always of uniform depth. I

do not believe that such is the case. The bed of the river at Forty Fort is lower than it is at the jail. The channel of the Niagara below the falls may be hundreds of feet deeper in some places than in others. Especially may this be so if the rock base is of different degrees of hardness. Thus the canyon theory does not seem to be impossible of correctness.

The supposition that the channel was caused by a sub-glacial stream during the ice age may be rejected on the ground that such a stream could not exist without an outlet.

That it could have been caused by the attraction of the ice itself is a supposition not sustained by any facts known to this writer. Our ice sheet was, geologically speaking, a very transient affair. I have examined many so-called glacial grooves in rocks, but have always found evidence that the groove was a natural depression in the rock surface, merely smoothed and striated by the ice and its burden. If this paper was not already too long I could cite many proofs of the comparatively gentle action of our glacier.

Again, the original stream may have had an undiscovered underground outlet. Such vanishing of streams is common in limestone formation and Lime Ridge is only a few miles down the river. Again, our buried valley may be a succession of potholes brought to coalesce by long attrition. Whatever its origin, it was long ago filled with various materials. In large part this material in the deepest parts is a micaceous silt, such as underlies our river common, which has such a bad habit of slipping out from under the bank and letting it down when the water is very low. This silt was probably the first onset of the advancing glacier. Since the most floatable matter would have been the first to arrive when the ice had reached the head of the valley it began to thrust forward large pebbles and boulders, which thus were deposited on top of the first arrivals, as now found. In time the whole area seems to have been filled to about 200 feet above its present level. Then came the flooded river epoch when the movable matter was gradually swept on down the stream to form the gravel banks found from Wilkes-Barre to the plains below Harrisburg.

Speaking further of the caving in of the river bank Dr. Corss described it in some detail and said it was only a

question of time—though a long time—when the whole of River street shall have been washed away. He said the bank was underlaid with a stratum of silt, improperly called quicksand. It was really a kind of liquid or floating clay and was what gave so much difficulty in sinking the Pettebone shaft. He thought it identical in chemical composition with hardpan, though the latter is in a dried and hardened form. It was of glacial formation and when in motion exerts great strength. The trouble along River street always occurs in midsummer, when the river is at its lowest point. The vein of silt reaches out under the river, and when the stream is higher its weight holds the silt back. When the stream is low the pressure is taken off and the silt or liquid clay works its way out. It is rendered slippery and mobile by the mica which it contains.

Rev. Dr. Henry L. Jones, one of the vice presidents, occupied the chair. A portion of a historical paper on Harvey's Lake was read.

Rev. David Craft and Edward G. Porter, president of the New England Historical and Genealogical Society, were elected to corresponding membership. Miss Ann Dorrance was elected to membership.

Since the last annual meeting 650 books and 450 pamphlets have been added to the society.

The corresponding secretary, Rev. H. E. Hayden, announced that the society had recently received some 5,000 splendid specimens of paleozoic fossils, the gift of Ralph D. Lacoë of Pittston. They number some of the finest specimens in the United States. They will be open to inspection in a few months. A vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Lacoë, also to Major and Mrs. Stearns for a crayon portrait of their son, Capt. Denison Stearns.

Past Four Score Years.

[Daily Record, Nov. 17, 1899.]

Mrs. Calista Clark, widow of George D. Clark of Beaumont Township, Wyoming County, died on Wednesday morning of general debility, aged 82 years. She is survived by six children, twenty-six grandchildren and twenty-three great-grandchildren. Deceased, whose maiden name was Scouten, was born in Forkston Township, Wyoming County, July 19, 1837. Immediately after mar-

riage she removed with her husband to a farm about one mile south of the village now known as Beaumont, where she resided up to the time of her death, her husband dying in the same house in 1892. Their union was blessed with nine children, as follows: John M. of Beaumont; Charles, who died of wounds while serving with the Union Army in the Civil War; Amos D., who died in 1876; Elizabeth, wife of John Shotwell of Beaumont; Elvira, wife of Frank Gay of Franklin Township; Emmerett, wife of Joseph Winters of Centremoreland; Mary, wife of John Gay, who died in 1876; Frank and Albert, who are residing at the old homestead. Attorney G. J. Clark is one of the grandchildren. The deceased was a lifelong Baptist and a conscientious Christian.

OLD BOATMAN DEAD.

Used to Transport Coal to New York
for John Jacob Astor.

[Daily Record, Aug. 19, 1899.]

Uzal H. Fowler of Berwick died yesterday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock, after an illness of ten weeks. He was 71 years of age on the 11th of May last and is survived by his wife, who is also 71 years old. His disease was paralysis of the bowels. He was patient to the last and the end came in peace. Deceased was a devout Christian and was a member of the Berwick M. E. Church for many years, and his loss will be severely felt among its many members.

Among his children who survive him are Franklin of Berwick, Harman of Lightstreet and John C. of Wilkes-Barre, who has been with the firm of Jonas Long's Sons for some years past; Catherine Lynn and C. C. Fowler of Berwick.

The deceased was in the employ of the Jackson & Woodin Manufacturing Co. for nineteen years, and in his latter days had charge of the oil department. He was well known in Luzerne and Columbia counties. Ten weeks ago he was in this city and took unusual pleasure in meeting a number of the older residents. Forty-five years ago he ran a merchant's boat between Pittston and Havre de Grace, Baltimore, Philadelphia and other points, and at one time hauled boatloads of coal to tide-water for the late John Jacob Astor. While en route to this city he brought loads of merchandise as freight.

Death of Nathaniel Rutter.

[Daily Record, Oct. 16, 1899.]

The death on Saturday evening at 5:50 o'clock of Nathaniel Rutter, at the age of nearly 93 years, removes from the sphere of life Wilkes-Barre's oldest citizen, a man whom the whole community esteemed highly and whom all held in deep veneration.

His death was peaceful as his life was serene. The autumn evening faded away in golden glory and the life of this good man went with it. His last moments seemed a benediction upon a well spent career.

Mr. Rutter's illness lasted about three weeks. While at Harvey's Lake he went out one day to fix something at his wind mill and, as the day was quite cool, caught cold and contracted acute Bright's disease of the kidneys. The disease gradually progressed, although his wonderful constitution battled bravely with it and he at times showed signs of improvement, but several days ago a change for the worse came and he gradually failed until death closed his long and honored life.

Mr. Rutter was born at Pequea Valley, fourteen miles below Lancaster, Pa., Nov. 14, 1806. The family was of German origin and settled near Lancaster over a century ago. Impelled by a desire to prosper in the pursuits of life, Mr. Rutter came to Wilkes-Barre in 1825, it being then a village of much less than 1,000 population and bounded by North, South, River and Back (later Canal) streets. Then there were no paved streets, street lights, flagstone pavements, railroads, gas, electricity as a motive power, or a public water supply. Then the intersection of Market and Main street divided Public Square into four parts and the west side of Main street from Baur's printing house to the Christel Tavern, now occupied by the Boston Store and other big establishments, was a cultivated field. Arks and rafts laden with salt, plaster, shingles, lumber and agricultural products passed down the river.

About sixty years ago Mr. Rutter was associated with George M. Hollenback in the business of general merchandise at the corner of River and Market streets. The management of the business was entrusted to Mr. Rutter until the death of Mr. Hollenback, Nov. 7, 1866. Afterward Mr. Rutter, at the corner of Franklin and Market streets, carried on a hardware store until 1888,

when the present firm, Dodge & Speece, took control.

Mr. Rutter was twice married, his wives having been sisters, coming from one of the most prominent families in this section. Their parents were Jacob and Sarah Hollenback Cist, the mother being a daughter of Matthias Hollenback. Mr. Hollenback was born near Jonestown, Lancaster (now Lebanon) County, Pennsylvania, Feb. 17, 1752. He was an attorney-at-law and generally known as Judge Hollenback; was a man of rare judgment and influence, made large and profitable investments in coal and lumber lands, and died in Wilkes-Barre, Feb. 18, 1825.

Jacob Cist, Mr. Rutter's father-in-law, was born in Philadelphia, March 13, 1782, and was possessed of rare general information in matters pertaining to geology. His practical knowledge and appreciation of the importance of anthracite coal in the interests and requirements of civilization were far in advance of his time. We have the fulfillment of his prediction, made eighty years ago, that the deposit of anthracite coal here would necessitate the opening of mines, and the building of numerous towns and villages throughout the Wyoming Valley, from the Nanticoke Falls to the Lackawanna River. Mr. Cist was furthermore an accomplished linguist, and renowned for his proficiency in drawing and painting; also a popular contributor to several literary journals.

"In 1828," says Hazard's Register, "the Valley of Wyoming and its valuable beds and veins of coal have been correctly described in the Journal of Science by Mr. Jacob Cist, an able naturalist, whose recent death is lamented by all acquainted with his merits." He came to Wilkes-Barre in 1808, was appointed postmaster, which office he retained until his death, Friday, Dec. 30, 1825.

In a sketch of Nathaniel Rutter written by the late George Urquhart and printed in the Record in 1896, on the ninetieth anniversary of Mr. Rutter's birth, is the following:

"Jan. 13, 1831, Mr. Rutter entered into the bonds of matrimony with Mary Ann Cist, who was a niece of his friend, George M. Hollenback. Mrs. Rutter was an important factor in social circles, and in the church hers was a character and influence known for excellence and usefulness; in these her memory is inseparable from earnest work, in which we have an example

of discretion which was the fruit of sound judgment and elevated morality. In behalf of the needy Mrs. Rutter's nature was instinctively charitable and sympathetic. She was sedate, fixed in her estimate of religious truth, while her tenderness was a hallowed companionship in the home circle.

"Mr. Rutter also married Ellen, a sister of his former wife, and widow of Rev. Robert Dunlap, D. D., late pastor of a Presbyterian Church at Pittsburg, Pa. Mrs. Rutter's tastes were suited to the social position that devolved upon her, and in her example there is a faithful adherence to the requirements of duty. She was a woman of fixed principles, her methods marked by an air of refinement that is remembered for the spirit of Christian kindness and sympathy which crowned her life. Unwearying in her sympathy, it was to her a pleasure to make her ministrations to the needy and suffering a benefaction throughout the community in which she lived. Mrs. Rutter died Sept. 20, 1880."

Of Mr. Rutter's first union there were four daughters and one son—Margaret J. Rutter, who married Col. E. B. Beaumont; Augusta L., who married Clarence Michler of Easton; Ellen C., not married; Emily H., who married Edward P. Darling. All these daughters are now deceased. The only son of this union was James M. Rutter, who still survives.

Of the second union the children were Hervey S. Rutter, deceased, and Natalie Rutter, who has always lived with her father. A step-daughter, Mrs. Isaac M. Thomas, also survives.

Mr. Rutter was, on first coming to this city, identified with the old St. Stephen's Church and was an active and influential member, being prominent especially in the music of the church. After his marriage he joined the First Presbyterian, accompanying his wife thither, and he has been almost from that time one of the elders of that church. He was for years president of the Miners' Savings Bank and of the Hollenback Coal Co. and was a director in the Vulcan Iron Works. He was also connected with the various other business enterprises. Years ago he was a member of the city council.

Mr. Rutter's residence here of nearly seventy-five years identifies him with everything that has transpired in this now large and prosperous community since it was a small hamlet. When he

came here there was mostly farm land and few houses and there were no industries of any sort. Mr. Rutter saw the Wilkes-Barre of to-day spring up upon the fields and amid the wilderness of trees and his reminiscences of those early days were most interesting to the younger generation. All, or nearly all, of the companions of his younger days have passed away. New generations sprang up about him only to grow old and become decimated by the hand of time, but he himself went on for decade after decade, becoming seemingly a permanent part of the community in which he has played so important a part. The green fields gave place to a mass of buildings, the hum of industry gradually became louder and louder, railroads took the place of the canal boat and the stage coach, invention after invention relegated the old ways into obscurity and Mr. Rutter saw it all and aided very materially in building this community upon so solid and substantial a basis. His later years were most remarkable, in that he was able up to nearly the completion of his ninety-second year to attend to and participate in the financial concerns that had formed so important a part of his routine of business. Mr. Rutter's life was of uninterrupted usefulness and activity. He had hardly ever suffered a serious illness.

A familiar figure upon the streets was Mr. Rutter. Few there are in this city who did not know his tall and erect form and his benign countenance as he walked along even with the weight of almost a century of years upon his shoulders. Many knew him personally and admired him for his fine traits of character. Unassuming in all the relations of life, the spirit of religious culture took deep hold upon his nature and enabled him as a Christian to fulfill in the community a most beneficent purpose. His example would tend to exalt the dignity of man, and raise him in the scale of virtue, while his social and domestic life will ever be a blessed memorial. His life, prolonged in health, affords an instructive proof of how serene and happy old age can be made by the possession of well deserved esteem, by the resources of religious thought and action, and by an unshaken confidence in the heavenly will and in the promises of Christianity.

His was a manhood that has occupied a prominent place in the social and business circles of Wilkes-Barre. He scorned what was base, his nature

found its happiness in doing good, and his influence has been a benefaction. Consequently his example is that of an honest, conscientious and successful man in all the relations of life. There are few men around whose name clings such reverent memory as about that of the patriarch who has departed. In retrospect his years seem hallowed with a blessedness that is sweet and comforting and his whole life seems associated with a nobleness of character that is rare indeed. He has gone in and out among us as a man among men and he has left an impress upon the community that will ever enshrine his memory. In him was exemplified an ideal manhood.

For many years Mr. Rutter had been a ruling elder of the First Presbyterian Church and was a most faithful and regular attendant upon its sessions. His summers for a long time have been spent at Harvey's Lake, but he never failed to return to his home on Saturday, that he might be in his accustomed place in the Lord's house on the Sabbath Day.

At the morning service at the First Presbyterian Church yesterday the pastor, Rev. Dr. Hodge, in announcing the death of Mr. Rutter, spoke in an impressive and touching manner of his long and useful services as an officer of that church, and of the faithfulness and simplicity of his Christian life.

In his sermon yesterday morning Rev. Dr. Henry L. Jones also made a reference to the death of Mr. Rutter, this being the first intelligence that many of the congregation had of this venerable citizen having passed away. Dr. Jones was speaking of faithfulness in church attendance and remarked that the heart of the Rev. Dr. Hodge must be saddened this morning; not because death had removed one of his people, for such separations must come, but because there had been taken one who was always in his place in the sanctuary whenever the church was open for worship. Such regular attendance was rare and when one who had practiced it all his life and even until he was upwards of 90 years of age, was summoned to his final rest, the break in his family of worshippers would bring grief to any pastor's heart.

Death of Christopher Brahl.

[Daily Record, Oct. 25, 1899.]

Among Wilkes-Barre's most prominent German citizens, distinguished for long residence and participation in the advancement of the community is Christopher Brahl of No. 287 South Main street. Mr. Brahl was born Oct. 25, 1815, at Huenfeld, near the city of Fulda, Germany, and he is 84 years old to-day. His parents were Valentine and Magdelene Brahl, who pursued the avocation of linen weavers, in those days quite a lucrative one. There were six children born of the union, four boys and two girls. Of the sons there were George, Casper, Christian and Christopher, and the girls were named Magdelene and Elizabeth.

Casper, George and Christian, as well as the subject of this sketch, emigrated to this country. Casper was for many years a resident of this city and died in 1890. Christian, who also resided in this city for something near forty years, was an employe of Col. A. H. Bowman at his residence, and saw four years' service in the artillery during the Civil War. He was taken a prisoner in the Missouri campaign and held by the Confederates under parole for some time, and after being able to escape enlisted under another name, serving until the war closed. George settled in Wisconsin and died there about twenty years since. Magdelene died at the old home over 70 years of age, while the other sister, Elizabeth Brahl Helfert came to this country in 1869 and now resides on Park avenue in this city, at the age of 81 years.

Christopher Brahl was at the age of 24 years when he emigrated to America. In his early days he attended the common school and worked on the farm lands in summer and was a linen weaver during the winter season. At the age of 21 his name was included in the drawing for military service at Huenfeld and he had the good fortune to draw a blank, which exempted him from service. In 1840 he decided to come to America and had enough money to pay his passage from Hamburg. He walked from Huenfeld to Hamburg, a distance of over 400 miles, taking only eleven days to cover the route. He secured passage on a sailing vessel and the voyage consumed over nine weeks, being comparatively pleasant all through. He arrived in New York in August, 1840, having left of his means just one German dollar, which was worth 66 cents of American

money. After remaining in New York for two days he went to Philadelphia and Harrisburg by railroad, with three companions of the voyage. He then traversed the distance from Harrisburg to Nanticoke on the towpath of the canal and at Hunlock Creek fell in with a former acquaintance from his native town in Germany. His first employment—for about three months—was in repairing the Nanticoke dam and then he was employed on a farm where Retreat is now located. About a year after his arrival at Nanticoke he entered the employ of George Chahoon at Hunlock Creek, remaining with the family for two years as a farm hand. In 1844, after the death of Mr. Chahoon, the family removed to this city and Mr. Brahl accompanied them. Mrs. Josiah Lewis of North street, this city, was a daughter of Mr. Chahoon and Mr. Brahl and Mrs. Lewis have been friends ever since he first became a member of the family when he reached Hunlock Creek. Josiah Lewis married Miss Chahoon at Hunlock Creek while Mr. Brahl was in their employ and after Mr. Chahoon's death it was Mr. Lewis who induced him to come to this city. In fact, Mr. Lewis secured a position for Mr. Brahl with Col. Alexander Hamilton Bowman, who was then building Fort Sumter at Charlestown, S. C., for the government, and Mr. Brahl had charge of the grounds and dwelling for three years, especially during the absence of the family.

In 1847 Oliver B. Hillard opened a store in the Hillard block, corner of Main and Union street, adjoining the canal. In connection with this business Mr. Hillard also conducted a grist mill and brick yard and Mr. Brahl was a clerk in the grocery department for six years.

Mr. Brahl, through his experience at the Hillard store, learned the business, and having been prudent and diligent, then purchased a plot of ground on the southeast corner of Hazle and Main and erected a small building. He established a grocery store and conducted it for twenty-eight years, or up to 1882. The building now occupied by A. C. Helfrich was erected by Mr. Brahl. During his business career Mr. Brahl was fortunate in amassing a competency and at all times aimed to assist in the advancement of the material interests of the city. He secured quite a block of stock in the First National Bank in 1867 and was at once elected a director of the board under the influence and presidency of Alexander Mc-

Lean, father of W. S. McLean of this city. He was a member of the board until 1881, for fourteen years, and he then resigned. The Wilkes-Barre Deposit and Savings Bank was incorporated in 1871 and Mr. Brahl was one of the charter members. He was elected a director at the first meeting of the stockholders, in June, 1871, and has served continuously as a member of the board since that time, being the only one of the original board now living. In July, 1880, he was elected vice president of the Deposit Bank and held that position until 1897, when he refused to accept the honor because of age. When he retired from the position of vice president the board presented Mr. Brahl with a set of embossed resolutions, testifying to his faithful service and regretting his resignation.

Since 1882 Mr. Brahl has lived a life of leisure, having followed no business excepting that connected with his investments. He visited Europe in that year for his health, spending about four months at his native place and Carlsbad. Returning, he erected his handsome residence on South Main street below Ross.

Mr. Brahl was united in marriage on Jan. 4, 1852, to Louise Baer, a daughter of Casper and Marguerite Baer, natives of Wurtzburg, Bavaria. Mrs. Brahl was born at Wurtzburg, July 8, 1824, and is in good health at the age of 75 years. Nine children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Brahl, of whom five are living. Three died in infancy, and a daughter, Elizabeth, died in 1885, at Wurtzburg, Germany, while on a visit to relatives. There are five children living, the eldest being Margaret, wife of Judge F. W. Gunster of Scranton; Miss Louisa, who resides at home; Rev. William, rector of St. Mary's German Catholic Church of Pittston; Mary, or in religion, Sister Cecilia, an instructor at St. Ann's Academy at Mallinckrodt Convent, and Charles of Elizabeth, N. J. Mr. and Mrs. Brahl are communicants of St. Nicholas German Catholic Church and are life-long friends of the beloved rector, Very Rev. Father Nagle.

THE SULLIVAN ROAD.

About the Famous Expedition Over the Mountain—Paper Read by Hon. Garrick M. Harding Before the Local Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution — Some New Facts With Reference to Gen. Sullivan, His Expedition and the Route He Traversed.

[Daily Record, Nov. 15, 1899.]

In spite of the snow storm last evening there was a large attendance at the meeting of the Wyoming Valley Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the Historical Society building. The event of the evening was a paper by ex-Judge Garrick M. Harding on the "Old Sullivan Road," of which the following is the full text:

THE SULLIVAN ROAD.

The necessities of the Continental Army operating in New Jersey in the early part of 1778 had withdrawn from Wyoming two companies of soldiers made up of men not only disciplined in military service, but thoroughly conversant with Indian modes of warfare, thus weakening the defensive power of the settlers to a degree bordering on actual decrepitude. The few who remained, old men, middle-aged men, young men, even boys, all endowed with matchless determination and courage, but all alike unpracticed in martial ways, and possessing only primitive, worn and inferior arms, were not equal to six hundred savages wielding tomahawks, spears and scalping knives, and aided and encouraged by four hundred well-disciplined and well armed British Rangers. The massacre of July 3d, 1778, was enacted; surviving settlers were driven away; growing field products were destroyed; homes, after being plundered, were given to the flames; indeed, desolation in the immediate and near vicinity was for the time complete.

Five days after the bloody and despoiling work had been done, or on the 8th day of July, 1778, the British Col. Butler, together with his savages and Rangers, took rapid foot back up the river. Why this early retreat no reliable explanation was either then or ever afterwards given. The whole valley, and likewise the country along the Susquehanna northward, at least as far up as the Chemung River, had been so

smitten that the invader might have remained unmolested and in safety for months. Very likely, however, he had been apprised of the fact that on the evening following the massacre, a company of soldiers under Capt. John Franklin had arrived at Forty Fort. He may, too, have feared that other like companies were within call. More than all, he had learned that the American Col. Butler, whose skill and prowess on the field of battle he had witnessed, and whose reputation for sagacity and promptness as an officer during the late preceding war with the French, was well known to all British military officials, had gone safely in the direction of the Continental Army for succor. His return almost at any subsequent day with a force measured by the needs of the time was more than probable. In view of this the cautious Briton quite likely considered that an early retirement from the valley was not only prudent but necessary. His rank in the British Army at this time was that of major, though in what has been written of him subsequently in connection with the massacre he seems to have been styled colonel. Possibly the merit in English eyes of that ghastly exploit demanded his promotion at an early day. Certain it is that as early as November 4th, 1778, in the correspondence between his superiors, Sir Henry Clinton and Lord George Germain, he is spoken of as Lieutenant Colonel Butler.

The Rangers under his command were mostly well trained British soldiers, still a large number of them were American Tories skilled in arms. The savages constituted much the larger part of his force.

To them military organization was a restraint to which they were not accustomed, and hence was hateful to them in the extreme. Official military commands were equally so. For the most part they did as they pleased; they came when they pleased; they went when they pleased. And although as a part of the invading force they retired apparently with the British commander, still bands of them remained about the northern pathway in sufficient nearness to reach by stealth with spear and scalping knife, with tomahawk and torch, the remaining and the returning settlers. Indeed, their frequent and murderous descents, as well by day as by night, upon unsuspecting workers in the fields, and

upon defenseless women and children at the firesides, at last awakened the Board of War, and likewise the commander-in-chief of the Continental Army, to the necessity of ridding the Valley of Wyoming and the country northward to the Great Lakes of savages, Britons and Tories alike. During the autumn and spring following proper military orders were issued for the concentration of an adequate force to accomplish the object in view. The commands designed and selected for the purpose were largely scattered. Some of them were in the State of New York, some in New Jersey and some in Pennsylvania. The place of general rendezvous was at Wilkes-Barre. In April Maj. Powell with about two hundred men reached here, coming by way of the bridle path from Easton, through the Wind Gap, and so on by Bear Creek to the fort at this place, the site of which was recently so appropriately and correctly marked by the Wyoming Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

It may be appropriate to remark in this connection that there was a wagon road—as wagon roads then were—from Easton through the Wind Gap, and then diverging northerly along the Chestnut Hill Valley to a settlement called Larners, now Tannersville, about twelve or fifteen miles northwesterly from Stroudsburg. The bridle-path before referred to left this wagon road near the Wind Gap, and passed thence in a westerly direction practically over the same route followed by the subsequent Easton and Wilkes-Barre Turnpike. At Laurel Run it ascended the “Three-Mile Mountain,” passing near the spring where Mrs. John C. Phelps has placed the beautiful memorial tablet commemorative of the bloody work wrought upon a portion of Major Powell’s command by a band of savages concealed by a pile of rocks below, and near the present summer residence of Mrs. Charles Parrish. The path continued on a short distance to the summit of the mountain, and then descended near the southerly edge of “Prospect Rock,” keeping to the right of the now decaying and dying apple orchard of the original Spring House, and so continuing down the mountain to the lowland or second hollow near the Empire colliery. Its distance to the right of the present travel-
road at the crossing of the Central R. R. of New Jersey was probably from

150 to 200 yards. From the point near the Empire colliery to the river or fort on the bank, its line was substantially that of our present Northampton street.

As a whole, this path was cut through the forest as early as 1762, probably earlier. It was more than a bridle path, though not sufficiently wide for a wagonway. From 1762 to 1769 it furnished, together with intersections made with it, almost the exclusive mode of approach to Wyoming, for persons having interests there, from Eastern and Southeastern Pennsylvania, from New Jersey, and from New England also, though the general route from New England, up to 1778, was by way of Poughkeepsie, crossing the Hudson and Delaware rivers, and so by a road called the "Old Yankee Road," passing the Shohola, the Wallenpaupac, and on by Sterling and Cobb's Mountain to Causouse, near Providence, now a part of the City of Scranton, and then down the Lackawanna River to Pittston and other settlements north and south along the Susquehanna.

But to return to the gathering of the troops: In May, 1779, following the arrival of Major Powell's command, a regiment from Southern Pennsylvania reached Wilkes-Barre, and also a regiment originally from New Hampshire. Some other smaller commands were likewise upon the ground at about that date. During the same month four regiments, together with the artillery designed for the expedition, were gathered at Easton, thus making at the two points named, a disciplined force numbering between 3,000 and 4,000. Gen. Washington tendered the command to Gen. Gates, who declined it by reason of age. It was then given to Maj. Gen. John Sullivan of New Hampshire, a skillful, tried and valiant officer.

Between Wilkes-Barre, the appointed place of rendezvous, and Easton, where by far the larger body of the common force was assembled, a distance of upwards of seventy miles intervened, more than half of which was in part over steep and pathless mountains set with rocks and rocky ledges, and in part through an undulating and densely covered forest country overspread here and there with huge boulders, and interseamed by many swift, and likewise by many sluggish streams.

As before stated, a wagon road—of the times—had been previously opened from Easton westward to the foot of Pocono Mountain, near Larner's, now

Tannersville. That part of the army congregated at Easton began the march over this road towards the point of common rendezvous on the 18th of June, 1779, not, however, until the road had been so widened and improved by advanced working parties as to make possible the passage of the artillery and necessary supplies and baggage. Still ahead of these working parties a detachment of several hundred men had been sent forward to build and open the road since known as the "Sullivan Road." This detachment was properly officered and consisted of riflemen, engineers, hunters, soldiers, axmen, workers of almost all kinds, all necessary to complete a work so difficult in the shortest possible time.

This movement of so strong a force of the American army from the Delaware towards another like force on the Susquehanna, alarmed the Indians very much. The Indian council, however, was not long in coming to the conclusion that the purpose of it was the invasion and destruction of their settlements northward towards the Canadas. They at once sought to turn aside the rapidly approaching danger by making murderous attacks upon the American settlements in every opposite direction where there were any. But their butcheries, no matter how horrible, nor in what direction, produced not the slightest change in the plans of the American military authorities. The proper work had been rightly foreseen; its earliest possible accomplishment was the necessity of the hour.

Between the Delaware and the Susquehanna, there had been for years and years Indian paths on many different lines. One of them passed near the point then known as Larner's, and near the beginning of the Sullivan road. It was intersected by another of like character which started at the Lackawanna, and so up Roaring Brook and over the plateau on the top of Pocono to the place of union. Another similar path ran up Spring Brook, and through the mountain depression at the head of Panther Creek, and thus down to the Lehigh just opposite the mouth of a stream running westerly, and known as Trout Creek. And still another passed up Laurel Run and Kelley Creek, keeping to the right of Bald mountain and down its southeasterly base along by a famous spring of the mountain's name to Bear Creek, at the

junction of Meadow Run, and so up the latter for about a mile, crossing then through a depression in a ridge, commonly known as the "Big Ridge," and meeting the path first referred to about midway between the Lehigh and Shades Creek.

There were also many other paths to and fro between the two rivers, above and below Wilkes-Barre, but those already mentioned were all that connected with, or crossed the Sullivan road. And while this road was being built, these paths were daily and nightly trodden by skulking Indian runners, bearers of information to the Indian council and their British allies as to the size, equipment and condition of the coming army. The slaughter of Capt. Davis, Lieut. Jones and four other of their comrades, at Laurel Run during the preceding April, had served as a warning to all the road builders. Every advanced party of the original detachment, every camp of workmen, and every intervening working force, was accompanied and guarded by expert riflemen, familiar as well with Indian tactics as with Indian stealth, cruelty and cowardice. From Larner's, near the foot of Pocono, to the Susquehanna, not an Indian showed himself, though Andrew Montanye and Stephen Hadsall, guides for Colonels Courtlandt and Spencer, the road commanders, both Revolutionary soldiers, and who after independence was achieved, lived in Exeter until about 1836, always claimed that they saw "Indian heels every morning about daylight, and fresh Indian signs every day all along the path."

From Larner's, the starting point, on as far as Locust Hill, in Monroe County, the road authorities of the now several intervening townships, have adopted the Sullivan road as the public traveled road, and have worked it accordingly. There are a few divergences, but they are severally of short extent, and they are all near the original line and still perfectly plain and traceable. Northwesterly from Larner's, for a distance of about ten miles, the country is less roughly mountainous, though undulating or hilly, but not so to any serious extent. The soil is of a gravelly character. At the base of one of these undulations several abundant springs were found. A camp for the road builders was established here, some working westerly still further on, and some finishing the parts intervening easterly. While

here it was difficult to get sufficient supplies forward as fast as the needs of the men required, and hence a name—"Hungry Hill"—was given to the locality. That name still lasts, and probably will last always. It was here, too, that a fatal accident befel one of the soldiers—a falling tree killed him. His comrades buried him by the roadside at the top of the hill, and the grave to-day can be seen by the passer-by as plainly as when it was first made.

