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VOLUME X.

The Historical Record

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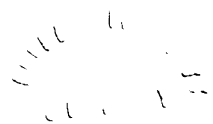
WYOMING VALLEY.

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

Edited by F. C. JOHNSON.

Appearing from time to time as a complete volume.

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The Historical Record.

VOL. 10.

REV. THOMAS P. HUNT, 1794-1876.

[Written for the Record.]

It was my privilege to make the acquaintance of the Rev. Thomas P. Hunt soon after coming to this valley in 1844. He at that time and for some years afterward resided on his farm in Wyoming, that adjoined the Swetland homestead. He subsequently removed



FATHER HUNT.

to Wilkes-Barre to a property on the corner of Franklin and Jackson streets, where he continued to reside until his death, and where he was as widely known as any one in the city.

He was a native of Charlotte County, Virginia, (born Dec. 3, 1794,) and a lineal descendant of one of the old representative families of the State. Here he grew up, received his education and entered on his work as a minister of the gospel, in which he found delight as long as he lived. His father died when he was but three years old, and he was left to the care of an intelligent Christian mother, who nursed him through an illness that resulted very seriously for him. In speaking of it, he said:

"The morning of my life was one of the greatest suffering and debility. A violent attack of whooping cough with some fever, followed by spinal disease with acute nervous pain, the hip disease and white swelling left me deformed."

But this physical deformity did not stand in the way of a long life-time of usefulness. It was a marvel to his friends how, with his infirmities, he was able to do the work he did, when very much of it was done on horse back, including three or four years of service in the army as chaplain.

Mr. Hunt's early ministry was spent in the South, chiefly in Raleigh, Virginia, and in Wilmington, North Carolina, where he made for himself a reputation as an able preacher and a popular temperance lecturer. His reputation as a temperance lecturer resulted in bringing him an invitation to come North and devote himself to temperance work. This invitation he accepted with the understanding that he might continue to preach the gospel as he had opportunity. He came North, and after spending some time in preaching and lecturing in New York, where the churches and the public halls would not hold the crowds that flocked to hear him, he removed to Philadelphia, where the people heard him as gladly as they had heard him in New York. This was in 1836. From Philadelphia as a base, he visited among other localities Wyoming Valley, in the interest of temperance, and was so much pleased with the valley and with what he conceived to be its prospects, he purchased a farm, and in 1838 removed his family here.

There was at this time very great call for missionary work throughout Luzerne County, and during the six years that intervened between 1838 and 1844, Mr. Hunt, when not absent on his lecturing tours in different parts of the State and of the United States, did missionary work in Wyoming and Lackawanna valleys. He had no commission from the Board of Missions. I do not know that he ever received a dollar from the Mission Board for all the work he did in this region, and those to whom he preached were not in a position to pay him anything for his services. At the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the First Presbyterian Church of Scranton, thirty-five years after Mr. Hunt came in the valley, in an address he made on the occasion, he told the congregation that "his compensation for all the preaching he had done in and around Scranton, so far as he could remember, was two pairs of woolen socks, a good size pumpkin and two coon skins."

From the commencement of my ministry in Pittston in 1844 I was brought in close contact with Mr. Hunt. He lived near me. I saw him in his home and in my own home. He preached for

my people often, and they loved to hear him. We were in Presbytery and in synod together. And in these years of our association I learned to admire him for his frankness, cheerfulness, hopefulness and unselfishness, and to regard him as among the brightest men I ever knew. It was so ordered in the providence of God that I was with him in Philadelphia in synod, in 1876, and accompanied him to the unveiling of the Witherspoon Monument, which had been erected on the Fair Grounds. This was the last occasion he took part in any public service. The day was warm and he felt the exposure. He was staying at the time with his daughter, Mrs. Twadell, who resided in the city. And at her house he died, Dec. 5, 1876, after a brief illness, at the age of 82.

It would not be an easy matter to give an analysis of Mr. Hunt's character. It had many marked features, as all knew who were associated with him. He was in an important sense a genius. He was original rather than profound. A thinker rather than an investigator. He did not ignore books, but he made less use of them than most literary men. He was intellectually bright rather than wise and practical. He may have been, as he claimed to be, the inventor of the sewing machine, but he lacked the ability to make the invention practical.

As a theologian he was combative, and his preaching was largely polemic; and as a result he not unfrequently stirred up those of his hearers who differed with him on doctrinal questions. Baptists, Methodists and Episcopalians, who did not know him, received the impression from hearing him that he was intensely denominational, and wanting in Christian charity. As a matter of fact his apparent opposition to those differing with him grew out of the polemic character of his preaching. While he was a decided Presbyterian, as regards both doctrines and church government, he was not wanting in love for his brethren of other denominations, as they very well understood, when they became acquainted with him.

With genuine Southern hospitality he welcomed his friends to his home, which was a kind of rendezvous for the young people generally and the young preachers in particular, of whom I was one. His daughters were then children around his knees, and in a pleasant way he gave us notice that when they were grown up we would have to come to his house without an invitation from him.

When he was eighty years old, or we supposed he was, he invited all the ministers of the Presbytery and their wives to dine with him. The occasion was most enjoyable and the octogenarian was in his element. The old bible, in which the date of his birth is recorded, I took the liberty of looking over, and said to Mr. Hunt, "you are not eighty years old, according to this record." He answered: "I know that. I am but seventy-nine, but did not I have a birthday when I was born? And did I not have another when I was one year old? This is my eightieth birthday." And so it was, but it was not the eightieth anniversary of his birth. At the close of the entertainment the Rev. W. J. Day was asked to read a portion of scripture. He read of Paul's experience in having fought "a good fight," and requested Mr. Hunt to tell us of his experience. He responded briefly and closed by saying he had in his life many fights, and he had received many kicks, but he thought "he had given as many kicks as he had received." And we all agreed with him.

His power of repartee was of the lightning order. He and I were delegates to the General Assembly, that met in Saratoga when the New and Old School churches were arranging to come together. In that assembly Dr. Breckenridge, who was opposed to the prospective union, spoke disparagingly of the New School brethren. They could not, he said, be relied on, and added by way of illustration, "it is a difficult thing to teach an old dog new tricks." When Mr. Hunt obtained the floor he commenced by saying that what Dr. Breckenridge had said about an old dog was true—and there was another thing that was true of an old dog, it was very hard to break an old dog of his old tricks.

On this occasion Mr. Hunt spoke for two hours and was listened to with interest by the vast company of ministers and elders, who sat and stood before him, and I had reason to know that his speech was purely extemporaneous.

Mr. Hunt was constitutionally a reformer. His mind was active and his conclusions on moral questions and on all other questions on which he thought deeply, were reached with little reference to the conclusions at which others arrived on the same subject. He was born and raised in the midst of slavery, and was the owner of slaves; but his thinking on this subject led him to believe that the thing was wrong and he manumitted his slaves. He was not an abolitionist, but he was a colonization-

ist. The use of strong drink as a beverage he regarded as an unmitigated curse, and although comparatively alone in his view of the matter at the time, he advocated total abstinence, and denounced liquor selling in the strongest terms.

He had his own views of education and advocated them, though they were opposed to the public school system, which, he thought, tended to divorce secular and religious education. He favored in Presbytery the idea of dealing with members of the church who voted for liquor sellers for public office.

He believed that it was possible to have an arithmetic with questions and examples taken from bible history, for use in our schools, that would familiarize our children with the bible. This matter he brought to the attention of our Presbytery. The fact that in the judgment of his brethren many of his views were not practical did not stand in the way of his pressing them. When he first came to Wilkes-Barre he found a conservative temperance sentiment in the community. His teaching and preaching on the subject, which was regarded as ultra, roused opposition to his work and for a time the Presbyterian Church was closed against him. This led him to speak on Public Square and thousands gathered to hear him. In localities where notice was given that he would speak he was warned not to come or he would be "egged." In other localities his life was threatened, but threats of this kind never interfered with his work. He was once shot and slightly wounded, within a few rods of the church in which he had just preached.

In his early life Mr. Hunt wrote with great clearness. His books on the subject of baptism are published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication and esteemed highly. In his advanced life he wrote with difficulty and with less clearness. But on his feet, he spoke with force and fluency as long as he lived. Very few public speakers are more at their ease in addressing a public audience. He was never confused or, as we say, "rattled," however much he was interrupted, and words suited to make clear his ideas flowed from him as water from a fountain. His diction was not always elegant. He would call a spade a spade, and, as he expressed it, "he would fight the devil with his own weapons." In doing this he not unfrequently shocked sensitive people, but no one, cultivated or uncultivated, was ever at a loss to know what he was

driving at. On one occasion he was invited to lecture on temperance in the vicinity of Philadelphia. His audience was large and disposed to listen. In the audience there was a young lawyer who rose and contradicted some of the statements Mr. Hunt had made. When he was through Mr. Hunt went on with his lecture. Again the young man interrupted him and some of the audience called, "Put him out, he is an infidel and does not believe man has a soul." Mr. Hunt begged the audience to be quiet and let the young man speak. "Balaam's ass also once made a speech. This young man may do as well." This ended the interruption, but it did not disturb Mr. Hunt. "It was nuts for him." Years after this happened a gentleman met Mr. Hunt on the streets of Philadelphia and said to him, "You do not remember me, but I remember you. Do you not remember Balaam's ass? That cured me."

If Mr. Hunt had been as fortunate as Dr. Johnson in having a Boswell to report all he did and said in the varied circumstances in which he had been placed, we would have a life of Father Hunt that would rival in interest "Boswell's Life of Johnson."

While Mr. Hunt was an original and logical man, on many subjects, an advanced thinker, and a rare genius in his way, he will be known by those of this generation and by the generation that come after it, as the "American Apostle of the Temperance Reformation." He entered on this work when it cost something to be an advocate of total abstinence, and no man in our country did more to open the eyes of the people to the cause of intemperance and to the dangers of the liquor traffic. He was to the temperance reformation what John the Baptist was to the gospel, "the voice of one crying in the wilderness," or what Luther was to the Reformation of the sixteenth century. He was not indeed entirely alone, and yet in many localities where his voice was heard he was very much alone. Other temperance lecturers who distinguished themselves had their promoters and their messengers. He was left almost from the beginning to manage his own temperance campaign. It cost the temperance organizations nothing, but it cost him a vast amount of hard work. John B. Gough was a reformed drunkard, and in his work he had the sympathy of the people. He was an orator and could move his hearers by appealing to their emotional natures. In this line Gough had few equals. Hunt appealed to the reason of men

and aimed to convince them of the truth of his position, and in this line of work he had no equal in this land or in any other land. And when the temperance cause triumphs, as triumph it will, for it is the cause of truth and righteousness, and monuments are erected to the pioneers, the tallest among them should be to be Rev. Thomas P. Hunt. N. G. Parke.

People of Other Days.

As I walk along the avenues, roads and lanes, I miss very many who once passed along these ways; yes, a great throng of men, women and children. Even amid the labors and cares, the rush and roar and struggles of this present wondrous age, at times a feeling of inexpressible loneliness, pity and gratitude goes out toward those whom we knew and loved in other days and with a feeling that they may not have been fully appreciated, we wish we might even yet mention their names and keep their memories bright with honor and respect. I thought I would, in a word or two, mention, say a dozen or more of names here, but the task is too great, there are hundreds; for the present I must desist.

A little boy stood by the side of a country road—an old man with a staff came that way; he was going to see his daughter, my mother. He said: "Charley, let me see your hand." I held out my hand. He traced the lines on the inside of my hand and muttered words that I have not forgotten, and they have proved true words. That old man was Peter Steele, my grandfather. I once heard him say, near as I can remember, as follows: "When I was a lively, rollicking young man, say in about 1798, I helped make a haul of shad with our net in the river below Plymouth, one Sunday morning, for a widow. We made a great haul; our net was crowded with fish, and we had a time of rejoicing. We counted the shad and found there were 9,999."

He also told us that his father was named Peter Steele and came from the North of Ireland.

My grandfather married Charity Lamoreaux, daughter of Thomas Lamoreux, who came to Plymouth from Connecticut about the year 1790.

I find that my mother's people, the Steeles and Lamoreuxs, were paying taxes in Hanover and Plymouth in the year 1796. How long they had already been in Wyoming Valley I cannot quite

tell. They probably came here between 1785 and 1795. The Steeles were from Ireland and the Lainoreuxs from France. They were here in time to be engaged in the Revolutionary War.

A few days ago I journeyed to Prichard, Hunlock Creek Township, to see the old bible which was once owned by my great-grandfather, Peter Steele. It is now in the possession of Blanche Cope Prichard, and was given to her by the late John Wesley Steele of Fairmount Township. Mrs. Prichard is a granddaughter of J. W. Steele and wife of H. G. Prichard, who is a son of W. W. Prichard. Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Prichard are now on their way to the far West, where they propose to make their home.

The bible above mentioned is a large family bible, printed in Edinburgh in 1777.

I will copy some of the items found in it:

"Peter Steele, his book, bought of James Hepburn, December 10th, 1785. Price paid, three pounds."

"Peter Steele, Sr., son of David and Margaret Steele, was born the 7th of August in the year of our Lord 1743.

"Peter Steele Sr., left Ireland, the 10th of May, 1763, and landed at New Castle, June the 19th, 1763.

"Peter Steele and Hannah Normand were married April 5th, 1769, by Rev. John Carmichael of Brandywine Congregation, in Chester County.

"Hannah Steele, daughter of Hannah and Peter Steele, born March 14th, 1770.

"Peter Steele and Jean Bell were married March 19th, 1771, by Rev. John Carmichael of Brandywine Congregation, Chester County."

Peter and Jean Steele were blessed with the following named children:

"David, Joseph, Margaret, Peter, Jacob, Andrew, John, Mary and Elizabeth.

"Jean, wife of Peter Steele, died May 9th, 1804.

"Peter Steele departed this life, November the tenth, in the year of our Lord 1825, at about three o'clock p. m., in the eighty-third year of his age."

This family record, like most family records, is incomplete. Why does it not tell us what part of Ireland the family came from, and when they came to Wyoming Valley and also say something of Peter Steele's being in the Revolutionary Army, etc. However, it is far better than no record.

Very many of the descendants of the old people mentioned above are now scattered abroad through Luzerne and

adjoining counties, and in many distant States.

Think of it! In 1796 in the territory of what is now Plymouth and Jackson, there were but ninety-five taxable persons.

Peter Steele, Jr., died in 1857.

That night, after examining the old book, that was printed on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, 123 years ago, I remained the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Prichard. The night was inclement, but it was pleasant within doors, and the two daughters, Misses Kate and Lizzie Prichard, entertained us with excellent singing and organ music.

The son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Prichard, were making a farewell visit in Wilkes-Barre, before going to their distant Western home.

C. D. L.

Mrs. Culver Dead.

[Daily Record, July 26, 1900.]

The death of Mrs. Sallie Pringle Culver, widow of Elias D. Culver, occurred at her home, 226 College street, Kingston, yesterday morning at 1:15 of general debility.

The deceased was born in Plymouth, Sept. 2, 1814, and was 85 years, 10 months and 23 days old. Her ancestors on both the maternal and paternal sides were Connecticut people. Her mother was Elizabeth Harvey, daughter of Elisha and Rosanna (Jameson) Harvey. This Elisha Harvey was captured in 1780 by Indians and British Rangers and was carried away from the Wyoming settlement to Montreal, Canada. Later the British authorities turned him over to a tribe of Seneca braves, among whom he suffered all the barbarous treatment the savages could inflict. The Indians subsequently sold him to a Scotch trader for half a barrel of rum. Mr. Harvey was finally exchanged and arrived in Wilkes-Barre Sept. 10, 1782.

Elizabeth Harvey, mother of the deceased, was married on Sept. 5, 1813, to Thomas Pringle by Rev. George Lane. The Pringles were early settlers in eastern Connecticut and their progenitor is said to have emigrated from Scotland. Her grandfather, Samuel Pringle, occupied for years the stone house which still stands near the Gaylord shaft, Plymouth. Thomas Pringle

was by occupation a farmer, but for several years he was also engaged in the coal mining business in partnership with his brothers-in-law, Jameson Harvey and George Lane. In 1837 he removed to Kingston, where he purchased a large farm, nearly the whole of which is now within the limits of Kingston Borough.