From "Hungry Hill" to the Tunkhanna, the first mountain stream of any size encountered, the road continued on northwesterly through a similarly characterized country for about three miles. The passage of this stream was not at all difficult. The water during the ages past had worn and wasted the underlying rock so that a narrow and shallow channel already existed. Over this a way for the army was of easy construction. Here and onward to the Tobyhanna, a distance of about two miles, the timber began to be very heavy. The undergrowth of laurel also had become increasedly dense. Near the Tobyhanna the easterly approach for about one hundred and fifty yards, was over low and swampy ground, and on the westerly side of the stream for a distance of about one hundred yards the ground was of the same character. The stream itself at this point was at least sixty feet wide, and the bed of it was of clay-like mud. The road on both sides had to be filled in with logs, stones and earth. An actual bridge over the stream had to be constructed. The bridge was at once named the "Sullivan Bridge," and although in later times it has again and again been supplemented by more artistic wooden structures, and at last by a bridge of iron, still the original name, the "Sullivan Bridge," yet remains, and doubtless will remain as long as history lasts.

Something like a mile further on another and smaller stream was reached. This the road builders called "Middle Creek." It has since been called the "Branch." Its size was inconsiderable, and passing the road across it was a work of small moment. Between the Tobyhanna and this stream, and near the easterly side of the latter, another road-builder's camp was established, the workmen moving on in sections to Locust Hill, sometimes called Locust Ridge, a distance of about four miles. "Locust Ridge" is a misnomer. The elevation is in no proper sense a ridge. On the contrary, it is a distinct hill having a base of about a mile in diam-

eter, and an elevation of six or seven hundred feet. It was originally covered mostly by locust trees. On its southeasterly face it is free from rocks and ledges. Its ascent is rather steep, though not so much so as to render the surface valueless for agricultural purposes. There are now farms high up along the southerly side, extending, indeed, almost to the very summit. During all of Revolutionary times, Locust Hill was a favorite halting place for our soldiers going to and returning from the wars.

Passing this locality the Sullivan road continued on for about one mile in an unchanged direction to the brow of a steep and rocky mountain. Along most of this distance its line has for some time since been occupied by a township road. Beyond this point, however, no township nor public road of any character has been laid in its track for upwards of ten miles. It descended the mountain referred to perhaps a distance of two miles diagonally, reaching and crossing the Lehigh River about four and a half miles above Stoddartsville. At the place of crossing the water was shallow and the river bottom smooth and solid. No bridge was necessary, and hence no great delay was encountered. Across the river, and the road builders were for the first time in what is now Luzerne County.

From the Lehigh for three miles onward, the road passed over a stretch of country that is not hilly, but yet of a rolling character. It was at that time, however, covered with very heavy timber, and also with an almost impenetrable growth of laurel. Boulders, too, of great size, were scattered apparently in all directions. In order to avoid them as much as possible, the road was turned for a short distance in a slightly more westerly direction near a small swamp about midway between the Lehigh and the easterly branch of Shades Creek. A narrow, southerly end of this swamp was soft and filled with a species of vegetable mold commonly known as swamp muck. In order to provide against the possibility of the miring of the animals pulling the artillery and the supply trains, a thick log filling was imbedded or thrown in, thus making a safe highway for the passing of the coming army, with all its necessary appendages. On the westerly side of this swamp the road circled back to its original direction, and as it passed up the adjacent rise of

ground, boulders had to be removed and stacked in a high ridge on each wayside. There they remain to-day, untouched for a hundred and twenty years, moss-covered, apparently indicating a track made by nature herself. The work here was done by the road builders on Sunday, and they gave a name to the swamp crossing—"Sunday Bridge"—which lasted until all the valuable timber in the vicinity was gone, and, indeed, still lasts with all the original timber-cutters yet living.

From this point further on towards Shades Creek, a distance of three and a half miles, the surface of the country was not so rough, nor the undulations so like hills. The timber, though, continued very heavy, and the laurel very dense. About midway of the distance, however, a former fire, kindled by lightning doubtless, had burned over a territory of several hundred acres. This was at once named "Burnt Plain," and the road-builders established here a camp which was used by them more or less even until the advancing army came up. A short distance ahead, and the clearing now appears which for nearly 100 years past has been known as the "George Sax clearing." This clearing was the first subjugation of land for agricultural uses that was made over the track of the road on the westerly side of the Lehigh River. And now, from this point back to that river, though a hard-wood undergrowth 120 years old stands irregularly along the line, still the road itself is yet distinct, and may be followed without the slightest difficulty. Indeed, through the "George Sax clearing," now a farm of considerable acreage, in many places the Sullivan road is not yet obliterated. It runs on the easterly side of the old homestead about 100 yards distant. Another agricultural improvement over its track a short distance further on has been made; it is the mountain farm of Mr. William Blakeslee. Passing through this, the line of the road is still on the easterly side of Mr. Blakeslee's residence, possibly a distance of thirty of forty yards. Here begins a gradually declining grade over land yet uncleared. The road passed down about half a mile to the top of the first rise of ground or steep and short hill beyond the smaller branch of Shades Creek, a distance of about two hundred yards. At this point the Easton and Wilkes-Barre turnpike, built along here about twenty-four years afterwards, intersected it. Both roads now occupied the same line for

half a mile, or until the crossing of the large branch of Shades Creek. Here a steep hill a mile in length, had to be encountered. The Sullivan road passed up this hill and over it a distance northerly from the later track of the turnpike of from forty to fifty yards. At the top of the hill the former turned a trifle more northerly, and for two hundred yards or more passed down land still unimproved and uncultivated, leaving its trace however so plain and straight that any person can to-day look over it throughout the whole distance. Here another agricultural improvement was early made on the track of the road. After the building of the turnpike, or about the year 1810 and later, this place became a rather celebrated "hunting box" and hostelry—as hostelries then were. The house was but a story and a half high, and not more than thirty-six feet in front and twenty feet in depth. It had two rooms below, one used as a bar room, the other as a dining room. A one-story addition was attached to the rear, and this had three divisions, one a kitchen, another a pantry, and the third a bed-room. When, however, a crowd came along, all the rooms were used as sleeping rooms, the floors answering for bedsteads, and blocks of wood and pulled-off boots for pillows. In the winter season this often occurred. The guests were haulers of wheat to Stoddartsville and to Easton from the Valley and from other wheat-growing lands northward on the Susquehanna and the Lackawanna. The charge for lodging was our old-time shilling—twelve and a half cents—though this included the price of a gill of whisky, an "eye-opener," rarely untaken either by the sound or the unsound sleeper in the morning.

The line of the Sullivan road through this improvement was about one hundred and twenty yards northerly from the latter line of the turnpike. The former can still be distinctly seen just in front of a decayed and abandoned artificial cave that was originally made and used as a cellar by the occupant of the hostelry referred to. The road continued practically about the same distance away from the subsequent turnpike line, though turning gradually in a more westerly direction. At a point on the hill about three-fourths of a mile easterly from Bear Creek, the turnpike crossed the Sullivan road diagonally, the latter continuing somewhat circuitously down around the present flat of cleared land at the base of the hill,

Beyond this, probably fifty yards, the turnpike crossed the Sullivan road again, and on about one hundred yards further it crossed back. From here on down to Bear Creek it was not again crossed by the turnpike until near the site of the present school house. Here the turnpike again came into it and followed in its line until within about one hundred yards of Bear Creek. The direction of the Sullivan road at this point was slightly northeasterly. Just at the easterly end of the present ice dam of Mr. Albert Lewis, the road struck Bear Creek, crossing it and coming out almost exactly where the boat-house of Gen. Oliver is located, a distance of not less than two hundred yards northeasterly from where the turnpike crossed the creek twenty-five years later.

A fact should be noted in this connection which no one now living has knowledge of from personal observation. And, indeed, there are but few of us left who gained our information from the old soldiers who passed over the ground again and again while the struggle for independence was going on, and while the Wyoming Valley continued a centre of bloody contention. In 1779 there was a clearing on the easterly side of Bear Creek extending over several acres of the flat land at this point. This clearing had been commenced as early as the cutting through of the bridle-path some years before; and every year subsequently it had been enlarged as the necessity of the times seemed to require. It had been used for all goers and comers, but chiefly as a camping ground for soldiers going to, and coming from the distant battle grounds. There were several quite large log structures built upon it which were temporarily occupied whenever the weather was inclement. On the corresponding westerly side of Bear Creek at this point, there was no clearing whatever until about 1804. Then Mr. Arnold Colt, the grandfather of our townsman, Col. Beaumont, cleared, or had cleared, a large part of the plot of land on which the beautiful residence and outbuildings of Mr. Albert Lewis are now erected. Mr. Colt, about the year 1810, built a large and commodious house here which he occupied for a number of years afterwards. He was the contractor for the building of the Easton and Wilkes-Barre turnpike from Pocono westward to Wilkes-Barre. The charter for this, then important en-

terprise, was granted in 1802; the road was completed in 1808.

From the Bear Creek crossing the Sullivan road continued on up the adjoining hill a distance of about one-fourth of a mile. Its course for this distance was somewhat circular, thus lessening the sharpness of ascent. A practical level was here reached, and from thence onward for another quarter of a mile to the first crossing of the turnpike on the westerly side of Bear Creek the road was straight. It is today distinct, plain and well-marked; and in the absence of improvement for agricultural purposes, it will doubtless continue so for another one hundred and twenty years. Indeed, when the leaves are off, the Daughters of the Wyoming Chapter of the American Revolution, if any of them should ever be so inclined, may walk from the turnpike crossing last referred to, over the Sullivan road down to Gen. Oliver's boat-house, a distance of half a mile, without a guide, and without injury to bonnets, dresses, or shoes.

It is most unfortunate that the tablet placed about a twelve-month ago along the turnpike near the residence of Mrs. Mayer, is incorrect as marking the track of the Sullivan road at this point. The nearest distance of this tablet as now located to the Sullivan road, is about two hundred and fifty yards northerly along the turnpike to the top of the second rise of ground where the former is crossed by the latter as already pointed out. Onward from this crossing the two roads run side by side for some distance, the turnpike on the northerly and the Sullivan road on the southerly side. Some little distance further along, the turnpike runs into the Sullivan road and continues thus several hundred yards, crossing to the southerly side, however, before the present small red shale bank is reached. Beyond this a few hundred yards, the turnpike crosses to the northerly side again, and from this point on down the hill to "Tenmile-run," the lines of the two roads are parallel and but a few yards apart. Both roads crossed "Tenmile-run" at the same place. The Sullivan road now began turning more northeasterly in its course, passing over the immediate long and high hill away from where the turnpike runs a distance sometimes of one hundred and fifty yards. At the top of the hill it took its generally northwesterly direction, the turnpike striking it again and crossing

it at the foot of the hill on this side just at the easterly end of the stone filling recently placed in the latter by Mr. Albert Lewis. It there rounded on the southerly side the sharp adjoining hill. At the top, the turnpike again came into it, and from thence for about a quarter of a mile both roads are in a common track. Here, at the crossing of the small creek which takes its rise at the easterly foot of the "Five Mile Mountain," and which still flows on in diminished volume until it becomes a part of "Ten Mile Run," the Sullivan road, so far as its construction under the supervision of Colonels Courtlandt and Spencer was concerned, came to an end. This small creek, away back in time too early for other than conjectural measurement, had been dammed by beavers. A great meadow had resulted extending northwestward to the base of the mountain, a distance of half a mile, and varying in width from seventy-five to 150 yards. The place itself is worthy of a passing notice. Nathan Bullock began a clearing here about the year 1770. From him the locality took its name—"Bullocks"—and retained it long after the building of the Easton and Wilkes-Barre turnpike. When Gen. Sullivan camped with his army here, he gave the place the name of "Great Meadows." This name, however, was only of temporary continuance. Later it was known as the "Seven Mile House;" still later, an industrious German—George Matthias—occupied the clearing, and it was then known as the "Seven Mile Dutchman's." In 1858 he was murdered, and his body was thrown into an abandoned well near the southerly roadside. His murderer—William Muller—was early detected, arrested, tried, convicted and hanged at Wilkes-Barre. Now the place is known as the "Boulevard Hotel." Here, too, at the coming of Colonels Courtlandt and Spencer, was buried near the southerly roadside another of the original road-builders who had suddenly sickened and died not far from the westerly branch of Shades Creek. Several other burials were subsequently had in the grounds immediately adjoining. Previously to the occupancy of the unfortunate George Matthias, a family by the name of Eicke lived here for many years. The father and mother died here. The pond or small body of water lying just over the adjoining westerly hill took its name—"the Eicke Pond"—from the family. In 1850 George Eicke, a son, who

for several decades was the "court crier" at Wilkes-Barre, and whose grandson, Albert Barnes, is the present "court crier," pointed out to me the graves of his father and mother. Then, and for several subsequent years, all the graves were distinctly observable. Later occupants or owners of the grounds have, however, smoothed down the hillocks to a level with the surroundings, thus making identification of the spot now impossible, besides securing for it lasting obscurity.

Of Nathan Bullock and his family no knowledge has come down to us further than that he had two sons, both grown men, at the time he begun his clearing here. One of them was a lawyer. He designed to practice his profession in Westmoreland, then supposed to be permanently under the jurisdiction of Connecticut; the other was a vigorous and brave young man. The father and the sons, like the settlers in the valley with whom they were almost in daily communication, had come to stay. When the British Col. Butler, with his Rangers and savages, made his invasion, the sons of Mr. Bullock hastened to Forty Fort to join in the common defense. Both went forth to battle on the disastrous third of July; both were slain. The father remained at home on that day. Knowledge of the conflict and its results was brought to him during the night following by fleeing survivors. He gave them of his bread all that he possessed. Sorrowing and suffering he remained where he had first stuck his stakes until two years afterwards, when he, himself, was captured by a marauding band of Indians, and taken away to Canada. Of his subsequent lot, history fails to give any account.

But to return to the Sullivan road. Contemporaneous with the orders given to Cols. Courtland and Spencer for opening a road from Lerner's westward toward the Susquehanna, orders were also issued to Col. Zebulon Butler, who was in command of the fort at Wilkes-Barre, to open a like road from the latter place easterly over and beyond what was then known as the "Three Mile Mountain." No particular or definite point was indicated for the meeting of the two divisions of the contemplated through road. Both divisions were to be pushed forward with all possible dispatch, each in its proper direction until a meeting was had, no matter where.

Col. Butler was aware that a road constructed on the line of the bridle path already described from the level land below, up by "Prospect Rock" to the top of the "Three Mile Mountain," would be too rough and too steep for the safe passage downwards of the artillery and the supply trains of the coming army. He at once selected a more feasible route. Competent engineers and a force of road builders consisting mostly of the then necessarily idle settlers in the valley entered vigorously upon the work. A detail of well-armed soldiers was assigned as a guard to attend them constantly. The road started at the westerly foot of the mountain near a spring known as "Bowman's Spring," and not far from the present coal breaker of the Franklin Coal Company. The course up the mountain was generally easterly along the mountain side, though in places it followed depressions, and was here and there somewhat circuitous. Reaching the summit, it passed on for a considerable distance, coming near to the pleasant summer residences of Hon. Henry W. Palmer, Mr. F. A. Phelps, Mr. Lee, Mr. Platt and Mrs. John C. Phelps. Continuing on, it descended the easterly side of the mountain to a point within about fifty yards westerly from the station of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. Forty years ago the track of the road thus far was perfectly distinct, and could be followed with entire certainty from the place of beginning to the point last named. From this point the road continued directly up Laurel Run for a mile and a quarter. Here the turnpike came into its line and followed it down to the railroad station referred to. At the intersection of the turnpike the Sullivan road kept its northeasterly course on to the summit of the "Five Mile Mountain," a distance at this point easterly from the turnpike of about seventy-five yards. It passed down the mountain diagonally, or in a southeasterly direction, the turnpike again crossing it about midway between the mountain top and the mountain base. Its course from this point on downward was somewhat circuitous until it reached and crossed the small creek at the extreme easterly foot of the mountain. From here to the present "Boulevard Hotel" its line and the line of the turnpike are identical.

Thus the Sullivan road was completed as a whole from Larner's, on the Pocono, to Wilkes-Barre. Lumbermen and passers-by, unlettered in the history of the road, frequently came in later times

upon the camps of the original road-builders, particularly those camps between the Pocono and Shades Creek. These they always looked upon as camps of the army proper. There were, however, but five camps of the army between Easton and Wilkes-Barre; one at the Wind Gap, the second at Lerner's on the Pocono; the third near the Tobyhanna, named by the officers, "Chowder's Camp;" the fourth near Shades Creek, named by Gen. Sullivan, "Fatigue Camp;" the fifth at Bullock's, named likewise by Gen. Sullivan, "Great Meadows." The names of the last three of these camps were altogether appropriate. The Tobyhanna at that day "was alive with brook trout." Col. Courtlandt had suggested to a number of the road builders the propriety of securing during the day previous to the coming of the army a supply of these fish for Gen. Sullivan and the officers of his staff. The suggestion was readily adopted; the fish were caught, the camp supper was a delicious surprise; the name, "Chowder's Camp" resulted of course.

The march from the Tobyhanna to "Burnt Plain" on the succeeding day was the longest and the roughest mountain march made between the Pocono and Wilkes-Barre. The distance covered was about twelve miles. One of the wagons of the supply train and two of the gun carriages were broken down. A part of the army did not get into camp until after midnight. "Fatigue Camp" was surely no misnomer.

The march of the next day from "Burnt Plain," or the new name, "Fatigue Camp," was not undertaken until afternoon. It was the shortest of all the mountain marches of the army, the distance to "Bullock's" being only five and a half miles. Here was the meadow already described; hence the name, "Great Meadows."

The building of the Sullivan road was a military necessity of the time. No other possible means could then have been devised for effecting the union of the proper forces necessary for the accomplishment of the purpose contemplated by the Board of War and the commander-in-chief. Considering the character of the country traversed, the completion of the road inside of ten consecutive days was a marvel. The successful movement of the forces over it within half that time was no less a marvel. An army numbering upwards of four thousand disciplined soldiers

was thus brought together at Wilkes-Barre. On the 1st of August following, its march northward up the Susquehanna and onward to the interior of New York was begun. The valor and the success of that army history has fittingly recorded. Its return by way of Wilkes-Barre occurred on the 8th of October ensuing. On the 10th of the same month it began its further return march from Wilkes-Barre over the Sullivan road towards Easton. Five days afterwards that place, the original starting point, was reached.

In conclusion, it would perhaps be proper to add that the long continued distinctness of the track of this road is less attributable, probably, to the passing and repassing of Gen. Sullivan with his army than to the fact that for twenty-nine subsequent years, or until after the completion of the Easton and Wilkes-Barre turnpike in 1808, it was the only wagon way from Wilkes-Barre over the intervening mountains and the Pocono to Stroudsburg and other points in Eastern Pennsylvania. Its use during the period mentioned was continuous and of great avail as well to the constantly multiplying settlers in the valley as to the general public traveling to and fro between the Susquehanna and the Delaware.

Death of W. P. Gardner.

[Daily Record, Dec. 6, 1899.]

William P. Gardner, aged 76, one of the best known of the older residents of Wilkes-Barre, died yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Mary Shepherd, 42 Butler street, after a protracted illness. Mr. Gardner was born in Northumberland, England, on Aug. 23, 1823, where after he attained manhood he married Jane Richardson, who died a few years ago. Mr. Gardner was by occupation a miner and in 1849 emigrated from England to the United States, settling first in the State of Ohio for a period of five years and then locating in Pittston, where he was an employe of the Pennsylvania Coal Co. for fifteen years. Mr. Gardner then removed to Plains Township and conducted a hotel for nine years at what is now known as Mill Creek. He then came to Wilkes-Barre and took possession of the old Steele Hotel on North Main street, which he successfully conducted for a period of about ten years.

In February, 1883, Mr. Gardner was elected as councilman from the First

ward to succeed John Mahoney, and in 1885 was elected alderman for five years and re-elected in 1890, his second term expiring in 1895. During the incumbency of Mayor Sutton Mr. Gardner also acted as vice mayor, and at the expiration of his term as alderman retired to private life. In politics Mr. Gardner was a steadfast Republican.

During the early 40s Mr. Gardner was a member of the National Miner's Union of England and took a prominent part in the movement that established trades unionism in that country.

He is survived by three sons and one daughter—William and Charles Gardner of Wilkes-Barre, George Gardner of Parsons and Mrs. Mary Shepherd of Wilkes-Barre.

Mr. Gardner was a member of the Pittston Lodge, F. and A. M., the Plains Lodge, I. O. O. F., and Garfield Lodge, Sons of St. George, of Wilkes-Barre.

REVOLUTIONARY ANCESTRY.

Well Known Bradford County Man
Passed Away.

[Daily Record, Nov. 16, 1899.]

The Record's Wyalusing correspondent sends the following:

"Arthur Francis Bosard quietly passed away at the home of his son-in-law, E. E. Bosworth, in this village last evening, after a gradual decline of several months. Short services will be held at his late home on Thursday afternoon, and on Friday morning the remains will be taken to Osceola, Tioga County, for interment by the side of his companion, who preceded him some ten years. Mr. Bosard was of noted ancestry, his great-grandfather being a signer of the Declaration of Independence, while others of the family were in the Wyoming massacre. He was born and passed most of his life in the Cowanesque Valley, Tioga County, where in his early days he was extensively engaged in lumbering. Though occupied with business enterprises that yielded large returns, Mr. Bosard accumulated no fortune, his generosity to others fairly exceeding his income. He was strictly temperate and always active, having a robust constitution and showing no aversion to work. He and

his companion came here about fifteen years ago, making their home with their daughter, Mrs. Bosworth, who administered to their wants with womanly tenderness and filial solicitude. Mr. Bosard is survived by four children—two sons, Frank in New York City and Kirtland in Tioga County, and two daughters, Mrs. Brower of Elmira and Mrs. E. E. Bosworth of Wyalusing.”

“Milton Homet, whose home was a few miles out of town, died on Tuesday night after an illness of two or three days, aged 71 years. Mr. Homet was of French extraction, his grandfather being one of a company of refugees who came to the United States from France during the revolution that visited that country in 1793. The senior Homet had the honor of being a steward in the household of Louis XVI and escaped from France with the emperor, making the voyage to this country in a French warship, and soon after joining other refugees in forming a colony at a point a few miles up the river, fittingly named by the settlers ‘Asylum.’ It was here that the subject of this sketch was born and reared, his whole life having been passed within a short distance of the place where he first saw light. Mr. Homet was principally engaged in farming, and with small returns at first. By industry and economy he amassed a handsome fortune, he being one of the wealthiest men in these parts. Three years ago he engaged in the mercantile business in this place, running a large country store, to manage which he put his nephew, Charles R. Stone. Some twelve years ago Mrs. Homet died, an only daughter, Theresa, assuming the management of the household thereafter. About three years ago an only son, Irving, also died, this bereavement visibly affecting the aged parent, whose decline was marked from that time. He was a familiar figure in this place, and one of the best known men in the county, his large transactions in business matters calling him about the county. Mr. Homet was a man of good habits and his life was one of honesty and activity. He is survived by his daughter Theresa, of his immediate family, and several brothers, well known business men. The funeral will be held at the homestead on Friday at 1:30 p. m., Rev. J. D. Tillinghast of Towanda officiating, the burial to be in the family cemetery, at Homet’s Ferry.”

N. Peckham's Death.

[Daily Record, Dec. 2, 1899.]

The death of Nicholas Peckham, one of the best known citizens of this city and prominent in its business life for a quarter of a century, occurred last evening at his home, 14 Jackson street.

Mr. Peckham retained his health and vigor until only recently and for many years he was a familiar figure on the streets, being considered one of the best preserved men of his age in this city. He was a whole-souled, sociable citizen, whose heart was filled with the milk of human kindness and whose friendship was appreciated by many of the best known citizens of the valley. His warmth of heart and good fellowship were impressed on all who came in contact with him in a social or business way.

In his day Mr. Peckham was a splendid accountant and in his business affairs was not only keen and prudent in judgment, but strict and honest in his dealings. Since coming to this city he has been associated with Hunt Bros., who had the highest regard for his business capacity and appreciated his advice. At the time of his death he was associated with E. H. Hunt in the manufacture of screens, their plant being located on North Canal street.

The deceased was born in Providence, R. I., April 17, 1818, and was 81 years of age. He was of Quaker parentage and came from Revolutionary stock, his grandfather having been a soldier in the fight for independence. In early manhood Mr. Peckham left his New England home to seek his fortune in the developing portions of the country, and after several years spent in the South and West he settled in Philadelphia, where he followed the occupation of an accountant. In 1864 he removed to Summit Hill and in 1872 he came to this city, engaging as bookkeeper for Reading & Hunt, which firm later became Hunt Bros. of South Main street. While still employed there he and E. H. Hunt embarked in the screen business and they built up an extensive trade, furnishing screens for most of the coal companies in this region.

Mr. Peckham was twice married. He married his second wife at Summit Hill in 1864. She was Miss Louise Goslee of Connecticut. One daughter was born to him by his first marriage and two daughters by the second. He is survived by his wife and two daughters, Florence and Helene.

At the time of his death Mr. Peckham was the oldest living member of the lodge of Elks in this city, of which organization he was a charter member.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

John Titel of Bloomsburg Celebrates
His One Hundredth Birthday
Anniversary.

[Bloomsburg Daily, Nov. 16, 1899.]

Down on Third street, below Railroad, in the home of Hiram Palmer, there is a happy gathering to-day, it being the occasion of John Titel's one hundredth birthday anniversary.

We have a number of residents in this town and county who have reached the ninety mark, and a few who have lived ninety-five years, but to the best of our knowledge no other person than Mr. Titel is at present a resident of Columbia County who reaches the 100 mark. Mr. Titel was born in Bucks County, Nov. 16, 1799, where he resided with his parents until a young man, when he went to New Columbia and later was married to Miss Mary Everett. He followed the occupations of carpenter and weaver and was one of the most active men of that section. When he wanted to go to town—Bloomsburg or Danville or any other place—he invariably walked. To him a walk of twenty-five miles or fifty miles was no more thought of than a mile or two to us.

He was the father of nine children, four of whom are living, namely: Adaline, wife of Hiram Palmer; Charles Titel and Mary, wife of Wesley Gross, all of this town, and Lewis Titel of Danville.

About seventeen years ago Mr. Titel and wife came to Bloomsburg, where Mrs. Titel died about a year and a half later. From that time on Mr. Titel made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Palmer, and enjoyed the best of health until last August a year, when he was stricken with paralysis to the extent that he is unable to walk about or help himself very much. For one of his age he can see well and his hearing is not in the least impaired, and barring his partial palsy affliction his general health is good. He is bright and cheerful and seems to enjoy life.

In honor of the event the children and their families came together and a happy reunion is the result. Among those present were Mrs. John C. Remig and Mrs. Mary Flesler, grandchildren, of Wilkes-Barre.

ARNOLD AND ANDRE.

The Thrilling Revolutionary Story Told
by William Abbatt of New
York City.

[Daily Record, Nov. 18, 1899.]

Last evening at the rooms of the Historical Society an especially interesting lecture was given by William Abbatt of New York City. The subject was "The story of Arnold and Andre," one of the stirring dramatic events of the revolution. The lecture was illustrated by over 100 stereopticon views connected with Andre's daring trip to carry out Arnold's plot to turn West Point over to the British. Mr. Abbatt has been a close student of revolutionary events and in his lecture presents much new information concerning Major Andre's sad fate. The several pictures of Andre, Arnold and the patriots Paulding, Williams and Van Wort were excellent, and the views of the houses that became celebrated by their connection with this tragic event in American history gave the audience a splendid idea of Andre's trip, capture and ignominious death.

The lecturer detailed Arnold's schemes and the great desire of the British to secure possession of West Point, showing the pictures of all the leading characters and scenes—Bell, Dobbs Ferry, Smith, Underhill's joint, Arnold's headquarters and the conference in the woods, all familiar to students of history. He detailed Andre's perilous trip and his success in getting through the American lines until he met the little irregular band of patriots, of which Paulding, Williams and Van Wort are the three who have become noted in history. Andre's trip to the American camp was graphically portrayed and finally the incidents and scenes leading up to his execution.

The treatment of Andre, Mr. Abbatt said, was in marked contrast to the brutal treatment of Nathan Hale. He was given Washington's room, allowed to communicate with friends and every other privilege that could consistently be accorded a prisoner of war. The only thing refused him was his pathetic though manly request of Washington for a soldier's death, which could not be accorded him, as he had been tried and convicted as a spy and should die the death of a spy. Major Andre was executed at Tappan, N. Y., a vast con-

course of people witnessing the ringing down of the curtain on this thrilling drama. There was only a momentary pang in the extinguishment of the light of the royal army. Major Andre's last words were: "I desire to meet my fate like a brave man."

An important feature of the lecture was the playing of the two dirges rendered at the execution, by three drummers and a fifer from the 9th Regt. Drum Corps.

CELEBRATING PLYMOUTH ROCK.

Annual New England Society Dinner
at Scranton.

[Daily Record, Dec. 23, 1899.]

The thirteenth annual banquet of the New England Society of Northeastern Pennsylvania was given in the Board of Trade building, Scranton, last evening. It was a highly successful affair, with about one hundred present. The banqueting hall was beautified with flags and potted plants. The dinner began at 7 o'clock and was all over by midnight. It was served by the caterer of the Scranton Club and was thoroughly satisfactory. No liquors were served, but there was an abundance of sweet cider. As usual the menu included pumpkin pie among its delicacies.

The toastmaster was Homer Greene, Esq., of Honesdale, and there was an interesting array of speakers. All were more or less on national affairs, optimistic to a degree and enthusiastic on expansion. The toasts were as follows:

"The Pilgrim in the Pacific Ocean," Rev. Dr. William Elliot Griffis, Ithaca, N. Y.

"The Pilgrim children," William H. McElroy, one of the editors of the Mail and Express.

"The blood of the Pilgrims ensures the future," Willis L. Moore, of Washington, D. C., chief of the weather bureau.

"Landmarks of the Pilgrims," Rev. Robert F. V. Pierce, Scranton.

All the speeches were excellent and evoked generous applause.

The Wilkes-Barre contingent sent but a single member. Pittston sent Hon. Theodore Strong and Plains sent D. Scott Stark.

There were two deaths during the year, Isaac J. Post and Plummer S. Page.

Shooting Stars of 1833.

Writing to the Pittston Gazette about the shooting stars of 1833 Rev. Dr. N. G. Parke of West Pittston says:

"If the display of 'shooting stars' promised or predicted by astronomers should equal or approximate that of 1833, no one would regret having sat up all night to see it.

"It was my privilege to see the 'shower of stars'—that was what it was called—in 1833, and my recollection of it is still very vivid. I had never seen anything of the kind before and certainly never expect to see anything like it again. Astronomers tell us that it was the most magnificent meteoric display of which we have any record.

"I was at the time 12 years old and with my brother, two years younger than myself, rose a few hours before daylight to finish playing some game that we were playing when bedtime came. When we opened the door and looked out on the sky I said: 'Surely the stars are falling, and there will be none to-night.' We imagined we could see them leaving their places in the sky. They came down like snowflakes, scores and hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of them. We wondered they did not fall in the yard, but they seemed to shoot from a point about us towards the horizon and disappear. We wondered for a time what it could mean, and concluded that possibly the stars disappeared that way every morning, only we were not up in time to see them. The colored people in the neighborhood, and some who were not colored, inferred from the phenomenon that the end of the world had come and were prostrated with fear.

"In passing through the bedroom of our parents, I said to my father that the stars were falling. He did not think so. It was November, and he thought we had seen a few meteors. He turned over and went to sleep, and lost the opportunity of his lifetime. The stars continued to fall until broad daylight, or until they were hidden by the sunlight.

"Thirty-three years from that time, 1866, there was a general expectation that the shower of shooting stars would occur again, but it did not. There were not enough on that occasion to pay for sitting up to watch them. It may not be so this year."

AN OLD CLAIM PAID.

Had Been Pending Since the Beginning
of the Century.

Charles Du Pont Breck, president of the Dime Bank of Scranton, and his brother, George L. Breck, have received checks of the United States government in settlement of the claim their ancestor, Samuel Breck of Philadelphia, had against the government. The claim has been pending since the beginning of the century, says a Scranton exchange. It is one of the French spoliation claims.

Samuel Breck was born in Philadelphia in 1777 and was a man of considerable means. He owned vessels and one of these was captured by one of the French privateers sent out by the French Directory of 1796 to prey upon commerce.

In the settlement of this privateering matter the United States assumed its responsibility of settling the claims of her aggrieved citizens. Many times efforts were made to get sufficient money from the government to pay these ancient claims, but without avail until March 3, 1899, when President McKinley signed a bill appropriating \$1,000,000. Out of this amount the claims of the heirs of Samuel Breck have been paid.

Visit to Grave of Frances Slocum.

Wabash, Ind., Dec. 6, 1899.—Readers of the Record, as well as all lovers of Wyoming Valley history, will peruse with interest my letter from this Indiana town. The name of the town—Wabash—may not have for them any particular significance, but I am very certain that the subject—Frances Slocum—has.

I made a trip to Wabash on Monday, arriving there in the evening, for the express purpose of visiting the grave of Frances Slocum. I have read of her in history when I was a child. She had been stolen from her home in Wilkes-Barre by Indians in 1778, when she was a small child. She was carried away by the savages, who adopted her into their tribe and was only found by her brother sixty years afterwards.

The story of her capture made a deep impression upon my youthful mind, as I read the graphic account in our school histories. I could never for-

get it. As I grew up to manhood I became a resident of Wilkes-Barre, the very place from which Frances Slocum had been carried off, and I had ample opportunity to become well acquainted with the details of the interesting, yet sad, affair. For this valuable information, as well as all information of fair Wyoming's history, I am indebted to Wilkes-Barre's most excellent Historical Society and its many bright and capable members.

I had long wanted to visit the last resting place of the "lost sister of Wyoming," and my wish has at last been gratified. When landed at Wabash the day was bitter cold, the wind was howling and the snow was falling steadily. A regular Western storm was on, and the thermometer kept dropping and dropping until it was near the zero mark. The first cold spell for this time of year had arrived in Indiana. Can it be wondered that I reluctantly quitted my quarters in a sumptuous chair car on the Wabash Railroad under such frigid circumstances and alighted at a small and cold looking depot in a small and dreary Indiana town.

Well, I was not long in finding the old resident, a grizzly-bearded and kind hearted Hoosier of sixty years and upwards. I was horrified to learn that my goal was at least twelve miles, and possibly fifteen, outside of town. And I to go there on such a wintry day. The oldest resident remarked, it is "only" twelve miles out there as flippantly as though that distance was but a trifle to a Hoosier. Distance is no object here. Many people drive ten or fifteen miles to town to do their trading, to church, to the theatre, and so on, after supper, and drive home again. They say, "I reckon that's only a short drive, and I have gone a smarter distance than that when I was courtin' my wife, when I was young."

I had made the journey to Wabash to visit Frances Slocum's grave, and I was bound to finish the object of my trip, zero or no zero, and fifteen or fifty miles. We bundled up a la Klondike style and made the outward trip in one and a half hours. There are good, speedy horses out here in Indiana, and everybody has one or several of such, or else he drives oxen.

The cemetery was reached in due time and a more desolate and dreary place is hard to find. It is an old Indian cemetery, and is on an eminence that sixty years ago formed a portion

of the camping grounds and possessions of the Indian tribe. The grave of Frances Slocum is on the highest part of the eminence, alongside of the grave of her Indian husband. The cemetery is but a short distance from where Frances Slocum's cabin stood, where she lived many years and where she finally ended her romantic and pathetic life on March 8, 1847. The only remaining vestige of her cabin is a large pile of stones that at one time formed the chimney of her habitation. Here she sleeps her last sleep, far away from her white kin and from her home in fair Wyoming vale. Here also sleeps a woman her eternal sleep, whose life story is filled with pathos and whose name is prominent in history.

It is a pleasure to write that every detail is being arranged to place a fitting monument over her grave. The dedication will take place on May 20, 1900, and the event will be of more than passing note. Addresses will be made and original poems read by her relatives from Defiance, Ohio; Wilkes-Barre, Scranton, Pittston and other Pennsylvania cities.

O. P. Keenly.

Death of J. C. Coon.

[Daily Record, Dec. 27, 1899.]

J. C. Coon is dead—that was the news sent to Louis Tisch yesterday from the Danville Asylum. Mr. Coon was one of the best known newspaper men in this part of the State, and when in the height of his career he attracted more attention to himself, owing to his fearless and aggressive methods, than probably any other newspaper man in Luzerne or Lackawanna counties.

Deceased was perhaps best known on account of his connection with the Sunday News-Dealer, some fifteen years ago, before the daily edition was started. He conducted it with a free lance and what he wrote was written without fear for any one. If Mr. Coon wished to criticize he did so and his caustic words were a terror to many a man and woman. He made much money with this venture and he spent it with a lavish hand, and at this stage of his career his friends were most numerous. When the daily edition was started the Sunday edition lost much of its prestige, and with Mr. Coon's retirement his newspaper ventures became varied. He finally took hold of the Nanticoke News

and this was his last work. The last article penned by this open-hearted, generous man was for the columns of that paper. In all his illness one of his best friends was his former business associate, S. Bruce Coleman, who stood by him sincerely and did all in his power for him.

James Churchill Coon was a native of Saratoga, N. Y., where he was born on the 26th of December, 1842, and died on the anniversary of his birth. His father died when the former was 7 months old, and his mother when he was in his eighth year. The deceased's childhood days were spent with relatives in Connecticut, Michigan and Ohio.

In 1852 he began to learn the printer's trade and after spending three years at it in Michigan he went to Chicago, where at one time he was recognized as one of the quickest printers in the West. In the spring of 1856 he joined a circus as assistant to the treasurer and traveled through nearly all of the Western States. In August of that season he resigned and left the company at Fond du Lac, and became a clerk in a hotel for some months. He then engaged in a printing office for about one year in that place, and in 1861, then yet under age, he established the Eau Claire Herald. This paper he sold in 1863, and then returned to Chicago, where he accepted a position as typesetter on the Chicago Times, and for a long time also acted as assistant foreman, reporter and sporting editor. He was engaged at this business until 1865, when he moved to Waterbury, Conn., and founded a weekly Democratic newspaper, the Nangatuck Valley Messenger. He sold this paper in 1867 and returned to Chicago and resumed work on the Times until 1869, when he left that city and located in Rochester, N. Y., in which city he spent a few months and took charge of the Owego Press, on which he remained until 1871. From there he went to Scranton and was not in that city long before he became connected with the Republican and Times, being the city editor on the latter. In June, 1872, he founded the Sunday Free Press of Scranton, which was a paying venture for a long time. In 1877 he left Scranton, after disposing of his interest to his partners, and in the spring of 1878 he founded the News-Dealer in Wilkes-Barre, then a Sunday newspaper, and in 1879 he sold a fourth interest to S. Bruce Coleman, who was

at that time foreman of the Wilkes-Barre Record composing room. In 1883 a daily edition was added to the Sunday News-Dealer.

In 1887 Mr. Coon sold his interest and then left for the Pacific coast, where he remained some time, and on his return went to Texas and spent the winter in Florida, where he founded a paper called the Life of Florida. Returning to Scranton, he organized the Times Publishing Co. and controlled the business and the paper up to 1891, when he retired for a long needed rest on account of ill health. In August of the same year he secured possession of the Nanticoke News, a daily and weekly paper.

During his whole life Mr. Coons was a diligent student and his writing were familiar to thousands of people. Among his earliest efforts were communications published in Pomeroy's La Crosse Democrat and other noted Western papers.

On the 19th of July, 1897, Mr. Coon was stricken with paralysis while at his work in his office at Nanticoke. His boon companion, S. Bruce Coleman, then took hold of the business and conducted it successfully for a long time. He came to this city and resided with his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Frank Coon, wife of his deceased son, who for over eighteen months gave him every care and attention that could be bestowed upon him.

Last April he was taken to Trenton, Michigan, among relatives, where he remained only two months, then was brought back to this city and went to the Mercy Hospital, where he was treated, his disease having developed into paresis. A few months later he was sent to Danville, where he died on his birthday anniversary.

The deceased leaves a number of relatives in the West, and in this city those who survive him are his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Frank Coon; his grandson, James C., aged 13 years, and his niece, Miss J. B. Watrous, who resides at 38 South Main street.

Nearly a Century Old.

At the age of 91 years, 5 months and 14 days Jeremiah Hess, the oldest resident of Wapwallopen, passed away on Friday of general debility. Deceased was well known and won the esteem of many friends. He is survived by five daughters and five sons—Jacob, Nathan

and Joel, of Pond Hill; Reuben and Uriah, of Wapwallopen; Mrs. Frank Readler, Mrs. Monroe Fritzinger and Mrs. Mary Woodring, of Butler Valley. Mrs. Lewis Andres and Mrs. John Naugle of Pond Hill.

Rev. J. K. Peck Dead.

[Daily Record, Jan. 1, 1900.]

Without a moment's warning the summons of death came last night to Rev. Jonathan K. Peck, the patriarch of Methodism, in the pulpit of the Kingston Methodist Episcopal Church.

Watch night services were being held in the church and a large congregation was present. After the services by the Epworth League Rev. Mr. Peck shortly after 10 o'clock arose to talk upon the subject of early Methodism. There was nothing about his voice or manner that indicated illness and he proceeded with his address in a sincere and earnest manner. The audience was deeply interested as he went on to speak of the old days of that Christian branch in this section, of the trials and difficulties that beset the itinerant clergyman and of the gradual growth of the faith as the communities became larger.

Rev. Mr. Peck was just concluding his address in a peroration beautiful in its eloquence. He stood straight and erect in the pulpit and in a voice distinct and clear he spoke finally of the good old men of the methodist pulpit who had gone before. The last one he mentioned was his own father, Rev. Luther Peck, one of the prominent figures of early Methodism. Just as he had about finished voicing a son's tribute to his venerable deceased father and had about concluded his address he leaned over in the pulpit and ceased speaking.

The congregation saw that something was wrong and Rev. Dr. Sprague, Rev. Dr. Hard and the pastor, Rev. Mr. Murdock, who were on the pulpit platform during the services, went unto his side and saw that he was unconscious. They carried him to the basement of the church and a physician was summoned, but he had evidently died before being taken from the pulpit.

The news was soon communicated to the congregation in waiting and the pall of sorrow caused tears to come from every eye. It was then just about 11 o'clock. The last hour of the old year was indeed a sad one for those who were there to usher in the new year with prayer and praise. Later the re-

mains were removed to his home on Wyoming avenue.

The news of his death will cause universal regret not only in Kingston, where he was so well known, but all over the valley and Wyoming Conference. He was one of the most prominent clergymen of the Methodist denomination and in his time occupied the pulpit of many churches.

A coincidence is the fact that the deceased was just 75 years old yesterday, the date of his death. Another coincidence is the fact that death should come at the end of the year about which he wrote so much recently, especially for the columns of the Record. He contended, as Record readers will remember, that yesterday ended the nineteenth century and wrote a number of communications on the subject, defending his position. Just an hour before the birth of the new century, as he figured, he was called from the scenes of earth.

Rev. Jonathan Peck came, like so many people of prominence in this section, from New England ancestry. As he himself says, he was born on a blustering December night, December 31, 1824, among the snowy hills of Chenango County, N. Y. His father was Rev. Luther Hoyt Peck, who was born in Connecticut, and his mother was Mary Kinyon, a native of Rhode Island. The elder Peck lived on a farm and also did mechanical work and the youth was brought up to both of these occupations.

When 17 years of age the deceased came to Pennsylvania and to Wyoming Valley, footsore and without money, for he had left home to seek his own way in the world, having as his only stock in trade a common school education. He found a home with relatives and friends in this valley and worked hard, saving all the money he could. One day he went to hear Stephen Olin preach in the old church on Public Square, near where the court house now stands. His text was "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God," etc. The sermon had pathos and power in it and young Peck was moved. He was working at mending wagons in Forty Fort at the time and he was then 20 years old, with little money, but lots of ambition. However, he succeeded in entering Wyoming Seminary, which was then in charge of the beloved principal, Nelson, and was determined to do something. After two years of study he took his diploma

among the four year students. Then he taught a select school in the State of Maryland for one year, came to Wilkes-Barre to visit and the same year, 1853, he became a member of Wyoming conference. The Maryland ministers and school officers were loath to part with him, but he decided to remain here and for over thirty years he preached in regular charges, including four years as presiding elder of the Honesdale district.

When Rev. Mr. Peck joined Wyoming conference the highest salary paid was in Wilkes-Barre, \$500 a year, and that required the help from Plainsville. The missionary collections in the whole conference were only \$1,800. Wilkes-Barre paid \$160 and of this sum Kingston paid \$86. The highest claim then paid a superannuated preacher was \$56.15.

In 1861 Rev. Mr. Peck was treasurer of the conference missionary society and also statistical secretary for the conference. He was called upon the same year to preach the missionary sermon for the conference and made so deep an impression with it that he was called upon to repeat it several times during the course of the year. The war was just beginning and the patriotic spirit it breathed made it one of the notable papers of the day.

The conference of sixteen years ago at Blinghamton was to Rev. Mr. Peck a sad one. He was quite ill and his appearance attracted general attention. He himself says: "Dr. Andrews's treatment and the glorious brotherhood of Methodist preachers saved my life and I lived to thank God." His book "The Seven Wonders of the New World" was then about half written. He recovered slowly but completely, completed his book and it was put upon the market and the Epworth League adopted it in its regular course of reading.

The charges occupied by deceased in various pulpits were as follows: 1853, Newport; 1854, Springville; 1855, Spencer and teacher in Susquehanna Seminary; 1856, Plainsville; 1857-58, Candor; 1859-60, Montrose; 1861-62, Brooklyn, Pa.; 1863-64, Bethany; 1865-68, presiding elder, Honesdale district; 1869-71, Newark; 1872-73, Flemingville; 1874-75, Tunkhannock; 1876-77, Oxford; 1878-79, Nichols; 1880-82, Tioga; 1883-84, superannuated; 1885, Middlefield, 1886-88, Hanover and Sugar Notch; 1889, Askam; 1890, Plainsville; 1891, Rendham; 1892, gave up the pulpit and has since lived a retired life.

During the years 1883 and 1884, when, as noted, he temporarily retired from the pulpit, Rev. Mr. Peck was librarian for the assembly of the State of New York. He was once a candidate for the legislature in Pennsylvania from Wayne and Pike counties, but was not elected.

Deceased was married in April, 1857, to Mary Searle of Plains, who came from an old and estimable family and their married life was one of exceeding happiness. He is survived by four children—Mrs. J. Wood Piatt, of Tunkhannock; Mrs. Charles C. Hard, of Cincinnati, Ohio; Jesse Peck of West Pittston, and Miss Mary Peck, who kept house for her father.

Deceased was quite as much noted as an author as a preacher. He loved literary research and his works all bear the stamp of thoroughness and profound thought. His book, "The Seven Wonders of the New World," attained an unusual degree of popularity and had an extensive sale both in this country and in Europe.

In 1897 was published his work "Luther Peck and His Five Sons," of whom the author's father, Luther H. Peck, was one. It is a narrative of this famous family of preachers and their connection with the Methodist Church is interestingly told. In the story of the elder Peck, the father, the godly Connecticut farmer and blacksmith, who gave his five sons to the ministry, is woven a charming description of the domestic scenes of a century ago and of the development of the Methodist Church. It is told by the author in a manner that makes his book decidedly interesting. Mr. Peck preached in the pulpits where his several uncles and his father proclaimed the gospel. The deceased wrote a number of other pamphlets and papers that attracted attention. One of them is a paper on the subject "Is America Working Out Her Destiny?" and another "A Great Campmeeting." He was called a preacher of "original sermons" and as a pulpit orator he became noted throughout Wyoming conference. What he wanted to say he said freely and openly and his pulpit efforts always created a deep impression. His historical papers are vivid and reliable and are written in a comprehensive and entertaining manner. In politics he was an active Republican. Since his retirement from the pulpit he had lived in retirement at his home in Kingston, devoting much of

his time to reading and literary work. Often he read papers before the local ministerial bodies and sometimes occupied the pulpits of local churches. He was happy in his retirement and enjoyed the sincere friendship of all who knew him, dying firm in the Christian faith.

Deceased's father, Rev. Luther H. Peck, was born in Connecticut while Washington was President—Nov. 3, 1793. He was four years old when John Adams became President. He married Mary Kenyon, a Rhode Island girl whose parents were Quakers. He was a farmer and blacksmith, was strong in mind and body and was a veritable giant in physique. He exhorted in a number of pulpits and soon became a preacher, developing into an earnest exhorter and an excellent singer. He was ordained deacon July 15, 1832, and elder Sept. 3, 1837, and both parchments were signed by Bishop Hedding. He was, therefore, an elder for forty-four years before he died. Three grandsons of the elder Peck laid down their lives in the volunteer army during the Rebellion and three more went into the ministry, together with his five sons. At the age of 87 years he died.

Death of Dr. Kesler.

[Daily Record, Oct. 11, 1899.]

Dr. James W. Kesler, a native of Wilkes-Barre, died yesterday in Honesdale, where he had lived for many years. Dr. Kesler was the oldest son of the late Andrew and Louisa C. Kesler of Wilkes-Barre, both of whom were pillars in the M. E. Church. Of a family of eleven children only one is now living, Mrs. Russel S. Brown of Wilkes-Barre.

Dr. Kesler was born at the corner of Union and Main streets, where his father built the Kesler block. His parents were married in 1841 and spent their entire life here. His father was a leading merchant of his day. The widowed mother died in 1894 of a paralytic stroke, the same malady that has now carried off the son. He was stricken in the morning and did not survive through the day. He leaves a widow and one child—Mrs. Blanche Kesler Grambs of Seattle, whose splendid vocal work has delighted the people of Wilkes-Barre.

Dr. Kesler was a prominent member of the Grand Army of the Republic, he

having served with distinction in the United States navy during the Civil War. He was clerk to the present Admiral Dewey while the latter was the executive officer of the United States sloop-of-war Mississippi of the Gulf Squadron under Admiral Farragut when that vessel was lost off Port Hudson, La., March 14, 1863.

During the recent Grand Army gathering in Philadelphia the Philadelphia Press published a portrait and the above interesting fact in his life. Dr. Kesler was fond of literary work and a few years ago he contributed to one of the magazines an account of the loss of the Mississippi. It was reprinted in the Record at the time. He was a frequent contributor to the newspapers and his letters have graced the Record on many occasions.

Some years ago he was appointed United States consul to Ghent and discharged the duties of the place for a few months, but consular life did not suit his fancy and he resigned.

He was a dentist and practiced many years in Honesdale.

Dr. Kesler came from pioneer stock of Wyoming Valley. His great-grandfather, Capt. Jeremiah Blanchard (for whom Port Blanchard is named), was in command of the fort at Pittston during the battle of Wyoming. This was one of the few refuges where the women and children could seek safety during the bloody 3d of July.

Dr. Kesler was also a great-grandson of Thomas Williams, who emigrated from Connecticut in the early history of Wyoming Valley. His family played an important part in the pioneer settlements of New England, and from them came Williams College. The Williams family were the original owners of the greater part of the land known as Plains, between Wilkes-Barre and Pittston.

Historical Society Portraits.

The Historical Society has added two portraits to its gallery of deceased presidents, an oil painting of Calvin Parsons and a crayon of Gen. E. L. Dana. Other portraits are promised. Rev. Mr. Hayden has made radical changes in the arrangement of the library and has considerably enlarged the shelf room. The collection is constantly growing in interest.

DEATH OF GEN. E. S. OSBORNE.

Was Prominent in Military and Political Life for Many Years and Resided in Wilkes-Barre up to Within a Few Years Ago—
Had Been Gradually Declining.

[Daily Record, Jan. 2, 1900.]

A telegram to the Record from Washington brings the intelligence that Gen. Edwin S. Osborne died in that city yesterday. He will be buried on Thursday in the National Cemetery at Washington, where rests the dust of his dead son, a brave young officer who gave up his life in August, 1898, in the war with Spain.

Gen. Osborne was born in Bethany, Wayne County, Pa., Aug. 7, 1839, and was consequently 60 years old. He was educated at the University of Northern Pennsylvania at Bethany and at the National Law School at Poughkeepsie, graduating in 1860 with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. The same year, at the age of 21 years, he was admitted to the Luzerne bar. In the meantime he had read law in the office of Hon. Charles Denison in this city. Shortly afterwards, on the breaking out of the Civil War, he was one of the first to volunteer, enlisting as a private in the Eighth Pennsylvania Infantry, and despite his youth and lack of previous military education he rose rapidly to a place of distinction. Among his comrades were E. H. Chase, J. B. Conyngham and Hon. D. L. Rhone. Owing to his energy and faithfulness he was the next year commissioned by Governor Curtin to recruit a company, which was mustered in with himself as captain, the company being part of the 149th Pennsylvania. The regiment formed part of the First Corps of the Army of the Potomac and participated in all the engagements of the corps till after the battle of Gettysburg, when it was consolidated into the Fifth Corps. In the meantime Capt. Osborne had become major of his regiment and assistant inspector general of the Third Division. During the war he was wounded three times and was successively brevetted lieutenant-colonel and brigadier-general for gallant conduct in the face of the enemy.

After the surrender of Lee he was appointed judge-advocate under Gen. Holt on account of his recognized legal

ability. He was sent South to investigate the charges of cruelty to Federal prisoners of war and he was the principal in drawing up and prosecuting the charge of murder against the fiend, Capt. Wirz, whose name is so inseparably connected with the inhuman treatment of Union soldiers in the Andersonville prison pen. At the successful termination of this trial—Wirz having been convicted and hanged—he resigned his military honors and returning to Wilkes-Barre, resumed the practice of law.

When the National Guard was organized in 1871, Gen. Osborne was appointed major general of the Third Division, which covered Northeastern Pennsylvania. He held this position from 1871 to 1881. In those troubled days a miner named Kearns was accused of the murder of two men at Hyde Park during the strike troubles. He was brought to trial and the case became famous through Mr. Osborne's able and successful defence of the prisoner.

As commander of the two regiments of the National Guard and of the battery of artillery sent into the striking region at Susquehanna, Pa., on the occasion of the railroad disturbance along the Erie in 1874, Gen. Osborne displayed such firmness and good judgment that all collisions were avoided and all property fully protected.

Gen. Osborne, who was a fluent speaker, was chosen commander of the Department of Pennsylvania, Grand Army of the Republic, in 1883. He was re-elected congressman-at-large to the Forty-ninth Congress in 1886. His popularity is shown by the fact that his vote was the largest ever cast for any candidate in Pennsylvania and exceeded Blaine's by 2,536. The vote cast was as follows:

Osborne, Republican, 476,240.

W. H. H. Davis, Democrat, 401,042.

Atwood, Greenback, 9,684.

Black, Prohibition, 10,471.

In 1888 he was elected congressman for the Luzerne district over present Judge John Lynch by some 1,500 votes. Two years later he declined a re-nomination and at the expiration of his term he withdrew from public life and resumed the practice of his profession, which he followed until failing health compelled him to retire. For the last few years he has resided in Washington, D. C., where his health has slowly, but progressively, failed.

Gen. Osborne was married to Ruth Ann Ball in 1865 and she survives him. They had six children. Of these John Ball Osborne is a resident of Washington, he holding a position in the Department of State. He was consul to Ghent under President Harrison. The second son, William Headley Osborne, a lieutenant in the 1st United States Cavalry, lost his life in the war with Spain. The other sons are Dr. Russell Osborne and Clay Osborne. The latter saw service in the United States Cavalry in the war with Spain. There are two daughters, Jennie, who married Howard Middleton of Philadelphia, and Fanny.

WELL KNOWN LADY'S DEATH.

Mrs. Jane H. Shoemaker Passes Away
at Her Home in Wilkes-Barre.

[Daily Record, Jan. 15, 1900.]

At her home, 76 West Union street, on Saturday evening at 7:15 o'clock, occurred the death of one of Wilkes-Barre's best known ladies—Mrs. Jane H. Shoemaker.

Deceased was born May 7, 1820, and was 79 years of age. She was a daughter of Benjamin Harrower, who at the time of her birth lived in Steuben County, New York. Her ancestors were pioneers of New York State and were quite prominent in that section. She came to Wilkes-Barre in 1840 and attended school and in 1842 was married to Elijah Shoemaker, who was a grandson of Col. Elijah Shoemaker, who was killed during the Wyoming massacre. He took refuge in the river and was induced to come to dry land by a Tory, who he supposed to be friendly. As soon as he reached the Tory's side the latter suddenly tomahawked him. The body was thrown back into the river and floated as far as Forty Fort. His name appears upon the monument.

The husband of deceased died in 1862. Three children were born to them, but they have all passed away. Martha died at the age of 12 years, E. McD. Shoemaker died in 1891 and Susan died some years ago.

The family originally lived at the old homestead in Forty Fort and Mrs. Shoemaker has been living in Wilkes-Barre since 1875. Up to the time of her death she was a member of the Presbyterian Church. She was a woman

of many estimable traits of character and had many friends, attracted to her by the graces of mind and manner, which fitted her for any station in life.

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

Pittston Episcopalians Celebrating the
Founding of St. James Church.

[Daily Record, Jan. 15, 1900.]

The congregation of St. James Episcopal Church in Pittston is this week entering upon its second half century, and special services are being held.

The first movement towards the establishment of an Episcopal Church at Pittston was made in the summer of 1849. Some time in the previous year two or three students from the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Richmond, Va., passed their vacation in this neighborhood, and by appointment of Bishop Alonzo Potter, engaged in the work of bible distribution. These young men found in their visitations several families of church people whose names were reported to the rector of St. Stephen's Church, Wilkes-Barre. A full visitation was made in the spring of 1849, and soon after this a sick child, whose mother had long been a communicant of the church, called for baptism. The first public service of the church was held on the seventeenth of June, 1849, in the Welsh Church on Pine street. The second scervice was held on the twelfth of August, when the parish was organized under the name of St. James Church, Pittston.

The following have been the clergy of the parish: Revs. George D. Miles, W. C. Robinson, John Long, John A. Jerome, Chanler Hare, S. H. Boyer, John K. Karchner, George C. Foley, George H. Kirkland, Jacob Miller, George D. Stroud, George Rogers, Elijah Roke, John W. Burras, Rev. J. M. Johnston.

Issued During War Time.

Adam Fischer of Northampton street has in his possession a bank note issued by the Borough of Wilkes-Barre Nov. 1, 1862, signed by C. F. Bowman as mayor. The engraving work is exceptionally fine. On the right hand side of the note is the picture of a deer, and on the left a view of the river, with the old bridge in the distance. It is the same size as the old 25 cent national scrip.

DEATH OF CALVIN PARSONS.

He Passes Away at the Ripe Age of
84—Sketch of His Long and
Busy Life.

[Daily Record, Jan. 2, 1900.]

After an illness of about five weeks, Calvin Parsons passed out of life just before the first sunrise of the year 1900 was gilding the eastern mountain tops. He died at his home in Parsons, in his



eighty-fifth year. It is a coincidence that his wife also died on New Year's Day, four years previous. All his four children were present when the spirit winged its flight. He is survived by fourteen grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Mr. Parsons was of most genial and even mannered temper and if he was ever angry the occasions must have been few. He was a patriotic and public spirited citizen and always had a pleasant word for those whom he met. He was one of nature's noblemen and the soul of honor. In his death the community sustains a heavy loss.