The deceased was married June 23, 1835, to Elias Culver of Huntington Township. They resided on a farm in Huntington Township for a number of years and then in Shickshinny. She removed to Kingston about ten years ago. The following children survive her: Thomas P., Samuel A. and Mrs. Peter W. Good of Kingston and Mrs. L. T. Seward of Shickshinny and one sister, Miss Caroline Pringle, and a brother, Samuel Pringle of Kingston. Mrs. Culver early united with the Methodist Episcopal Church and was a devoted Christian woman throughout her entire life.

Musings at Wyoming Monument, July 3, 1900.

[For the Record.]

I wonder if the sun shone
As now that summer day.
I wonder if cool breezes fanned them
As they dying lay.
Oh, was this very mound
Drenched with a boy's bright blood?
No band's harmonious strains
The mountain echo woke,
But Indian yell and childish shriek
The frightened silence broke.
Oh, all ye gathered friends
Breathe ye with bated breath.
Close but your mortal eyes
And all around view death.
See, by your side they sit,
Daring the bullet storms.
There through the shade dark demons flit,
And scarlet uniforms,
Remain, this is your home,
Ye spirits of the grove,
Dwell in this monumental room,
Live in each patriot's love.
List to these fervent vows,
That pierce the azure skies.
Oh, we will worthy live
Of your life's sacrifice.
America, your rescued land,
Shall claim each living breath,
And, if need be, to save from wrong,
We'll battle to the death.

—Frances M. Haynes.

Wyoming Commemorative Association.

[Daily Record, July 4, 1900.]

Yesterday's observance of the anniversary of the battle and massacre of Wyoming, which occurred July 3, 1778, was of the same enthusiastic character that has marked other recent years. Unlike some previous occasions, the weather was delightfully cool, and the big tent, usually so acceptable, was hardly needed, as the conventional broiling July sun was not broiling this time. There was a cool breeze throughout the exercises, and with an abundance of seats everybody was comfortable. The Stars and Stripes swung from the flag staff, the platform was bedecked with roses and daisies, and the grounds were in good condition. There were delegations present from the Wyoming Monument Association, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Sons of the Revolution, the Grand Army of the Republic, and other patriotic organizations. Fully 1,000 persons were present, thus testifying that there is no falling off in the patriotic impulses which continue the commemorative exercises throughout the passing years. The program presented a new photograph of the monument and gave a list of the members of the association. As is always the case, Alexander's Ninth Regiment Band rendered a fine program.

The invocation was by Rev. Ferdinand von Krug, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Kingston. It was full of patriotic fervor and lofty sentiment. It made special reference to the greatness of America and its place among the nations in these days when men's hearts are falling them for fear.

Led by the Wyoming M. E. choir, John J. Armstrong, director, the audience joined in singing "Star Spangled Banner."

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

The new president, Benjamin Dorrance, made some opening remarks which were full of patriotic fire. He said this was the day of all days that appealed to him, and he was proud to participate here at the foot of the monument to commemorate the deaths of those to whom we owe our existence. Coming down to the present, he said we are in a period of history-

making and he alluded in eloquent terms to the international perils which are now threatening in the far East. He mentioned the fact that America was no longer a child, but a power among the nations. The remarks closed with a quotation from his great-grandfather, Col. George Dorrance, who before leading his men out to meet the invaders of Wyoming Valley, said to them, "We must stand up to our work." Mr. Dorrance's address was without notes and was pronounced an excellent one.

MUSIC AND ADDRESSES.

After a patriotic song by the Wyoming choir, and after the band had played again the audience rose and, led by the Wyoming choir, sang "America." And it was sung splendidly. Mr. Armstrong's leading, reinforced by so good a choir, was just what was needed to make this stirring old national hymn an inspiring feature.

At this point came the address of Dr. William H. Egle of Harrisburg, on the "Men of Wyoming." Dr. Egle is the author of a History of Pennsylvania, of Pennsylvania Genealogies, editor of Notes and Queries and has on several occasions read papers before the Wyoming Historical Society and at the monument and until recently was State librarian. He is an authority on all matters of State history, and his point of view being from the Pennsylvania rather than the Connecticut side, he now and then says things which are not relished by some, but which he is always ready to defend in vigorous style. His address on this occasion, however, was not of a character to provoke controversy and was much enjoyed. It is well worth perusal.

DEATHS OF THE YEAR.

After another selection by the band Dr. F. C. Johnson was called on to make announcement of the deaths of officers during the year. The first was Calvin Parsons, the venerable president, who died Jan. 1, 1900, at the age of 85 years. A brief pen picture was given of the characteristics of the lamented president and it was stated that a biographical sketch would be given in the published proceedings. The second death was that of Dr. Joel R. Gore of Chicago, a vice president. Dr. Gore was born in Wilkes-Barre in 1811 and died in February last at the age of 89 years. He went to Chicago

in 1856 and became a leading physician there. He served as a surgeon in the Civil War. Dr. Johnson said there were present two ladies, descendants of Silas Gore, one of the family of seven who lost their lives in the Wyoming fight. These were Mrs. Judge Isaac P. Gray of Indianapolis, Ind., wife of ex-Governor Gray and minister of the United States to Mexico, and Mrs. B. F. Walker of York, Pa., corresponding secretary of Yorktown Chapter, D. A. R. It had been stated by the president that the Pennsylvania Railroad is about to name an important new station between Sunbury and Harrisburg Gore, in honor of Obadiah Gore, who used anthracite coal in his blacksmith forge in Wyoming Valley as early as 1763. At the station is to be a coal storage station, the largest in the State. Mention was also made of the death of Mrs. Mary Pfouts, a descendant of Lazarus Stewart, one of the makers of Wyoming mentioned by Dr. Egle in his address.

NOTES.

Announcement was made that John Wilde, the builder of the fence, had painted it gratis and he had also agreed to keep the fence around Queen Esther's rock painted as long as he lives.

The committee on grounds—Benjamin Dorrance, James D. Green, William H. Jenkins, Charles Law, J. M. Schooley—did its work with thoroughness, and will retain as janitor of the grounds Joseph Bainbridge.

The drinking water was brought from a mountain spring by Mr. Murdock.

Marx Long, one of the active spirits in the big time of 1878, was in attendance, also the venerable Dr. J. J. Rogers.

Henry Blackman Plumb, author of "Plumb's History of Hanover," was in the throng.

Edmund Hurlburt of Kingston was present and said he had talked with Nathan Carey, one of the survivors of the massacre.

In accordance with their custom, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Dorrance entertained the speaker of the day at their handsome home at luncheon.

Following are the officers of the Wyoming Commemorative Association:

President—Benjamin Dorrance.

Vice presidents—William L. Conyngnam, William R. Storrs, Charles A. Miner, W. H. Richmond, Theodore

Strong, Lawrence Myers, J. W. Hollenback, Garrick M. Harding, Rev. Horace E. Hayden, Harrison H. Harvey.
Secretary and treasurer—F. C. Johnson.

Corresponding secretary—George H. Butler.

Librarian—William A. Wilcox.

MEN OF WYOMING.

Address of Dr. W. H. Egle.

My Fellow Countrymen:

Eleven years ago I was hurriedly summoned here to take the place of another whose name had already been printed on your program of the day. Taking my subject—the First Massacre in the Valley, that of October, 1763, I conscientiously sought, from the authorities in my possession, to present you a plain unvarnished story of pioneer times. The large audience listened to my narration with close attention, but no sooner had I concluded, than the very air seemed to be charged with dissatisfaction. Either at the outset, I had not been listened to with the interest the story warranted, or I had been wholly misunderstood. I did not escape even the invective of some of my audience, and the newspaper reports were malicious in the extreme. What I had stated—was well considered,—although my address was necessarily hastily prepared. But time mollifies all things, and it was not many days after when those who thought I misrepresented facts found that I was correct in every particular, and the address, when published, including the documents to authenticate my story, convinced all, that I had been fair and just to Wyoming and its history. Since that day many changes have come—and above all some of the dearest friends I had in this section have passed out to the "Land of the Leal and the True," Jenkins, and Dorrance, Johnson, and Parsons—as well as others, who took ancestral pride and historic interest in your annual commemoration services. The years of separation come on apace, and the young men of to-day who have taken the places of those pillars in Israel who have fallen, will in a decade or two also be old men. And so one generation succeeds another, in filial duty. As to myself, I appreciate your courtesy in inviting me here once more. Without the gifts of

oratory, and the flow of wordy words, I believe that I shall be listened to more for my fervor and honesty of purpose than in what I may say on this occasion. It is hardly possible I may be with you again. But there is one thing, however, which I shall cherish to life's close, the esteem and appreciation of the many who have always welcomed me to historic Wyoming.

Wyoming! Oh, what a history in that one word! Wyoming! The synonym of military bravery, of intrepidity—aye of disaster and bloody massacre. Wyoming! Oh! what memories crowd upon heart and brain, at the bare mention of that term—memories of fearless and courageous men—of compassionate yet resolute women—of helpless and suffering childhood. Will the people who come after forget the sad story—so frequently told, and yet ever new in its telling? As you have assembled here to-day, so will future generations come up to this Mecca of yours, and listen to the narration of the events which we this hour commemorate. This is your Marathon—there is no more consecrated and hallowed spot in the entire Union. They may glorify the illustrious actions at Lexington and Concord—they may magnify Bunker Hill, Long Island, Brandywine, Germantown, and Trenton. They may exalt Saratoga, and Monmouth, and Yorktown—but here in this lovely Susquehanna Valley is located the one spot—where dauntless men, noble women, and innocent children fell victims to the rage of an unrelentless foe—the unpitied Briton, the vengeful Tory, and the perfidious red man. It is perfectly meet and right that you keep this memorial day. It is perfectly meet and right, that on this midsummer morn you bring here the men and women of the future, that they may take herefrom the greatest lesson of patriotism the world ever exhibited.

Standing here, amidst the pleasant surroundings of this Memorial Day of your heroic ancestry, with all the sympathy we have had with the Mother Country in her recent conflict with the people of South Africa reciprocal for her magnanimous course in the Spanish-American war, we cannot forget the tyrannical abuse we endured at the hands of her base ministry from 1775 to 1783; nor the suffering caused by her soldiery, and their no less infamous hirelings, and inhuman allies, the Tories and Indians. Shall we ever for-

get—no, not as long as this monument endures, or yonder everlasting hills tower to the eternal skies—not as long as the people of America hold in veneration their honor and their happiness—not as long as loyalty to flag and country is the highest aim, as it is the noblest privilege—not as long, as that one word—Wyoming—exists.

As we hold the lives of the men whose deeds we commemorate with adoration, so let us, for a few moments, dwell upon their extraordinary individuality of character, their estimable traits of mind and heart—and withal their absolute devotion to the cause to which the many became true martyrs of liberty. And so I give you "The Men of Wyoming," or rather, "The Men of 1778;" trusting that your honored secretary, who is so well prepared and fitted for the task, will give you in the near future, "The Women of 1778."

The men of 1778, in general, worthily deserve our consideration. Despite the ill-fate of many, they were as noble a body of men as ever drew a sword, or fired a gun—as ever enlisted in the patriot cause—gather them together as you may, from the rock-bound coasts of New England to the savannahs of Georgia. As remarked, they deserve all the honor we can bestow upon them—they are worthy of our veneration and esteem—of all the laudation, you or I, my fellow-countrymen, can give them. Honoring them, by every meed of praise in our power, we honor ourselves the most—by remembering them. They were men of sterling qualities in a crisis of affairs requiring these characteristics. They were but pioneers—but as true pioneers they were endued with enterprise, integrity, resoluteness, and above all with love of country. For this they struggled, that we might enjoy the results of their labors—for this they died that we might have more perfect freedom and life. Grand old men of Wyoming!—not on the tablet of this monument will you live—but in the annals of this locality, of your State and country will your fame endure—the world at large little does it ken of the names of these heroes, but the glorious liberty of the ages is the undying heritage they have left us.

Now who were the honored men of that fated July day? Look over those inscribed upon this cenotaph. Take them all into your mental keeping—then also have some regard for those who escaped that sanguinary struggle. Upon the altar of independence they

offered themselves an oblation. With their blood they sprinkled the doorposts of the shrine of liberty—and forevermore in the ages will this typify that freedom and equality are the destiny of mankind.

I hold in my hand one of the most pitiable documents I have ever read. It is one which the Wyoming Historical Society has reprinted, but how many of you have read it. It is the "Petition of the Sufferers of Wyoming, Pennsylvania, by depredations committed by the Indians in the Revolutionary War." It was presented to Congress on the 18th of February, 1839, and by them "laid on the table, and ordered to be printed." No action was ever taken by which any relief was given the sufferers, and on this point history partly repeats itself. During the late war for the Union, the State Government organized troops for the protection of its borders—but the sudden and urgent demand of the Federal authorities for the protection of the National Capital left our southern counties exposed to the desolation—to the fire and sword of the enemy. The "Border Claims," like those of the "Wyoming Sufferers," will never be paid. The cases, however similar, were not altogether parallel. In the case of Wyoming, although the town of Westmoreland raised two companies on the Continental establishment for the defence of the inhabitants of that town; the Congress was not wholly to blame for the violation of the contract—but the State of Connecticut claiming jurisdiction, when the demand was made for the troops of the Line, cared less for the safety of their so-called Colony of Wyoming and town of Westmoreland than for their own situation! It has often been a wonderment with me that from the fabulous number who served as the so-called "Minute Men of the Lexington alarm," that that State's quota could not have been filled without draining Westmoreland of every able-bodied man from sixteen years upward! I do not wish to be misunderstood; the facts are as I have given. Pennsylvania's aid was never invoked, as Wyoming spurned allegiance to that Province.

But, to the men of Wyoming! that is the object of my mission here to-day. I am to speak of them—to hold them before you as examples of patriotic valor, and of undying attachment to cause of country. Men of principle and virtue—men of saintliness of character, in whatever ennobles and consecrates.

They were ideal man; ideal in this—that with the spirit of the early martyrs of the Church of Jesus, they were willing to suffer and to die, that human kind would be the grander. Let this lesson sink deep into our hearts and minds—that we may all passing from out this hallowed spot, feel that it has been good for us to be here—and that we be in all the future better and truer citizens of this great American Republic—or, if you choose to be imperialists—the great American Empire.

This cenotaph emblazons the names of almost two hundred and fifty worthies and heroes of Wyoming!—two-thirds of whom were slain on that fateful day. Aside from these, there were others whose memory will long live in the annals of this lovely valley. Even a rehearsal of these names may be monotonous—and only a brief glance at the principal actors of that massacre must satisfy at this time. The Makers of Wyoming—Capt. John Jenkins, Col. John Franklin, Col. Timothy Pickering, Lord Butler, the Miners, Johnsons, Harveys, Jamesons, and others—I transfer to some future paragraphist—my duty lies along the paths of the Preservers of Wyoming.

Of all that immortal host of brave men—there is one who stands out in bolder relief than any other—Colonel Zebulon Butler. Owing to the fact that the officer in command of the British, Tories and Indians, was named Butler, there has always been a confounding of the actions of these men;—not among those who can distinguish the two, but in the minds of some of the scavengers of American history. I do not want to designate the British commanding officer, before this enlightened audience with the epithet he richly deserves—but cannot refrain from calling him an execrable monster, who has only gained an immortality of infamy. Our Colonel Butler was of a different make-up.

Zebulon Butler, son of John Butler, was born at Lyme, New London County, Conn., on the 15th of May, 1731. He early entered military life and was an active officer in the old French war. In 1769 he came to Wyoming, and when the thunders of the Revolution reverberated along the Wyoming and Nescopeck Mountains, Capt. Butler entered the contest—and was commissioned a lieutenant-colonel in the Third Regi-

ment of the Connecticut Line. In June, 1778, he was on a brief furlough, when it was found that the enemy was concentrating his forces for an attack upon the defenceless settlement of Wyoming. The few men remaining in the Valley were speedily organized and Col. Butler was requested to take the command. It was only a handful of old men and beardless boys—but they were patriotic and determined. Yet what could any officer achieve, however brave and efficient, surrounded as they were by five times their number, the majority of whom were actuated by feelings of infernal hate. No man was ever truer and more courageous; but in such an unequal contest, there could have been only that one result—that result which history gives us, and which down to the remotest ages will pillory the name of Col. John Butler, the British Butcher. Much has been written in the latter years in extenuation of the conduct of the enemy and its infamous commander, but what avaleth it? In these days even Benedict Arnold has his apologists, and modern writers would have us believe that Nero of olden Rome was the model of all the good virtues of the past ages.