Calvin Parsons was born April 2, 1815, at the homestead in old Laurel Run, now Parsons Borough, where he passed his entire life. He received his schooling at Laurel Run and Wilkes-Barre. His first teacher was Sylvanus Deith, in the log school house in the woods near his home. The other teachers dur-

ing the next few years were Sallie Tyson of Wilkes-Barre; Ruth Ellsworth (afterwards Mrs. Dr. Boyd), Wilkes-Barre; Joel Rogers, Wilkes-Barre, and Mr. Utly, Plains. At the age of 13 he was attending a little frame school house built by his father and Judge David Scott, Mr. Hollenback, Jehoiada P. Johnson and others. Mr. Hollenback furnished the logs for the building and Hezekiah Parsons sawed them into lumber. He then spent three years at the old Wilkes-Barre Academy under the tutorship of Israel Dickinson. Out of thirty-six boys attending the academy at that time only two others survive—Lawrence Myers and Samuel McCarragher. Among his associates, now passed away, were Welding F. and Norman Dennis, Charles, George and Henry Denison, John Horton, Henry Yost, Henry Frisby, York Smith, John Robinson, Thomas Drake.

Having reached manhood, he became associated with his father in the latter's milling enterprises, and ultimately, at the age of 25, succeeded to their control, he managing them with signal success. He was often called Captain Parsons, from the fact that, when 20 years old, he was commissioned captain of the Wilkes-Barre and Pittston Blues by Governor Ritner.

At the age of 22 he was united in marriage at Enfield, Conn.—the family home for several generations—to Ann, daughter of Oliver and Vena Parsons.

Mr. Parsons's friends have heard him tell of his courtship, which had a tinge of romance about it. Ann had accompanied her parents on a visit from Connecticut to Wyoming Valley and remained here to accept the offer of a school. Calvin, who had never before seen her, was so charmed with the young teacher, then a girl of about 22, that though they were first cousins he wooed and won her. Their married life was of the most delightful type and their home was ever the abode of peace and mutual affection between all its members. In those youthful days just preceding their marriage, Mr. Parsons thought it no formidable task to make trips by carriage or horseback between Connecticut and Wyoming Valley, the journey occupying a week.

They set up their household at what was then called Laurel Run, now the borough of Parsons and there their entire married life was spent. The early years were marked by an almost pioneer experience, Laurel Run being a mere hamlet. But their mutual dili-

gence and thrift brought them prosperity and their home was always noted for its comfortable appointments and the charming hospitality of its occupants. In earlier days when it was customary to entertain the traveling clergymen, of whatever denomination, no home ever opened its doors with a greater cordiality of welcome than did the Parsons home.

Five children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, four of whom survive, Oliver A. and Mrs. Louise A., wife of Clarence Porter Kidder of Wilkes-Barre; Mrs. Almeda A., widow of the late E. C. Cole of Ashley, and Mrs. Anna, wife of George W. Fish of Waverly, N. Y. One son, Hezekiah, died eight years ago.

The tranquil married life continued nigh sixty years and there were many delightful reunions in which Mr. and Mrs. Parsons welcomed at the old homestead their children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren. At one gathering they had a rare case of unbroken family lines, in which the child of C. P. Kidder, Jr., was present with both parents, both grandparents and both great-grandparents, the latter being Mr. and Mrs. Parsons. Such an instance, though rare, was duplicated in the family of their friend, Judge William S. Wells.

They celebrated their golden wedding most joyously in 1387 and the tie which had bound them so long together was not broken until nine years later. On New Year Day, 1896, Mrs. Parsons passed to her reward at the age of 82 years. She was the seventh in descent from Benjamin Parsons, who came from Oxfordshire, England, in 1637. Benjamin was a great uncle to Thomas Parsons, lord mayor of London, who was a man of prominence. Benjamin landed at Roxborough, Mass., only twenty years after the arrival of the Pilgrims. Going to Springfield, Mass., he assisted in forming the first Congregational Church, the 250th anniversary of which was celebrated a few years ago.

While speaking of his golden wedding it is worthy of note that he outlived all the following guests, most of whom were much younger men:

N. Rutter, A. T. McClintock, Wesley Johnson, Judge Dana, R. J. Flick, H. Baker Hillman, William P. Miner, Dr. J. L. Miner, Dr. J. A. Murphy and W. S. Parsons. Mrs. Parsons was gratified to have present her brother John of Iowa, who had attended the wed-

ding fifty years before. Of the seventy-two guests at the wedding only seven were living on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary.

In addition to the property which he accumulated by industry and frugality he inherited from his father several hundred acres of land which became of great value on account of the underlying coal measures. Mr. Parsons was not a wealthy man, but he was well-to-do and he used his money liberally. He was devoted to his children and after they became grown up he gave them generous portions of the estate that they might enjoy it while they and he lived. He also gave liberally to schools and churches and other benevolences.

Mr. Parsons was a life-long member of the First Presbyterian Church of Wilkes-Barre and for many years one of its ruling elders. He was in his early life a famous singer hereabouts and for the thirty years prior to 1864 he was the leader of the choir of the First Presbyterian Church, coming to Wilkes-Barre to fulfill this task in all kinds of weather. He also taught singing school at various times in the valley.

He was a total abstainer from the use of alcoholic beverages from early manhood. He was prominent in the Sons of Temperance and the Good Templars. For many years he has been accustomed to attend the meetings of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of Pennsylvania and it is only a few weeks ago that he attended the annual meeting in Philadelphia. It was to his regular habits of life that he attributed his splendid health. He applied to George A. Wells for life insurance at the age of 70 and notwithstanding his years Dr. Harvey's examination showed him to be in excellent physical condition and accepted him.

He was one of the organizers of the Wilkes-Barre Water Co. and the People's Bank and a director in both. He took great interest in historical matters and was for several years president of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society. He was one of the projectors of the Wyoming centennial celebration and succeeded the venerable Charles Dorrance as president of the association. He never missed a meeting, public or routine, and his fund of historical information was most extensive.

When Lee invaded Pennsylvania Mr. Parsons, then past the age for military

service, assisted in organizing a company of home guards on the Plains, made up of men of similar age and he was chosen first lieutenant. In politics he was a Republican.

MR. PARSONS'S ANCESTRY.

The Parsons family have lived in Enfield, Conn., for generations. Benjamin Parsons was officially appointed to set off the town of Enfield from the province of Massachusetts and attach it to the province of Connecticut. Benjamin was the common ancestor of Calvin Parsons and the late Winfield S. Parsons. The generations are as follows:

- I, Benjamin; II, Benjamin.
- III, Christopher.
- IV, Thomas.
- V, John.
- VI, John.
- VII, Hezekiah.
- VIII, Calvin, subject of this sketch.

Mr. Parsons's mother was born during the fearful flight of fugitives from Wyoming after the battle and massacre of 1778. Her mother, Susanna, daughter of Anderson Dana, had married Stephen Whiton, a young school master from Windham County, Conn. Mr. Dana was an assemblyman in Hartford, Conn., as representative from Wyoming. Hearing of the peril which threatened Wyoming, he hastened thither to assist in the work of defense. Though not himself a soldier, he participated in the flight as adjutant and aid to Col. Zebulon Butler. Mr. Dana and his son-in-law, Whiton, both perished in the battle. The widowed Mrs. Whiton and her widowed mother, Mrs. Anderson Dana, fled on foot across the wilderness to Connecticut. The privations of these stricken women, children and old men as they made their weary way through the almost pathless forest can never be realized by us of this generation. Soon after her arrival in Connecticut Susanna Whiton gave birth to Eunice, mother of the subject of this sketch. There were seventeen in the party and they were nearly two months on the march. Two of the women gave birth to children during the flight.

HIS FATHER.

Hezekiah, father of Calvin, was born at Enfield, Hartford County, Conn., on March 25, 1777. In 1811 he visited Wyoming Valley, where his wife's father

and grandfather had fallen in the battle of July 3, 1778, and in 1813 he located here. Desiring to establish a fulling mill he located at old Laurel Run, on account of the water power, Daniel Downing having built a saw mill there in 1800. He bought two acres of Downing, and at once built a dam and fulling mill. In this enterprise Jehoiada P. Johnson was associated with him. All the machinery had to be hauled by wagon from Connecticut. This was done by Asa Dana, father of the late Judge E. L. Dana, the round trip occupying nineteen days.

The output of woolen goods was extensive, the wool coming chiefly from Susquehanna County. A toll business was also done for such customers as brought their wool to be carded for their own use. There was a ready local market for all the goods that could be made. "Home made" was in great demand—chiefly colored flannel. Both sexes were employed in the mill and those were busy times at old Laurel Run.

The mill was kept up until 1851, but by this time the growing of wool had practically been abandoned hereabouts and the mill was shut down. The machinery was sold to John P. Rice, who removed it to Trucksville and built a fulling mill there. The old mill at Parsons was turned into a keg factory, Calvin and Priestly R. Johnson being associated in the enterprise. A little later he leased the keg factory and the water power to P. R. Johnson, Gould P. Parrish and George Knapp, who operated it on a ten-year lease. Mr. Johnson, in addition to superintending the keg factory for his partners, operated the saw mill, doing custom work and making staves for the keg factory. The kegs were used by the powder mill at Wapwallopen, operated by Parrish & Knapp.

Hezekiah Parsons died in 1845 at the age of 68. Previous to this time his fulling mill and saw mill had been operated by his son Calvin, 1836 to 1842, and later under lease by John Monega, a Mr. Hatfield and Samuel Montanye. In addition to his fulling mill and saw mill Hezekiah was also engaged in farming.

Hezekiah was a guard at old Newgate prison, Simsbury, Conn., in 1799, and the family possess a copper plate bearing the former's name, engraved by the prisoner. Newgate was the State prison and occupied the old copper mines.

Ezekiah was the father of four children: Stephen died in infancy in 1801; Parma was born in 1803 and was married to Benajah P. Bailey by Rev. Joel Rogers in 1821; Loisa Amelia, born in 1811, married Hiram McAlpine; Calvin born in 1815.

F. C. J.

Lived to a Great Old Age.

[Daily Record, Jan. 19, 1900.]

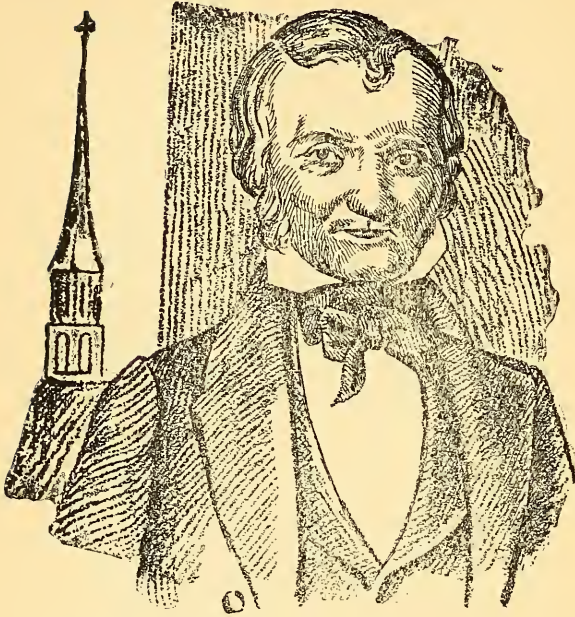
Mrs. Sarah Doron Terry, a great aunt of W. E. Doron of North Washington street, a step-aunt of the Misses Doran of West Market street, who died in Philadelphia on Tuesday, lived to the remarkable age of 108 years.

Mrs. Terry was born in Pemberton, N. J., in 1792, and was the daughter of an Irish father, Stacey Doron, and an English mother. When Sarah was 3 years old her mother died, and Joseph and Mary Campion, who owned a neighboring dairy farm, took the little girl for adoption, and she remained with this family until she became a woman, and then went to Philadelphia, securing employment as housekeeper with the wife of the Danish minister to this country. When the Pedersens went to Europe Sarah accompanied them as Mrs. Pedersen's companion. For two years they resided in Copenhagen, and the little daughter of Ferdinand VI called her "the pretty little American girl." She visited Norway, Sweden, France and England, and returned to Philadelphia, where, except during 1844, which she spent in Mobile, Ala., she had since resided.

Her father fought in the Revolutionary War, and was with Washington at Monmouth and Trenton, and her uncle at one time owned the most of Redstone, now Johnstown, Pa. She had seven sisters and five brothers, all of whom are dead, the last surviving brother having been buried on the day following the assassination of President Lincoln. On one occasion she helped her adopted mother to cook a meal for Gen. Washington.

At the age of 60 years Sarah Doron married David Terry, and he was a veteran of the war of 1812. He died about thirty-five years ago. She was a member of Quaker City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and members of that chapter remember her presence at the October meeting last year. Recently she enjoyed rides in an automobile, and it was only during the last month that her advanced age and her weakened system necessitated her remaining at home.

**WILKES-BARRE SIXTY YEARS
AGO--THEN AND NOW.**



*John Michael Kingle
High Constable*

"OLD MICHAEL"

From a water color portrait in the possession of the Historical Society.

Following is the opening instalment of a series of recollections of Wilkes-Barre, furnished the Record by one of our oldest residents. C. E. Butler. This opening chapter gives a promise of many interesting reminiscences and they will be pleasantly awaited by many—both young and old.

"Weep not that the world changes—
did it keep a stable, changeless course
'twere cause to weep."

THEN Wilkes-Barre was at Mrs. Ann S. Stephens puts it in the initial chapter of "Mary Derwent," "a gem among villages, set in a haven of loveliness."

THEN "old Michael" (John Michael Kienzle) was one, if not the most prominent character in the village. Michael was monarch of all he surveyed. To the majority of the present day he was a traditional hero, to the minority very much of a self-existing entity. In his personality were vested rights—such as no one before or since has been empowered with.

"Old Michael" was a small active and a very irascible man, a terror to all evil doers, it mattered little whether it was the full grown transgressor or the "small boy," his vigilance was eternal and his presence ubiquitous.

Michael, though a terror to the "small boy," was in reality his best friend, for on Saturday afternoon (the only holiday given them at that time) a company of "soldiers," commanded by E. G. Mallery, son of the late Judge Mallery, with their wooden guns, were wont to parade in front of Michael's house on the river bank. When he, truly appreciating the honor conferred upon him, would bring out his little canvas bag filled with pennies and donate to each private soldier one penny, while the officer received two pennies, displaying so much good nature and extreme gratification in doing it that the small boys for the time forgot that their friend and benefactor was the same grim ogre who so frequently during the week time chased them with his sword cane to their hiding place. Immediately upon receipt of this—to them—very liberal donation, the command to "stack arms" was given and two of the most trustworthy of the "soldiers" were dispatched to Sam Wright's cake shop on the Public Square and the whole amount was at once invested in Sam's pop beer and "ginger hearts;" for who ever tasted such beer or such cakes; while with anxious expectation the balance of the "soldiers" awaited their return, when, without any further orders from the commanding officer, the company adjourned to the old vacant building adjoining the "Morgan tavern," where a feast was enjoyed, such a feast as was never in after years experienced by any of them.

"Could those days but come again
with their thorns and flowers."

And the recipients of the bounty were not more delighted than was Michael,

the donor, who from his slender means had made his little friends happy for one day at least out of the seven.

He was born in Geneva, Switzerland, and came to Wyoming Valley with John P. Arndt somewhere about 1800 or 1801. Mr. Arndt then kept the leading hotel or "stage house" on River street, where now stands the house of the late E. P. Darling. Michael was for a long time his "major domo," and upon the death of Mr. Arndt he became sexton of both the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches and made his bachelor home in the old Arndt storehouse on the river bank, where for many years he lived the life of a recluse.

Michael's esthetic taste was, for one in his condition of life, truly wonderful. His garden, located just below the old Arndt or Morgan tavern, was the envy of all the female portion of the community, being filled with plants and flowers of the most beautiful and rare species; but woe betide any who trespassed upon that sacred domain to gather any of the many beautiful flowers that to a certain extent "wasted their sweetness on the desert air." A few particular friends were sometimes surprised by him with a bouquet that far surpassed anything they could produce or any that could be found in the valley.

He was a very well educated man—a fine Hebrew scholar—and for many years the only one in the village. Having charge of the old burying ground on East Market street it was his custom to mark all the graves in Hebrew and until the advent of Rev. W. J. Clark of the Episcopal Church in 1836, who much to Michael's satisfaction was the only one who could interpret the writing:

Michael was a perfect type of the "sui generis," being a personality by himself. Here on the bank of the river he lived for a long time, and died there in 1847, and so great was the esteem in which he was held that when his funeral procession passed through the streets, the doors of all the business houses were by common consent closed for the day and the town presented a picture of sincere mourning. Michael being high constable of the borough, as well as sexton of the two leading churches, imagined himself vested with autocratic power and took it upon himself to regulate all the affairs of the community, both civil and religious, and as "high constable of the borough"

maintained better order than most municipalities do at the present day.

Michael was an autocrat—as much so as the “Czar of all the Russias”—and from his decision there was no appeal. Upon the arrest of a criminal he was wont to say: “I makes you before squire Dyer and den I doos you in de pound.” No writ of error, nor certiorari, ever availed against that decision. Squire Dyer, with his great legal acumen, and Michael with his wonderful executive ability, were supreme—it was indeed the “court of last resort,” and no court or judicial body had any power to review the decision or grant “reversal of attainder,” for like the laws of the Medes and Persians, “it altered not.”

He might have been seen at almost any period of the day and sometime far into the night with his “sword cane” under his arm patrolling the streets, or on his way to ring the curfew bell in the “Old Ship Zion” at 9 o’clock at night, and if, as sometimes happened, the mischievous boys would steal the rope from the bell, he would conscientiously go to the few business places of the village and tell them “it was time to close their stores.”

In winter time, after a deep snow had fallen, with his “snow plough” (made by himself) and a borrowed horse, generally John W. Robinson’s old sorrel “Bill,” he drove around the town cleaning the sidewalks in a most efficient way, and for all this he did not receive a penny.

Such was “Old Michael”—a public benefactor, a good citizen, an honest man, an educated man. “We ne’er shall see his like again.”

“In public life severe
To virtue still irrevocably firm,
But when beneath his low illustrious
roof
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth-
ed his brow,
Not friendship softer was, nor love
more kind.”

NOW, the guardians of the peace are numbered by the score, clad in handsome blue uniforms with bright gilt buttons, armed with a locust club and perhaps a “gun in their pockets,” they may be seen at almost any time (except when really wanted) patrolling their lonely beats wondering how “Old Michael” single-handed and alone with naught but his sword cane and his indomitable pluck ever kept the town in order for so many years.

Kronos.

Chapter II.

THEN

A four-horse stage, driven by George Root or "Dave" Seaman, once a day, carried all the passengers to New York and Philadelphia; leaving Wilkes-Barre at 4 a. m. and arriving at Easton at 8 p. m. and the following day landing them in Philadelphia or New York.

NOW

A dozen or more railway trains with from two to six cars each convey their passengers to the same destinations in about five or six hours.

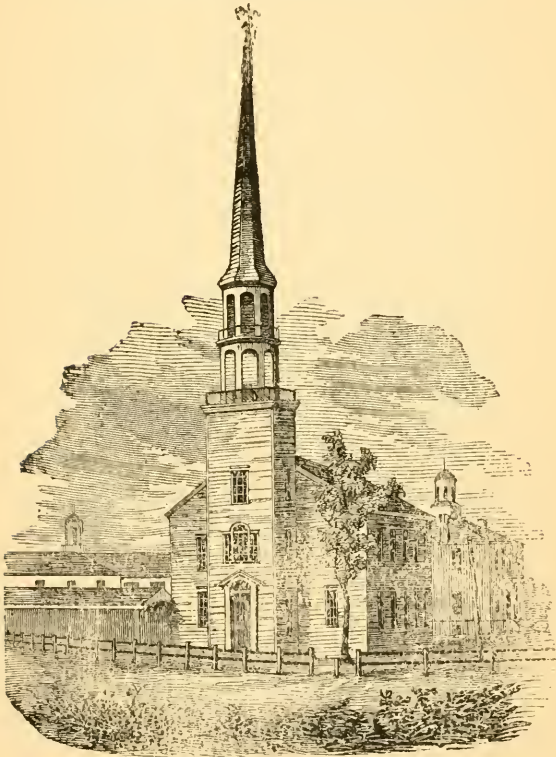
THEN

The "old academy" was located on the Public Square, about where the north corner of the court house now stands. It was a primitive structure of no established style of architecture. It was used as a court house until the erection of a new court house in 1804, when it was converted into an academy, and was the first institution of learning in Luzerne County. It was divided into two apartments, the "upper" and the "lower" schools. The former was devoted to the more advanced pupils, where the higher branches of Greek, Latin, etc., were taught; the "lower" school where the younger pupils were made proficient in the elementary branches of a common English education. The "upper" school was in those days presided over by such men as Orton, Dickinson, Siewers and Dana. The "lower" school was under the direction of Chamberlain, Hart, St. John and Dow. The one who most gained the affection of the pupils was J. H. Siewers, who came here from the Moravian school at Nazareth, Pa., where brutality was not the governing power. Mr. Siewers was a highly cultured man, and a gentleman, who by his uniform kindness and his humane treatment won the confidence and respect of all his pupils. He afterwards was a very successful member of the Carbon County bar, and died there some years ago.

It was customary in those days for the older of the scholars to hand down their text books to their younger brothers and sisters, even to the "third and fourth generation," thus avoiding the consequent expense of purchasing new books for the family, and yet this institution, with all its primitive acquirements and the modest and unpretentious environments, produced such men as Ovid F. Johnson, Col. H. B. Wright, B. A. Bidlack, Luther Kidder,

Samuel P. Collings, George W. Woodward, Dr. Samuel D. Gross, Samuel Bowman, D. D., George Catlin, Col. A. H. Bowman and Admiral J. C. Beaumont, all of whom were at one time pupils at this academy.

A reminiscence of Mr. Collings is of timely interest just now. A few days before he sailed on his mission to Mo-



"OLD SHIP ZION"

This cut was made for Stewart Pearce's Annals of Luzerne County and is loaned the Record by the Wyoming Historical Society. The old Academy is seen in the background.

rocco, with which the President had entrusted him, he remarked to an intimate friend: "I may not live to return to America; disease has made fearful inroads upon my constitution. I feel as though my race was nearly run, but

you may live long enough to see the flag of America protecting the whole of the Southern Continent and the adjacent islands. It is our destiny."

New and modern school houses, elegant and capacious in their structure—school houses that are filled with the modern appliances for "teaching the young idea how to shoot," school houses each one of which is five times as large as was the "Old Academy" and all thronged with pupils—whose teachers recognize the fact that it "is better far to rule by love than fear"—while the State of Pennsylvania in its generous desire to educate her children, provides all the books and other paraphernalia for the pupils at its own expense; and, more than that, by a somewhat recent act of assembly compels the scholars to attend school regularly. But we question whether, with all these favorable circumstances, greater men are being produced than did the old academy.

THEN

The old market house on the Public Square, with butchers Dilley, Harris and Wiley, about twice a week furnished the good people with their best steaks at about 6 or 8 cents per pound—each customer, whether judge, lawyer or parson, carrying his meat in his hand to his home, and this without any wrapper.

NOW

Carloads of beef, mutton and pork are received daily from Chicago to feed the hungry multitude, at prices from 8 to 22 cents per pound, and still all are not satisfied.

THEN

A portion of the old market house was used as shelter for the old fire engines, "Reliance," made by Patrick Lyons, Philadelphia, and "Neptune," to be hurried out in case of fire, and supplied with water by the "Bucket Brigade." This was composed of all good citizens, both male and female, who worked with a will, while the stalwart "pater familias" mounted the "handle bars" of the old Reliance, with William J. Stephens as foreman, to save their neighbor's property.

NOW

A half dozen gilded and bedizened steam fire engines and two gaudy "chemical" engines, drawn by gaily caparisoned horses, fly to the rescue whenever the electric alarm calls them forth.

THEN

The fire alarm was simply a human institution uttered from the throats of frightened people (mostly of the female persuasion), as with uplifted windows and variegated night-capped heads they screamed at the top of their voices the dread alarum of Fire! Fire! Fire!

NOW

The great "bell of St. Peter's" in the tower of the court house responds to the lightning signals from a hundred boxes and calls forth the liveried firemen, who go to save their neighbor's home—and—to gain a pecuniary compensation.

THEN

The "Old Ship Zion" (built by the proceeds of a lottery) called forth the good citizens on Sunday morning to listen to the teachings of Rev. Ard Hoyt, Gildersleeve and last, but not least, "Pope Murray," or good old Father Moister. Father Moister was beloved by everybody and though somewhat lame in his grammatical expressions, he was a man whose heart was warm, whose hands were pure, whose doctrines and whose life coincident exhibited lucid proof that he was honest in the sacred cause, a stern disciple of Geneva's creed.

NOW

A half dozen or more elegant churches with their lofty spires pointing heavenward—their long drawn aisles and fretted vaults

"The oriel window glints and gleams
With tinted light that magnificently
streams
On the proud pulpit, carved with
quaint device,
Whose velvet cushion, exquisitely nice,
Pressed by the polished preacher's
dainty hands
Holding a volume clasper by golden
bands"

are filled with those who are drawn thither by various motives, not so sincere or humble, perhaps, as those who in days gone by occupied the plain and uncomfortable pews in the "Old Ship Zion" to worship in a more primitive and honest way Him who having nowhere to lay His head, was cradled in a manger.

THEN

According to traditionary records (somewhat ante-dating the date of this

article) the brethren who met for worship in the "Old Ship Zion" on the Lord's day did not wholly confine themselves to their duties as members of the "Church Militant," but resolved themselves into two parties of the "Church Military," each one determined to hold the fort at all hazards. Men who built their faith on the holy text of "pike and gun" and decided all controversies by infallible artillery. The record informs us that the Presbyterians held the keys and the doors of the house of God were locked against the invading Methodists. Skirmishers were thrown out, pickets stationed, committees were appointed by the "Outs," but the "Ins" refused to confer—they held the fort and had their "war paint" on. Whereupon the "Outs" appointed a committee of skirmishers composed of Joseph Slocum, Dan'l Collings and Ab'm Thomas—"good men and true"—to storm the fort—the House of God, the house set apart for the worship of the "Prince of Peace." The windows were forced with a crowbar—and one of the aggressors, like Sampson at the Gates of Gaza, lifted the door from its hinges. The locks were broken from the pulpit and pew doors, the preacher entered the pulpit and commenced the service by reading a few lines of a hymn commencing:

"Equip me for the war
And teach my hands to fight."

The "Christian" warfare was only ended by the sale of the Lord's House to the strongest party.

NOW

Time and munificent "coal royalties" have enabled the contending parties to erect for themselves forts of their own, and while (metaphorically speaking) the embrasures bristle with modern armament, an armed neutrality provokes "peace at any price" and each one is permitted not only to care for his spiritual welfare according to the tenets of his "confession," but with large and well equipped kitchens attached to the "forts." The inner man can always rely upon all the delicacies of the season, while the "orchestra" soothes him with the bewildering strains of "Wagner and Beethoven," or "Money Musk," or "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and all for 25 cents, and still the "tables of the money changers are not overthrown." "My House shall be called a House of Prayer, but ye have made it a restaurant."

Kronos.

Chapter III.

THEN

The two leading weekly papers published here were the "Republican Farmer," published by Samuel P. Collings, and "The Advocate," published by Amos Sisty, and no better papers were ever published in this county.

Mr. Collings commenced the publication of the "Farmer" in 1835; Mr. Sisty the "Advocate" in 1838. Both were men of marked ability, Mr. Collings particularly so, for nature seemed to have made him for an editor, and no issue of his paper ever made its appearance without some brilliant or caustic editorial. It was no child's play to attack him or his paper and yet he was in his intercourse with his fellow men a mild, affable and gentlemanly man. As an editor he became so prominent that he was offered the position of editor of the "Globe," the leading paper of the nation's capital, but failing health forbid his acceptance of the distinguished position. He died at Tangier, Arica, while acting as American consul at that place.

NOW

The host of metropolitan blanket folios that daily flood the town and country usurp the place of the country weekly paper and greatly impair the stimulus to editorial exertion, while the hurly burly life of a great advertising business, the superintendence of a large office, thronged with busy employes, precludes the possibility of individual attention or close application to editorial efforts.

THEN

Joe Dennis, Peter Yarrington or George Raub might be seen in the gloaming of a summer's day setting their outlines across the Susquehanna, and in the morning rowing their boats shoreward filled with eels, catfish and perch, with an occasional yellow bass that would tip the scales at ten or twelve pounds.

NOW

The small boy may be found sitting all day at the sewer's mouth below the river bridge inhaling the noxious vapors belching from the city sewer, to be rewarded by a sucker or two, a few small catfish, or possibly a six inch bass.

THEN

The bell in the spire of the "Old Ship Zion" pealed forth its mournful

cadence that told of the departure of some good citizen to that "bourne from whence there is no return" and the mournful procession headed by "Old Michael!" followed the body borne on the shoulders of sorrowing friends who officiated as carriers, moved by the promptings of sincere friendship and respect for the dead, to the newly made grave in the old graveyard on East Market street. And when the solemn service was ended, the grave filled by the sorrowing friends and the "Amen" pronounced, Michael would always say: "Dis will do, shentlemens," and would finish the sad work.

NOW

A score of costly equipages, drawn by gaily caparisoned horses move in conventional strictness to the cemetery, where "storied urn and animated bust" seek in vain to call back to its mansion the fleeting breath.

THEN

The six horse "Conestoga" teams of Stover, Bywater and Pettebone in their semi-occasional trips to Philadelphia brought all the goods for the Wilkes-Barre merchants over the Easton & Wilkes-Barre turnpike for about \$1.25 per hundred pounds.

NOW

The services of half a dozen railroads, with their long freight trains, are required to supply the ever increasing demand, bringing daily hundreds of tons of goods to this market at an average price of about thirty cents per hundred.

THEN

At the "Spring House" on the mountain side at the foot of "Prospect Rock," was the old John Jamison tavern nestled down among the rocks, the laurel and the spruce like a Swiss chalet in the Alps, where the beaux and belles could go (always walking there in those days)—the belles could walk then—how many Saturday afternoons—how many happy days were spent there enjoying the charming view of Wyoming Valley and the hospitality of the host and hostess.

NOW

The lofty, grand and commodious "Glen Summit," a few miles away, is filled "with fashion's bright throng," but who shall say that they are so happy as those who in days gone by walked up to Jamison's and on old

"Prospect Rock's" towering height told their love to hearts that beat in unison.

THEN

Old Sam Wright at his unpretentious bake shop on the Public Square dispensed cake and beer to both great and small. We see him now, with his ebony face and portly mien, always pleasant, always ready to wait on those who frequented his place, and when a successful student at law had passed his examination it was customary for him to give the examining committee a supper at Sam's, which feast was usually presided over by Squire Dyer.