As the eyes of the weak forces at Wyoming looked to Col. Zebulon Butler for assistance and direction in events which had come upon them—and who amidst it all remained the true hero that he was—let me hold him up to your gaze and admiration. He was a man of fearless energy, of resolute endeavor, stern in duty, and faithful to the cause. Miner says he "was humane as he was brave—politic as he was undaunted." And further along, in the "Hazleton Travellers," says that the biography of Col. Zebulon Butler is the story of Wyoming, and we fully agree therewith. He was the champion of the defenceless men, women and children, fleeing from ruined and ravaged homes. He was ever held in superior esteem "for his noble sense of honor, for his courage, moral and professional, and when duty called knew no fear." Under the force of circumstances, at the battle of Wyoming "he lost." Yet his name will outlive the generations. We all marvel and glory in the achievements of Dewey, and Schley, and Sampson, and even Teddy Roosevelt, if he did win his laurels by blundering into a victory at ElCaney—but there is one officer, even though he be our country's enemy, who braved danger and defeat, aye annihilation, whose heroism and

wonderful courage arouses our admiration—Admiral Cervera. He made a bold stroke and lost. He lost on the side of tyranny and medieval despotism;—our warriors on the side of right and liberty.

Have you ever read Col. Butler's address to his men on the eve of battle, as we have it from one of your most conscientious historians—my dear old friend Steuben Jenkins? Here it is;—listen to the pathetic and sublime utterance of that sublime hour:

"The enemy is probably in full force just ahead of us. If so, we shall have hot work. Remember your homes! Your women and children call on you to protect them from the tomahawk and scalping knife of the savages. Your own fate, as well as that of your women, your children, and your homes, is in your hands. Remember the fate of the Hardings, and make sure work. Victory is safety! Defeat is death! Let every man do his duty, and all will be well." He was one of the men of mark of this section, and down through four generations of noble men and women, his descendants possess many of his remarkable characteristics. Col. Butler died on the 28th of July, 1795, at the age of sixty-four years—honored, revered, and greatly beloved.

The topmost name on yonder cenotaph—designated as "Slain in Battle" is the honored one of George Dorrance. Of Lieut.-Col. George Dorrance your historians say only this—"he fell in the battle of Wyoming, 3d of July, 1778." No greater encomium could be uttered. On the day of the battle he supported Col. Dentson, who commanded the left wing of the Provincials. Owing to a misunderstanding of an order of the colonel, a wrong movement was made, confusion ensued, and in the effort of Lieut.-Col. Dorrance to restore position and order, he fell, severely wounded, while riding along the line gallantly laboring in his vain attempt. It is stated as an exemplification of his coolness in the midst of the fight, when one of his men gave way, he firmly commanded "Stand up to your work, sir;" and was instantly obeyed. He was the only one of the wounded who was saved from death on the field, or at the hellish orgies of the succeeding night. His feeble condition on the next day making him a burden to his captors, they slew him, and divided his garments and arms among them. No grander hero,

who met death on any battlefield, ever breathed, than he of whom we speak. A firm patriot, undaunted and courageous, he died that you and I might live, free in a land of liberty and godly right.

Lieut.-Col. Dorrance, the son of Rev. Samuel Dorrance, was a native of Connecticut, where he was born on the 4th of March, 1736. He served as an officer on the Connecticut establishment at the outset of the Revolutionary struggle, and had the highest confidence of those who bore arms that fatal day. There was a dash and a nobleness of bearing and spirit which has descended through three generations of Dorrances. No knight-errant of the days of chivalry was ever mightier in arms, or more glorious in his death, than Col. George Dorrance.

Here is one of your heroes of a different mould—of a rugged and hardy endurance—of an indomitable will and fearlessness—Capt. Lazarus Stewart! Raised on the frontiers of the Province of Pennsylvania, nurtured amid arms—he became one of the most noted men of the era. Of Scotch-Irish parentage, for his participation in that episode in our history which has given rise to more misrepresentation than any other event—the extermination of that nest of red Indian vipers at Conestoga and Lancaster in December, 1763,—Quaker fanatics have led the way to defame and execrate his memory, which it is to be regretted more than one historical writer has followed—losing sight of his personal sacrifices in behalf of the frontier settlements; and later on, in behalf of Wyoming. He was born in Pennsylvania, and after his persecution by the Proprietary Government he and his followers cast their lots with the "Connecticut Intruders," so-called. The people of the Holstein settlement recognizing his ability as a partisan leader, requested himself and his comrades to unite their destiny with theirs, but the overtures of the people of Wyoming were such, that thither they went. In all that bitter contest between the settlers and the Pennamites, he was loyal and true to the town of Westmoreland and its cause. On that sanguinary day which we commemorate, there can be no doubt of his valor—he may have been rash and yet what is not common-place most persons consider recklessness—but he was decidedly a brave and fearless soldier. Brought up to arms, no

man knew better than he, the nature of obedience—and the laxity of it, he well saw would lead to certain defeat. Slain at the outset of the conflict, and by his side his no less gallant relative, Lieut. Lazarus, Jr., Wyoming should never forget to do him honor—to cherish and revere—aye defend his memory. This is certainly in your keeping. Will you be unmindful of what he did for Wyoming?—will you ever cease to remember that he was a courageous officer—a brave and disciplined officer—and gave up his life upon the field of battle for the cause of his country? No! no! I will not wrong you, by imputation even, fully believing that the patriotism of your superb ancestry will thrill your hearts and souls at the mere mention of his name;—Capt. Lazarus Stewart! Oh; what tales of daring, of intrepidity—of dauntless adventure and illustrious renown his name calls up. No man has been more fearfully maligned by cheap historians. The tomahawk and scalping knife had no terror for him—he was a soldier, every inch of him,—he had the confidence of his men, and died at his post. Capt. Stewart left a wife and seven children. Escaping down the river, they subsequently returned to their desolate home in Hanover; and here the devoted mother ended her days. Descendants of their children, for several generations, have honored their heroic ancestor, whether in military, civil or domestic life. In verity Capt. Lazarus Stewart fell as only a soldier could, in the van of battle.

Close by the name of Col. Dorrance, is that of "Major Jonathan Waite Garrett." The Rev. Mr. Hayden in his "Unforgotten Hero of the Massacre of Wyoming" gives us infallible proofs that this was intended for Major John Garrett of the 24th Connecticut Regiment. Little is known of him, but that little has been carefully collected by his conscientious biographer. That he was a military officer of skill and keen judgment—a person of undaunted bravery, and intrepid valor, has been abundantly proven. He fell at the first onset of the battle. Three years prior, in the contest with the Pennamites, he boldly declared, "I for one am ready to die, if need be." He proved this assertion on the field of Wyoming. He was about fifty years of age when he fell—a martyr to the cause. The centuries may pass down the corridors of time, and the world at every decade be illumined by deeds of daring, but none

will surpass those of Major John Garrett and his confreres on this blood-drenched valley of July, 1778.

In Wyoming history there are two men, whose life achievements and gallant actions have always been closely allied—namely, Capts. Robert Durkee and Samuel Ransom. They had served in the French and Indian war—were both officers in the First Connecticut Regiment of the Line—and served with distinction at Brandywine and Germantown. They wintered at Valley Forge! Yes, they wintered at Valley Forge; but when spring came, and they had word that the settlement at Wyoming was threatened, they resigned and hastened thither to protect their families. In the defence of their homes they fell. It is said of Capt. Durkee that upon being mortally wounded, and in the agonies of death he yet thought of his command, and with his latest breath asked: "Do my men still stand firm?" On being assured that they did, he said: "It is all right then," and immediately expired. As for Capt. Ransom, in the prime of life, his loyalty in the cause of his country, his patriotism, his humanity to his men, and finally his heroic death make his brave and beautiful life precious to his descendants—aye to every lover of Wyoming. Of Capts. Durkee and Ransom, it may be well said—that of all the gallant spirits who perished on the field of Wyoming, none excelled them in honor, heroic courage, devotion to duty, or in love of home and country for which they laid down their lives. It is sad to contemplate the sacrifice of such spirits as these; but

Who dies in vain
Upon his country's war-fields, and within
The shadows of her altars?"

What shall I rehearse to-day of the very eminent patriotic services of Capts. Bidlack, Buck, Geer, Hewitt, McKarracken, Wigdon and Whittlesey, —who died where they stood, as Miner so justly states it, at the head of their men. Were they brave? None more so. They fell valiantly fighting for the independence of their country—they died in defence of the homes of their neighbors and kinsmen. If "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," how our breasts should swell with gratitude, that such glorious men once lived. It is an unrecorded fact that every commanding officer of a company, was slain

on that calamitous field of carnage. The violence of the British soldiery—the hate of the Tory—and the bloody hand of the savage had no terrors for our heroes; they fought to the pitiable end—standing like a stone wall against the bitter odds of battle. Neither lacked dash or fearlessness—but they were of that composite order that heroes are made of. They all had tact and discretion, but the contest was so unequal, and they were only in command of the forlornest of a forlorn hope. Let us ask ourselves the question, would we do the same? Yes, I believe we would—we are not hirelings—we are our own masters as our honored ancestry were, and with the eternal spirit of liberty, coursing through our veins, would willingly sacrifice ourselves on the altars of freedom. We are not, fortunately, called upon to undergo this—so, let us revere their example, their deeds, and their memories.

Following in the footsteps of their commanding officers, Lieuts. Atherton, Gaylord, Ross, Waterman, Bowen, Pearce, Shoemaker, Stevens, and Wells, fell in the forefront of battle. No Anglo-Saxon words can describe the ardor, the fervor, and daring of these heroes. Imagination cannot conceive of their sublime heights of valor—or their exalted gallantry. Many incidents of their undaunted heroism have come down to us, which you will cherish up for the ages. Rehearse them to your children and your children's children, with instruction that thus they be perpetuated. Whether in history, song, or story, the narration will elevate and ennoble the patriotic ardor of all who come after. They left us a goodly heritage—may we ever remember it.

There were others—aye many, who fought in the ranks on that direful day.

What shall be said of them, of those who fell, and of those who escaped—and yet suffered. Read the "Petition of the Sufferers," to which I have referred. Read what Miner, and Pearce, and Chapman, and Jenkins, and others, have written concerning individual daring, individual bravery, and individual sacrifice—and you will find a narration full of bright examples of deeds of heroism, but ending in sadness and disaster. As the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, so does the blood of the patriots give us and guarantee the priceless boon of freedom. Let this inspire you with fuller realization of your privileges.

The Valley was drenched in blood! Drenched with the blood of its brave men—martyrs in liberty's cause—the blood of its women and children—deny it if you can—that blood, their blood, called aloud for vengeance. And it came speedily, when Gen. Sullivan with his army marched thitherward the following year, entered the country of the Six Nations—the savage allies of the British, and “smote them hip and thigh.” With the exception of the action of some isolated bands of these miscreants, no further attempts were made to desolate Wyoming.

Believing that peace reigned over the smouldering ruins of their homes, one by one the settlers of Wyoming returned. Alas, the desolation! How changed from the peacefulness of the previous spring! The valley was drenched in blood! Even the autumn grass had veins of red; and the crushed berries of the valley had a richer scarlet. The sun at rising came up all aflame in crimson, and at setting went behind the mountain-tops with clouds aglow with ruddy splendor. The very air seemed scarleted—and amid these nature-signs of carnage, the people came back. In verity they were princes of the blood.

Alas! time passes too rapidly, and I have only outlined the services of a mere corporal's guard of the men of 1778. I have only touched upon a few of the heroes of that struggle. I wish I could depict in graphic colors all of that immortal throng whose souls are silently marching on through the ages. There were old men there—men bowed down with the weight of years, and the labors of pioneer life. Middle-aged men there were, but most of them enfeebled, or they would have been with Washington's army harrassing the British hosts retreating across the Jerseys. Of young men there were none at Wyoming of any account. There were beardless youths there—but they knew nothing of either discipline or military tactics—and less of the savagery of the enemy. With overpowering numbers against them they did nobly—their deeds are of imperishable renown.

And yet I ask, concerning many how little is known. Were I in your midst I would pursue every avenue of historical research until I ascertained somewhat of the life-history of each man and boy whose names are here inscribed. It would be a labor, of course, but nought of value has ever been ac-

complished without perseverance and unceasing work. We have it stated that knowledge is power, but, most frequently power is necessary to gain knowledge. One hundred and twenty-two years have passed since this bloody transaction occurred, and although the distance therefrom be great, it is not too late to gather up these fragments of your history. We know who commanded at Thermopylae,—but the rank and file, what of them. Noble and heroic deeds live on forever, but let me counsel you to preserve on the pages of your history, what you have attempted to do on this cenotaph.

I would dearly love to rehearse the story of the Gore, the Inman, and Searle families. If you want to become familiar with them—if you want to be a worshipper of true heroes, (none of your present day apostles of renown,) read Pearce and Miner—aye read that work of your latest historian—the “Harvey Book”—that storehouse of Wyoming family history, and you will be filled with that patriotic rapture and ardor, which will bid you do and dare for your country, in the hour of its direst need.

I wish we could all thoroughly realize what true patriotism is—that power which thrilled the souls of those immortal ones who suffered and died on this blood-drenched field in 1778. The events of to-day—this history-making epoch—will require of all true Americans a frequent and renewed inspiration of the principles of the Fathers of the Republic. We know not whither we are drifting! Between anarchy lifting its hydra-head in all our large cities or localities where the illiterate and criminal paupers of over-crowded European and Asiatic countries are gathered—and threatened imperialism so-called—we will require the purest patriotism (not knee-service to political bosses) the loftiest statesmanship (not the hurrahs of poltroonism), to keep the ship of State in safe moorings.

But I close. Let us never forget the martial deeds of the men who here on this spot laid down their lives. Up from this blood-hallowed ground will forever rise the peans of heroic service. The air of each third of July is redolent with the sweetest memories of the gallant sons of Wyoming!—so let us take every lesson to heart that the day and hour may suggest;—thanking God for the holy inspiration—and, that in that giant contest for independence, there was a Valley Forge, and,—a Wyoming.

ISAAC TRIPP.

Taken Prisoner by the Indians—While
in Captivity He Saw His Cousin,
"The Lost Sister of Wyoming."

Rev. Dr. David Spencer writes to the
Olyphant Record:

In the burying ground at Clifford Corners, Susquehanna County, is the grave of Isaac Tripp, who died April 15, 1820, aged 60 years. He was born in 1760. His grandfather, after whom he was named, settled in the Lackawanna Valley at "Capouse Meadows," between Providence and Hyde Park, in 1774. About this time also the grandson appears upon the scene as a resident of the same vicinity. In the eighteenth year of his age, and soon after the Wyoming massacre, he was taken captive.

With him were two others, Messrs. Hocksey and Keys. All were taken up into Abington, which at that time was a forest. His two companions were led apart, tomahawked and left unburied in the woods, near where Clark's Green is located. In the early part of the nineteenth century Deacon Clark, in going over the tract of land he had secured in that vicinity, found two bleached skulls, which had been exposed to the elements until they were perfectly white. These were supposed to have been the skulls of the companions of Isaac Tripp, who had been tomahawked in that neighborhood by the Indians.

After this destruction of his two friends, Tripp was painted with war paint to give him the appearance of an Indian and was marched off to Canada. On the journey he suffered terribly from every conceivable torture. Often he was hungry, footsore and weary, but with his hands bound behind him he was compelled to move on. At Niagara he met his cousin, Miss Frances Slocum, who was also a captive from the Wyoming Valley.

Tripp and his cousin planned their escape, but their intentions being discovered by their captors, they were separated and never met again on earth. Young Tripp was sold to the English and was compelled to enter the army, in which he reluctantly remained until the close of the Revolution. He embraced the first opportunity and returned to his earthly home, where he took up land and became a farmer. He married a lady whose first name was

Eleanor and his home was over the mountain in Scott Township in 1800, for, at that time, Baptist covenant meetings were held in that vicinity. The first of these meetings was held at the residence of Roger Orvis, a Baptist who had just removed from Cornwall, Vermont. Besides his own wife, two other men and their wives were present. One of these was the hero of our Indian story, Isaac Tripp, who was accompanied by his wife, Eleanor Tripp. Both of them became members of the Abington Baptist Church in Waverly. They subsequently removed to and settled in the Elkwoods in Susquehanna County. On May 10, 1816, his wife died in Clifford. She was eleven years older than he. He followed her to the grave nearly four years after, and just a month previous to the date claimed for the founding of the Blakely Church, more than eighty years ago. This incident of Indian history in this valley and neighborhood, intermingled as it is with the Baptist denomination's life and history, is not without interest to us in the present day. It tells of some of the sacrifices and sufferings of the pioneers of this valley who paved the way for the comforts now enjoyed and the wealth secured.