NOW

A hundred bake shops, some as grand and pretentious as the best to be found in the metropolis, with their gaudy and expensive fountains, where the "ice cold drinks" are fizzed out to the thirsty multitudes who daily quench their thirst there.

THEN

Battalion day was truly a red letter day with the people of Wilkes-Barre and its surrounding towns. Col. Isaac Bowman with his blue coat trimmed with buff, buff vest and buff topped boots, (Continental uniform), the major general commanding, mounted on old "Gin," was every inch a soldier, while Brig. Gen. Sterling Ross, on his favorite and much admired grey, ably seconded his commanding officer. The Wyoming Blues, Capt. Alexander; the Shawnee Greens, Capt. Smith; the Newport Rifles, Capt. Vandermark, and the Dallas Rifles, Capt. Rice, all in their various showy uniforms, made quite a formidable appearance.

NOW

The Ninth Regiment, National Guard, clad in their blue regulation uniforms, with the gallant Col. Dougherty at their head, can hardly be distinguished from a battalion of the regular army.

THEN

Old Ben Tennant with his glossy ebony face officiated as general "pig killer" for the town, for in those days the good housekeeper always fattened his own pork, and nobody could kill, dress or "salt down" the family pork equal to Ben, whose services were in constant demand about holiday time.

NOW

The "advance of civilization" has relegated to the rear all pig-sties and the ukase of the mayor has forbidden the four legged brute to roam the streets or to be "fed and fattened in a pen," while his two legged congener differing perhaps only in the power to articulate speech, parades his daily round with no one to "molest him or to make him afraid," and may be found at almost any time in the Pullman car, the omnibus, the trolley car, the church supper or the marriage feast.

THEN

Dr. Tom Miner, Dr. Lathan Jones, or Dr. Boyd were the leading, if not the only physicians in the town, and though with an indifferent faith in the "guessing science" of Esculapius, healed the sick, but were wholly unable to raise the dead.

NOW

The modern "tomb builders" are numbered by the hundreds and display their "shingles" in every quarter of the town, informing the lame, the halt and the blind at what particular hours they may avail themselves of the moving of the waters of Siloam and be made whole.

THEN

The conservative manner of life did not render necessary the expenditure of large sums of money to equip and adorn large and costly homes. A quiet, intelligent and happy people knew nothing of the strife and bustle of metropolitan life with "its corroding cares and sleepless nights.

NOW

The rapid gait and the hurly burly of city life—the heartless worship of "fashion's fickle goddess,"—the numerous offices to be filled—heap burdens upon the people—burdens that are "piled like Pelion upon Ossa," in many cases never to be removed until rest is found in that "dreamless state of sleep that knows no waking joys again." But this is progress!

The "Thens" have now nearly all crossed the dark river and are resting in the "great beyond." The "Nows" are still with us, but will soon join the great majority.

"What though the mounds that marked
each name

Beneath the wings of Time
Have worn away, Theirs is the Fame
Immortal and sublime!

For who can tread on Freedom's plain
Nor wake her dead to Life again."

Kronos.

Mr. Babb's Recollections.

The Record is in receipt of the following letter, which will have special interest for our older citizens. Two generations have arisen since the gentlemen left Wilkes-Barre and it is not to be expected that many readers of today will recognize his name.

He left Wilkes-Barre in 1842 as a young lawyer and practiced four or five years in Hillsdale, Mich. He then entered the ministry and began pastoral work in 1848 at Indianapolis, Ind., as successor of Henry Ward Beecher. Losing his voice he was made editor of a Presbyterian paper in Cincinnati, Jan. 1, 1853, and is one of its editors still, though on the Pacific coast for his health, being nearly four score. Here is his letter:

To the Editor of the Record:

San Jose, California, March 31, 1900.—
Some one sent me a copy of the Record of March 12, containing a Florida letter from Rev. N. G. Parke, D. D. That old academy, where Dana, Siewers and Dickinson taught, stood on the Public Square, as did the court house, the Hall of Records and the only church edifice of those early days. It was occupied in common by the Presbyterians and the Methodists. The population of the town must have been somewhere between 2,000 and 3,000.

There were no railroads in or into the valley. The only public line of travel was by stage coach over the mountains to Philadelphia, via Easton, Nazareth and Bethlehem. The time was two days and the postage on a letter brought over that 120 miles was 12½ cents. What a change! I mailed a letter to Canton, China, to-day with a 5-cent international stamp and received one from Aammadon, Persia, with a similar stamp.

The North Branch Canal was dug early in the 30's, but as far as I can recollect its principal value to the town was to furnish us boys a fine basin to skate on in the winter.

There were four church organizations at that time. The pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Rev. Nicholas Murray, after his removal to Elizabethtown, N. J., became famous as the author of Kirwan's Letters to Archbishop Hughes. The pastor of the Episcopal Church, Rev. James May, was a very amiable and scholarly man. He was for many years a professor in the theological seminary at Alexandria, Va.

I remember the names of the other two pastors by means of a doggerel that was current at the time:

Mr. Murray's in a hurry,
To get some cash for Mr. Nash,
To get some hay for Mr. May
To feed Mr. Rowe's old black cow.

Strange how nonsense will stick!

In 1830, or about that time, my father built the dam at Nanticoke. I was down there a good deal and was amused to see the workmen who were digging below the dam. They were very fond of whiskey and it was a regular part of their wages. They bargained for so much money and so many "jiggers" a day. About once an hour a boy went around with a pail and a jigger cup. The workmen on the dam were mostly Americans and did not have jiggers.

We did not get news by telegraph in those days and election returns came in slowly. I remember that in 1834, or about that time, there were three candidates for Congress. The day after the election Dr. Miner, who was very popular in town, polled so large a vote that he and his friends were sure of his election. But the second day as the returns came in from such remote precincts as Pittston and Plymouth another candidate, a young lawyer, I forget his name, thought that he was chosen. The third candidate, Andrew Beaumont, who was our next door neighbor, did not seem to be discouraged. He said to my father: "Wait until we hear from Sugarloaf." He had quietly made a house to house canvass of the remoter precincts. They voted for him almost to a man, and he went to Washington. But so limited were the traveling facilities that he had to go by private conveyance as far as Harrisburg. How would your readers of to-day like to wait three days for election returns?

I have vivid recollections of the ice freshets in the river and of the thrilling experience of a man who was caught in one of them on the Kingston flats, and had to shiver all night in a tree-top. Also of another man who in trying to fasten his boat was swept away and carried down stream in the midst of the ice floes. I think that he was rescued by letting down ropes from a bridge.

I remember, too, how, after the ice had gone, and while the current was still strong, the river was filled with

rafts and arks. How we boys did enjoy standing on the bank and watching them. I went on one of these arks to Harrisburg on my way to college at Carlisle in 1837. Running the sluices or chutes at the dams was very exciting.

I would like to tell, if I had time and you had space to spare, of the huckle-berry parties, the militia training days, the apple cuts and husking bees in the country and other interesting features of life in the valley seventy years ago.

But I must add a word or two about the Record itself. It is at least twelve times as large as the weeklies printed on hand presses that we had in 1830. What a wonder such a paper would have been when I was a boy! I see with great pleasure that it represents the best elements of modern journalism. It is free from the disgusting sensationalism of many of our metropolitan dailies. It evidently prefers facts to fakes, and would rather publish the truth than try to get a reputation for being enterprising and by manufacturing lies. I have shown it to some of my California friends as a paper that does not need a Sheldon to purify it, even for a week. I have been an editor for more than forty-seven years and can therefore extend to you the hand of fraternal sympathy over mountains and prairies, from the Garden City of the West to the most beautiful valley in the East.

Clement E. Babb.

Dr. Parke's Recollections.

The readers of the Record recently learned something of Wilkes-Barre as it was sixty or seventy years ago through the letter of Rev. Dr. Clement E. Babb of San Jose, California, and they know something of what it is in the closing year of the nineteenth century.

The days of which Dr. Babb has written, when this city was a quiet rural village among the mountains of Northern Pennsylvania, with a population of two or three thousand are known as the day of "small things."

But the question will come up in view of the contrast between then and now to such as take time to reflect, in what are these "latter" days "better" than the "former" days? Have they produced a better class of citizens and a higher and more desirable type of civilization?

The old stage coaches have given way to steam railroads and the trolley cars; muddy streets to asphalt and pave-

ments; modest homes to palatial residences. Instead of one church on the Square, the "Old Ship Zion," where all the people worshipped, there are now a score of churches, some of which rival in elegance the best in the land.

Then there has been a phenomenal growth in wealth and all that come with it, in this "old town," where Dr. Babb spent his boyhood days, seventy years ago. The story of this marvellous growth in wealth, largely from the underlying black diamond coal, would rival the fabulous story of the Arabian Nights. Creature comforts, or the means of securing them, have been multiplied to such an extent that there is a kind of pity felt for former generations as though they could not have known the blessedness of living.

While this is all true, what have all these improvements in material things that characterize this age done in the way of elevating this generation above that served by "Old Michael," the sexton of the church on the Square?

Are the men and the women who to-day preside at their tables in Wilkes-Barre and train their children, any happier than those who occupied their places sixty years ago? Are they superior to them socially, intellectually, ethically or religiously?

What has all our boasted civilization done in the way of making nobler, purer, better and happier men and women in Wilkes-Barre than were here sixty years ago?

One wiser than Solomon has said, "ye shall know them by their fruits;" and judged by this rule is it not true that the men and the women of this locality of sixty years ago will suffer nothing in comparison with the men and the women who are occupying their places to-day?

Personally my knowledge of the people of Wilkes-Barre does not reach back as far as that of Dr. Babb, but it is certainly true that there were here in the first half of the nineteenth century men and women who would compare favorably with those who are here at the close of the century. Among those whose acquaintance I first made, in 1844, to some of whom I was introduced by letter by my classmate in the Seminary, John W. Sterling, and all of whom have passed away, were the Hon. Charles Miner, Dr. John Dorrance, George M. Hollenback, Ziba Bennett, Judge Conyngham, Judge Woodward, Volney L. Maxwell, John L. and Chester Butler, John O. Baker, Calvin Parsons, Andrew T. McClintock, Andrew

Beaumont, W. C. Gildersleeve and Nathaniel Rutter.

The young attorneys who were entering on their professions were Harrison Wright, Henry M. Fuller, Edward L. Dana, Charles Denison and Warren Woodward, men who greatly helped to give the Wilkes-Barre bar the proud position it now holds in the State.

I was young at the time of my introduction to these men, my opportunities outside of the school room, the college and the Theological Seminary, for knowing men of affairs had been very limited, but these men impressed me as the peers of any men I have met since. Environments that could make such men are not to be despised.

In closing this paper I am tempted to speak more particularly of one of the men to whom I have referred by name. I refer to Judge Conyngham, who was the president judge of Luzerne County when I came here, and at one time represented the county in the State Legislature. It was my privilege to meet him frequently when, as Job would say, "the Almighty was with him and his children were about him;" in his home and at the home of his brother-in-law, John L. Butler, and in circumstances that brought out his Christian character. He was a member of the Episcopal Church in which his power for good was steadily felt. But it was not limited to his own church. His power as an upright, earnest Christian man was felt and acknowledged in all the churches and in all associations for the betterment of his fellow-men. An accident related to me by a young friend of mine will illustrate something of his Christian character. He went to the office of the judge to consult with him and to ask his advice as to a matter of personal duty. The judge received him kindly, listened to the story of his difficulty and with the tenderness of a father gave him counsel; and in parting with him said, "let us ask God's blessing on this interview," and they bowed together, while the judge prayed for him.

The days that produced men of this type and women who were like them, by whatever name they may be called, are not to be "despised." They were very good days. There have been none better. We recognize money as an important factor in circulation, but it does not and cannot transmute ignorance into intelligence, vulgarity into refinement, impurity into virtue, or pride and selfishness into humility and charity. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

N. G. Parke.

Mr. Lathrop's Recollections.

To the Editor of the Record.

I read with much interest Rev. N. G. Parke's contribution to your paper of June 21 in regard to the old and the new Wilkes-Barre; the "Then and Now." Indeed, anything about the old-time conditions in that town interests me, for my recollection of them dates back about sixty-four years.

Of course, I knew the old town long before Mr. Parke did, but not as long as "Clem" Babb, for he is four or five years older than I. I knew him well, however, and was for a time in the same school with him—the old "yellow" academy on the Public Square, taught by the late Sylvester Dana. In the school at the time were: C. P. Waller, George Waller, Charles J. Collins, Samuel McCarragher, Samuel Lynch, But. Conyngham, Frank Butler, George W. Leach and others whose names I do not now recall. Nearly all of them have passed away.

Dr. Parke notes approvingly the material advancement, but questions whether there is a better class of citizens or a "higher and more desirable type of civilization" now than then. The old saying is that "times change and men change with them." It is, indeed, a true saying, the habits of life are moulded by environment, and the vast improvement in material conditions necessitates modifications in human character. The rush for place, the greed for gain and fashion's imperative decrees, not to mention the enlarged opportunities for the pursuit of pleasure and recreation, give the men and women of the present day but little time for altruistic deeds, or for the demands of a higher life.

The names mentioned by Dr. Parke of those prominent in the early history of the town, bring to my mind distinctly those men as I knew them. As a youth I looked up to them with veneration for they seemed to me near perfection. There are men like them even in these days, but it seems to me not so many in proportion.

There were some men then in Wilkes-Barre who moved in "high" circles, that were not so good. I can remember a number of them who did not set a good example before the youth of that day and their conduct bore fruit in the ruin of some bright young men. The drinking habits of the men of that day were much more open than at the present time. There were but few who did not indulge more or less in the intoxicating cup. The early pledges did not

include malt liquors and wines, and it was not until the "Washingtonian" movement that originated in Baltimore about 1840, and was introduced into Wyoming Valley by Father Hunt soon after, that any recognized advance was made in the suppression of intemperance.

To those who lived in the early days of this region and knew of men and things as they then existed, the change to the present day of progress and the mighty events now occurring on the face of the globe, all brought before the mind at a single glance, it seems like a dream, but it is no more than what is promised in the words of Holy Writ: "Old things shall pass away and all things shall become new."

C. E. Lathrop.

Carbondale, July 12, 1900.

Three Remarkable Sisters.

Spending the closing days of their long lives in Stroudsburg are Mrs. Catherine B. Bowden and Mrs. Lucinda J. Valentine, who, with her sister, Mrs. Phoebe Gainsford of Matamoras, Pike County, Pa., have the great distinction of being the only three sisters living who are daughters of a Revolutionary soldier.

The Rockwells are a long lived race, the father being 85 years old when he died. The three sisters have reached the following years: Mrs. Bowden, 87; Mrs. Valentine, 84, and Mrs. Gainsford 94. Louis Rockwell, a brother, lacked but three years of a century when he died and a half sister—Mrs. Anna Wells of Milford, was 93. Although but six years less than a hundred Mrs. Gainsford is as lively as a woman half her years. She travels to see her sons and daughters at times and frequently reads a chapter or two from the bible without her glasses. Mrs. Gainsford is the oldest resident of Pike County.

Their father was Jacob Rockwell and he was born in Ridgway, Conn., Oct. 3, 1761. When but little more than 15 years old he enlisted in a regiment that was recruiting under the supervision of Benedict Arnold, who later became well known in Revolutionary history.

Under Arnold's command young Rockwell fought at the battle of Saratoga and was there wounded. He was then transferred to a part of the army under the famous Gen. Putnam and later went under the direction of Washington and with him passed that terrible winter at Valley Forge. On that

memorable Christmas eve trip across the Delaware young Rockwell was in the boat with Washington.

"Father used to tell us of that night over and over again," said Mrs. Bowden. "The river was piled high with blocks of ice, he said, and he used both hands and oars in pushing them away from the sides to prevent their crushing in their frail craft. Washington, father said, encouraged the men in that awful journey."

During the following year Mr. Rockwell was wounded again, receiving a slight hurt at the battle of Monmouth and after a short forlough returned to the ranks and was present at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

At the close of the war Rockwell returned to Connecticut and on July 4, 1784, was married to Sarah Rundel. A few years later, after Rockwell had emigrated to Pike County, Pa., his wife died and he married again, this time to Elizabeth Mulford, daughter of the third sheriff of Wayne County, by whom he had seven children, among them the three ladies under consideration.

In 1824 Rockwell walked from Milford to New York to see Lafayette by whom he was warmly welcomed. Rockwell died in 1847 and was buried with impressive military and Masonic honors at Honesdale.

"Our grandmother was well known to Washington," went on Mrs. Bowden, "and frequently carried his clean linen to him, which was done up near our home."

All three sisters are very devout.

All are widows.

In spite of their great ages Mrs. Bowden and Mrs. Valentine do all their own work and their little home tis a model of neatness and cleanliness. They do their own cooking and with all their duties find time for conversing with scores of friends who almost daily call to see them.

At present Mrs. Valentine is confined to her bed and is being tenderly cared for by her sister.

There is not another instance of three sisters living in the world who are daughters of a Revolutionary soldier.—*Stroudsburg Times*, Dec. 9, 1899.

[Note.—They were all still living in March, 1901.]

Wilkes-Barre in 1835.

Some Wilkes-Barre papers of sixty-five years ago have been handed to the Record. One, dated Dec. 2, 1835, is the Wilkes-Barre Advocate

and
Luzerne and Susquehanna Anti-Masonic Journal.

It was then published by E. B. Worthington on Market street, near River. It was the paper which in later years, along about 1853, passed into the hands of Willam P. Miner and became the Record of the Times. It was a four-page weekly at \$2 a year. Wilkes-Barre was in all cases spelled by the Advocate Wilkesbarre and by the Republican Wilkes-Barre.

Considerable space was devoted to medical advertising, the several remedies being sold by Col. H. F. Lamb, the local druggist.

Isaac S. Osterhout had a general store.

William and Abram Wood were dealers in leather.

A. H. Emley had just received "a few boxes of fallen Loaf Sugar," and other groceries.

"The Printer" wanted coal from his subscribers.

A. C. Laning had "wood for sale."

The Anti-Masons were rejoicing that Joseph Ritner had been elected Governor of Pennsylvania. They were demanding the nomination of Daniel Webster for President of the United States. Charles Miner, Col. John L. Butler and Nathan Beach were appointed delegates to State convention, instructed to support Daniel Webster.

At a meeting, presided over by Benj. Dorrance, Cornelius Cortright and Hezekiah Parsons being vice presidents, and Asher Miner secretary, John N. Conyngham, Hezekiah Parsons, Elias Hoyt, Washington Lee and Sharp D. Lewis were empowered to call meetings of the friends of Webster.

Others of the party favored William Henry Harrison.

C. L. Harrington was closing his mercantile business and made the following announcement:

LAST NOTICE.

ALL those indebted to me, who do not call and settle their accounts within ten days, or make provision for the same, must expect to be prosecuted. Those who have had their accounts stand over one year, and have doubled the corners for the last six months to avoid notice,

must expect trouble, and those particularly who have purchased eleven penny-bit calico for ten cents per yard, and dollar tea for 75 cents per pound, and promised to pay next day, must not expect favor or affection.

C. L. HARRINGTON.

Nov. 25, 1835.

Harrington was a famous fisherman and a queer stick. He had a store on the corner of Market and Franklin streets, where the hardware store is. It was a wooden building and the clap boards were painted in different colors.

At that time Lydia H. Sigourney was in her prime and there was reprinted from the New Yorker the poem so familiar in some of the school readers:

The star of Judah's King rode high,
In plentitude of power,
And lauded was his scepter's sway
In palace and in power.

A Patent Feather Dressing Business was being advertised and the machine was "to be moved from village to village." It was recommended by nearly all the prominent people of town, such as Isaac Bowman, John N. Conyngham, George M. Hollenback, Thomas Dyer, Nancy Drake, Judge David Scott. Beds were to be "dressed the same day and sent home high, light and elastic."

The pupils and friends of the Wilkes-Barre Institute will be pleased to read the following advertisement:

YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY.

A SEMINARY for Young Ladies will be opened in Wilkesbarre, by Mrs. S. Worthington, on Monday, 2d Nov. next. Pupils will be received upon the following terms:—

Reading, Orthography, Ancient and Modern Geography and History, Grammar, Arithmetic, Writing and Composition—Natural, Moral and Intellectual Philosophy—Chemistry and Geometry—\$3 50 per term of twelve weeks, if paid at the commencement, or \$4 00 at the close of the term. An additional charge of \$1 00 to those who take lessons in Ornamental Needle Work.

For Drawing and Painting, (materials included) \$4 50, if paid at the commencement, or \$5 00 at the expiration of the term. The same charge for Bronzing and Gilding, or for Moddling in Wax, (materials not included.)

Board and washing \$1 50 per week.

Oct. 28, 1835.

Dr. Joel R. Gore.

[Daily Record, Jan. 9, 1900.]

Attorney Frank W. Larned returned from Chicago yesterday, after having accompanied his family that far on the way to California. While in the Windy City Mr. Larned took occasion to call upon Dr. J. R. Gore, one of the early settlers of Wyoming Valley, his ancestors coming to the valley prior to the Wyoming massacre, 1778. He is in his 87th year and is still robust for one of his years. Some four years ago Dr. Gore visited his friends in Wilkes-Barre and spent several weeks in this vicinity. His main object in coming was to make a visit to the old Gore burying ground, where his mother was interred when he was a boy of 13 years of age. The plot is on the roadside midway between Port Bowkley and Plainsville. He found the old grave stone that had been placed there three score and ten years ago dilapidated and the inscription nearly obliterated, and he had a new stone shipped as near like the old one as possible, even to the inscription.

The Lehigh Valley barn is built on the site of the old homestead, with the exception of a small portion of the cellar excavation, which is still visible on the outer side of the barn. When he was there the culm dump was not near the plot and he sends his thanks to superintendent Lathrop of the Lehigh Valley Coal Co. for his kindness in keeping the dump from the spot and for placing a fence around it.

Frank P. Catlin Dead.

The Superior (Wis.) Times records the death on Jan. 26, 1900, of Frank P. Catlin, a native of Wilkes-Barre, but for fifty-five years a resident of Wisconsin. He was born in 1815 and was the last surviving brother of George Catlin, an artist who achieved prominence by reason of his valuable collection of paintings of the American Indians, among whom he spent several years. There were nine brothers—army men, lawyers, bankers, artists and successful business men. Frank P. Catlin left Pennsylvania in 1845 and settled in Ripon, Green Lake County, Wis. Mr. Catlin held various important positions under the government, with reference to land and timber pre-emptions, and was well known among all the settlers of Wisconsin, many of whom were from the counties adjacent to Luzerne. He is survived by four sons—Charles L. of

Superior, Wis.; Frank E. of Mason, Wis.; William W. of Minneapolis, and Fred of New York City.

Francis P. was a son of Putnam Catlin, who was admitted to the bar at Wilkes-Barre in 1786 and married Polly Sutton, who bore him fourteen children, Francis P. being the youngest. Polly was a playmate of Frances Slocum and was 7 years old at the time of the Wyoming Massacre in 1778.

Putnam Catlin was a son of Eli Catlin and both served in the revolution, the father as lieutenant and captain and the son as fife major. Both served in the same regiment.

Eli was in the third generation from Thomas, who emigrated from Wales in 1643 and settled in Connecticut.

The article in the Superior Times contains matter more in detail about the early Catlins and about George Catlin, who died in 1872. It was contributed by an old friend, Edmund R. Otis.

The Fight for Liberty.

[Daily Record, Jan. 16, 1900.]

At last evening's meeting of Wyoming Valley Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Miss Mary Sharpe read a carefully prepared and unusually interesting paper on "The Declaration of Independence." She reviewed the causes that led up to the drafting of this historic document, weaving an entertaining story of the stirring events that inspired the American patriots to assert and maintain their rights.

Going into the causes of the Revolution she said that some writers' accounts refer to them as purely politico-economical. Others attribute them to the oppressive effect of the Navigation Act, or to the repressive effects of the acts against colonial manufactures; others again to the fact that the tobacco growers and Southern planters were behindhand and were falling in debt to British creditors, and others again to a long repressed and concealed spirit of contumacy, rather than of independence, which had no opportunity to make itself heard until the French wolf at their doors had been rendered harmless by the fall of Quebec. Others still attribute the revolt to colonial exasperation at imperial arrogance. Each of these taken singly is too circumscribed to account for this tremendous schism in the English speaking race. Each, it is true, had its place and was a motive, but it was a subordinate motive. Each had its effect, but no single one could

have accomplished such a mighty result.

They revolted because from change of policy on the part of the home government the halcyon days were numbered and through no fault of their own. Let it be clearly understood that our fathers took up arms, not to gain more but to save as much as they could of what they already had. Not one of those men was so deluded as to suppose that he would gain by independence. On the contrary he knew well that such an Utopia as he had enjoyed could never be his again, that the best could not be bettered, and that if there was anything hazardous in this world it was to cast his fortune on that which never yet improved the citizen's condition—civil war. Said John Adams: "There was not a moment during the Revolution when I would not have given everything I possessed for the restoration to the state of things before the contest began, provided we could have had sufficient security for its continuance." This was the whole thing in a nut shell. The security for its continuance was wanted.

The colonists' liberties and prosperity did not exist by right, but by grace. Constitutional guarantee was lacking. The patriots had no Bill of Rights, and this was the reason for the Revolution. All the other reasons were but incentives. The great motive for the revolt was that colonial franchises which had been conferred by charter or acquired by time and custom were to be held as matters of grace and not of right, and that prosperity afterwards was to be subject to the uncertain need of the imperial treasury. The questions of union, independence and a general government ran side by side, deeply agitating the colonies.

Miss Sharpe then took up in detail the story of the armed resistance of the colonists, the arguments for independence by the eloquent and learned statesmen of the period and the common impulse of the people for self-government. Reaching the meetings called for the purpose of discussing independence she gave a detailed account of them, also many interesting historical facts not familiar to most people.

"The founders of the republic," she said, "left it as their dying injunction to cherish the Union. Washington embodied their spirit in his farewell address, which he presents as the palladium of political safety and prosperity. Andrew Jackson gave expression to the determined will of the nation—'the federal Union, it must be preserved.'

Abraham Lincoln, the martyr President, said that the thousands who died for their country gave their lives 'that the nation might live and that governments of the people, by the people, and for the people should not perish from the earth.'"

Death of Abraham Rinker.

[Daily Record, Jan. 15, 1900.]

Abraham Rinker died at the home of his son, Abraham Rinker, in Wyoming on Sunday morning at 8:30 o'clock, Jan. 14, aged 90 years, 5 months and 30 days. He was born Aug. 11, 1809, in what is now Hamilton Township, Monroe County, Pa. His father's name was George and his mother's name was Elizabeth Moyer. Father Rinker, the departed one, could remember when his father went to the war of 1812 and also when he returned. He also remembered that his mother made his father's knapsack.

The Rinkers and Moyers came from Germany early in the eighteenth century and settled first at Germantown, Pa. The subject of this sketch lived at home and helped at farm work until he was 17 years old, when he went to Stroudsburg and learned the tailor's trade with Michael Drehr. About 1830 he moved to what is now Eatonville, Wyoming County.

In 1867 he moved to Wyoming, where he lived until his death. The greater part of his days were passed as a farmer, gardener and fruit grower. His health was nearly always good and he was anxious and able to make himself useful and engaged in light duties up to last fall.

In 1829 he was united in marriage with Susanna Young, who was the daughter of an English Quaker. Their marriage was blessed with ten children, seven of whom survive. Two died in infancy; William died aged about 40 years, and the seven still living are as follows: Mrs. Emily Conley of Wyoming, Martha A., wife of Lewis Rinker of Wyoming; John W., living in the State of Michigan; Mrs. Jacob Kresge of Scranton, Abram, of Wyoming; Mrs. Mary E., wife of E. D. Furman of Tunkhannock, and Mrs. Charles Vaughn, also of Tunkhannock.

The good man was converted to Christianity when young and at first belonged to the Presbyterian Church. After moving from Monroe County he attended and communed with all evan-

gical churches, but for many years before his death he was an earnest, active, useful member of the M. E. Church and was always at the regular services on Sundays and at the prayer meetings. He also enjoyed greatly the meetings of the young people and all religious gathering. His life was sober, useful, diligent, blameless. He will be greatly missed by the church-going people and by the neighbors generally and by many in the adjoining counties. His wife died about nine years ago, after living with him for sixty years.

Rev. Dr. Angell Dead.

[Daily Record, Jan. 19, 1900.]

The many friends of Rev. Thomas B. Angell, D. D., in this vicinity will be grieved to learn that his attack of pneumonia, already recorded in these columns, has proven fatal. His death occurred yesterday morning at Wilmington, Del., where he had gone to accept the rectorship of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church. His life in Wilkes-Barre, as assistant minister of St. Stephen's Church, endeared him to all who formed his acquaintance and there is general sorrow at his taking off. At the church service last evening Dr. Jones paid a beautiful tribute to his former co-laborer.

Dr. Angell was born in London, England, Oct. 20, 1858, and came to Canada at the age of 18 years. He was graduated at Trinity College, Toronto, and ordained to the priesthood in 1885. He was curate of St. John's Cathedral, Peterboro, Ont., in 1885 and 1886. In March of the latter year he came to Wilkes-Barre, at the age of 28, as assistant to Rev. Dr. Jones of St. Stephen's. After accepting the call to Wilkes-Barre and before entering upon his new duties, he went back to Canada and married. He brought his bride here and they made their home in Plymouth. The widow now survives him, as do two lovely little daughters.

After nearly three years' service here he accepted a call to St. Stephen's, Harrisburg, whither he went in 1888. He met with splendid success there and during his rectorate was honored with the degree of doctor of divinity, conferred upon him by his alma mater, Trinity College, Toronto. The title was not a formal honor, but was the reward for thorough and faithful literary work.

He was a force in parochial, arch-

deaconry and diocesan work and was assistant secretary of the diocesan convention in Central Pennsylvania, besides being a member of the standing committee. He stood very close to the bishops and during the late Bishop Rulison's closing years his Church paper, the Chronicle, was edited by Dr. Angell. He was honored with a call to become chaplain of the Lehigh University, but declined it as his preference was for parish work. He continued in charge of the growing and prosperous work of St. Stephen's, Harrisburg, until quite recently, when he accepted a call to Wilmington. He went there on Jan. 1 to enter upon his new work, but was stricken down with an illness that proved fatal.

The funeral will be held this afternoon at Harrisburg. The vestry of St. Andrew's Church, Wilmington, showed their appreciative sympathy with Mrs. Angell by raising a purse of \$1,000 for her.

Judge Gunster Dead.

[Daily Record, Jan. 31, 1900.]

The death of Hon. F. W. Gunster, additional law judge of Lackawanna County, whose serious illness was noted in the Record occurred yesterday afternoon just before 3 o'clock. He had been suffering with cancer of the cheek and death was expected. The Scranton Truth says in the course of its biographical sketch:

"Frederick William Gunster was born at Lockweiler, Prussia, on the 15th day of September, 1845. His father, Peter Gunster, emigrated to America in 1853 and settled in Scranton. Peter Gunster was a skilled cabinetmaker of unusual excellence. Fred. W. Gunster was educated in the public schools of Scranton and prepared for college under the instruction of Mrs. Mary Alice Burns. He entered the sophomore class of Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., in 1864, and graduated in the class of 1867 with highest honors, being assigned the philosophical oration in the graduation exercises. In his college career he entered into close companionship with such men as Sanford B. Dole, president of the Hawaiian Islands; Hamilton C. Mabie, the editor of the Outlook; Gilbert M. Tucker, of Albany, N. Y.; Francis Lynde Stetson, a leading lawyer of New York City, and many other well known men of the present day. In 1869 he received the degree of master of arts from the faculty of Williams College.

"Mr. Gunster was for one year principal of Grammar School No. 3 in the city of Scranton. He held for one term the office of clerk of the common council of the city of Scranton. He read law with the late venerable Judge Walsingham G. Ward at Scranton and was admitted to the bar of Luzerne County on the 10th day of November, 1868. He immediately associated himself with his preceptor in the practice of law and continued the partnership until the election of Judge Ward to the Recorder's Bench. In 1872 he was a national Democratic elector and was elected a member of the House of Representatives of the State of Pennsylvania and served during the years of 1875 and 1876. Mr. Gunster was chairman of the committee on constitutional reform and an active member of the committees on counties and townships and the judiciary, and in 1876, in addition to the foregoing, a member of the committee on ways and means. During his service in the House he labored zealously in the creation of the new county of Lackawanna, and was a leader of the lobby movement of 1877 which culminated successfully.

"In 1878 and 1879, by appointment of Governor Hartranft, he served as the first district attorney of Lackawanna County. In 1884, '85, '86 and '87 he was a member of the board of examiners for admission to the bar of Lackawanna County.

"On the 14th day of August, 1888, he received the unanimous nomination of the Democratic party for additional law judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the Fifty-fifth judicial district. The Republican party, in its convention following, ratified the nomination by placing no candidate in opposition to him. In the election which followed he defeated the independent candidate, Aaron Augustus Chase. On the 15th day of November, 1888, he was appointed to fill the unexpired term of Judge Alfred Hand. Serving a term of ten years, Judge Gunster, in August of 1898, again received the unanimous nomination of his party, and a few weeks later again received the unanimous nomination for the same office of the Republican party.

"On Nov. 6, 1898, Judge Gunster was re-elected to the bench over the independent candidate, Cornelius Smith. The term for which he is elected expires Dec. 31, 1909. In 1899 Judge Gunster was a delegate to and one of the vice presidents of the Catholic Con-

gress held in Baltimore. Since its organization he has been a director of the Pennsylvania Oral School for Deaf Mutes, and in November, 1899, was re-appointed by Governor Stone. He has been a member of the board of trustees of the Albright Memorial Library, located in Scranton, since its foundation and endowment up to the present time. Mr. Gunster was a life member and has been a director and secretary of the board of directors of the Lackawanna Hospital. He was a director of the Third National Bank of Scranton from the time of its organization in 1873 until his election to the judiciary in 1888. He was a director of the Meredith Run Coal Co. prior to the time that the property passed into the hands of the late William T. Smith.

"F. W. Gunster and Charles H. Welles, under the firm name of Gunster & Welles, were associated in a law partnership for over sixteen years, a partnership which continued practically over Mr. Gunster's entire professional life, and which terminated upon his assumption of the judicial office.

"On Oct. 16, 1873, deceased was married to Margaret Catherine Brehl at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., daughter of Elizabeth Brehl, a native of Fulda, Prussia, who settled in Wilkes-Barre in 1840, and who still resides there. Of the nine children born to them six are living, to wit: John M. Gunster, a member of the Bar of Lackawanna County; Louise M., Margaret M., Elizabeth M., Marie and Joseph F. Gunster.

"The brothers of F. W. Gunster now living are Joseph H. Gunster, of Scranton, assignee of the Scranton City Bank; Henry, of Cartersville, Ill., contractor; Peter, of Scranton, manager; Peter Francis, of Scranton, physician; John, of Jamestown, N. Y., boat builder. His brothers now deceased are Edward, died 1896 at Wilkes-Barre, Pa., ex-county treasurer of Luzerne County; Leo, killed before Petersburg; Nicholas."

Sullivan Road.

It will please many people to know that the "Old Sullivan Road," which played so important a part to this region in the last century, is to furnish an interesting historical event in June, 1901. The Daughters of the American Revolution in Easton will then erect a memorial tablet to mark the southern end of the military highway, which began at Easton and crossed the moun-

tains to Wilkes-Barre. It was this road that Gen. Sullivan's army constructed in 1779, when ordered by Gen. Washington to penetrate the head waters of the Susquehanna and crush the Six Nation Indians, who had desolated Wyoming in the preceding year. The project of marking the Easton end of the military road originated with Ethan A. Weaver of Philadelphia, secretary of the Pennsylvania Society of the Sons of the Revolution.

HARVEY FAMILY.

Genealogy of the Same, Together With
That of Related Families—Much
Hitherto Unpublished Matter
Relative to the Wyoming
Valley.

What is undoubtedly the most elaborate, complete and sumptuous historical volume ever issued in Wilkes-Barre is the Harvey Book, devoted to the Harveys and the related families—Nesbitt, Dixon and Jameson. It comprises over 1,000 pages and the author is Oscar J. Harvey, who in this work, as in others preceding it, has certainly won for himself distinguished honors as a historian and genealogist. The book is an octavo and is bound in green cloth known as art vellum, and on the front cover is embossed the Turner Harvey crest, 1485. It is issued in a limited edition, only 210 copies having been printed, a fact that will make copies extremely valuable in after years. So costly has been the work of publication that a price of \$10.50 has been fixed on it, and even at that price it is already in demand by the historical libraries of the country.

What gives it special value, outside of the historical matter itself, is the fact that it has an index so complete as to fill twenty-nine pages. It is thus easy to at once locate every particular person, place and subject. There are over 5,000 of these titles, a fact which testifies to the remarkable care which the author had paid to details.

The volume is copiously illustrated, some of the subjects being:

Harvey, Dixon, Nesbitt and Urquhart coats-of-arms.

Two views of Harvey's Lake.

View looking down the Susquehanna

from Tillbury's Knob at the lower end of Wyoming Valley.

The Wyoming Monument.

The first ride on the first elevated railway in New York City.

The first Harveyized armor-plate tested at Bethlehem, Pa.

Nesbitt Hall, Wyoming Seminary, Kingston.

Early map of Wyoming Valley.

Signing of the compact in the cabin of the Mayflower.

Ruins of Urquhart Castle, Inverness-shire, Scotland.

Also these portraits:

Hon. Nathan F. Dixon, 1st, U. S. Senator from Rhode Island, 1839-42.

Hon. Nathan F. Dixon, 2d, Representative in Congress from Rhode Island, 1849-'51 and '63-'65.

Hon. Nathan F. Dixon, 3d, U. S. Senator from Rhode Island, 1889-'95.

Hon. James Dixon, U. S. Senator from Connecticut, 1857-'69.

William P. Dixon, Esq., a leading and well known lawyer and clubman of New York City.

The late Gen. William S. Rosecrans, U. S. A., and sometime register of the United States Treasury.

Abram Nesbitt, Esq., president Second National Bank, Wilkes-Barre.

Andrew Hunlock, Esq., Wilkes-Barre.

Gen. Thomas William Harvey, inventor of the gimlet pointed screw and the machine for making it.

Hayword A. Harvey, inventor of the process for treating steel armor plates for ships, and the patentee of numerous other valuable inventions.

Charles T. Harvey, inventor of the original New York Elevated Railway; engineer in charge of the construction of the original locks of the "Soo" Canal; projector of the "Harvey Route" to Hudson Bay and Bering Sea.

Among the contents: (1) The most complete and authentic sketch of the life of Capt. Lazarus Stewart yet printed. (2) A full and complete account of the invention and manufacture of Harveyized steel armor plates, with list (complete to Jan. 1, 1899,) of all the warships in the world which have been supplied with the Harvey armor. (3) A detailed account of the building of the original elevated railway in New York City, and the litigation and legislation relative to the same. (4) An authentic account of the building of the original locks of the great "Soo" Canal. (5) The completest account yet

published of the Pennamite and Yankee battle fought at Nanticoke, Wyoming Valley, in December, 1775, and known as the Plunkett Battle. (6) Considerable information relative to affairs in Wyoming Valley from 1769 to 1787—now published for the first time. (7) A sketch of the life of the first woman (Mary Dixon Kee) to receive a patent in the United States for an invention. (8) The first sketch ever published of the life of John Smith, Esq., one of the earliest and, until his death in 1773, most active and influential of the Connecticut Wyoming settlers. (9) A sketch of the life, and a portrait, of Dr. William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; and an account of "The Harvey Chapel," the place of his sepulture.

The Harvey line is traced back through William and Thomas Harvey of Taunton, Mass., to Humphrey Harvey (born about 1440) of Somersetshire, England; the Nesbitt line through James Nesbitt of Newark, N. J., to Murdoch Nesbet (born about 1450) of Ayrshire, Scotland; the Dixon line through Robert Dixson of Ulster, Ireland to John Dickson (born about 1550) of Glasgow, Scotland; and the Jameson line through John Jameson of Voluntown, Conn., to William Jameson (born about 1650), originally of Scotland, and later of Omagh, Ireland.

In addition to these genealogies interesting biographical and genealogical notes are given relative to the following named families:

Alden, Ayers, Bates, Beckwith, Bennet, Bidlack, Bowman, Butler, Campbell, Carpenter, Cist, Colt, Cone, Davenport, Deuel, DeWitt, Dorrance, Draper, Fellows, Frisbie, Gallup, Garretson, Gaylord, Goodwin, Gordon, Harrison, Hollenback, Hopkins, Hornblower, Hungerford, Hunlock, Jenkins, Lamoreux, Lane, Lee, Marvin, Mowry, Myers, Newton, Park or Parke, Pearce, Peirce or Pierce, Pelton, Pittenger, Pringle, Ransom, Rawson, Read, Reed, Rosecrans, Selden, Sill, Smith, Sweet, Stewart, Tillbury, Urquhart, Van Eps, Ward, Warren, White, Willard, Willey, York.

Dealing as it does with so many pioneer families, whose members occupied a leading place here, the book is really a history of Wyoming, nearly every event being more or less fully covered. It is not a rehash of the histories, but is largely drawn from original sources, and throws much new light on heretofore disputed points.

Interesting Old Document.

[Daily Record, Feb. 7, 1900.]

The Record the other day gave a copy of an old document which had been presented to the Westmoreland Club. It was the original agreement for the founding of a social club in Plymouth, Mass., in 1769. It proves to be a suitable companion for another interesting document presented to the Westmoreland Club by Judge Stanley Woodward. It reads as follows:

.....
 ● To the Honourable County Court ●
 ● to be held at Litchfield in and for ●
 ● the county of Litchfield on the ●
 ● fourth day of Tuesday of March ●
 ● Next the Petition of the Subscrib- ●
 ● ers the authority and Selectmen of ●
 ● the town of Westmoreland Said ●
 ● County Humbly Sheweth that ●
 ● there is Grate Neede of a house of ●
 ● Publick entertainment Being ●
 ● Kept on the Common Rode Lead- ●
 ● ing from the Delaware River to ●
 ● the Main Settlements Within Said ●
 ● town of Westmoreland called Lac- ●
 ● awa in the Este district of Said ●
 ● Westmoreland; in addition to ●
 ● those in our Nomination in June ●
 ● Last without which the Publick ●
 ● cannot in our Humble opinion Be ●
 ● well accomidated in traveling Said ●
 ● Rode, therefore Would Pray your ●
 ● Honors to Grant License unto ●
 ● Silas Parke Esqr Living at Said ●
 ● Lacawa for 3 years insuing who ●
 ● We Judge to be a person of Sut- ●
 ● able Qualification and accomida- ●
 ● tion for the Porpose all which is ●
 ● Humbly Submitted to your ●
 ● Houours; and as in Duty Bound ●
 ● your Petitioners Shall Ever Pray. ●
 ● Dated at Westmoreland the 8th ●
 ● Day of February A. D. 1775. ●
 ● Zebulon Butler ●
 ● Nathan Denison ●
 ● Justices of ye Peace. ●
 ● William Buck ●
 ● Obadiah Gore ●
 ● Samuel Ransome ●
 ● Samuel Slater ●
 ● Selectmen. ●
 ●.....

Lackawa was not Lackawanna, (as might be inferred from the form of the name) but was a settlement some forty miles north and east of Wilkes-Barre, either in Pike or Wayne County. It was on the Wallenpaupack River, which is the principal branch of the

Lackawaxen River, flowing into it at Hawley, the latter flowing into the Delaware a few miles above Port Jervis. The settlement was made by Connecticut people, on one of the roads leading from the Delaware to Wilkes-Barre. It was variously spelled Lacawa, Lackawa, Lackaway, Lackawack and Lackawaxen. See Historical Record, vol. 2, p. 78. There was a hamlet in the vicinity known as Parksbury, named for the Parke family. The Silas Parke applying for the license is spoken of as Capt. Parke. There was also a Jeremiah Parke, a land owner, there. "Deacon" John Hurlbut, who was at "Laquawack" in 1773, records in his diary that "May ye 23, attended meeting with Capt. Parke," so that the religious life of the community was not neglected.

"Monday, May ye 24th—Passed Laquawack and took my journey to Susquahana in company with Capt. Parrish and Mr. Benajah Park. Went that day to Laquanar (Lackawanna, near Pittston) about 32 miles.

"Tuesday, May ye 25th—Visited Mr. Johnson at Chapman's Mills; went to Wilkbury (Wilkes-Barre) Fort, 3 miles. In ye afternoon went over to Capt. Gore's in Kingston."

The diary goes on for several days and tells of his return to the Delaware by the way of "Capows great hill," present Scranton. Historical Record, vol. 1, p. 213.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALVIN PARSONS.

Some years ago Calvin Parsons read an interesting paper before the Historical Society, to which he gave the title "Wilkes-Barre north of North street, to Pittston Township line, as I remember it in my boyhood and youth." It was thus reported in the Record at the time:

"Sixty-five years ago this was almost an unbroken wilderness. Laurel Run, now Parsons Borough, was a dense forest. Only a few acres were cleared within a mile of the speaker's old home—a portion of lot 19 and of public lot 1, donated to Rev. Jacob Johnson by vote of the proprietors of Westmoreland as their first settled gospel minister. A log school house was built about 1817. Among the settlers then were Thomas Kelley, George Blane, the "squatter," Daniel Downing, Ephraim White, Thomas Nulton, Timothy Barnes. In 1800 Daniel Downing built a sawmill on lot 19. Passing north a mile, was the

clearing of Thomas Wright, whose daughter Asher Miner married, and whose homestead is now owned and occupied by the family of W. P. Miner. Mr. Wright built his mill probably in 1795. Half a mile further was Cornelius Courtright, a peripatetic shoemaker. There were three Cornelius Courtrights on the Plains. Next was Capt. Benjamin Bailey, tanner, school teacher, and county treasurer in 1819; Elisha Blackman's hotel; James Kennedy, blacksmith and the greatest hunter in the valley; towards Forty Fort ferry, squire Cornelius Courtright, George Gore, blacksmith; on main road, first above the corners, Henry Courtright, farmer; over the hill, Crandall Wilcox, farmer, distiller and coal shipper; Henry Hay, blacksmith; Mr. Caird, wheelwright; James Stark, merchant; Fred Wagner, Jacob Shiffer, Fritz, Peter and John Wagner, near Pittston Township line. Back from the corners towards Wilkes-Barre, Thomas Williams, Stephen Abbott, John Courtright, all farmers; Enos Campbell, weaver; down the road to Mill Creek, Mathias Hollenback; to the left up Mill Creek, William Bowton, hunter, half a mile east of my old home.

Hezekiah Parsons (father of Calvin) came from the town of Ashford, Winford County, Conn., on horseback in the spring of 1811. In 1813 he erected a fulling mill on Laurel Run (lot 19) and a dwelling. He then returned to Connecticut accompanied by Asa Dana, father of Judge Dana, and brought his family in a Conestoga wagon. The business grew year by year, and he afterwards took in Jehoida P. Johnson as partner. Our nearest neighbors were Daniel Downing, William Miller, Thomas Nulton, Jehoida P. Johnson, John Holgate and Fred Rush. All except Holgate lived in log houses. Holgate came to Laurel Run in 1812 and rented Johnson's grist mill, and put in the first French bur stone in the valley. Previously we had native mountain conglomerate stones made by Capt. Jeremiah Blanchard.

Mr. Holgate and Milton Gardon established the first Sunday school in Luzerne County in Mr. Holgate's house, in 1817. Teachers came up from Wilkes-Barre—Oristus Collins, Miss Sallie Jewett, Miss Mary Bowman and others, of all denominations. It was taken to the log school house, then to Mallory's barn, where stated preaching was held up to 1830, when the little white school house was completed.

Sylvanus Deith was the first teacher in Laurel Run, Miss Ruth Ellsworth the second, Miss Sallie Tyson the third. In 1827 my father fixed up the red-house for a school room, and Miss Ann Butler was employed.

There was no school in Laurel Run from 1822 to 1827. In 1829 the white school house was built by subscription. The subscribers were George Dickover, Jehoida P. Johnson, Hezekiah Parsons, Judge David Scott. Ira Ash built the house for \$150 in 1830. A. P. Gridley was the first teacher. The first minutes in existence began here and are signed by H. Parsons, chairman, and Ovid F. Johnson, secretary, the essayist paying, at this point, a glowing tribute to ex-Attorney General Johnson, whom he described as one of the brightest men Luzerne County had produced. At the close of his day's work in the fulling mill the men would gather round him and listen to an eloquent speech for an hour.

Our next neighbor was Morgan Hughes, who lived in J. P. Johnson's distillery building. Christopher Appleton afterwards ran the mill and distillery. Next came Fred Rush and Nathaniel Joslyn; the latter's son was the first man killed in the coal mines. East of Coalbrook was Henry Shiber, the log house built by Jabez Fish, this the last house towards North street.

DELAWARE VALLEY HISTORY.

The Stroudsburg Times has just finished publication, in installments, of the early history of that section, being the reminiscences of George LaBar, the famous centenarian of Monroe County. Mr. LaBar died about 30 years ago at the reputed age of 107 years. His recollections were published in book form by A. M. Burrell and the Times has reproduced them for the benefit of the generation which has sprung up since.

SUSQUEHANNA RIVER DESCRIBED

"Down the Historic Susquehanna" is the title of a new book by Charles Weathers Bump of Baltimore, Md. It comprises a series of letters written to the Baltimore Sun, descriptive of a summer's jaunt down the entire course of the Susquehanna River. It is made up in single column measure from the type used in the Sun and occupies nearly 200 pages, bound in paper. The author tells in most interesting fashion of all the places of interest which the

traveler sees. Two chapters are devoted to Wilkes-Barre and Wyoming Valley, while other chapters contain more or less matter relating to our local history.

The opening chapter tells of the river in general from its headwaters to its mouth, in its relation to history, navigation, poetry and art. The author predicts that the Susquehanna will in the future become the water supply of Baltimore, forty miles across the country from it.

A chapter is devoted to the rise of Mormonism, for this sect had its beginning on the Susquehanna near the Pennsylvania line. Two famous hills on the Susquehanna which the author tells about are Spanish Hill near Athens and Campbell's Ledge near Wilkes-Barre. The history of the frontier wars is duly recorded, including the battle of Wyoming. A chapter is devoted to the Pennamite war and other history of this locality and to the coal industry.

At Northumberland he wrote the story of Dr. Priestly, the great chemist who discovered oxygen.

The history of the several towns is also given, together with the description of a similar trip down the West Branch. Sunbury furnished material for writing up the several futile attempts to navigate the Susquehanna. The author thinks the \$50,000,000 spent on canals along the stream might have sufficed to make the Susquehanna navigable. If this had been done, he says, Wilkes-Barre and many other river towns might have gone down to the sea in ships. It makes us of 1900 smile to know that as early as 1803 an attempt was made to build seagoing vessels at Wilkes-Barre. That year a sloop of twelve tons, the John Franklin, was built at Wilkes-Barre and safely piloted to the Chesapeake. Nine years later a company built a schooner of some fifty or sixty tons, called the Luzerne of Wilkes-Barre, but in passing down to the sea it was dashed to pieces on the Conewago rapids.

The author has given us a great deal of very interesting matter, largely drawn, it is true, from the histories, but the histories are scarce and the matters described in chatty newspaper style are far more readable than are the labored pages of the average history.

In a recent note from Mr. Bump he says: "I have the most pleasant recollections of my visit to Wilkes-Barre. Mr. Horace S. Chamberlin, who died

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Flourishing Financial Condition—Tribute to the Memory of the Expected Speaker—Annual Reports Submitted—New Members Elected—Some of the Contributions.

[Daily Record, Feb. 10, 1900.]

It had been expected that the annual meeting of the Wyoming Historical Society last evening would be addressed by Rev. Edward Griffin Porter, president of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, but his death occurred subsequent to the sending out of the notices, much to the grief of all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. Col. G. M. Reynolds, whose guest Mr. Porter was to be just now, read the obituary article published in the Boston Transcript.

Rev. Samuel Scoville, of Stamford, Conn., who happened to be present as the guest of his relative, Rev. Dr. Henry L. Jones, was asked to say something about Mr. Porter, they having been old friends. Mr. Scoville recounted how forty-one years ago himself and Mr. Porter and two other young men were traveling in Europe together, and the pedestrian trip they took from Florence to Rome, along the old Etruscan hills. He described his companion then as an all-round good fellow, untiring, unselfish, eager for knowledge, the picture of kindness, helpful, winning the hearts of all, patient and always doing for others. He had had a visit from Mr. Porter only three months ago and they had planned to make again the trip from Florence to Rome during the present year.

Rev. Mr. Hayden submitted a resolution on Mr. Porter's death and the same was unanimously adopted.

Judge Woodward mentioned that he and Rev. Mr. Scoville were in Yale College together—forty years ago, but that they had never seen one another since until this unexpected meeting this evening.

Rev. Mr. Scoville is the guest of Rev. Dr. Henry L. Jones, his wife being a cousin of Dr. Jones and a daughter of the lamented Henry Ward Beecher.

The reverend gentleman made some pleasant remarks about the time when he and Judge Woodward were in college and how he, as a freshman, looked up with awe at the junior, Stanley Woodward.

NEW MEMBERS.

The following persons were elected to membership: Mrs. William P. Ryman, J. H. Fisher, Scranton; E. T. Long, Rev. F. von Krug, Mrs. F. D. L. Wadhams, John H. Shea, Dr. G. T. Matlack, Miss Martha Sharpe, wife, Miss Lucy W. Abbott, Miss Elizabeth S. Loveland.

TRIBUTE.

The following tribute was submitted by Rev. Dr. Jones and adopted:

Resolved, That we record with sorrow the death of Calvin Parsons, one of the oldest members of this society; for four years its president, for twelve years its vice president. We have sweet remembrances of his kindly heart, genial presence and loving interest in all efforts to preserve the historical treasures of the Wyoming Valley. He had no winter in his years, but length of days without infirmity. His uniform gentleness and courtesy, his strict integrity and conscientious devotion to duty, are a precious heritage to the community in which he lived.

NEW OFFICERS.

Maj. O. A. Parsons, Col. E. B. Beaumont and Mrs. G. M. Reynolds were appointed a committee on nomination of officers, and on their recommendation the following were elected:

President—Hon. Stanley Woodward.

Vice presidents—Rev. Henry L. Jones, S. T. D.; Hon. J. Ridgway Wright, Col. G. M. Reynolds, Rev. F. B. Hodge, D. D.

Corresponding secretary and librarian—Rev. Horace E. Hayden.

Recording secretary—Sidney R. Miner.

Treasurer—Frederick C. Johnson.

Trustees—Hon. Charles A. Miner, Edward Welles, S. L. Brown, Richard Sharpe, Andrew F. Derr.

Curators—Archeology, Hon. J. Ridgway Wright; paleontology, Joshua L. Welter; mineralogy, W. R. Ricketts; numismatics, Rev. H. E. Hayden.

Historiographer—W. E. Woodruff.

Meteorologist—Rev. F. B. Hodge, D. D.

Publication committee—Rev. H. E. Hayden, W. R. Ricketts, Miss H. P. James.

Rev. Mr. Hayden stated that Mr. Lacoë had served as curator of paleontology for sixteen years and now desired to be relieved. The gentleman who was elected to succeed him was Mr. Lacoë's own choice.

Mention was made of two deaths during the year, Mrs. Judge Pfouts and H. Baker Hillman.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

The treasurer, Dr. F. C. Johnson, submitted the following annual report:

Receipts.	
Balance, Feb. 11, 1899.....	\$ 378.06
Dues of members	1,115.42
Interest on investments	656.25
Total	\$2,149.73

Expenditures.

Keeping building open	\$ 976.63
Janitor and labor	87.10
Publications	128.25
Books ..	200.00
Binding	45.00
Interest Wright and Reynolds funds	80.00
Addresses, etc....	58.25
Framing	9.45
Printing, incidental,	6.50
Postage and revenue	12.00
Furniture	7.80
Insurance on library, etc.....	112.50
Repairs and sundries	78.08
Total expenditures	\$1,801.56
Balance on hand	348.17
Total	\$2,149.73

The treasurer also reported that he had in his hands \$1,127.70 in Anthracite Savings account awaiting investment, and the following securities, yielding an annual income of \$678:

Water Company	\$ 7,000
Plymouth Bridge Co.....	5,000
Miner-Hillard Milling Co.....	1,500
Westmoreland Club	100
Total	\$13,600

The amount in savings bank was derived from life memberships, at \$100 each, the following of which were obtained by Rev. Mr. Hayden during the year, as were practically all the invested funds:

Major O. A. Parsons, Edward S. Loop, William Loveland, Mrs. J. V. Darling, A. H. McClintock, John A. Turner, G. R. Bedford, Edwin H. Jones, Percy R. Thomas, Thomas Darling, T. K. Sturdevant, Miss Martha Bennet, Edward Welles, Jr., Rev. H. E. Hayden, Robert P. Brodhead, H. Wright, 3d, Dr. Charles H. Miner.

Rev. Mr. Hayden stated that portions of the investments reported by the

treasurer belonged to certain memorial funds that had begun in recent years. The balance in the Harrison Wright Fund is \$1,010. The income from this fund is spent for books.

The Sheldon Reynolds Fund, similarly used, is \$680. There was added to it \$36.75 from the sale of society publications. The Dr. C. F. Ingham Fund, \$100, is derived from the sale of the society's publications.

SECRETARY'S REPORT.

The report of the corresponding secretary, Rev. H. E. Hayden, was presented. It said there had been continued advancement and prosperity. A year ago the trustees, impressed with the growing demands of the public, decided to open the building daily, instead of tri-weekly, and the increased attendance resulting has been gratifying. The library numbers nearly 15,000 volumes, entirely different in character from the Osterhout Library. The society confines its books to American history and geology and is a public depository for all government publications. There have during the year been added 1,050 bound volumes and 675 unbound volumes and pamphlets. The newspaper files number 700 bound volumes.

The corresponding secretary has received a large number of letters and has written 375 replies, as will be found copied in the letter book. He has sent out notices, letters and publications, aggregating 2,200 pieces of mail.

Mr. Hayden reported fully on the efforts to acquire the Spanish cannon from the War Department and the defeat of the project.

During the year five meetings for business and addresses have been held. There were addresses as follows:

Dr. W. H. Egle, on the "Buckshot War."

Maj. J. R. Wright, "Trip to Honduras."

Gen. W. H. H. Davis, Doylestown.

Dr. Frederick Corss, "Buried Valleys of the Susquehanna."

William Abbatt, "Arnold and Andre."

Ralph D. Lacoë of Pittston presented the cabinet with his splendid collection of paleozoic fossils and plants and the same has been placed in a proper case. During last summer Prof. Joshua L. Welter, who succeeds Mr. Lacoë as curator of paleontology, and the corresponding secretary spent a fortnight in packing, unpacking and properly placing the collection in the cases. The collection includes nearly 5,000 speci-

mens and forms a treasure such as few institutions in the United States possess. A vote of thanks was extended to the donor.

Christian Scharar of Scranton, a member of this society, will donate the fine collection of carboniferous specimens, described by Prof. Heilprin, in the second volume of the proceedings of this society.

There are 216 resident members and 84 life members.

It was announced last year that the society would issue annually a volume of proceedings. Volume 4 was issued during 1898 and volume 5 will be ready in a few months. Volumes 4 was entirely historical; Volume 5 will be divided between history and geology. The society has no lack of material for annual issues and as the life of a historical society is measured by its publications, there is no reason why this society should not always maintain the high standard among similar societies which for the past twenty years it has held.

To the portrait gallery has been added the portrait of Capt. L. D. Stearns, and there is promised a portrait of the society's first president, Hon. Edmund L. Dana, the gift of his son, Charles E. Dana of Philadelphia. Other portraits are also hoped for.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Among the contributions have been these: Charles A. Miner, 360 volumes of the Geological Society of Pennsylvania; American Antiquarian Society, ten volumes; Gen. H. M. Cist, eighteen volumes; Maj. O. A. Parsons, Memorials of the Loyal Legion; Arthur D. Dean, Esq., Scranton, copy of marriage records of Rev. John Miller, Abington, Pa., from 1802 to 1857.

Mention was made that William R. Ricketts has given much time to cataloging the mineralogical cabinet and the high school classes have utilized the geological department in their studies.