Nearly a Century Old.

Mrs. Murilla Lathrop, an aged and esteemed resident of Hanover Township, peacefully passed away on Tuesday, Aug. 14, 1900, of general debility, at the advanced age of 93 years, 10 months and 25 days. The deceased is survived by two daughters, Mrs. J. Y. Bossert and Miss Harriet L. Lathrop, both of whom reside at Ashley, and one son, A. J. Lathrop of Binghamton, N. Y.; also by six grand-children and twenty-seven great grand-children.

The deceased was born in what is now known as Mount Vernon, New York, but spent the greater portion of her life in Susquehanna, Lehigh and Schuylkill counties, this State. In March last she moved to Ashley, where she has since resided with her daughter, Mrs. J. Y. Bossert. She was a member of the Baptist Church nearly all her life and was of devout Christian character.

WOOLMAN'S JOURNAL.

His Adventures on the Way From
Wyoming to Wyalusing in 1763—He
Visits the Moravian Indian Vil-
lage There.

On the fifteenth (June, 1763,) day of the sixth month, we proceeded forward till the afternoon; when a storm appearing, we met our canoe at an appointed place; and the rain continuing, we stayed all night, which was so heavy that it beat through our tent, and wet us and our baggage.

On the sixteenth day, we found, on our way, abundance of trees blown down with the storm yesterday; and had occasion reverently to consider the kind dealings of the Lord, who provided a safe place for us in a valley, while this storm continued. By the falling of abundance of trees across our path, we were much hindered, and in some swamps our way was so stopped, that we got through with extreme difficulty.

I had this day often to consider myself as a sojourner in this world; and a belief in the all-sufficiency of God to support his people in their pilgrimage felt comfortable to me; and I was industriously employed to get to a state of perfect resignation.

We seldom saw our canoe but at appointed places, by reason of the path going off from the river; and this afternoon, Job Chilaway, an Indian from Wehaloosing, [Wyalusing] who talks good English, and is acquainted with several people in and about Philadelphia, met our people on the river; and understanding where we expected to lodge, pushed back about six miles, and came to us after night; and in a while our own canoe came, it being hard work pushing up stream. Job told us that an Indian came in haste to their town yesterday and told them that three warriors, coming from some distance, lodged in a town above Wehaloosing a few nights past; and that these three men were going against the English at Juniata. Job was going down the river to the province-store at Shamokin. Though I was so far favoured with health as to continue travelling, yet through the various difficulties in our journey, and the different way of living from what I had been used to, I grew sick: and the news of these warriors being on their march so near us, and

not knowing whether we might not fall in with them, was a fresh trial of my faith; and tho', thro' the strength of divine love, I had several times been enabled to commit myself to the divine disposal, I still found the want of my strength to be renewed, that I might persevere therein; and my cries for help were put up to the Lord, who, in great mercy, gave me a resigned heart, in which I found quietness.

On the seventeenth day, parting from Job Chilaway, we went on, and reached Wehaloosing about the middle of the afternoon; and the first Indian that we saw, was a woman of a modest countenance, with a Bible, who first spake to our guide; and then, with a harmonious voice, expressed her gladness at seeing us, having before heard of our coming; then, by the direction of our guide, we sat down on a log; and he went to the town, to tell the people we were come. My companion and I sitting thus together, in a deep inward stillness, the poor woman came and sat near us; and great awfulness coming over us, we rejoiced in a sense of God's love manifested to our poor souls. After a while, we heard a conkshell blow several times, and then come John Curtis, and another Indian man, who kindly invited us into a house near the town where we found, I suppose, about sixty people sitting in silence; and after sitting a short time, I stood up, and in some tenderness of spirit acquainted them with the nature of my visit, and that a concern for their good had made me willing to come thus far to see them: all in a few short sentences, which some of them understanding, interpreted to the others, and there appeared gladness amongst them. Then I showed them my certificate, which was explained to them; and the Moravian, who overtook us on the way, being now here, bade me welcome.

On the eighteenth day, we rested ourselves this forenoon; and the Indians knowing that the Moravian and I were of different religious societies, and as some of their people had encouraged him to come and stay a while with them, were, I believe, concerned that no jarring or discord might be in their meetings: and they, I suppose, having conferred together, acquainted me, that the people, at my request, would, at any time, come together, and hold meetings; and also told me, that they expected the Moravian would speak in their settled meetings, which are commonly held morning and near evening.

So I found liberty in my heart to speak to the Moravian, and told him of the care I felt on my mind for the good of these people; and that I believed no ill effects would follow it, if I sometimes spake in their meetings when love engaged me thereto, without calling them together at times when they did not meet of course: whereupon he expressed his good-will toward my speaking at any time, all that I found in my heart to say: so near evening I was at their meeting, where the pure gospel love was felt, to the tendering some of our hearts; and the interpreters endeavouring to acquaint the people with what I said, in short sentences, found some difficulty, as none of them were quite perfect in the English and Delaware tongues, so they helped one another, and we laboured along, divine love attending: and afterwards feeling my mind covered with the spirit of prayer, I told the interpreters that I found it in my heart to pray to God, and believed, if I prayed aright, he would hear me, and expressed my willingness for them to omit interpreting; so our meeting ended with a degree of divine love: and before the people went out, I observed Papunehang (the man who had been zealous in labouring for a reformation in that town, being then very tender) spoke to one of the interpreters: and I was afterwards told that he said in substance as follows: "I love to feel where words come from."

Yarington Union.

[Daily Record, Aug. 11, 1900.]

The first annual reunion of the Yarington family was held at the home of Mrs. Martha Geary in Dunmore on Thursday, the event being Mrs. Geary's 80th birthday anniversary, says the Scranton Republican. The Scranton family dates back to the Revolution, the head of the family bearing a conspicuous part in that struggle for freedom.

In the 1770's Abel Yarington, grandfather of Mrs. Geary, was a noted scout and hunter. He it was that carried the women across the Susquehanna River just after the Wyoming massacre, thereby saving them from the scalping knives of the Indians. Afterwards he, with his family, was descending the river in a canoe when four Indians started in pursuit. Fortunately darkness came on before the Indians were within shooting distance and Mr. Yarington landed in a clump of bushes

near the shore. The Indians not being able to perceive the ruse passed them in the darkness. In the morning they realized that the pursued had escaped them by landing and commenced to return, closely scanning the banks on both sides for footprints. Those they were unable to find, for Yarrington, with a cunning equal to their own, had eliminated the footprints by throwing water upon the banks. After the Indians had passed on the return journey the family remained there for a day and then continued their descent, landing without further adventure at Northumberland, which was the only white settlement within a radius of many miles.

Mrs. Geary's father, the eldest son of Abel Yarrington, clerked for George Hollenback at Wilkes-Barre and frequently went to the Indian reservation for trading purposes. He was noted for his ability to play a flute and on one of his periodical trips he unfortunately commenced to play for the amusement of the Indians. One old chief was so taken up with the music he told Yarrington he could not go home, but must stay and play. He was made a captive, helping the squaws draw water and prepare the meals. Though always on the alert for an opportunity for a chance to escape, none was offered until one morning, four years from the time of his capture, the whole tribe prepared for a grand hunt. When they left in one direction Yarrington left in the other, and after many days of hardship managed to get back to Wilkes-Barre, to the astonishment of the settlers, who had supposed him dead. Some time afterwards a number of the tribe entered the store where Yarrington was working. One of them immediately recognized Yarrington and rushed up to him exclaiming, "We know you. You trader." But Yarrington, not wishing to go back into captivity, maintained a calm exterior and refused to recognize the Indians. They finally left the store plainly showing that they were mystified.

Mrs. Geary is the only lineal descendant of the Yarringtons. Born in Carbondale at a time when the people attended church with the bible in one hand and the never absent rifle in the other, she soon became known for her courage and fearlessness. On the 8th of April, 1838, she was married to John Geary at Carbondale, where they returned to reside. When the Civil War broke out Mr. Geary and his eldest son bravely shouldered muskets and went to the front. Both survived the war, but died

soon afterwards. In 1870 Mrs. Geary bought the property she now occupies, and has lived there ever since, her main support being a pension secured for her by Hon. J. A. Scranton when in Congress. Mrs. Geary has three sons and one daughter living.

The reunion was the first one in the history of the family. Representatives of the family from all the nearby towns were present and Mrs. Geary was the recipient of many handsome presents.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Lambert Yarrington, sons and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Geary, Mr. and Mrs. William Geary, son and daughter, Mrs. Ellen Engle, Mrs. Carrie Williams, Mrs. B. Williams, Miss Ronot Williams, and Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Steele of Carbondale, Mrs. Engle of Jermyrn, Mrs. Salisbury of Wilkes-Barre, and Mrs. Henry Smith and Levi Taylor.

Stephens Reunion.

[Scranton Republican, Aug. 25, 1900.]

The descendants of Eliphalet Stephens gathered in the grove at the old homestead near Nicholson, Pa., yesterday to the number of about 150, and held the third annual reunion. There were representatives of the family present from Luzerne, Lackawanna, Wyoming, Wayne and Susquehanna counties of Pennsylvania and Broome County, New York.

After a bountiful repast, served under the trees, the assemblage was called to order by Frank P. Stephens of Nicholson, president of the association. The minutes of last year's session were read by Mrs. H. F. Dewitt of Wilkes-Barre, secretary. A brief but interesting program was enjoyed, which consisted of the following: Address, M. W. Stephens; original poem, Mrs. Philander Bell, and recitations and music.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the day was the reading of an historical sketch of the Stephens family from the time it came to America. The paper was prepared by Hon. Holloway L. Stephens of Winwood, Pa. It dealt with the family generation after generation and showed how its progenitors had been through the massacre at Wyoming, participated in the Revolutionary War and that the original one of the entire family had been a member of the brave band of Pilgrims who landed on Plymouth Rock from the Mayflower on Dec. 21, 1620. This point was definitely settled, much to the satisfaction of those present, as it had been disputed heretofore.

Death of Hon. G. W. Shonk

[Daily Record, Aug. 15, 1900.]

Ex-Congressman George Washington Shonk of Plymouth, one of the best known citizens and men of affairs in this part of the State, died rather suddenly yesterday morning at 10:30 at the St. James Hotel, Washington, D. C., aged 50 years. As Mr. Shonk left this city on Saturday afternoon not particularly ill, the telegram announcing his death was a shock to his acquaintances and occasioned widespread sorrow.

On Saturday afternoon Mr. Shonk left this city for West Virginia to look after some business in connection with his coal interests. He was accompanied by Louis Garrison, who is connected with Haddock, Shonk & Co. in their West Virginia enterprises. Mr. Shonk was not feeling the best on the way to Washington, his stomach and heart troubling him considerably. Arriving at Washington, Mr. Garrison took him to the St. James Hotel. That evening Mr. Shonk wrote to his brother Albert in Plymouth, informing him of his illness, but expressing no alarm. On Monday Albert Shonk received a telegram stating that Mr. Shonk was delirious and this was followed by yesterday's telegram announcing his death.

The deceased was largely identified with the legal business and political life of Wyoming Valley and few men were better known or more popular with men of all walks of life. If he had an enemy it was one made in the heat of political life and such no man who takes a prominent part in struggles of this nature is without. His heart was large and though sometimes he suffered, the sunshine of happiness always beamed from his countenance. If he had one characteristic that impressed one stronger than another it was his marked liberality, numbering among his warmest friends men of every shade of politics and creed. He was as contented in the company of a laborer as in the company of a banker and had the amiability to make his companionship a pleasure.

His suavity and gentility made him many friends, especially among his own townsmen, who were ever ready to show their esteem for him. He was a man with decided home tastes and no matter how pressing his engagements he was seldom away from his home in the evening. That of congress-

man was the only political office Mr. Shonk ever held and no amount of persuasion could induce him to become a candidate at the expiration of his term, though he never lost interest in his party's battles. Though a lawyer thoroughly grounded in the principles and practice of his profession, he was principally occupied in business, and attention to this took all his time.

The deceased was born on April 26, 1850, in what was then Plymouth Township, but now the lower portion of Plymouth Borough. The house in which he first saw the light of day, an old-fashioned one and one-half story building, was situated on Coal street, a name derived from the coal beds opened up along the creek a short distance above his birthplace. The house was still standing a few years ago and is only a few rods from the birthplace of the present congressman from this district, Hon. Stanley W. Davenport, who studied law in the office of Mr. Shonk, and like him has had a remarkably successful career.

The deceased was a son of Hon. John Jenks Shonk, Plymouth's oldest living citizen, a man honored and respected by every inhabitant of the town in which he has spent four score years of a useful career.

The life of Hon. John J. Shonk, father of deceased, has been one of industry and activity. In his youth while struggling for a place in the world of business, he felt all of the adverse winds, but he was a man of grit and not easily discouraged. He began at the bottom round of the ladder and by his own resources and a splendid business capacity worked himself steadily to the top—from a coal mine laborer to a coal operator.

Hon. John J. Shonk, father of deceased, was born in Hope, N. J., on March 21, 1815, and was a son of Michael and Beulah (Jenks) Shonk, and of German ancestry, his grandparents having been natives of Germany. Michael Shonk, father of Hon. John Shonk, and grandfather of ex-Congressman Shonk, was born on the ocean while en route to this country. He was a nailer by trade. Michael Shonk removed to Plymouth in 1821 and spent the remainder of his life there. The family was large and John was forced to go to work at a tender age to help in keeping the larder filled. Before he was 9 years old he was at work about the then primi-

tive coal beds of Plymouth, remaining at this kind of employment until he was 16 years of age. He afterwards followed various kinds of employment, such as boating, public work and on the railroad, until 1854, when he began business as a coal operator, lumberman and tanner. It is as a coal operator that the father of the deceased congressman is best known. Not only was he successful, but by his generous treatment of the men in his employ he ever retained their good will. For many years he operated the Dodson breaker at Plymouth, but later he became more extensively interested and for many years he and his family have added to their interests in the Plymouth Coal Co. large interests in the bituminous coal region of West Virginia and various other enterprises. Among the corporations in which he has largely invested are the Cabin Creek Kanawha Coal Co., Williams Coal Co. of Kanawha and the Kanawha R. R. Co., all of West Virginia. He was also one of the directors of the Harvey's Lake R. R. Co. when it was first constructed. In common with his deceased son Mr. Shonk has had political honors. In 1875 he was elected as the independent and Prohibition candidate from the Third district and in 1876 he was re-elected as the Republican candidate. He was thrice married. His first wife was Elizabeth Chamberlain, a daughter of one of Plymouth's first physicians. His second wife was Frances Rinas. His last wife, who is now also dead and who was the mother of ex-Congressman Shonk, was Amanda Davenport, whom he married in 1847.

Hon. George W. Shonk, after graduating from the common schools of Plymouth, took a course at Wyoming Seminary, from which institution he graduated, and entered Wesleyan University. He graduated from Wesleyan in 1873 and immediately took up the study of law in the office of the late Hubbard B. Payne. He was admitted to the bar on Sept. 29, 1876.

His capacities as a lawyer were not of the ordinary, but his mind was principally occupied in business enterprises and as counsel for the large interests of his family. He was recognized as a shrewd investor and was a valued adviser of his father in his business enterprises. While he had a taste for the law, his interests in other directions had been too great for many years to allow him to give his attention to outside practice.

Mr. Shonk was united in marriage on Aug. 15, 1880, to Ida E. Klotz, daughter of Joseph Klotz of West Pittston. She made him a noble helpmate, her charm of manner and lovable disposition making her home a paradise and endearing her to all who met her, socially or in church work. She also is of German ancestry, her great-grandfather coming to this country in 1749. Two children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Shonk, Herbert Bronson Shonk, a student at Wesleyan, and Miss Emily, at home. The family is spending the summer at Ruggles.

For many years Hon. George W. Shonk was looked upon as one of the foremost Republicans of this county. When he took an active interest in politics his advice was always sought and just as often utilized. Of excellent political judgment, having a good knowledge of men and being a shrewd organizer, his services were first sought for active use in 1833, when he was placed at the head of the Republican county committee. The late Gen. E. S. Osborne was at that time a candidate for Congress, having as his opponent Hon. John Lynch, who was a candidate to succeed himself. At that time Republican majorities in Luzerne County seldom materialized. Mr. Shonk felt confident that Gen. Osborne could be elected and after events justified his confidence. In 1890 Mr. Shonk was himself tendered the Republican nomination for Congress and after a sharp campaign was elected over John B. Reynolds. The same year every other Democrat on the ticket was elected by majorities averaging 2,000. Although often importuned to stand as a candidate again for various offices he would never consent, preferring to remain a private in the ranks. He, however, never lost interest in his party's contests and was unswerving in his adherence to every Republican principle.

Besides his wife and two children, Mr. Shonk is survived by his aged father, Hon. John J. Shonk, one brother, Albert D. Shonk, and two sisters, Mrs. E. F. Stevens and Mrs. C. W. McAlarney, all residing at Plymouth.

Kizer Reunion.

There assembled in August, 1900, at the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Kizer, in Kizer, Pa., the sons, daughters, sons-in-law and grandchildren, the occasion being the celebration of the seventy-third anniversary of Mr. J. D. Kizer's birthday. The family are as follows: Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Kizer and family of Varden, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Kizer and family of Towanda, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cobb and family of Kizer, Mrs. M. Arnold and family of Carbon-dale, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dahlgren Kizer and family of Kizer, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Shafer of Wilkes-Barre, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Peck and Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Kennedy of Peckville and A. F. Kizer of Scranton.

The day was pleasantly spent in fishing and rowing. A table was spread on the lawn, laden with delicacies, in the centre of which was a large birthday cake, bearing the date 1827-1900. This was one of the pleasing features of the occasion.

After a thoroughly enjoyable time the family adjourned to meet again at Peckville, on Mrs. J. D. Kizer's birthday, Feb. 12, 1901.

Death of A. F. Creasy.

[Daily Record, Aug. 22, 1900.]

On Monday night at 12:30 A. F. Creasy, one of the oldest residents of Berwick, died at his home in that place, aged 78 years and 7 months. He was born in Mifflin, Columbia County, in the year 1822 and had always lived in Columbia County, with the exception of a few years in Williamsport and Hazleton. He was an honored member of the M. E. Church for more than sixty years. In the death of Mr. Creasy the church loses a loyal member, the community a good neighbor, his family a kind husband and father. Although he had been ailing for more than eight years he was always cheerful and had a kind word for all who came in contact with him.

Deceased is survived by his wife, who was Sarah J., daughter of William Clark, of Newberry, Lycoming County, to whom he was married in the year 1848; one sister, Mrs. Mary Ludwig of Catawissa, who is 96 years of age, and the following children: Mrs. J. D. Hampton of Hazleton, Mrs. John Eckart of Danville, M. B. Creasy of Berwick, W. C. Creasy of this city, Misses Etna and Elizabeth, who reside at home.

Allen Family Reunion.

One of the many pleasant events of the year at Harvey's Lake was the tenth annual reunion of the Allen family, which was held on Saturday, Sept. 1, 1900, at the Lehigh Valley picnic ground. It was a table picnic and upwards of 120 persons enjoyed the refreshments with which the tables were freighted. Eight reunions of this family have been held at the lake.

Otis Allen, Sr., the original of the Allen family in this country, had a family of nine children, five sons and four daughters. Their names were: George, Lewis, William, Otis, Curtis, Lucinia, Harriet, Sarah and Hannah, all of whom are dead. Mrs. William Allen is alive and her age is 87. After the death of her husband Mrs. Curtis Allen married Abraham Chandler. She is living and resides at Williamsport.

The descendants of the above named persons were at the reunion on Saturday, represented by thirty families.

Otis Allen, Sr., removed from Jackson Township in 1836, and began clearing in the vicinity of Loyalville, which was then almost a wilderness. The name of the settlement in the olden times was Lee's Pond. The history of the name runneth thus: Daniel Lee settled at the head of Pike's Creek in 1806, and the cranberry marsh was called Lee's Pond, from the settler. Mr. Allen removed his family to Lee's Pond in the spring of 1838. He built a saw or lath mill on Pike's Creek in 1860. All the early settlers here lived in log houses, except Otis Allen and Jacob Sorber, who built block houses. The Allens were carpenters. Lewis Allen and Otis Allen, Jr., worked at the millwright's trade with the late Charles and John Mathers of Luzerne Borough.

The first person buried in Lake Township was Otis Allen, Sr., who died in January, 1842, aged 56 years, and was buried in the Allen Cemetery. In September, 1842, Samuel C. Allen, brother of Otis Allen, Sr., was buried there. The first school in Lake Township was taught by Jonathan Williams at the house of Otis Allen during the winters of 1842-3 and 1843-4. The history of the family has been honorable. It has been a religious family, nearly all of its members being church members.

Geary Reunion.

[Daily Record, Aug. 21, 1900.]

The first reunion of the Geary family was held at the home of G. G. Smith, Gouldsboro, Pa., on Wednesday last, in honor of Capt. William Geary, who returned this summer after an absence of thirty-two years, during which no word had ever been heard from him, says the Scranton Truth. The following were present: Capt. William Geary, Seattle, Wash.; Nelson Geary, Phillipsburg, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. John Prugh, Bound Brook, N. J.; Mrs. Richard O'Connor and grandchild, Lehigh Tannery, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Coleman, 416 Mahon court, Scranton, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Smith, Gouldsboro, Pa.; Mrs. J. A. Heller and son, Factoryville, Pa.; Howard D. Smith, Leroy G. Smith, Arthur L. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Smith and family, Gouldsboro, Pa.

The Geary family is well known in this county and is remarkable for perseverance, pluck and industry. The father, David Geary, was born in Bucks County, Pa., May 7, 1801, and died on March 22, 1842. He was married on April 18, 1823, and lost but one child, Jacob, who was born on Dec. 27, 1841, and died on March 14, 1842. The other children all survive, and, though thrown upon the world empty handed in youth, they have won for themselves good homes and the respect of all who know them. There are six, as follows: Mary, born Nov. 4, 1826, is the wife of John Prugh, Bound Brook, N. J.; Catherine, born March 2, 1829, is the wife of George C. Smith, Gouldsboro, Pa.; Amy, born Oct. 17, 1831, is the wife of C. W. Coleman, Scranton, Pa.; Lydia, born Feb. 5, 1834, is the wife of Richard O'Connor, White Haven, Pa.; William, born March 26, 1836; Nelson, born Aug. 17, 1838.

When the Indians Were About.

[Daily Record, Aug. 14, 1900.]

While Laning Harvey was walking in the woods at Bear Creek on Sunday he found three white flint Indian arrow heads near the stone marking the place where Gen. Sullivan built a bridge on his march over the mountains from Easton to Wyoming in 1779.

Carey Family Reunion.

[Daily Record, Aug. 31, 1900.]

The Cary family, one of the oldest in this part of the State, held a reunion on Wednesday in Maple Grove at Jermyn and many of the descendants were present.

In 1634 John Carey joined the Plymouth colony and settled on a farm at Chelsea, near Boston, still known as the Carey farm. Samuel Carey, whose name appears on the monument at Wyoming; John Carey, who settled in Providence in 1789, and Barnabas Carey, who settled in Pittston Township, were heirs of said John Carey and are the ancestors of the present Cary family in this locality.

Samuel Carey was in the battle of Wyoming. He escaped massacre, but was captured by the Indians and by them held a prisoner for six years, when he effected his escape and returned to Wyoming, where he died. Isaac H. Carey, who now resides with his daughter, Mrs. Isaac Jones, at Jermyn, is probably the oldest descendant living. Mr. Carey was born in Providence on Feb. 22, 1810, and still enjoys good health.

The Carys or Careys are all descended from the old English family of De Karry and members of the clan have always figured prominently in the history of both England and the United States. Sir Robert Cary was at one time the leading man of England and a statue of him stands in front of the House of Parliament to-day, while Col. Miles Carey was the close personal friend of Patrick Henry and was closely identified with the early struggles of the colonists to escape the yoke of the mother country.

Attorney H. D. Cary called the reunion to order. The following officers were chosen: President, H. D. Cary of Jermyn; treasurer, John de Quick of Pittston; secretary, Chauncey H. Derby of Scranton; historian, Mrs. Isaac Jones of Jermyn; committee on arrangements, John Cary of Tunkhannock, H. J. Carey of Wyoming and Judson Stark of Tunkhannock.

After the election of officers Miss Jessie Sterns of Peckville recited a selection and Chauncey H. Derby of Scranton read a sketch of the Cary family in the United States.

Among those in attendance at the reunion were: Mrs. William H. McCartney, Mrs. A. C. Smith, Wilkes-Barre; Mrs. James Wilson Platt, John Cary,

Tunkhannock; Mrs. Laura C. Diggory, Kingston; Mrs. Harry Hammill, Ashley; Mrs. James Kennedy, Miss H. J. Cary, May Cary, Wyoming; John B. Cary, Old Forge; Mr. and Mrs. John de Quick, Pittston; Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Oakley, Miss Ula Cary, Mrs. Charles Berry, Carbondale; David Griffin, Honesdale; A. J. Vall, Uniondale; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Clark, Edward Cary, Montdale; Mrs. D. Secor, Mrs. Fannie Sterns, Miss Jessie Sterns, Peckville; Scott B. Cary, Coyne; Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Merring, Maplewood; Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Sampson, Ariel; Mrs. W. J. Van Sickle, Georgetown; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Derby, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Derby, Miss Clara Cary, Dunmore; William Purdy, C. H. Race, Scott; Daniel Cary, Isaac Cary, F. R. Cary, Albert Cary, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McLoughlin, Judson L. Clark, H. D. Cary, Mrs. Ella Marbaker, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Jones, Mrs. Benjamin Cary, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Jones, Herman Kiefer, Mrs. Lucy Berry, Jermyn; Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Oakley, O. S. Wilcox, Mrs. Ruth A. Warner, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Hayden, A. C. Wilcox, Owen Cary, Scranton.

Interesting Latin Book.

The Record has been shown an interesting old book by A. R. Root, who bought it at a second-hand book store in New Orleans. It bears date of 1500 and is without title page. It is a collection of sermons, 70 in number, and comprises 189 pages. It is paged by hand. The sermons are in Latin and in accordance with the custom of the time the initial of each is illuminated by hand, all being red. Not only does each sermon start with an illuminated initial, but every capital throughout the book is touched up with red. As there are thousands of capital letters scattered through the reading matter, the pious monk who applied the color must have had a very tedious job. The sermons are devoted to a consideration of all the saints in the calendar and to various theological subjects.

As was the custom in those days the date of the book is placed on the last page and is given as Aug. 3d, 1500. Instead of a title page there is a coarse wood cut of a man preaching to a handful of people and on his shoulder is perched a dove.

The book has a thorough index or "tabula." It has evidently been studied by various persons, as indicated by the marginal markings. These are in ink

and impossible to read. Some of these marginal notes are in Latin, while others are in curious characters somewhat resembling modern shorthand. Here and there passages are underscored, probably to call special attention to the matter indicated. The illuminated initials are artistically done and testify to the arduous labors of the pious monks who in the retirement of their cloisters devoted so much time to the embellishment of the theological tomes of that early day.

Mr. Root has picked up many rare and curious volumes in his travels and this is one of the most interesting of them all. He is a member of the Historical Society and will doubtless donate this rare specimen of early printing to its cabinet. It may be said that the book is in perfect condition, though the present binding is probably not the original. It goes back pretty far, as the first book printed is only 50 years older. The typography is excellent.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

[Second paper.]

[Written for the Record.]

The fair grounds of the Bradford County Agricultural Society at East Towanda are probably as commodious and convenient for exhibitors and visitors as any to be found in the State, and the fairs are generally well attended. The exhibits are always good and the receipts pay expenses.

"A city set upon a hill cannot be hid." Towanda is set upon a hill and does not want to be hid. The inhabitants are proud of their town. Although not new, it has a new look. Old buildings are not allowed to stand to cumber the ground and offend the eye. The churches and school houses are fine buildings, and the new court house is as imposing a structure as can be found in the State outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburg.

OF PROVISO FAME.

Towanda was the home of David Wilmot, of Proviso fame. He was far from being an anti-slavery man when first elected to Congress, but soon discovered that the slave power dominated the national government and was determined to obtain more territory from Mexico over which to extend the baleful institution. His proviso passed the House, but failed in the Senate. In person he was large, with light com-

plexion, light hair, a pleasant, boyish face, which was always clean shaven. He had a musical voice and was a fluent speaker.

Towanda was also the home of Ulysses Mercur, late chief justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. Henry M. Hoyt, afterwards governor of the State, and Orville H. Platt, one of the United States senators from Connecticut, taught school here before they were known to fame. Ex-Governor Davies has long been a resident of the place.

ANCIENT INDIAN VILLAGE.

The next station above is Ulster, in the Sheshequin Valley, which is the largest between Wyoming and Athens. There is a free bridge over the river at Ulster, it being the second built by the county, the first being at Wyalusing. The present town of Ulster stands on the site of an ancient Indian village where the Moravians had a missionary station in 1769, and the little creek which runs through the place separated the wigwams of the Christian converts and their religious teachers from those of the impenitent heathen, who would not live on the same side of the stream. The Christian Indians from this place joined those at Wyalusing and all emigrated to Ohio in 1772.

If Christian zeal is measured by the amount of missionary work performed, then the Moravians were the most zealous Christians in the world and sent out more missionaries in proportion to their number and means than any other denomination.

REFUGEES FROM FRANCE.

The Duke De la Rochefoucauld, who had visited the French settlement at Asylum in 1795 and passed up the river, speaks of the Sheshequins (one of them now is Ulster) as follows: "On the other side of the river stands New Sheshequin, a small, neat town containing about twelve houses which are either built of rough logs or boards. It is located on a very pleasant plain."

Alexander Wilson, a celebrated ornithologist, who passed up the river in 1804 and wrote an account of his journey in verse, speaks of Sheshequin and Ulster thus:

"Inured to toll the woods glide quickly
 past,
 O'er many an opening farm our eyes
 are cast.
 Here rich, fat meadows most luxuriant
 lie;
 Some gleaming orchards gladly we
 espy.
 Now to the left the ranging mountains
 bend,
 And level plains before our eyes ex-
 tend."
 Mr. Willson was a better birdologist
 than a poet.

QUEEN ESTHER'S HOME.

The next stopping place is Milan, once the residence of "Queen Esther," the big, infamous squaw, who, after the calamitous battle of Wyoming, murdered the Yankee prisoners in cold blood. Standing beside the "Bloody Rock" this female demon knocked the prisoned on the head with a death maul as they were led up to her, one at a time, between two strong Indians, one on either side of the victim clutching his arms with a viselike grip. The death mauls were made of stone with wooden handle like a sledge.

DOOR OF SIX NATIONS.

The railroad crosses the Chemung (formerly called the Tloga River) at Athens, which the first settlers called "Tloga Point." It is a beautiful growing town situated on the peninsula between the Chemung and Susquehanna rivers, about a mile above their confluence. It contains six churches, several fine school buildings, a national bank, a number of large stores, an extensive bridge works, a furniture manufacturing establishment, several good hotels and electric cars which run up to Sayre. There are but few towns to be found anywhere that can show a finer street than Main street in Athens, which is straight as a line, well shaded with trees, and adorned on one side, and mostly on the other, with elegant private residences.

In 1795 the Duke de la Rochefoucauld described Athens as an inconsiderable village with eight or ten houses and one poor tavern, where they gave him a bed so soiled by previous lodgers that he slept on it with his clothes and boots on.

According to Indian traditions there has always been a town here—first of the Susquehannocks and afterwards of the Iroquois or Six Nations. The latter

called this the "door" to their "long house" (council place), and a chief was stationed here to keep the door and prevent the entrance of intruders.

On the plains between Athens and Sayre Gen. Sullivan encamped with his army in 1779 to await the arrival of Gen. Clinton with his division from Lake Otsego before proceeding against the Six Nations, inhabiting Central New York, to avenge the Wyoming massacre in the year before.

GEOLOGICAL REMAINS.

Leaving Sayre, the Lehigh Valley R. R. follows up the Cayuta Creek between two low hills which, as they show no outcropping ledges and appear to be composed entirely of sand and gravel, were probably formed in what the geologists call the drifting period. Further up, the valley grows wider, and the hills, instead of being parallel with the creek, become lower in altitude and lie in different shapes, some being parallel with the creek and others at right angles with it, and there are some circular mounds. Wherever the railroad has cut through them there is no appearance of anything but sand, gravel and waterworn stones. That the material was drifted about for ages at some period in the planet's history is evident, but which way was the current, and what obstruction caused the eddies in which the sand-hills were formed? The theory of glaciers and stranded icebergs will hardly account for the phenomena. There is one thing upon which all careful observers will agree—that this world we inhabit has at some time experienced floods and convulsions that produced changes which the causes now in operation will not explain.