Mr. Hayden's report included a fitting tribute to the memory of Rev. Edward Griffin Porter, the expected speaker of the evening. "He was a man of rare gifts of mind and character, possessing a love of nature, of study, of home and country, which he improved by careful culture and extensive travel." It was also voted that the society stand adjourned as a tribute of respect to his memory.

TWO AGED PIONEERS.

One a Native of Luzerne County—
Closely Identified With Lehigh Valley R. R. History.

[Daily Record, Feb. 10, 1900.]

Two pioneer residents of the Lehigh Valley, Nathan D. Cortright and James I. Blakslee, will celebrate respectively their eighty-third and eighty-fourth birthdays, in Mauch Chunk on Saturday. Mr. Blakslee who was the first conductor on the Lehigh Valley R. R., is now one of the directors of the company, and both he and Mr. Cortright have been closely identified with the road since its first rail was laid, says the Easton Free Press.

Each has been a prime factor in the opening and development of the anthracite coal industry in Carbon County. In the boyhood of these aged men Peter Ginter, a hunter, discovered anthracite coal on Summit Hill while on one of his expeditions. It was to transport the coal from this mine that the first railroad in Pennsylvania was built, and hauled the coal to a point a short distance north of Mauch Chunk. Mr. Blakslee was the first conductor of the Lehigh Valley R. R., and Mr. Cortright surveyed originally what is now a part of its system.

Mr. Blakslee, with his brother-in-law, Asa Packer, removed to Mauch Chunk in 1833 from Susquehanna County, where he was born. During the first two years of his life in Mauch Chunk he was a boatman on the Lehigh Canal. At the end of that period he became interested in the mining of coal with the Lehigh Coal & Navigation Co.

Mr. Blakslee assisted Asa Packer in building the Lehigh Valley R. R., and was one of its first directors. So low were the finances of the company at that time that it became imperative for Mr. Blakslee to serve as conductor of the first coal train run over the road.

Later he became a conductor on a passenger train, and served in this capacity for eight years. He was made superintendent of the Mahanoy division, and in turn superintendent of coal branches. In 1871 he was elected president of the Montrose R. R., and since then has served many terms as a member of the board of directors of the Lehigh Valley R. R. He is a trustee of Lehigh University and of the Asa Packer estate.

On April 10, 1838, Mr. Blakslee married Caroline Wesley, a daughter of Charles Wesley, of Grant County, Wisconsin, formerly of Susquehanna County. They will have been married sixty-two years in April next. Among the children born of this union are Alonzo P. Blakslee, E. H. Blakslee, Asa F. Blakslee and Charles A. Blakslee, all of whom have held important positions with the Lehigh Valley R. R. Co. Mr. Blakslee has been a Mason since 1857.

Nathan D. Cortright was born in Salem, Luzerne County. When 19 years of age he accepted the position of civil engineer with Ario Pardee and J. G. Fell, who were building the Beaver Meadow, Hazleton and Summit railroads, now part of the Lehigh Valley system. In 1839 he was appointed general shipping agent of the Hazleton Coal Co., became superintendent of the company in 1842, and has been associated with the development of the coal and iron industry ever since.

In 1845 he married Margaret Harlan, daughter of J. B. Harlan, one of the original employes of the Lehigh Coal & Navigation Co. and a partner of Asa Packer in building the Lehigh Canal.

FOUGHT UNDER WASHINGTON.

Ancestor of a Luzerne County Resident—His Record.

Editor of the Record:

Monday's issue of the Philadelphia Press states that only nine persons, the offspring of men who fought under Washington, are now living in the State of Pennsylvania.

The writer fails to mention the name of Ira Ransom of Jackson Township, Luzerne County, a son of Col. George P. Ransom, a soldier of the Revolutionary war. George P. Ransom was born in 1762, and was a member of his father's company (Capt. Samuel Ransom), serving under Washington in the battles of Millstone, Brandywine, Germantown, Bound Brook, Mud Fort, and other lesser engagements. When the Wyoming Valley was threatened with invasion by an army of Indians and Tories, Capt. Ransom resigned, reaching home in time to participate in the battle of Wyoming, and was killed.

George P. Ransom was with Lieut. Spaulding and his company on the way to the valley at the time of the battle. He assisted in burying the dead, and

was able to identify his father by his knee and shoe buckles.

Young Ransom was afterwards captured by the Indians while home on a furlough, suffering great hardships.

Ira Ransom was a member of the 143d Pa. Vols. in the Civil War, serving a part of the time as sharpshooter. He is the youngest of a large family and was 77 years old last October.

L. Whitney.

Plymouth, February 19.

PAST FOUR SCORE YEARS.

Death of Edward Prevost of Tunkhannock—Attended School Here.

[Daily Record, Feb. 23, 1900.]

The Tunkhannock correspondent of the Record sends the following:

"Edward Prevost of Russell Hill died on Thursday morning about 8 o'clock. The cause of his death was general debility. Mr. Prevost was one of the oldest residents of Wyoming County. He was born on the old homestead farm, where he has always lived, on the first day of December, 1817, hence was 82 years of age at his last birthday anniversary. He was the son of John Prevost, who was known all through this section of the State, and who kept the old French Inn, which was midway between Wilkes-Barre and Towanda, for a number of years. The inn stood on the site where the Prevost homestead now stands and was one of the landmarks in that section, having been built about 1810, and was standing until about ten years ago. This hostelry was a noted stopping place for travelers up and down the valley, and no doubt there are people living in Wilkes-Barre who will remember it.

"Out of the large family of the elder Prevost, now that Edward is dead, only one is living, and that is Mrs. William Mix of Towanda, who is 80 years of age. Edward Prevost attended a private school in Wilkes-Barre along about 1835, and in 1841 married Miss Elizabeth Stark, daughter of Samuel Stark, who resided up Tunkhannock Creek. A family of ten children was born to them, all of whom are living excepting three, and besides the seven children the deceased is survived by his wife, who is now in her 78th year, their married life having continued through fifty-eight years. The children now living are: Mrs. Daniel Walter of Russell Hill, Henry Prevost

of Tunkhannock, Wallace Prevost of Denver, Colorado; Victor Prevost of Pueblo, Colorado; Mrs. D. W. Stark of Tunkhannock, Lester Prevost of Russell Hill, and Dr. Clarence W. Prevost of Pittston.

"The deceased was well educated and possessed a noble character. He had a kind word for every one and was universally esteemed. Few men have been more missed from the town and community for the past two years, since he has been confined to the house. His place will never be completely filled, for he was one of those rare, good-natured, old fashioned men, with that simplicity of manner so much admired in men of the old school, and which is disappearing with them. The funeral will take place at his late residence on Sunday morning next at 11 o'clock."

JOSEPH SHAVER DEAD.

A Dallas Octoginarian Passes Away—A Family of Lumbermen—They Have Had Six Mills on the Same Site.

[Daily Record, Feb. 21, 1900.]

One of the oldest residents of Dallas, Joseph Shaver, passed away yesterday, after a long illness from paralysis. His residence is at the lumber mill on Toby's Creek, about a mile below Dallas. The point is familiar to all persons journeying to Dallas or Harvey's Lake, as the wagon road, Lehigh Valley Railroad and the electric cars all run either through the lumber yard or close to it.

Joseph Shaver, like his ancestors, confined himself to lumbering and farming. In 1862 he and his sons moved to the present residence on the south line of Dallas Borough, where, in company with the late Abram Ryman, they purchased about 400 acres of timber land. They built a new mill about 1870, replacing one built in 1839, but in August, 1881, it was destroyed by fire, being promptly rebuilt and a planing mill attached. It is said this was the sixth mill built on that site. In 1852 he equipped the mill with the first steam engine "back of the mountain." Joseph, in 1851, desiring to take a trip West, was obliged to travel to Great Bend before he could strike a railroad. But of late years several trains have daily passed his door.

He was twice married, the first time to Miss Jane Allen, by whom he had

six sons—F. A., Joseph C., Isaac N., W. H., Elmer B. and Ralph A. By his second wife, Mrs. Mary A. Snyder, born Bartron, he had six children—among them Scott L., Maggie R. and John B. Eight of these survive.

Mr. Shaver retired from business some years ago and his sons and those of Mr. Ryman have conducted the mill latterly. "Uncle Joe," as his friends called him, was the possessor of sterling character and a most agreeable conversationalist, although during the last ten years paralysis has greatly enfeebled him in both mind and body. He was fond of arguing on bible subjects and in his earlier life he was a strong debater and a firm defender of the bible and its teachings.

He was born March 15, 1818, in Kingstons and was the son of John P. Shaver, a native of Sussex County, N. J. Both father and son died at the age of 82. The father, John P., was a farmer and lumberman and, marrying Sarah Montanye, reared a family of thirteen children. Joseph's grandfather was Philip Shaver, one of the earliest settlers of Dallas and the builder of the first saw mill, on the site still occupied by his great-grandchildren.

DEATH OF DR. JOEL GORE.

A Native of Luzerne County Many
Years.

The venerable Dr. Joel R. Gore died at his home in Chicago on Feb. 24, 1900, of pneumonia, aged 89 years. He was a native of Luzerne County and well known to many of our people.

Dr. Joel Rogers Gore was born in Plains Township, Luzerne County, March 31, 1811. His grandfather was Lieut. Daniel Gore, born in Norwich, Conn., March 13, 1746, who with his father, six brothers and three sisters came to this valley in 1772, early enough to get well settled previous to the massacre of Wyoming. They went out on that memorable July 3, 1778, with every male member of the family old enough to handle a musket, into action against the Indians and Tories. How faithfully they served is attested by the fact that when night came three brothers and two brothers-in-law were slain and the grandfather of the subject of this sketch was wounded.

Dr. Gore migrated to Auburn, N. Y., in 1824 and married Sarah A. Fuller of

Peekskill. During the War of the Rebellion he served with the Union army as surgeon. At its close and after the death of his wife he located in Chicago, Ill., and married Marie Louise Elmer of that city.

In 1894, at the age of 83 years, desiring once more to visit the place of his birth, he came East with his wife as the guest of Mrs. W. B. Mitchell, a cousin, and while here he was elected a vice president of the Wyoming Commemorative Association and was introduced to many of our citizens whose ancestors, with his, stood shoulder to shoulder during the trying times of colonial days. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Marie Louise Gore.

Dr. Gore's great-grandfather, Capt. Obadiah Gore, came from Norwich, Conn., and he and his five sons were among the first settlers in Wyoming Valley, under the Susquehanna Company. He and a son, Lieut. Obadiah, were blacksmiths and used coal in their forge long before its fitness for domestic consumption had been discovered. One of Capt. Gore's sons was Daniel, the son of George, who was the father of Dr. Gore. George Gore's wife, Polly, is buried in the old graveyard near Port Bowkley colliery on the road leading from Wilkes-Barre to Pittston. She died in 1813 at the age of 33. George removed to Illinois in 1824 when Dr. Gore was a lad of about 13.

A few weeks ago attorney F. W. Larned spent a few days at Chicago, the guest of the deceased, who was a relative. After his return he spoke to a reporter of his visit to the venerable physician, who was delighted to converse with Mr. Larned about the happy days of youth he spent in Wyoming Valley. Dr. Gore stated that he was the first coroner of the city of Chicago, an office Mr. Larned learned that he held with honor for a period of years. When he visited Wyoming Valley seven years ago his mission was to bid farewell to the burying ground near Plainsville, where his mother was laid to rest three score and ten years ago. He visited the historic God's acre in company with C. M. Williams of Plainsville, H. Y. Rees and marble dealer Hirner. He stated that it was his intention to have the remains removed, but by the advice of W. B. Mitchell and others he was persuaded not to attempt it, as the seventy long years had reduced everything to mother earth. Following their advice he had the old

head stone removed to town and the inscription was deciphered.

Dr. Gore while in the burying ground stated that he was 11 years of age when his mother died, and he could remember attending the funeral, and pointed out to the reporter the way the old road led up to the gate of the lonely graveyard. He said the river was then visible from the spot and his father and relatives used to go down the same road to get to the ferry to cross to Kingston. He pointed out a walnut tree in the hollow on the Plank Road that stood then, and he invited the company to follow him a little further up the road, and when he came to the Lehigh Valley mule barn, looking towards the same road, he said, "Here is the spot that was our cellar," and the hole and a pile of stone was all that was left to show the spot where once stood the homestead of the Gore family, one of the pioneer families of the Wyoming Valley. The day was a bitter cold one, but the veteran retraced his steps once more to take a farewell glance at the newly erected grave stone.

THE LATE MRS. P. M. NEWELL.

Her Death at Sayre—Came of an Old Family.

Regarding the death of Mrs. P. M. Newell, widow of Samuel Means Newell and mother of T. L. Newell of Kingston, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Marion B. Young, at Sayre, on Friday, April 13, 1900, at the age of 87 years, the Elmira Daily Advertiser says Mrs. Newell's long life was well and profitably spent. Interment was in the old Tioga Point Cemetery on Monday.

Polly Marie Greene Newell, eldest daughter of Henry and Polly Reynolds Greene, born at Green's Landing, Pa., May 21, 1813, came of old Puritan stock, her ancestors being the line from surgeon John Greene, who came from Salisbury, England, in 1652, coming over in the next company after Roger Williams. With his wife he settled in Warwick, R. I., where he was an original owner and where the Warwick branch of the Greene family was founded.

The second in line of the descent was James, third Jack, fourth Benjamin, a brother of Nathaniel, the Quaker preacher and father of Gen. Nathaniel, fifth Lodowick, a brother of William,

chief justice and afterwards governor of the colony for many years.

He came to Pennsylvania in 1796 and settled at a point on the Susquehanna a few miles below Queen Esther Flats and there founded what is now Green's Landing.

Lodowick was born in Warwick in 1766; his second son, Henry, the father of Mrs. Newell and the sixth in descent from John, the founder, was born in Warwick or Providence (Turner does not state which) in 1785; he died at Green's Landing in 1855.

Mrs. Newell's maternal ancestors were natives of Connecticut and were descendants of Edward Reynolds, a member of Westminster and one of the Presbyterian ministers at the Savoy conference (yet he became bishop of Norwich); he was a strong Calvinist and died in 1676. One branch of his family settled in Georgia and included John, governor of the colony, in 1754.

Mrs. Newell's great-grandfather, Benjamin Reynolds, earned distinction in the revolutionary war, having gone into the service as a drummer boy. Her grandfather, Benjamin (named after his father), was a strong advocate of political economy and was a man of powerful convictions, whose influence was a great factor in the politics of his native State. His daughter, the mother of Mrs. Newell, was a most conservative woman, the influence of whose work in society and the church is still felt. Mrs. Newell was the last of her race, her only brother, Hampton C. Greene, having died in 1872, her elder sister following some ten years since and the death of her younger sister having occurred in California about five years ago.

Her husband, the late Samuel Means Newell, died on March 10, 1883. Mrs. Newell was the mother of nine children, all living at this writing, the eldest of whom was born in 1833, the youngest being T. L. Newell of Kingston.

Reminder of Old Times.

Charles W. Ehret of Cease's Mills, this county, was in this city recently and in conversation with a Record reporter said that he has taken the Record since he was married, many years ago, and that his father, Manasah Ehret, who died on March 19 of this year of general debility, at the age of 84 years, at Jessup, Iowa, took the paper for fifty years, until his death. Fifty years ago he kept a cabinet-

maker's shop on South Franklin street, on the site of St. Stephen's parsonage. He sold that property to the church for \$350 and went to a farm in Jackson Township. About twenty-nine years ago he went West.

Mr. Ehret, the younger, continued by saying that he saw the old map of Wilkes-Barre in 1850, with a picture of the church, in the Record window and was more than pleased, as it was a reminder of the story his father told him when a boy.

Death of James C. Vaughan.

[Daily Record, April 4, 1900.]

The Wyalusing correspondent of the Record sends the following:

James C. Vaughan, aged 84, died at his home near this place this morning, his demise resulting from an attack of grip, which, owing to the feebleness incident to his extreme age, failed to yield to medical skill.

The Vaughans, whose ancestors were in both the revolution and the war of 1812, were among the early settlers here, the family having removed from the Wyoming Valley to these parts at an early day, settling on, clearing the lands and making thrifty homes of a large tract known as Vaughan Hill.

James passed his whole life at this place, following the pursuit of husbandry, the home being well managed by his faithful companion, who was a helpmate in the word's fullest sense, their hospitable roof sheltering all who crossed the threshold. Mr. Vaughan was a staunch Republican, a strong advocate of temperance and a faithful member of the Methodist Church, an organization with which he united in early life. He was a man of intelligence, a great reader of both books and papers; he had a cheerful disposition and a liberal nature.

There survive this excellent man besides his aged companion, with whom he lived some fifty-six years, three sons, Richard R., who lives at the homestead; Joseph G., station agent at Berwick, and Ralph B. of Kingston, but holding the position of D., L. & W. freight agent at Scranton, and three daughters, Mrs. William Safford of Scranton, Mrs. Dyer of Kansas and Lillian, at home.

The funeral will take place on Thursday, the services being held in the Wyalusing M. E. Church at 2 p. m., conducted by Rev. A. J. Cook, the interment to be in the village cemetery.

the Luzerne Union, the Democratic contemporary of the Record, showing the official election returns for 1856. The total vote cast in the county was only 10,200 and present Lackawanna was then part of Luzerne. There were three tickets in the field—R. and D., as now and "A." Probably not a single person in town under 50 years of age could tell what party was represented by the initial "A." Well, to make a long story short, it meant the "American" party. Only two persons who were on the ticket are living to-day—Edward J. Sturdevant, who was the "American" candidate for Assembly, and C. I. A. Chapman, who was the Republican candidate for the same office. Luzerne was Democratic and both were defeated. In those days the election table occupied only a trifle more room than is now occupied for the table of the city of Wilkes-Barre.

For senator, Washington Lee, A. and R., was pitted against George P. Steele, D.

For Assembly, E. J. Sturdevant and Artemus Miller, A.; Alfred Darte, R. (father of Judge Alfred Darte); C. I. A. Chapman, R.; Steuben Jenkins, D., and Thomas Smith, D.

Sheriff, Jasper B. Stark, D., was running against Hiram Denison, R.

Associate judge, C. T. Barnum, D.; William Merrifield, D.; Benjamin F. Bailey, R.; David H. Taylor, R.; Lord Butler, A.; Jesse Williams, A.

Commissioner—B. F. Pfouts, D.; H. S. Decker, R., and Olney Bailey, A.

Deputy surveyor, Henry Colt, D., had no opposition.

Old Ashley Resident Dead.

[Daily Record, Mar. 27, 1900.]

Mrs. Anna M. Leeser died at her home in Ashley at 7 o'clock yesterday morning, at the age of 70 years. She was one of the best known and most highly esteemed women in Ashley. She was one of the earliest settlers of that place and spent the greater portion of her life there. Deceased was taken ill a few days ago with heart disease. She is survived by the following children: Mrs. John Moyle of Ashley, Mrs. Daniel Weldon of Newark, N. J., Mrs. John Baker of Gracedale, George, an engineer on the Central Railroad, and John, a fireman on the Central Railroad, both of whom reside at Ashley; also eighteen grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

HISTORICAL PAPERS.

New Volume of Historical Society's
Published Proceedings—Papers on
Varrious Subjects.

It can be said for Wilkes-Barre that in all progressive movements she either leads or is well to the front. So in all matters of historical societies her splendid organization, the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society, has few equals and no superiors. It is said that the activity of historical societies is measured by their publications and the society here can submit to be measured by that standard. Volume 5 of the published proceedings is just out and a splendid book it is, comprising 268 pages. Of course it is indexed, for all up-to-date reference books are indexed now.

As the society has a double field, that of history and geology, the proceedings devote considerable space to the latter science. A valuable feature along this line is the catalog of paleozoic fossils, descriptive of the splendid collection donated to the society by Ralph D. Lacoë of Pittston. Mr. Lacoë spent years and money in building up the collection, which comprises nearly 5,000 specimens, and it was a most appreciated accession. Students of geology are always at liberty to study it.

Besides giving transcripts of the minutes, the volume gives the detailed reports of the corresponding secretary and treasurer, list of officers and members and contributors to the cabinet or library, a schedule of publication and a list of deceased members, with several biographical sketches by the historiographer, W. E. Woodruff.

The bulk of the volume is occupied by papers read before the society, as follows:

Paper by Mrs. Judge Rice on Rev. John Witherspoon, D. D., the distinguished patriot, preacher, president of Princeton College and signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Capt. Henry H. Bellas, U. S. A., "Defenses of the Delaware in the Revolution."

Rev. David Craft on "The French at Asylum." This paper describes the attempt of the French refugees to found a settlement on the upper Susquehanna in the decade prior to 1800. Tallyrand, the famous statesman and diplomat, visited Asylum, as did Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans, afterward King of France. Dr. Craft's paper occupies

thirty-five pages and is most entertaining reading.

Hon. Charles A. Miner on "The Early Grist Mills of Wyoming Valley." This is a paper of forty pages which readers of the Record will recall as a most interesting description of pioneer living with reference to the early mills. The paper is enriched with several illustrations mostly original.

It is the purpose of the society to give not only the addresses which may be read, but to copy valuable original documents. Among these is a list of the losses sustained by Matthias and John Hollenback during the Indian invasion of Wyoming in 1778.

Another reprint from the archives is a "list of taxable inhabitants in this region from 1776 to 1780," the same occupying thirty-seven pages. It is a valuable contribution to local history.

There are also three articles by Dr. F. Corss on geological topics:

"Drift Mounds of the Susquehanna."

"Fossils in the River Drift."

"Buried Valley and Pot Holes in the Wyoming Valley."

The volume is one that ought to be treasured in every library in Wyoming Valley as it contains a mass of historical matter that is not readily found elsewhere. The editing and proof reading was done by the corresponding secretary, Rev. Horace E. Hayden, who has done his work faithfully and well.

Persons not members may buy the volume, unbound, for \$3.

Wyoming Monument Association.

[Daily Record, April 10, 1900.]

The annual meeting of the Wyoming Monument Association was held at the residence of Mrs. C. M. Jenkins, Wyoming, on Saturday afternoon and the following officers were elected:

President—Mrs. Catherine M. Jenkins, Wyoming.

First vice president—Mrs. Elizabeth Carpenter, West Pittston.

Second vice president—Mrs. Ruth Dorrance, Dorranceton.

Third vice president—Mrs. Margaret Shoemaker, Wyoming.

Secretary—Mrs. Elvira A. Fear, West Pittston.

Treasurer—Mrs. Ellen A. Law, West Pittston.

Board of managers—Mrs. Sara Ross, West Pittston; Mrs. Katherine J. Wilcox, Scranton; Mrs. Mary A. Langford, West Pittston; Mrs. Harriet M. Coward, West Pittston.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

New Members Elected—Address by Dr. Egle of Harrisburg.

[Daily Record, April 28, 1900.]

A meeting of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society was held last evening. Dr. Corss was made temporary chairman.

Rev. Mr. Hayden reported the accession of 300 volumes to the library during the present year and several portraits—Rev. Father Hunt, Dr. Guthrie, Calvin Parsons and others.

The following were elected to membership:

Jacob S. Pettebone.

Dr. Charles P. Knapp.

Miss Augusta Hoyt.

Rabbi Marcus Salzman.

George F. Nesbitt.

John R. Edgar.

Dorothy P. Dickson, life.

Rev. Mr. Hayden reported numerous accessions to the geological library, which now contains 1,000 volumes. He also made reference to a circular recently issued by the society, calling attention to its splendid geological cabinet and library and the advantages it offered to persons studying along these lines.

Dr. W. H. Egle of Harrisburg, formerly State librarian, gave an account of Harrisburg as it was at the close of the last century, at the time of the whisky insurrection of 1794, a war which was bloodless but developed countless heroes in various counties. Gen. Washington was there, also Governor Mifflin and the latter and his retinue of ten men consumed astonishing quantities of Madeira. Mention was made of John Downey, whom Dr. Egle credits with being the founder of the common school system in Pennsylvania. The speaker gave an account of the summer fairs of those days, given from time to time, and which became so demoralizing that they had to be suppressed by law. An account was given of the inns and their primitive entertainment. The peculiar fashions just before 1800 were described, of both women and men. The marriages were as gay as now, but there were no wedding trips. The intensely primitive customs at funerals were described. There were no undertakers outside of the large cities. Funerals in the best families cost only \$10 or \$12.

Balthazar Cease, a Harrisburg blacksmith, invented in 1786 the first fire engine. He was the pioneer platform scale maker (in those days the load was hoisted by a timber lever) and he made an improvement on the ten plate stove by using a cylinder of sheet iron. He was a universal genius and kept all the machinery of Harrisburg in repair. Mention was made of the early fire apparatus and the drills of the people in forming lines and passing buckets of water for use in the hand engine. The fire alarm was sounded on the church bells. Comparing the old times with the present, Dr. Egle believed there had been a great improvement.

FROM A PIONEER FAMILY.

Death of Margaret H. How—Two
Brothers Killed and One Wounded
in the Civil War.

[Daily Record, March 27, 1900.]

Margaret H. How, aged 73 years, died yesterday morning at 10:30 o'clock at her home, 350 South Franklin street, of general debility. Deceased was one of the oldest residents of this city and was a member of an honored family, her parents being pioneers of this city. She was born here and for some time lived with relatives at Waverly, but has resided with relatives in this city for the past twenty-five years. Her mother was also born in this city and lived to the ripe age of 93 years, and died only five years ago. Her father was born in Philadelphia, but came to this city when quite young and was engaged in the tinsmith business for a number of years. He died in 1864.

Deceased is survived by three brothers and one sister—William, the well known printer; George and John How and Mrs. E. J. Lentz, all of whom reside at 350 South Franklin street. There were also two other brothers, Winfield and Samuel, both of whom died in the Civil War. The former was wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg and died on Christmas Day, 1862, and the latter died in Andersonville prison in 1864. John How was also engaged in the Civil War and lost an arm in the battle of the Wilderness. He has reached an advanced age and is a cripple, not having the use of his lower limbs.

Death of Andrew W. M'Alpine.

[Daily Record, April 18, 1900.]

Andrew W. McAlpine, a well known real estate, insurance and coal agent, died suddenly yesterday at his home, 188 North Franklin street. He had been indisposed for several weeks, but not seriously so, as he was at his office all day and during the evening previous to his death. He had passed a comfortable night and was dressing for breakfast when he called to his wife that he was ill and almost before she could reach him he fell to the floor unconscious and passed away before she could summon the family. Death was due to apoplexy. Mr. McAlpine was in his fifty-first year, having been born in Wilkes-Barre on June 4, 1849. He was educated at the Wilkes-Barre schools and at the famous Moravian College at Bethlehem, Pa. After finishing school he was a clerk for many years with the late John H. Swoyer and was subsequently shipping clerk for the Lehigh Valley Coal Co. Leaving the coal company in 1887 he opened an office for the local sale of coal and subsequently added to his business by dealing in real estate and fire insurance. For several years he also devoted a portion of his time to the business department of the Record. In all these positions he discharged his duties with singular fidelity, his superior penmanship and his careful and accurate bookkeeping winning him the admiration of all who saw his work.

In 1879 Mr. McAlpine married Miss Ida Phillips, whose brother, John T. Phillips, is the well known lumberman. She was the daughter of the late Charles F. Phillips and Mrs. Mary E. (Holtzman) Phillips, her parents coming here from Virginia. Mr. McAlpine is survived by his wife and daughter Eleanor, also by a sister, Miss Lizzie M. McAlpine, whose home was with him. His mother, Mrs. Wesley Johnson, died twelve years ago.

The Leader says of him: "He was a man of industrious habits, rigid in his business relations and always at his post of duty. He was of a quiet disposition, but those who knew him best loved him for his kindly traits. He will be missed in the circles in which he moved, but more so in the home which has so suddenly been bereft of a loving husband and father and true defender."

The Times says: "Mild mannered, gentle in disposition, warm hearted,

and possessed of all those endowments necessary to make and retain friends, it can well be said of him that no one ever met him in a business or social way and forgot his pleasant countenance nor the genial friendship which association with him inspired. In business he was the paragon of integrity and honesty, and no one can say they were ever wronged by him. In the family circle—that charmed circle where men are known at their best—Mr. McAlpine will be most greatly missed. He was kind and indulgent, and ever ready to perform any duty or make any sacrifice which would contribute to the happiness of the members of his household. While the business community deeply regret his sudden taking off, in the family circle the crushing blow is most keenly felt.”

It may be truthfully said that none of these compliments are exaggerated.

Deceased was the son of Frederick McAlpine, a native of Tyringham, Mass., who came from Winsted, Conn., to this county in 1840, settling at Wilkes-Barre, where he engaged in the manufacture of tinware and sheet iron stoves.

The mother of deceased was Frances H. Wilson, sister of Beaumont Wilson and Henry C. Wilson, both now deceased. She was a daughter of Seth and Rebecca (Yarington) Wilson of Wilkes-Barre. The paternal great-grandfather of deceased was in the Revolutionary War, and his maternal great-grandfather (Abel Yarington) was in the Wyoming massacre.

Mr. McAlpine's paternal grandfather, George McAlpine, was a native of Windsor, Conn., born in 1783, and died at what is now Avoca, this county. Three of his sons became residents of Luzerne County.

Death of Mrs. Emily Davenport.

[Daily Record, April 25, 1900.]

Emily, wife of George Davenport, died at the residence in Plymouth yesterday morning at 4 o'clock. She was 68 years of age and had been ill for several months. Her maiden name was Emily Bingham and she was of a pioneer family, having been born where the opera house now stands. She was a half-sister of John B. Smith of Forty Fort, and is survived by her husband and five children—H. I. of Chicago, R. N. of Depere, Wis.; A. E. of Hicks Ferry, and D. F. and W. M. of Plymouth.

DEATH OF MRS. N. G. PARKE.

Wife of a Well Known Pittston Clergyman Passes Away—Came From an Honored Family.

At her home in West Pittston May 9, 1900, occurred the death of Mrs. Parke, wife of the well known clergyman, Rev. N. G. Parke, D. D.