J. W. Ingham.

[Third Paper.]

[Written for the Record.]

Ithaca, at the south end of Cayuga Lake, is chiefly noted for being the seat of Cornell University, an institution of learning, young in years but well endowed, well patronized, and taking rank with those old and wealthy colleges of New England—Harvard and Yale. The university buildings are located a little out of town on a hill overlooking the surrounding valley and the beautiful lake where the boat clubs, coached by Mr. Courtney, the celebrated oarsman, get the superior training which enables them to vanquish so

many other college crews. If the boys can wrestle as well with the Greek verbs and Euclid problems as they can pull at the oar they will be sure to make their mark in the world.

Cornell is so richly endowed that under the terms of its charter it could not receive the generous legacy bequeathed to it by Jenny Magraw.

Why not have the charter amended so that the present possessor of the fortune may at his death place it where his wife intended?

Leaving Ithaca, the railroad gradually climbs up to the summit of the table lands lying between Cayuga and Seneca lakes. For a long distance Cayuga is in plain sight, and being long and narrow might easily be taken by a stranger for a river.

The Susquehanna from Northumberland down to its mouth is wider than either Cayuga or Seneca lakes.

TAUGHANNOCK FALLS

is such a small sight that people pass right over it in the cars without giving it any notice. The fall is high enough to make a noise, but the water is scarce and is diverted from the creek above the falls to turn a mill, and the tailrace leads off in another direction. A party of excursionists one went there expressly to see the falls and had to hire the miller to shut down before there was a drop of water running over the precipice.

From here all the way to Rochester and Buffalo and as far as the eye can reach the country is generally as level and the soil apparently as fertile as anywhere in the West. All the farms here, as in other countries which were heavily timbered, have too many fences. As only a few acres could be cleared each year by the first settlers the farms were fenced in small fields, which their successors have unwisely, I think, retained at an unnecessary expense.

WYOMING'S AVENGER.

Over all this extensive, beautiful and fertile region of Central and Western New York were scattered the villages of the Six Nations of Indians, who for many years harrassed the frontier settlements of Pennsylvania and committed the ravages and horrible massacre of prisoners at Wyoming in 1778. In 1779 Gen. Sullivan was sent by Congress with an army to break their power and punish them for their atrocities. After having defeated them in a

pitched battle below Elmira, he advanced into their country as far as the Genesee River, burned their houses, destroyed their crops, and cut down their fruit trees. The loss of their crops forced them to go to Niagara and be supported by the British during the following winter. The weather was severely cold, the snow was so deep that they could not hunt game, and, living on salted meat, they died in great numbers from scurvy and other diseases. Although small parties continued to come down into Pennsylvania and commit atrocities for many years, the power of the confederacy was broken, and finally they had to take up their residence in Canada. Central New York was a timbered region, but, instructed by the Tories who lived among them, the Indians had built better houses, cleared more land, and raised better crops than ever before. All was destroyed by the avenging white man.

BEAUTIFUL ROCHESTER.

Leaving the main line of the L. V. R. we took the branch line to Rochester, which, like many other cities in America, has made a wonderful growth since 1849 when the writer first saw the place. Then it was but a little more than a large village, built chiefly of wood, with but a single railroad, and the Erie canal. Now it is a city of 180,000 inhabitants, is entered by five or six railroads, has electric cars, water works, gas works, electric lights, flouring mills and numerous manufacturing establishments, Rochester, owing to the falls of the Genesee River, has an immense never-failing water power, which being so much cheaper than steam, gives her manufacturers a decided advantage over other places not so highly favored. From the top of Powers's block, which is a "sky scraper" fourteen stories high, a fine view of the whole city can be obtained, and hours could be profitably spent in examining the curiosities exhibited in the upper stories. From the tower, on a clear day, Lake Ontario can be seen looking like a distant blue mountain.

It would be a hard matter to find a grander street than one in Rochester occupied exclusively on both sides by the palatial residences of railroad magnates, bank presidents, aldermen, and opulent citizens generally. There are no gardens, but each residence has a half acre lawn planted with flowers, shrubs, evergreen and ornamental trees.

The soldiers' monument erected to

commemorate the deeds of the heroic dead, is a noble work, and honors the builders as well as the soldiers. The only criticism that can be made is that the statuary representing the different arms of the service—infantry, cavalry and artillery—are too large for the height at which they are placed from the ground, and represent men about eight feet in stature.

CURIOUS CANAL BRIDGE.

Country boys are surprised to see one of the tow bridges over the Erie canal commence rising (as a boat approaches) apparently without any power to elevate it, and after having raised about eight feet and permitted the boat to pass under, slowly descend again to its place. It is cheaper than the ordinary draw bridge because the hoisting power is the water in the canal and one man can make it raise the bridge and lower it again. Four powerful turbine wheels cased in iron are placed under the bottom of the canal, and the four iron legs of the bridge extend down to them.

When the gates are hoisted the wheels commence turning and jack up the bridge, the spent water issuing from the wheels being carried off under the bottom of the canal in iron pipes to the first lock below where it is discharged at a lower level, thus using the water, and maintaining the full volume in the canal. This is another example of the manner in which inventive genius employs the forces of nature to do man's work.

J. W. Ingham.

[Fourth Paper.]

[For the Record.]

Between Rochester and Buffalo the country generally presents the same appearance as between Geneva and Rochester. It is mostly level, except some low ridges, and the soil naturally good. It is a fine fruit region, as evidenced by the numerous orchards and the healthy appearance of the trees. Some barns were noticed, old, brown, dilapidated, resembling those pictured on the show bills of the agricultural papers, excepting none of the doors were off the hinges and no rails piled in crosswise to keep the cattle out. But few such large, fine barns can be seen in Western New York as are found plentifully in Pennsylvania.

The City of Buffalo is situated at the east end of Lake Erie, at the mouth of Buffalo River, and at the head of Niagara River. It has a frontage along

the lake and Niagara River of over five miles. It has no natural harbor, like New York City, but by dredging and the construction of piers and breakwater walls has made it one of the best ports in a storm to be found on the lakes. Its position for obtaining the trade and transit of grain and stock from the West is one of the best. It is the western terminus of the Erie Canal, which connects it with tide-water on the Hudson River. It has uninterrupted communication with the ports on all the upper lakes, and with Lake Ontario by the Welland Canal, and besides its water communications, is one of the great railroad centres of the United States. In 1890 its grain receipts were over 89,000,000 bushels. Its elevators have a storage capacity of more than 13,000,000 bushels. The stock yards cover eighty acres, well paved and well provided with sheds and water. The city is supplied with water brought by a tunnel from the middle of Niagara River. Its coal, lumber, grain and cattle trade is very large. Its manufacturing interests are exceedingly extensive, embracing blast furnaces, rolling mills, foundries, breweries, tanneries, flouring mills and factories for making agricultural implements and mill furnishings.

From the general use of soft coal, especially in the manufacturing establishments, there is continually hanging over the city a great cloud of black smoke like that which hovers over Pittsburgh. The dwellings for the employes in the factories are small wooden structures only one and a half stories high, crowded closely together, and as exactly alike as white beans. They are owned by the companies and no doubt were built just alike so as to show no partiality to any of their laborers.

In the suburbs of the city are great numbers of small tenement houses only one and one and a half stories high, built of wood and huddled closely together. They are entirely too small for the decent housing of more than two persons and apparently were not built to promote the health and comfort of the renters, but to obtain from poor people as large a revenue as possible from a small investment.

Buffalo was burned by a party of British troops on the 31st of December, 1813. It was an inhuman act, disgracing the commander and casting a stigma on the nation he served. It had no result in shortening the war and turned hundreds of women and children out of doors, homeless and destitute, in the depth of winter.

Leaving Buffalo, the main railroad lines running west pass through the northwestern corner of Pennsylvania bordering on Lake Erie, which corner extends above the forty-second parallel of north latitude that is the boundary between Pennsylvania and New York from the Delaware River westward. With the exception of a ridge running parallel to the lake the country is generally level.

CITY OF ERIE.

The City of Erie, in Pennsylvania, has one of the best natural harbors on the lakes and has been improved by erecting a breakwater. It stands on an elevated plateau overlooking the lake. The streets are broad, intersecting each other at right angles, and are well paved and kept remarkably clean. The manufactures of the place include railroad iron, steam engines, stoves, mill machinery, car wheels, brick, brass, leather, kerosene, organs, pumps, furniture and beer. It is the terminus of the Philadelphia & Erie R. R., and is connected by other lines with New York, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Cleveland, etc. Its growth in population and wealth has been steady ever since it was founded, and its lake trade and manufactures insure its permanent prosperity. Water is supplied from the lake by forcing it to the top of a tower 200 feet high, whence it is distributed by pipes through the city.

It was from Erie that Commodore Perry fitted out his vessels with which he defeated the British fleet on Sept. 10, 1813.

WHERE P. P. BLISS DIED.

It was dark when our train entered the State of Ohio and we could see nothing, only hear the wheels rumble over the Ashtabula bridge, where a former bridge broke down in the night with a passenger train, and P. P. Bliss and wife, with many other passengers, were dashed to death on the ice below. Bliss was one of evangelist Moody's singers, and superior to Sankey as a singer and composer. Deep chested, large lungs, sweet melody came from his throat like the music from an organ. The writer heard both Bliss and Sankey sing, and it is no disparagement to Mr. Sankey to say that Bliss was the better singer. "Meet me at the fountain" and "Hold the fort" were among Bliss' popular compositions.

The Connecticut Reserve, or "Western Reserve," as it is usually called, includes all the region north of the forty-first parallel of north latitude and south of Lake Erie, which the State of Connecticut, in ceding her claims to Western lands, reserved to herself for purposes of a school fund. Under the authority of her charter from the kings of Great Britain she claimed all the territory in Pennsylvania and Ohio between the forty-first and forty-second parallels of north latitude, and thence all the way across the continent to the Pacific Ocean.

WESTERN RESERVE.

The Western Reserve was settled principally by New England people, and it claimed by some that they were better educated, more intelligent and enterprising than most of the settlers in the southern part of the State. It has produced some eminent men, with national, if not world wide, reputations. Joshua R. Giddings, Benjamin F. Wade and James A. Garfield were raised and became famous on the Western Reserve.

When day dawned our train was approaching Chicago and no notes had been taken of the fine farming region passed through in the night.

J. W. Ingham.

Reynolds Reunion.

The fourth annual reunion of the Reynolds family, representing the descendants of Robert Reynolds and his three sons, George, Phineas and Solomon, who migrated from Rhode Island to Pennsylvania 150 years ago, was held on Sept. 1, 1900, at the spacious grounds of the Keystone Academy, Factoryville.

Over 300 members of the family were in attendance. Hon. William Reynolds of Tunkhannock, president of the society, conducted the meeting. Harry C. Reynolds of Scranton, the historian of the family, related many interesting incidents of military and civic life of the forefathers, especially of the pioneer days.

The family dates back several generations to the early Puritan days, when William Reynolds was one of the original thirteen founders of the then Colony of Rhode Island.

The family has a brilliant war record, participating as general and soldier at Bunker Hill, Quebec, Tiverton,

Harlem, Princeton, Trenton, King Phillip's War, Mexican, Civil and Spanish-American wars.

Those of the family attending the reunion from this city were Maj. William N. Reynolds, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McClary, Master Earl McClary and several others.

The historian is arranging to have printed in book form the entire records of the family. A number of interesting photographs of the grounds, family groups, etc., were taken.

An old ox-horn is in the possession of Henry Reynolds taken from one of the oxen driven from Rhode Island to Pennsylvania. In the early pioneer days this horn was used to call the woodsmen from the forests to their noon-day meal.

Judge Wells Recollections.

[Daily Record, Aug. 16, 1900.]

The venerable William S. Wells, one of the oldest citizens of this city, was seen on the streets yesterday looking cheerful and happy. He said he had not an ache or pain and talked freely to a Record man of the days when he was younger. "Why," said he, "do you know that a man is not safe nowadays anywhere. Think of the king of Italy, killed in broad daylight and among thousands of people. I want to tell you that sixty years ago such a thing never entered the head of any man, unless he was insane."

Mr. Wells then spoke of the primitive methods of travel, how they went to New York City by stage when railroads were not in existence. "We would get out our rig, put our money in a grip, go over the mountain and feel perfectly safe. Now if this were done we would be fortified with means of protection, even if we had only a few dollars in our pockets."

"I remember well," said Mr. Wells, "sixty-three years ago when James Searis and I left here for New York City with a white horse that cost us \$15. We met lots of people on the way, but we always felt safe. Revolvers were scarcely known. On our way we met a party of settlers pulling out of New Jersey to go West. They had a regular pack train. One man in the party spied our horse and asked us to trade. We informed them that if we got \$25 to boot we would do so. We dickered for a long time and finally the trade was made. We then took our new, young-looking horse and hitched

him to our rig, but later on he balked and there we were on the Pocono Mountain and could not move him. I then unhitched the horse, jumped on his back, rode him down to a farm house, met a farmer and asked him to trade. 'I want a horse that can go,' said I. 'This young fellow is balky.' He said 'all right,' brought out his horse and wanted \$10 to boot. I gave it to him and got a fine bay horse that I took to Searis, who was waiting for me. We had a better horse and were \$15 ahead of the game. The last horse was a good one and we came home all right. Mr. Searis was so well pleased with his horse that he kept him for two years, using him to go over the mountain roads, and then sold him for \$75, which at that time was a big price. Horse trading in those days was much in vogue and the man who got the worst of the deal never squealed.

"To-day if you are going over the mountain and a man wants your horse he is liable to pull a firearm on you, ask you to get out, and that settles it. What a change there has been in sixty-three years!

"Sunday was very strictly observed, and no one at that time had full liberty to travel through the State of New Jersey on Sunday. He was liable to be stopped by a constable or any one else in authority. I got through all right by saying that the man by my side had small-pox and was in a hurry to go through. This was one time when Mr. Searis and I were not stopped."

Central Church Anniversary.

Historical sermon preached by Rev. Dr. C. E. Mogg at the last service in old Central M. E. Church on Sunday, Sept. 9, 1900:

We meet to-day to say good bye to the house which has sheltered us many years. The suggestions of the hour send us back to the beginnings of the society. We are in a reminiscent mood. There are some in our midst who remember the struggles and triumphs of nearly half a century. Tears and prayers and heroism have been bulidled into the history and prosperity of Central Church. The tallow candle, the hemlock bench and other appurtenances of inconvenience formed the furnishings of those early days.

We are the successors of noble men and women. The beginnings of our society were located in the Woodville Sunday school, which met on the upper

side of Academy street near Main, and was superintended by George Moore before it was consolidated with Woodville Church. The building used was a school house which the women every Saturday swept and cleaned ready for the Sunday school the following day.

Lord Butler succeeded George Moore. He did most excellent work and is pleasantly remembered by persons who are still members of the school.

Matthew Wood was elected superintendent December 22, 1859. He had previously been associated with George Moore and Lord Butler and knew how to take up the work so well begun.

The presiding elder, William Wyatt, rendered valuable service in organizing the church. The minutes of the official board give the following account of the first meeting: "Pursuant to a call by the pastor, Rev. Asa Brooks, the board of stewards met in the Woodville Church on July the 7th, 1857, in the evening. A. Brooks in the chair, Josiah Bennett secretary. Members present: Josiah Bennett, William Dickover, Matthew Wood, John Taylor Bennett. On motion J. T. Bennett and Silas Finch were elected to take the collections in the church, and Matthew Wood was elected treasurer. On motion the territory was divided for the stewards to collect money for the salary of A. Brooks and Main street is to be the line. J. T. Bennett and Matthew Wood took the South side and Josiah Bennett and William Dickover the North side. On motion adjourned." Of the first board there are still living two—William Dickover, who is with us, and John Taylor Bennett, who is living in South Dakota.

The career of brother Dickover has been remarkable. He has been an official member during the entire history of the church. He was a member of the building committee of this edifice in which we are assembled; was a member of the parsonage building committee, and is a valuable member of the building committee of the new church, a part of which edifice we expect to occupy next Sunday. During all these years he has been faithful—serving as trustee, steward, class leader, and always a safe leader in the affairs of the church. He is now the president of the board of trustees and has four generations represented here this morning. Brother Dickover, we are glad you are with us and hope you can long remain. We appreciate what you have done and we bring you

these words of high esteem and assure you that your memory will be a benediction in our spiritual household for years to come.