Mrs. Parke's maiden name was Ann Elizabeth Gildersleeve and she was born in the present Ricketts house on Northampton street Sept. 25, 1822, bringing her age to 77 years. Her paternal grandfather was Rev. Cyrus Gildersleeve, one of the first pastors of the First Presbyterian Church in Wilkes-Barre. Her father, William C. Gildersleeve, was a merchant in this city and was a noted abolitionist. He was born in Georgia, and spent many years in Wilkes-Barre, being instrumental in aiding many fugitive slaves to secure their freedom, and lived to see slavery abolished. Mrs. Parke lived in Wilkes-Barre until she was married on June 8, 1847. The ceremony was performed in Wilkes-Barre by Rev. Dr. Parke's father, Rev. Samuel Parke.

Besides her husband three sons and one daughter survive—William G. Parke of Scranton, Melanie, wife of attorney Thomas H. Atherton of Wilkes-Barre; attorney Samuel Maxwell Parke of West Pittston, and Dr. Charles R. Parke of Scranton, who is now traveling in France.

Deceased's husband, Rev. Dr. N. G. Parke, has been in the Presbyterian ministry for one-half a century and retired from active ministerial life a few years ago.

The Hollister Collection.

[Scranton Tribune, April 16, 1900.]

For some time the question of buying the Hollister collection of Indian relics has been agitated by public spirited citizens. In 1888, Col. J. A. Price started a movement to purchase it for the Historical Society. Had he lived the probability is that the collection would by this time have belonged to the city in some form. Nearly \$2,000 was then subscribed and doubtless most of the subscriptions would be still honored.

The proposition recently agitated that the valuable assortment of relics should be bought for the nucleus of a

museum in Nay Aug park has received much favorable notice. It has also been suggested that the city place it in the Albright Memorial Library. That it should be purchased by the city is most apparent to everybody. In the first place the collection is purely local, having all been found within a region of thirty miles surrounding and including the present site of Scranton.

The collection was made by one of the oldest residents, and the only local historian of an early date. It is valuable from ethnological and antiquarian standpoints as well as being of great importance from a sentiment of local pride. It illustrated better than any book or lecture the life and customs of the aborigines and this is a source of educational interest.

Dr. Horace Hollister died some years ago, but his widow has recently taken up her residence at 736 Monroe avenue in order to classify and catalog the collection, which includes more than 20,000 pieces. These were labeled by the dead collector's own hand, and in his lifetime were arranged with great artistic taste over the walls of his museum. They comprise arrowheads of every possible form and size; tomahawks, pestles, agricultural implements, wampum, pipes, and in fact all articles which were used in the chase in the war hunt, and in domestic life.

Wilkes-Barre is anxious to secure the collection, and it is in part for the purpose of arranging it for the inspection of the curator of the Historical Society in that city that Mrs. Hollister is about to begin work upon the classification. The collection can be purchased for \$5,000, which competent judges have considered a ridiculously low figure when it is considered that it embraces the most complete silent record of the North American Indian in this country. No doubt some plans will be made to secure it for our city.

An Old Map.

Mrs. George Dutter has kindly presented to the Record a valuable old map of Wilkes-Barre, made in 1850, and showing all the owners of property in the "town," as it then was called, embracing all the territory from the north side of North street to the Lehigh Valley tracks on Hazle street. On the Square is shown the location of the market house, the old Academy, M. E. Church (Old Ship Zion), the court house and public office. On the river com-

mons is shown the sites of Forts Durkee, Wilkes-Barre and Defiance. On the margins of the map are excellent pictures of the old Jewish synagog, when Rev. M. Strasser was reader; Presbyterian Church, Rev. John Dorrance, pastor; Episcopal Church, Rev. George D. Miles, rector; Lutheran Church, Rev. J. W. Lescher, pastor. Also pictures of the Baptist and First M. E. churches, the old Phoenix Hotel and the old river bridge. The Lehigh & Susquehanna R. R. then came up through South Wilkes-Barre and had its depot on South street on the river common near where Fort Wilkes-Barre was located.

The map has been in the possession of Mrs. Dutter for fifty years, and was purchased by her father, Samuel S. Cook, who was a prominent contractor and builder in his time, having erected the old Jewish synagog and many other important buildings back in those early years. The map is in an excellent state of preservation and was made from original surveys by J. C. Sidney, and published by Richard Clark of Philadelphia.

COLONIAL DAY RELIC.

An Army Coat Button Bearing the
Date 1774.

[Daily Record, July 26, 1900.]

Frank E. Brown of this place, says the Wyalusing Rocket, last week found an old army coat button of Colonial days near the Moravian monument, about two miles below town. In the center of the button, which is about the size of a copper cent, is the coat of arms of the British empire of George III's time, and on the outer circle are plainly seen the letters, "W. U. T. R. A. Q. U. E. U. N. U. M. W.," and at the bottom the date "1774." The button is in an excellent state of preservation, the letters being easily read with the naked eye.

It was doubtless lost by some one of the army under Gen. Sullivan in his march up the river in 1779 to punish the Indians belonging to the Six Nations, who had been pillaging the settlements along the Susquehanna, while most of the settlers were fighting under Washington for our country's independence. On Aug. 5, 1779, Gen. Sullivan encamped with his army near the Moravian monument,

FRANCES SLOCUM.

Unveiling of a Monument to Her Memory at Peoria, Indiana—How the Monument Movement was Started—The Committee Selected—The Story of Frances Slocum in Brief—Inscription on the Monument.

[Daily Record, May 16, 1900.]

The story of Frances Slocum is too well known in this valley to bear another telling. For over 100 years it has been a familiar fireside tale, and in the early years of the century the story of the abduction of little Frances, which occurred right here in Wyoming Valley, was told to the children to keep them from straying away from home.

Last spring James F. Stutesman of Peru, Ind., visited the Bundy Burial Ground, just outside of the city, and finding the grave of Frances Slocum, sunken, overgrown with grass and weeds and unmarked, he came to the conclusion that the grave should be properly cared for. With that end in view he corresponded with twenty-five of the descendants of the white queen of the Indians, and in a short time \$700 was raised and the following committee was chosen for the selection of a suitable monument:

Hon. Elliott T. Slocum, chairman,
Detroit, Mich.

Dr. Charles E. Slocum, secretary,
Defiance, Ohio.

Mrs. Mary Slocum Murphy, treasurer,
Converse, Ind.

George Slocum Bennett, Esq., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Joseph Slocum Chahoon, Esq., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Elizabeth Slocum Rogers,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Frank Slocum, Esq., Minneapolis,
Minn.

Frank L. Slocum, Ph. D., Pittsburg, Pa.

Frank Slocum Litzenberger, Middletown, Ind.

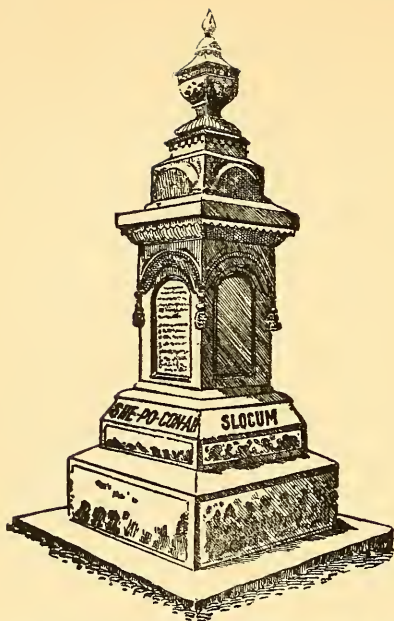
Levi D. Slocum, Carbondale, Pa.

Joseph W. Slocum, Scranton, Pa.

Joseph A. Kenny, Converse, Ind.

James F. Stutesman, Peru, Ind.

The monument is of white bronze, 8 feet 6 inches in height, and contains the following inscription on the four sides:



Frances Slocum, a child of English descent, was born in Warwick, Rhode Island, March, 1773, was carried into captivity from her father's house at Wilkes-Barre, Penn., November 2, 1778, by Delaware Indians soon after the Wyoming massacre. Her brothers gave persistent search but did not find her until September 2, 1837.

When, inclined by a published letter describing an aged white woman in the Miami Indian village here, two brothers and a sister visited this place and identified her. She lived near here thirty-two years with an Indian named Ma-con-a-quah. She died on this ridge and was given a Christian burial.

Frances Slocum became a stranger to her mother tongue. She became a stranger to her brethren and an alien to her mother's children through her captivity. See Psalms LXIX, 8.

This monument was erected by Slocums and others who deemed it a pleasure to contribute, and was unveiled by them with public ceremonies May 17, 1900.

She-po-con-ah, a Miami Indian chief, husband of Frances Slocum, Ma-con-a-quah, died here in 1833 (?) at an advanced age. Their adult children were:

Ke-ke-nok-esh-wah, wife of Rev. Jean Baptiste Brouillette, died March 13, 1847, aged 47 years, leaving no children. O-zah-shin-quah, or Jane, wife of Peter Bundy, died January 25, 1877, aged 62 years, leaving a husband and nine children.

This monument was unveiled May 17, 1900, at the grave, near the village of Peoria, Miami County, Indiana, in the presence of a large number of the Slocum descendants and relatives, and grandchildren and great grandchildren of the Indian captive, all of whom live in that vicinity.

The formal exercises will begin at 12 o'clock, and will be as follows, viz:

Prayer, by Arthur Gaylord Slocum, A. M., LL. D., president of Kalamazoo College.

Address, by Charles E. Slocum, M. D., Ph. D., of Defiance, Ohio.

Unveiling of the monument, by Misses Victoria Bondy and Mable Ray Bondy, cousins, of Reserve, Indiana, granddaughters of Frances Slocum.

Remarks by prominent persons, including pioneers who knew the captive.

Benediction, by Rev. William F. Slocum, A. M., B. D., of Montour Falls, N. Y.

George Slocum Bennett of this city left a few days ago to attend the dedicatory ceremonies.

FRANCES SLOCUM MONUMENT.

The Unveiling at Peoria, Indiana—
Many in Attendance—The Exercises.

Peoria, Ind., May 18.—[Special correspondence of the Record.]—The unveiling of the monument erected to the memory of Frances Slocum, "The White Rose of the Miamis," at the Bundy burying ground, eight miles southeast of this city, on Thursday, May 17, was an event in which not only the citizens of this particular locality were interested, but in which persons from a dozen different States east of the Mississippi River were deeply concerned. Perhaps there never was a gathering in Indiana that brought so many relatives together from so many different

States. One thing sure, there were more Indians and half breeds assembled to do homage to the departed than were ever seen at one time in northern Indiana since pow-wows were held on the Miami reservation seventy-five years ago. In these descendants of the fast fading tribe of Miamis the visitors manifested much personal interest. The number of people in attendance at the unveiling was estimated at 3,500.

Among the most prominent visitors who in some way or other bear a relationship to Frances Slocum were: Hon. Elliott T. Slocum and Mrs. Elizabeth T. Slocum Nichols, of Detroit, Mich.; William A. Slocum and Mrs. E. R. Slocum, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Arthur G. Slocum, president of Kalamazoo College, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Mrs. Lurena King Miller, Washington, D. C.; L. K. Cunningham, Waynesville, Ill.; Mrs. Minnie Penewitt and Julse Slocum, of Easton, Ill.; Mrs. Julia E. Slocum Lewis, Beaver Falls, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Smith King of Indianapolis; George Slocum Bennett, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.; Mrs. H. D. Gardner, Scranton, Pa.; Mrs. Sarah S. Gardner and Miss Mary Gardner, of Dalton, Pa.; Miss May Slocum, Charleston, Ill.; W. H. Tripp, Jeanesville, Wis.; Mrs. Cornelius Slocum and Mrs. Sarah Belcher, of Bloomington, Ill.; A. W. Belcher, Brimfield, Ill.; Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Slocum, of Defiance, O., and many others.

On Wednesday evening the descendants of Frances Slocum who came from abroad assembled in the parlors of the Bearss Hotel and became acquainted with each other. They also listened to the story of the first meeting of Frances Slocum and her brothers after her sixty years of captivity, told by James B. Fulwiler, a justice of the peace, in the city, who was present at the time.

There was a business meeting of the monument committee at 10:30 o'clock and at 12 Hon. James F. Stutesman told the assemblage why the gathering was held. He introduced Hon. Elliott T. Slocum as chairman. Arthur Gaylord Slocum offered prayer and Dr. Charles E. Slocum, of Defiance, O., delivered an interesting address on the life of Frances Slocum. Among other speakers were: George Slocum Bennett of Wilkes-Barre, Maj. M. C. Fadin of Logansport, Gabriel Godfrey, chief of the Miamis; Col. Richard De Hart of Lafayette and William Lane, who dug Frances Slocum's grave. Misses Mabel and Victoria Bundy unveiled the monument.

O. H.

CHESTNUT FARM DESTROYED.

Forest Fires Terminate the Interesting Experiment of a New York Man in Luzerne County.

[Daily Record, May 21, 1900.]

Record readers have been made aware from time to time of the interesting experiment in forestry conducted between Bear Creek and Stoddartsville by Thomas Harrington of New York City. Mr. Harrington is a prominent decorator in the metropolis and a few years ago he conceived the idea of converting a section of wild land into a chestnut farm. He accordingly bought some 900 acres, grafted thousands of young trees with improved fruit, and the project was progressing nicely until the recent dry spell, when the tract was ravaged by forest fires and the thousands of young trees were utterly destroyed.

The fire was one of the most serious in recent years. It extended from the mouth of the Tobyhanna near Stoddartsville to Bear Creek, a distance of some ten miles. The inhabitants are few in that locality and they were powerless to save their woodlands or their fences. The Wildrick, Dutter and Jerry Wood families were special sufferers. They are very close to the Harrington chestnut farm and it fell a victim to the flames.

In the neighborhood of Bear Creek Albert Lewis had a large force of men fighting the fires. At one time the village of Bear Creek was threatened, but the wind shifted and the men were able to bring the fires under control. It is believed that the fires were started by careless or unprincipled persons who were trout fishing in the vicinity. Mr. Lewis offers a reward for information that would lead to their arrest and conviction.

THE CHESTNUT FARM.

Mr. Harrington's tract is off to the right a mile or two from Tucker's, as one drives from Bear Creek towards Stoddartsville. It is near the Wildrick settlement, and many people will be pained to learn that John Wildrick, one of the kindest and most industrious men in that region, died while the fires were raging. He is sincerely mourned.

The tract Mr. Harrington bought was wild land, as it had been denuded of its timber years ago and was covered by a rank growth of young chestnuts. The

road starts in from near Tucker's and has few superiors for roughness. Mr. Harrington began his experiment in the summer of 1897 and he cleared a space all around his land, to protect it from forest fires. The big tract was also subdivided into smaller tracts, these also separated by fire ways or streets.

Mr. Harrington in the spring of 1897 grafted 10,000 European scions upon the native chestnuts, and so encouraged was he by the fact of their surviving the first hard winter that he continued the grafting until he had 30,000 trees—Italian, French and Japanese.

Though chestnut culture is a success abroad it was an experiment in America, and Mr. Harrington went into it largely for diversion, but at the same time hoping to ultimately realize a profit on his investment, as improved chestnuts bring a fancy price in the market. He also wanted to demonstrate that the mountain lands usually considered worthless have a value after all, if they can be utilized.

When a Record man met Mr. Harrington recently at Tucker's he was enthusiastic over the outlook and was buying more land—this time the Swainbank farm, which he was going to devote to the culture of locust trees, as fence posts of locust are of great value, owing to the fact that they are almost indestructible. Mr. Harrington says they are good for sixty years, but J. E. Patterson, one of Wilkes-Barre's best posted lumber men, says he knows of locust posts on his ancestral farm that are sound after being in the ground a century. This being so, locust posts are as valuable as they are rare.

While there the night was spent at the interesting old hostelry known as Tucker's, formerly an important stage house, on the turnpike leading from Wilkes-Barre to Easton. The night was spent, not at the old tavern, for Mrs. Tucker has sold it to Albert Lewis and it is closed, but at a little house across the road, where the venerable woman is temporarily making her home and where she dispenses hospitality to the occasional passer-by with her old time cordiality. She lives there alone with her grandson, as her son "Tom" has married and gone to White Haven. Mrs. Tucker has many interesting tales of the old days, but if these old houses could talk they could bring up an even older past than can the venerable but still active landlady. A most interesting historical sketch of

this old road house recently appeared in the Record.

Since that visit with Mr. Harrington, who is a most genial and intelligent companion, and who unfolded with much enthusiasm his plans for forestry experiments on the desolate mountains of Luzerne County, occurred the fires which desolated his tract of 30,000 young grafted trees.

A letter from him to a member of the Record staff gives the following information, and in it he seems to intimate that he will not carry the project any further, though it is to be hoped that he will change his mind on this score:

You will remember our spending a night at Mrs. Tucker's and that I related having grafted 10,000 chestnut sprouts with European scions in 1897 and that they bore fruit last fall. Further, that I grafted 20,000 trees in 1898 and that I expected fruit this year, and I was somewhat elated that it was a scientific success and it was only a question of a few years when it would be a financial success.

I am sorry to tell you that I have received a letter relating the devastation of forest fires throughout the district and that all of my grafting is destroyed.

It is not pleasant to relate the death of a baby, but especially so when after three years' care and nursing it was so full of promise.

It was singular to you and Dr. Taylor that I found pleasure on this mountain-top. I will tell you. I bought the property without seeing it, as on my first visit I was delighted with the country and quite interested in the people, and was moved to pity when I saw their homes, more wretched than the tenements of New York. I found that the men would willingly work ten hours per day for \$1, and at once thought how I could engage them without loss to myself and devised this work of grafting. It was a question if the scions would withstand the hard winters at this altitude. Two varieties were not hardy enough. I purposed to continue the work, seeing it would finally become very remunerative, as the nuts bring wholesale \$100 per ton, with ever increasing demand, as imports show. We do not appreciate the value of this product, as you may be surprised to learn that chestnut flour is sold in New York at 50 cents per pound, yet it is grown cheaper than corn.

Then I found the diversion was beneficial to me and there was the double pleasure of a hobby being profitable, and ultimately when the trees grew large I expected to have them so far apart as to be good fruit trees and to have good grazing below, and I felt certain that the product would give a value equal to any coal or mineral land.

The people in the district finally became convinced that it was going to be a good thing and there was talk about their doing some grafting. Your Dr. Rothrock knew just what I was engaged upon and manifested more than ordinary interest. I shall be sorry to tell him.

So I think you will concede that I was fully warranted in doing what I have done. I cannot say if I shall engage further with the grafting. If it is badly burnt it will then be two years before I shall have growth large enough, but it has been demonstrated as a fact and with better protection can be brought to a most successful issue. If I was younger or had some one dependent upon me I would not hesitate to renew my efforts in this direction. Yours most respectfully, Thomas Harrington.

F. C. J.

DEATH OF MRS. SCHOOLEY.

Came From a Well Known Family—
Traced Her Ancestry for Eight Centuries.

[Daily Record, May 29, 1900.]

Yesterday morning about 3 o'clock Mrs. Sarah A. Schooley, widow of the late William Schooley, died at her home in West Pittston. The deceased was well advanced in years. Up to within a week ago she enjoyed comparatively good health, but suffered a stroke of paralysis and since that time had been unconscious. The Gazette says:

Mrs. Schooley came of an old family. She was born in Kingston on Dec. 6, 1819, and was in her 81st year. She was a daughter of John and Jerusha Breese. Her father, John Breese, was born in this valley, his ancestors having come here from New Jersey in 1789. Her mother, Jerusha Johnson, was born in New Jersey in 1798. Mrs. Schooley traced her ancestry to the time of William the Conqueror, in 1066. Among her ancestors, on the paternal side, were John Haynes, first colonial

governor of Connecticut in 1639, and Hon. Samuel Wyllys of Hartford, Conn., before whose door stood the Charter Oak, and who married Ruth, daughter of Governor Haynes.

Mrs. Schooley was married at Wyoming in 1844. Her husband was then a resident of Forty Fort. After their marriage they moved to the Atherton farm in Exeter, where they lived until the death of Mr. Schooley, thirteen years ago, since which time Mrs. Schooley had made her home in West Pittston.

Since girlhood Mrs. Schooley had been a member of the Wyoming Presbyterian Church. She was widely known and enjoyed the friendship of a large circle of the older people of the valley. She was greatly devoted to her home and family and her hospitality was unbounded. The only survivor of the family is her daughter, Sallie M., wife of Joseph H. Andrews of West Pittston.

An Early Settler.

Walter S. Carpenter has made a crayon portrait of Elisha Blackman, one of Wyoming Valley's early settlers, and it is being shown for a few days in B. G. Carpenter & Company's store window.

According to a sketch attached to the portrait Mr. Blackman was born April 4, 1760, and died December 5, 1845. He was a survivor of the massacre of Wyoming, which occurred July 3, 1778. He was a son of Elisha Blackman and Lucy Polly, and was born in Lebanon, Connecticut; married in Hanover, Pa., (now Warrior Run), lived and died there. He came to Wilkes-Barre with his father's family in 1772, when he was 12 years old. He was in the Wyoming battle and massacre July 3, 1778, but escaped with his life by swimming to and hiding on Monockacy Island, which he left in the night, after all had become still, and reached Forty Fort before daylight. He left there in the morning and got to Wilkes-Barre Fort about 11 o'clock the same morning, where he found his father, the only man in the fort, the others having gone with the women and children to the mountain to show them the way towards Stroudsburg, and they did not come back. Elisha and his father left about 3 o'clock in the forenoon and made their way to Stroudsburg. The family returned to Connecticut, but he returned in August with Capt. Spaid-

ing's company to Wilkes-Barre. In October he helped bury the dead at Wyoming, and after gathering as much of the crops on his father's farm as had not been wholly destroyed by the Indians and Tories, he joined the army late in the fall, and was two years with it in Cherry Valley and on the headwaters of the Susquehanna, in New York. In 1781 he enlisted with Col. Sherman, in his regiment on the Hudson; was discharged at Fishkill in June, 1782, and returned to Lebanon to his old home. Here he studied and learned the tanner's trade, and in 1786 with his two brothers, Ichabod and Eleazer, he returned to Wilkes-Barre and built a log cabin on his father's farm, (the second lot on Main street, thirty-two rods below Academy street). His father returned and Elisha married a daughter of Deacon and Abigail (Avery) Hulburt and removed to a lot he bought in Hanover, in 1791. Here he cleared the land and there he died. He received a pension from the United States from 1835.

The crayon portrait of Elisha Blackman shown in B. G. Carpenter & Co.'s store window will be presented by E. H. Jones and Col. C. Bow Dougherty to the Historical Society. The society will then have the pictures of four survivors of the massacre at Wyoming: Gen. William Ross, Mathias Hollenback, Lieut. Gore and Elisha Blackman. The society requests as a special favor that all who have pictures of survivors of the Wyoming massacre, present them to the organization, where they will be carefully preserved.

Dial Rock Chapter.

[Daily Record, Aug. 21, 1900.]

The members of Dial Rock Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, met on Friday in the old church at Forty Fort. There was a paper on "The Indians of the Revolution" by Mrs. Day of Tunkhannock, and the history of the old Forty Fort Church, as written by Steuben Jenkins and Rev. Jonathan K. Peck, was read by Mrs. Samuel Fear.

A PIONEER CLUB.

Last summer while Judge Charles E. Rice and George R. Bedford, Esq., were making a trip to the historic spots in New England, they came across an interesting document exhibited in a glass case in the collection at Plymouth, Mass. It pertains to what was probably the first social club in America. Messrs. Rice and Bedford arranged to have a photograph taken of the old document, full size, and the same is now framed and ready to be presented to the Westmoreland Club of Wilkes-Barre, whose walls it will hereafter adorn. The old document reads as follows:

•••••
 ●
 ● OLD COLONY CLUB. ●
 ● January 13, 1769. ●
 ● We whose names are underwrit- ●
 ● ten having maturely weighed, and ●
 ● seriously considered the many dis- ●
 ● advantages and inconveniences ●
 ● that arise, from intermixing with ●
 ● the Company at the Taverns in ●
 ● this Town of Plymouth; and ap- ●
 ● prehending that a well regulated ●
 ● Club will have a tendency to pre- ●
 ● vent the same, and to increase ●
 ● (not only the pleasure and happi- ●
 ● ness of the respective members) ●
 ● but also will conduce to their ●
 ● edification and instruction. Do ●
 ● hereby incorporate ourselves into a ●
 ● society by the name of the OLD ●
 ● COLONY CLUB; for the better ●
 ● regulation of which, we do consent ●
 ● and agree to observe all such ●
 ● rules and laws as shall from time ●
 ● to time be made by the Club. ●
 ● Dated at our Hall in Plymouth, ●
 ● the day and year above written. ●
 ● Isaac Lothrop ●
 ● Pelham Winslow ●
 ● Thomas Lothrop ●
 ● Elkanah Cushman, ●
 ● John Thomas ●
 ● Edward Winslow Junr. ●
 ● John Watson ●
 ● Cornelius White ●
 ● Thomas Mayhew Junr. ●
 ● Oakes Angiere ●
 ● Alexander Scammell ●
 ● Samuel Adams ●
 ●•••••

GEORGE CATLIN'S WORK.

Saint Charles, Mo., Jan. 19, 1860.
 Editor Record: In an article as to
 George Catlin in your paper, there is
 an error as to time.

Mr. Catlin began his work among the North American Indians in the winter of 1829-30. Capt and Governor William Clark was superintendent of Indian affairs under President Jackson, and Mr. Catlin accompanied Clark to the treaties held with the Winnebagoes, and Menominees in 1830, and with the Shawanos, the Sacs and Foxes and Kouzas in 1831. In the spring and summer of 1839 he completed his work here and departed for London, Eng., with his paintings, curios, etc., in the fall of the same year. In 1852 he again took up his work among the Indians on the Western coast and traveled among them until 1855, going thence to South America, where he remained until 1858. There are now living three men who knew, and who were with Mr. Catlin during the greater part of his wandering among the Indians.

Jean J. Devore.

SWARTWOOD CHRONICLES.

A memorial history of the Swartwoods has been written by Arthur James Weise of Albany, N. Y. The book contains 754 pages. The descendants of the different American branches of the family, now writing the cognomen Swartwout, Swarthout, Swartout, Swartwoudt and Swartwood are distinctly traceable to Tomy Swartwout, who, in 1655, was appointed a magistrate of the Court of Midout (Flatbush) on Long Island, N. Y. Only 100 of these books were published.

The Swartwoods came from Holland, where the author of the book spent several months and the history represents them from 1338 to 1899. Maj. William Merrill Swartout, of Troy, N. Y., has presented a volume of the work to her Majesty, Queen Wilhelmina, of the United Netherlands, where his ancestors obtained no little fame for their valor in the thirty-year war against the invading forces of Spain, and held many offices of trust and importance.

The patriotism of the Swartwood family was brilliantly exhibited in the Colonial War of 1762 and in the Revolution some years later. In the latter twenty-nine of them were officers. Many interesting facts are given in an article signed "General" in the Wilkes-Barre Telegram for December, 1899, from which we quote:

The Swartwoods were among the early settlers in the Wyoming Valley.

Alexander Swartwood, prior to 1800, owned a farm in what is now Kingston Borough. This he sold in 1794 and during the same year moved his family about eighteen miles further up the Susquehanna River, where he purchased several hundred acres of land on a large elbow or bend of the river. The place was soon after named by the raftsmen, Swartwood bend. Mr. Swartwood died in 1825, and was one of the first to be buried in a plot which he had given for a cemetery, near his own home. It has since been known as the Swartwood Cemetery.

Alexander Swartwood, son of Thomas and Elizabeth Ennes Swartwood, was baptized in Walpack Township, Sussex County, Province of New Jersey, on May 13, 1764, and was married in Maghagh-Kerneck, Ulster County, N. Y., on July 13, 1787, to Catherine Shoemaker.

Their children were: Jonathan, Abraham, Absalom, Elizabeth, Alexander, Joshua, Catherine, William and Harry.

Among his surviving grandchildren are the following: Miles Swartwood, of Swartwood Bend; Ira Swartwood, of Falls; Alexander Swartwood, of Sutton's Creek; Mrs. Isaac Coolbaugh, of Bowman's Creek; Mrs. Hezekiah H. Smith, of Swartwood Bend; Mrs. John Shook, of Ransom; Mrs. Horton Wood, of Centremoreland; Jacob B. Swartwood, of Kingston, and Leroy Swartwood, of Wilkes-Barre.

There are also scores of his great grandchildren who live in the above named places, and not a few of his great great grandchildren.

Another thing worthy of mention is the old Swartwood Inn, which he erected in Swartwood Bend soon after his removal there from Kingston in 1794. The tavern was known as the "Halfway House," being situate along the old State road, about midway between Pittston and Tunkhannock, and was one of the popular stopping points for the traveling public in those days whose only mode of travel was by the old stage coach line. The structure was built of hewn logs and was afterwards covered with siding giving it the appearance of being a frame or plank house. It is still standing and is in a fairly good state of preservation. At present it is used as a farm house and is occupied by its owner, Mrs. Daniel S. Brown.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A British Embassy to China and Some Coincidences.

[Daily Record, July 26, 1900.]

An old volume that is of special interest just at this time has been loaned the Record by J. W. Ingham, of Sugar Run, Pa. The book was published in Philadelphia in 1795, 105 years ago, and is a narrative of the first British embassy to China in the years 1792, 1793 and 1794, containing the various circumstances of the embassy and accounts of the customs and manners of the Chinese, a detailed description of the voyage and of the country, towns and cities.

A striking coincidence in connection with this old volume is that the representative sent to China by King George III at that time was Earl MacCartney and to-day one of the most prominent English diplomats who is taking part in the Oriental question is a gentleman of the same name, Sir Halliday MacCartney, counsellor and English secretary to the Chinese Legation in London. Another coincidence is that then, as now, there was a rebellion and anti-foreign crusade and Earl MacCartney and his retinue were compelled to suddenly leave Peking at the command of the emperor.

At that time an embassy to China was a new event and it occasioned much comment throughout Europe. The object of sending Earl MacCartney and his retinue was to remove, if possible, the disadvantages which at that time oppressed the trade of European countries with China. The minister took with him an imposing staff, fitted out in a manner to attract the Chinese people, as well as to command the respect of the court of Peking.

The narrative was written by Aeneas Anderson and relates accurately everything that came under his observation from the time the embassy left London until it returned at the bequest of the emperor of China. He gives the names of the villages, cities, etc., according to their sounds and at the close is a glossary of Chinese words.