Sister Dickover, who ascended a few years ago, was also abundant in good works and her home was always a haven of rest for the weary and her words of cheer and counsel were as balm poured forth.

Matthew Wood was always a leader in church and Sunday school work. The first recorded subscription for the support of the church was made in an official board meeting, May 17, 1858, which is headed as follows: Matthew Wood and family, \$15. Brother Wood was among the few men who stamped their individuality upon the Church. His widow survives him and she has been a teacher in the Sunday school from the early days nearly to the present time. She would still be on the teaching force of the school if her health permitted.

Another name has come down to us freighted with precious memories. This name is associated with every department of Church and Sunday school work. No good cause ever suffered at his hands. He could lead the counsels of the official board, superintend the Sunday school, direct the work of the choir and always paid liberally "toward the support of the gospel and the various benevolent enterprises of the Church." That name is Richard Jones. One evening during the first great revival in the pastorate of Asa Brooks he went forward for prayers, but did not receive the evidence of his conversion. The next day, while he and Matthew Wood and others were placing the rough pews in the auditorium to have a larger place for the revival then in progress, they all stopped their work, held a prayer meeting and Richard Jones was gloriously converted. Matthew Wood went home filled with delight to tell his family the glad news. This is the record of a great transition and a happy event. Shall we call it a strange thing to stop work on a church and hold a prayer meeting? What are churches for? This is the supreme work for which the church exists. I wish we might stop work on our present edifice long enough to lead every workman to Christ.

But listen to a chapter of recent history: On the evening that the contract for the erection of our new church was authorized to be signed, the official board and building committee met .

in joint session. That meeting began with a prayer service and closed with a hearty singing of the Doxology several times repeated. And since the enterprise began, with all the hard and knotty problems that have demanded solution, and the end is not yet, there has not been an unkind word or jangling voice. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

But to continue our narrative: Richard Jones was a wonderful man. He was a leading member of the official board from the time he became a member of the church. He was prominent in every forward movement of the society. In June, '58, he was made a steward; in August, '58, a class leader; was the first district steward and succeeded Matthew Wood as Sunday school superintendent. He and Hon. Elijah Catlin Wadhams superintended the school about fifteen years each—or two-thirds of the time since its organization. The Sunday school board in those days evidently believed in an unlimited pastorate of their superintendents. These two men, together with our present superintendent, have superintended the school all but eight years since the founding of the society. Brother Ralph Wadhams has been a member of the school twenty-eight years.

May 13, 1861, Brother Jones was, by a vote of the official board, given full control of the choir—a position which he admirably filled. Our Sister Nagle was a member of his choir. The chorus choir has always been a prominent feature of our church and I trust it will be even more so in the days to come.

Sept. 6, 1858, the pastor, Asa Brooks, and Richard Jones were appointed a committee to rent a melodeon, which was afterward purchased. This was the first musical instrument in the church. Brother Jones always bore his full share of the financial burdens of the church and we to-day are the inheritors of the labors and sacrifices of his noble life.

Other names prominent in the early annals of the church are Silas Finch, John Teasdale, A. H. Wyatt, William Wyatt, William Wood and Charles Price. Of those present at the first official board meeting and still living, besides William Dickover, is John Taylor Bennett, now living in South Dakota. Of the first members still living are Reuben Ritter of Philadelphia and C.

G. Leffler of Carlisle, Pa., both of whom visited our new church a few weeks ago. William Bertels of our city was closely identified with the early history of the church. Roger Miller for nearly forty years has been an official member, holding nearly all the offices in the gift of the church, and always faithful to his trust. According to the Record he was the first paid sexton, beginning in June, 1861. April 4, 1859, this minute is recorded: "The board proceeded to ballot for sexton, and on the second ballot William Dickover was elected by one majority—without salary." But brother Dickover finally triumphed, and in May, 1863, was elected sexton at a salary of \$1 per week.

Those were the days of self-denial and hard work. In September, 1860, forty years ago this month, the society conducted the boarding tent at the camp ground. J. C. Frederick was chief officer of the boarding tent, and his wife the chief cook; Matthew Wood was head clerk in the sales room. The net proceeds were \$297. Several years the society did the same work, and one year conducted a boarding tent at the State fair.

In those days all the members were poor and sundry methods were adopted to raise money for the struggling society.

On Oct. 2, 1858, action was taken authorizing furnaces in the church.

The first salary for the pastor was \$400, and in 1864 it was increased to \$600.

In 1870 the name was changed from Woodville to Ross Street, and on Oct. 3 of that year the marble tablet in front of the church was authorized to be changed.

Brother James Van Loon was church treasurer in 1873.

On July 7, 1873, the north corner of the auditorium was changed to meet the needs of the chorus choir.

George Lockie was the first exhorter, his license dating from Sept. 16, 1857.

The following, now members of the church, were officials twenty-five years ago: W. Dickover, Samuel Smith, James Van Loon, Roger Miller, C. G. Wilcox, James McCord, S. Drum, Jacob Bachman and P. R. Meixell.

The list of pastors:
 1854-58—Asa Brooks.
 1859-60—N. W. Everett.
 1861-62—S. W. Weiss.
 1863-65—H. Wheeler.
 1866-69—J. G. Eckman.

1869-71—L. C. Floyd.
 1872-73—L. W. Peck.
 1874-76—F. L. Hiller.
 1877-78—D. C. Olmstead.
 1879-81—H. M. Crydenwise.
 1882-83—S. C. Fulton.
 1884-86—G. W. Miller.
 1887-90—A. Griffin.
 1891-92—O. P. Wright.
 1892-93—W. H. Reese.
 1893-95—J. W. Webb.
 1895—C. E. Mogg.

Y. C. Smith supplied the pulpit for a time after S. W. Weiss enlisted as chaplain in the army.

All these pastors were noble men and did their work well. Asa Brooks was an all-around man. He filled many places and was well adapted to the special work of forming and organizing the new society. He was a good preacher, a faithful pastor, and highly respected by the community. N. W. Everitt was a more brilliant preacher. We cannot speak of each separately as we have not the facts at command.

The great revival under Asa Brooks was a remarkable meeting. It began in the basement and was then taken to the audience room to accommodate the crowds who attended. The results of that meeting will not be known until we stand, a triumphant band, on the everlasting hills. Over 200 were converted and the church received a great religious strengthening. Miss Mary E. Kittle, still a member of the church, was the first convert. Among those early converts who still remain are: Roger Miller and wife, Mrs. Sarah J. Nagle, Mrs. Sarah E. Wood and Mrs. Sarah Teasdale. That revival can never be forgotten by those who attended it. The unsaved came from great distances and from all directions. The influence of the meetings seemed to fill the very atmosphere.

The largest revival occurred during the pastorate of George W. Miller. About 250 joined the church in full membership, many of whom remain until this day. Had there been no deaths or removals from our ranks the church would now number into the thousands. At the present time there are sixty-five members who were received during the pastorate of Brother Miller, five of whom are in the official board.

Every pastorate brought additions to the church. It is said that Methodism was born in a revival and Central

Church has been a worthy successor of noble principles and magnificent men.

The Ladies' Aid Society was organized Nov. 16, 1855, and has always been an important factor in the growth of the church. It has not merely raised money, but its members have visited the sick, relieved the distress of poverty, called upon the stranger and been useful in many ways. The first dinner given by the society was on Christmas, 1855. The menu consisted of roast turkey, beef, chicken, roast pig and other dainties. Mrs. William Dickover and other ladies solicited provisions up and down the valley from Plainsville to Hanover. A sample ticket is still in our possession and will be framed and hung up in the new church. It reads as follows: "A dinner for the benefit of the new Methodist Church, to be erected in Woodville, Christmas, 1855, from one to ten P. M. Admit one. Price of admission seventy-five cents." The net proceeds of the dinner were \$400. Mrs. J. R. Coolbaugh sang on this occasion.

The official board records show that the relations between it and the Ladies' Aid have always been very cordial. Thirty years ago the board passed resolutions thanking the ladies for their valuable aid in conducting a festival, the net proceeds of which were \$96. Those thanks have often been repeated and will probably be given many times in the future.

The ladies have already paid \$3,000 into the treasury of the new church building fund.

At present the young lady workers are doing noble work, having paid \$1,000, and the Epworth League \$100, and the Junior League is ready to make a nice donation. The Sunday school has paid nearly \$4,000.

The work of the Sunday school has always been an important factor in the religious history and progress of the church and is becoming more so every year. The following is the list of superintendents: George Moore, Lord Butler, Matthew Wood, J. D. L. Harvey, John C. Frederick, C. G. Lefler, Richard Jones, Elijah Catlin Wadhams, Stephen Drum, George D. Hedican, Ralph Halberton Wadhams.

These were all faithful men, nine of whom have gone to their reward. The Hon. E. C. Wadhams was a man of sterling qualities and always left the

imprint of his character on whatever enterprise he touched. His influence over men was great. He gave much time and money and attention in molding the character and shaping the destiny of the school, and under his superintendency the school improved in all its departments. The entire church recognized in him a tower of strength. His work in removing the debt incurred in building the parsonage was heroic. Whatever he touched was at once clothed with new life. His name will remain prominent in the annals of the church. In 1888 he enjoyed the distinction of being elected lay delegate to the General Conference, which met in New York City. His son, Ralph Halberton Wadhams was elected superintendent in 1892 and still continues in office. He is planning for the largest success when we go to our new building. At this point it is fitting to mention the superintendent of our primary department, Miss Ellen H. Wadhams, who is faithfully caring for the little folks. She has been engaged in this work since 1882, the longest period of service ever held.

Miss Mary Kittle, who has been treasurer of the school since 1885, was a member of the school before the church was organized, and still remains regular in her attendance and faithful in looking after the finances and teaching her class of boys. Mrs. Mary Lamb has been a member since the superintendency of brother Harvey, and still has charge of a class.

The teachers' meeting was organized on Nov. 1, 1858.

At present there are thirty-seven members who have been connected with the church over a quarter of a century. We could not rehearse the trials and triumphs of those years. The record is kept on high. This brief outline is imperfect, but the register above has no mistakes and makes no omissions.

We meet to-day to say farewell to the old church. We cannot recount the inner history of Central Church. at this altar many a sinner has been saved, many a wanderer called back, many a mourner comforted. Here the children have been consecrated to God in holy baptism, here the nuptial rites have been celebrated, here the last words spoken at the bier of the sainted dead. Many names will come to you at this time. I think of brother Sinton Sturdevant, who was so deeply interested in the prosperity of our church,

and who to-day is in the temple of the skies, possibly looking down upon us here. I also think of sister Mary J. Straw, who talked with me during her sickness concerning her purpose to aid in our new enterprise, but which conversation I could not repeat without violating sacred secrets. You who have lived here during the by-gone years will recall others who would be glad to push aside the veil and look upon us to-day. We are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses who have entered upon their eternal triumph. We will reverence their memory most by being true to the trust committed to our care.

Here in this place of hallowed memories, here where so many have been inspired and cheered, let us plight anew our faith and swear allegiance to the interests of our common cause. We will be expected to do better than the noble army gone on before. Our mission is as high as heaven, as lasting as God. Let us aim high, strive nobly—put fervor, fire, divinity in our life-work.

Death of Mrs. Abram Wood.

Died at Four Score and Four.

[Daily Record, Sept. 12, 1900.]

About midnight on Monday last occurred the death of Caroline Bowers Wood, widow of the late Abram Wood, at her late home, the residence of her son-in-law, B. M. Espy, Esq., No. 88 South Franklin street this city. Her illness was of short duration, and not until a few days ago did her family give up all hopes of her recovery. She had always enjoyed the best of health until she was stricken with an attack of acute Bright's disease, which was soon followed by paralysis, from which she gradually grew worse and then quietly passed away without any apparent suffering.

Mrs. Wood was born near Harrisburg, Pa., May 1, 1816, and was therefore 84 years old May last. When she was quite young her parents went West, and located in a small village called Mt. Carmel, State of Illinois. In 1836 Abram Wood, a resident of this city, journeyed to the Far West, as it was then called, and settled in the same village, Mt. Carmel, where he engaged in the general mercantile business with his brother, the late William

Wood. Mrs. Wood, the deceased, was married to Abram Wood November 15, 1837, at Mt. Carmel, where she and her husband continued to reside until 1841, when on account of the climatic fevers then prevalent in the West Mr. Wood was compelled to return with his family and he again located in this city. Since 1841 Mrs. Wood has resided in this city, with the exception of a short residence in Trenton, N. J., in 1868, where Mr. Wood died very suddenly. She then returned with her family to this city. She was the last surviving sister of the late Colonel Theodore S. Bowers, chief assistant adjutant general of the United States Army, on Lieut. Gen. U. S. Grant's staff during the rebellion. Some may remember that Col. Bowers had passed safely through all the perils of General Grant's campaigns, and was present when General Lee surrendered, acting as chief clerk and assistant adjutant general. After the close of the rebellion Colonel Bowers continued in the same position until 1866 when he was accidentally killed at Garrison's Station on the Hudson River railroad, opposite West Point, N. Y. Colonel Bowers had accompanied General Grant to West Point for the purpose of reviewing and inspecting the United States cadets at that place. After the inspection was over General Grant and Colonel Bowers crossed the Hudson River to take a Hudson River Railroad train for New York City. When the train arrived a carpet bag, belonging to one of the party, was missed, and when Colonel Bowers ran into the station and asked the agent for the bag the latter quickly handed him one which the colonel said was not his. These were his last words. The train at that time was moving and Colonel Bowers rushed to get on board. In attempting to do so he seized hold of the railing on the platform of the car in which Gen. Grant was seated, and jumped upon the step, his body striking with such force against the car as to break his hold on the railing, precipitating him from the step. In the fall he swung around between the cars, which passed over him, killing him instantly. The train was stopped and Gen. Grant was notified of the death of Col. Bowers, saying, "Something told me that Col. Bowers was killed." And when he saw the lifeless, mangled body, he said: "That is he; a very estimable man he was. He has been with me through all my battles." He then ordered that the body be taken across to West Point and be buried with military

honors in the National Cemetery at that place. Subsequently Gen. Grant secured an appropriation from Congress with which he had erected at the head of the grave of his comrade a large and handsome granite monument to mark his place of burial, a very fitting tribute to the gallant and brave soldier.

Like her brother, Mrs. Wood was a good and noble woman, filling her spheres in life, love to God and love for others as fully as did Col. Bowers when on the battle field. From her early childhood she has been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church and for many years an earnest, devoted and loyal member of the Central M. E. Church of this city. She had a happy and genial disposition, and always looked on the bright side of life. Always full of pleasant reminiscences of things and people of an earlier day. Always amiable and loving in all the relations of her domestic life. She will ever be remembered for the extreme loving kindness that has marked her in the family circle, and in her associations with her relatives and friends. Her whole life was one of sacrifice for others.

She leaves to survive her four children, viz.: Miss Anna M., Mrs. N. D. Weaver, Mrs. B. M. Espy and Charles R. Wood, all residents of this city.

Golden Wedding.

Dr. and Mrs. G. W. Chamberlain celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding at their home in Dunmore on Wednesday evening, says the Scranton Republican of Sept. 20, 1900. The rooms were artistically decorated, palms and large bouquets being tastefully placed and a large gathering assembled to greet the popular couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain were assisted in receiving by their daughter, Miss Grace, their son Edwin and wife and their son David and wife. Bauer's orchestra furnished music.

Mr. Chamberlain was born near what is now called Line's Station, Luzerne County, January, 1824, and comes of an honored pioneer family. His parents James and Susan (Roach) Chamberlain, natives of Bristol, England, emigrated to America in 1818 and located at Philadelphia, where the father engaged in the mercantile business. In 1820 he went to Luzerne, taking up his residence at what is now Blakely, Lackawanna County. He

passed away at Wilkes-Barre at the early age of 36 years.

The doctor's boyhood days were spent in Wilkes-Barre and after completing his literary course he taught school in Sugarloaf Valley, Carbon County; Ashley, and also at the Plymouth academy and in the Wilkes-Barre schools. He studied medicine with Dr. John Koehler of Schuylkill Haven and in 1848 entered the Pennsylvania Medical College at Philadelphia; a branch of the Medical College of Gettysburg, graduating from that institution in 1850 with the degree of M. D. For the next twenty-one years the doctor successfully engaged in business in Philadelphia. In 1871 he removed to Dunmore and opened his office at his present site. His special object was to look after the property purchased by his father, but he was defrauded out of this by unscrupulous parties. Under the name of the Chamberlain Coal Co. he sunk a shaft and built a breaker, but was obliged to relinquish them.

In Schuylkill Haven was solemnized the marriage of Dr. Chamberlain and Miss Sarah Lewis, a daughter of David D. Lewis, of Bucks County, Pa., who was superintendent of the upper division of the Schuylkill Navigation Co.

Mrs. Chamberlain was born at Waterloo, Schuylkill County, Pa., April 2, 1830. There are five children by the marriage—Edwin, now city engineer of Reading, Pa.; William W., a jeweler, who died some years ago; David L., an expert machinist, residing in Philadelphia; Grace L., residing at home, and George L., who was killed at the age of 12 years by falling from a cherry tree in Philadelphia.

Court House Memories.

Wyalusing, Oct. 11, 1900.

I feel very much interested in the contest over the location of a new court house for Luzerne County. I well remember the little so-called market house standing upon its brick pegs in the line of Market street, also the old academy, the stone fire-proof and old wooden court house with its imitation of stone work in its outside finish; also the old white church with its tall and not over-handsome spire. I fought all over that ground in 1831 and in 1832 the Henry Clay Whigs and the Andrew Jackson Democrats had a fierce battle, a regular mud slinging contest, at the intersection of Market and Main streets.

I have been informed that an outer-barbarian boy cleaned out the town boys. The washerwoman at the old brick corner did not scold any. There was only a thin shirt and pantaloons to put in the tubs. If the present calamity is removed and a greater one erected in its place I shall regret it for the few years that are left to me.
G. H. W.

THE FIRST HOSPITAL.

It Was Located on What is Now Fell Street—Some Interesting Facts Concerning It—How the Institution Has Grown.

[Daily Record, Sept. 28, 1900.]

Hagenbaugh has in the window of his store on North Franklin street a photograph taken by Griffin of the first Wilkes-Barre City Hospital. It was a frame residence on Mechanics' alley, now Fell street, below South, belonging to the Meeler estate, and still retains its original outward appearance. A few weeks ago, at the suggestion of Dr. Guthrie, the directors ordered a photograph taken, so as to preserve in their archives a complete record of the hospital's life work.

The report for the year 1876 gives the origin of this hospital in detail as follows: "Some of the citizens of Wilkes-Barre interested in the establishment of a hospital met this evening, Sept. 10, 1872, in the office of Hon. H. M. Hoyt. A. T. McClintock, Esq., was called to the chair and W. W. Lathrope appointed secretary. The object of the meeting was stated by Dr. E. R. Mayer, who also read the draft of a proposed charter. On motion of Judge Dana it was resolved that we proceed to establish a hospital in the City of Wilkes-Barre. It was moved by E. P. Darling, Esq., that a committee be appointed to procure a charter of incorporation. Carried. The chair appointed E. P. Darling, Esq., Hon. L. D. Shoemaker, Hon. E. L. Dana, Hon. H. M. Hoyt, G. R. Bedford, Esq., Dr. W. F. Dennis and Washington Lee, Esq., as such committee. It was moved by Mr. Lee that an executive committee of three be appointed, with full power to lease a building and to establish and conduct a hospital, such committee to act till a permanent organization be ef-

fect. The motion was carried and Messrs. Washington Lee, Charles A. Miner and George R. Bedford were elected such executive committee. On motion of Dr. Mayer, W. W. Lathrope was elected secretary and treasurer pro tem. Hon. L. D. Shoemaker, W. W. Neuer and H. H. Derr were appointed a committee to solicit subscriptions. The executive committee appointed at this meeting at once went to work, rented a building on Fell street below South, and on Oct. 10, 1872, the Wilkes-Barre City Hospital was opened for the reception of patients. The number of beds at first was twenty, but it soon became necessary to increase the number, six more being added during the following year."

The first medical staff was as follows: Consulting physicians, Drs. Edward R. Mayer and W. F. Dennis; attending physicians, Drs. J. T. Rothrock, J. A. Murphy, R. Davis, I. E. Ross and J. B. Crawford. During the summer of 1873 Dr. Rothrock removed from the city and Drs. O. F. Harvey and G. W. Guthrie were elected attending physicians. The institution was conducted under this provisional organization until Jan. 3, 1874, when a charter having been granted by the court, regular officers were elected as follows: President, Charles A. Miner; vice president, John W. Hollenback; secretary, George R. Bedford; treasurer, H. H. Derr; members, A. T. McClintock, Calvin Wadhams, A. C. Laning, Charles Parrish, Stanley Woodward, Ira M. Kirkendall, M. B. Houpt and George S. Bennett.

On the first of April, 1876, the hospital was removed to the large frame building on the North River street site, donated by J. W. Hollenback, lately taken down to make way for the new fire proof structures which now comprise the hospital plant. Up to that date some 350 patients had been treated altogether, but with the added conveniences the number of applicants rapidly increased, so that for the past ten years the annual number served has exceeded nearly double the number treated during the whole three and a half years it occupied the Fell street site.

The resident physician prior to 1876 was Dr. Charles P. Knapp, now of Wyoming, and at present pathologist of the hospital. The first matron was Mrs. A. G. Bradford, and the first

nurse William Diggs. The first female nurse was Bridget Monaghan, who is still pursuing her profession as a private nurse.

Among the early methods of management was the establishment of a board of visiting lady managers, who were to take charge of the hospital's domestic affairs, and this has been continued to date, having demonstrated its great success, although at the time a radical innovation in hospital management. The first president of this board was Mrs. Lord Butler; vice president, Mrs. R. G. Rieman; secretary, Miss E. W. Mayer; members, Mrs. Thomas Brodrick, Mrs. B. G. Carpenter, Mrs. W. L. Conyngham, Mrs. L. C. Brastow, Mrs. E. C. Wadhams, Mrs. Stanley Woodward, Mrs. Herman Fry, Miss Laura G. Brower and Mrs. H. W. Palmer.

Of the first board of directors Hon. Charles A. Miner, J. W. Hollenback, Esq., and George S. Bennett, Esq., still retain their membership, and Mr. Miner is still president. Of the original staff Drs. Rothrock and Ross only survive, the latter a member of the present consulting board. Drs. Harvey and Guthrie have been continued as attending physicians up to the present time.

A STRANGE OLD COIN.

Token Coined in Ireland in 1745 Found

The Troy (Pa.) Gazette tells the following story of two interesting coins at Indian Village Site. found a few years ago in Bradford County:

Just across the small brook that crosses the road, a few rods south of the county house at Burlington, stood 150 years ago a small Indian village, which is marked on the old maps of Northern Pennsylvania as Oschahu. Sugar Creek, which was then the great western tributary of the Susquehanna, bore the name Oscolul, and at its mouth, where it disembogued into the Susquehanna, about two miles above what is now Towanda, stood an old Indian town, "Oscolul." Many interesting relics of a bygone civilization have been found in the grounds of the extinct Indian village, near the county house. When the foundations of the county house were laid many interesting relics were found and among them

a number of coins that bore different dates up to near the advent of the white man in Bradford County. Several of these coins were presented to the Spaulding Museum at Athens by Commissioner Green. Two coins belonging to superintendent E. W. Putnam are of bronze, one an English half penny of the reign of King George I, and the last a larger piece, which is very singular in its make-up and history.

On one side it bears an Irish harp, with a crown above it. On the reverse side is a room containing a table with money upon it. A hand is extended toward the table, as if to take the coins. An armed man with a drawn sword threatens the hand, and above in an arc of the circle are the words "Touch not, says Kildare." The piece bears the date of 1745, which marks the year when the Young Pretender, Charles Edward, was trying to raise a rebellion in Ireland, and the coins must have been brought to Burlington within a year or two by some French refugee who had been connected with the Pretender's party.

A search in history fails to throw any light on the strange legend. But J. A. Froude's novel, "The Two Chiefs of Dunboy," makes the matter clear. At this time, owing to the manifest favoring of the Young Pretender by the people of Ireland, a threat was made by England to remove the treasury from Ireland to England, which would result in great humiliation, as every payment would have to be sent from England, and Kildare, a member of the Irish Parliament, threatened that if this was done to retaliate, and as a means of preventing it issued this token.

Death of Col. J. P. Wright.

[Daily Record, Oct. 11, 1900.]

When Record readers saw in the telegraph columns yesterday that Col. Joseph P. Wright was dead in Washington there were few who recognized him as an old Wilkes-Barrean. Joseph Payson Wright was born in Wyoming Valley on Christmas Day, 1836, graduated from college at the age of 22, and in medicine in 1860. He served throughout the Civil War as a surgeon, his commission as lieutenant dating from 1861. He was made captain in 1866, major in the same year and lieutenant colonel in 1889. In 1894 he was made colonel and assistant surgeon of the

United States Army, his headquarters having been San Francisco, St. Louis, later at St. Paul and up to the present time at Washington, D. C.

Col. Wright, though absent from Wilkes-Barre for many, many years, yet retained an active interest in the place, keeping in touch with the community by means of the Record, which he has taken for several decades. It is only a few days ago that he sent a letter to the Record ordering two copies of the old Wilkes-Barre map of 1850 lately republished by this office. He was a grand man and his loss will be noticeable both in public and private life. He was unmarried.

Col. Wright was kin to the early family of Wrights who were pioneer settlers in Wyoming Valley prior to 1800. His ancestor was William Wright, who married Sarah Ann Osborne of Philadelphia, born 1794. William Wright was a brother of Thomas Wright, who emigrated from Ireland to America about 1747 and located in Wilkes-Barre about 1785. He built an early grist mill at what is now Miner's Mills. The mill is still in the hands of the descendants of Thomas Wright, Hon. Charles A. Miner being one of his descendants.

Col. Joseph P. Wright came from a military family. One ancestor, Thomas, served in the War of 1812, another relative, William, spent forty years in the United States Army, part of the time as major. Thomas Jefferson Wright was in the regular army. Joseph Jefferson Burr Wright served with distinction in the Mexican and Civil wars as surgeon. All these were born in Wilkes-Barre.

Marking Jenkins Fort.

[Daily Record, Oct. 13, 1900.]

An interesting event yesterday was the unveiling of a monument to mark the site of Jenkins Fort, one of the Revolutionary defenses of Wyoming Valley. The monument stands in West Pittston at the end of the Ferry Bridge. It is of native white stone. The upper portion is a massive cube of conglomerate weighing five tons, the gift of Hon. Louis A. Watres on behalf of the Spring Brook Water Co., from whose watershed it was quarried. On its face is a large aluminum plate, made by the Delahunty Machine Works of Pittston, bearing the following inscription:

upon. He alluded to the custom which is becoming increasingly general of marking historic spots. Special reference was made to this feature in Boston and Philadelphia, where tablets erected on the walls of buildings point out to passersby the spots and buildings where great events in history have occurred. Dr. Johnson said that the work of marking historic spots in Wyoming Valley was begun about a quarter of a century ago by the late Stewart Pearce of Wilkes-Barre, author of "Annals of Luzerne County." Mr. Pearce erected marble slabs along the roadside in Hanover Township to mark important events in which his ancestors figured, but owing to the ravages of vandals and the corroding effect of the weather upon the marble, they have so nearly disappeared that their interesting inscriptions are no longer legible. But the women have taken up the task of erecting these memorial stones now, and instead of using crumbling marble they are erecting monuments of conglomerate rock, bearing inscriptions on the wonderful new metal of to-day, aluminum, material which will remain unchanged for centuries. Dr. Johnson said it took the women to make things go. Years ago the men undertook to build Wyoming monument, but it required a woman's movement to finish it. He trusted that the good work of the Dial Rock Chapter and other kindred organizations would go on until all the historic spots in this historic Wyoming Valley are properly marked.

Rev. Dr. O. L. Severson read a paper in which he told in eloquent words how Dial Rock Chapter got its name from the neighboring precipice immortalized by the poet Campbell in his Gertrude of Wyoming. He said that many things of great significance escape the attention and pen of the historian. Dial Rock occupies but a very small place on the page of written history and might be entirely forgotten by this generation were it not for the noble women who compose Dial Rock Chapter, whose purpose is to preserve in memory and material form their deeds of valor, endurance, sacrifice and Christian fortitude, the result of which is this splendid monument.

The true history of Dial Rock is a secret lodged in the bosom of the sleeping centuries of the unknown past. Sometime in the march of evolution yonder mountain was rent in twain and that hoary-headed crag, with gray

and wrinkled face, stood out in bold relief to watch the deeds of men and record the hours of time. There is no central pivot around which fingers point the hour of day, but, cleft at an angle to receive the rays of the sun and cast a shadow, or at meridian to look the sun face to face without a shadow cast o'er its wrinkled brow. from field and cabin and stockade looked men and women into the stony face of Campbell's Ledge and read the hour of day. Thus it came to be called Dial Rock.

After complimenting the Chapter's splendid achievements in the past, Dr. Severson said there yet remained an important task, that of marking the battle-ground of July 3, 1778. Mrs. Carpenter, a resident of West Pittston, of advanced age, who was present, remarked that she distinctly remembered the lines of the battle-ground, as pointed out to her by her grandparents, who were contemporary with the battle. Dr. Severson's remarks were stirring in character, and the ladies expressed themselves as eager to enter upon the work of preparing a map of the battle-ground.

The regent, Mrs. Samuel Fear, stated that she was proud to say she was a great granddaughter of the Col. John Jenkins for whom the fort was named, and that the present owner of the land, Mr. Thomas Ford, had deeded the site to her in trust for the Dial Rock Chapter.

Rev. Dr. A. Griffin offered a brief patriotic prayer and pronounced the benediction, the visitors from out of town then repairing to the residence of Mrs. Fear, where elaborate refreshments of salads, oyster patties, sandwiches, ice cream and coffee were served by the following younger ladies: Miss Lintern, Miss Kyte, the Misses Benedict, Miss Vandling, Miss Yeager, Miss Richard and Miss Maude Blair. The luncheon, coming as it did at the usual dinner hour, was specially enjoyed by all the participants.

Mrs. Fear was assisted in receiving by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ford and Dr. and Mrs. Severson. Some thirty of the guests were from neighboring cities and towns, among them being the following: Mrs. W. A. Lathrop, Mrs. George H. Butler, Mrs. Benjamin Dorrance, Mrs. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Smith, Mrs. Harvey Yeager, Miss May Smith and Miss Frances Dorrance of Dorranceton; J. J. Schooley, Dr. F. C. Johnson, Mrs. E.

Hice, Mrs. Creveling, Mrs. L. B. Landmesser, Rev. H. E. Hayden, Miss Rosa Troxell and Miss Maude Vandling of Wilkes-Barre; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Wilcox, Miss Gladys Watkins and Miss Grace Law of Scranton; Miss Florence Taylor of New York City; Mrs. James W. Platt, Mrs. Alvin Day, Mrs. Mahala Miller, Mrs. Weiss, Mrs. S. Judson Stark, Mrs. M. H. Bunnell of Tunkhannock.

The members of Dial Rock Chapter are as follows: Mrs. Harriet Coward, Mrs. Annette Gorman, Mrs. Martha Chapman, Mrs. Helen M. Day, Mrs. Eva Stark, Mrs. Katherine Jenkins Wilcox, Mrs. Ellen Ford, Mrs. Mary Langford, Mrs. Fanny Urquhart, Mrs. Esther Hice, Mrs. Betsy McCabe, Mrs. Elvira Fear, Mrs. George D. Johnson, Mrs. Grace M. Beatty, Mrs. Lawson Hart Peck, Mrs. John B. Smith, Mrs. Minnie Kyte Van Ness, Miss May Bonstein, Miss Martha Lance, Mrs. Laura Lance McCabe, Mrs. Kate Ryon Chapman, Mrs. Clara Blanchard Haston, Miss Mary V. Smith, Mrs. Margaretta Yeager, Mrs. Amy DeWitt, Mrs. Mahala Harding Miller, Mrs. H. H. Keeler, Mrs. Mary Church Hileman, Mrs. A. Squires, Mrs. Rhoda Spenser Jenkins, Mrs. Ella Severson, Mrs. Ellen Augusta Atwater Law, Mrs. Vandling, Mrs. Rickard, Miss Blair, Mrs. Anna Scureman Benedict, Mrs. Walter Spry, Mrs. Weiss, Mrs. J. H. Mulkey.

These enthusiastic ladies have reason to feel proud of the splendid monument which rewards their efforts—one of the finest memorials in Wyoming Valley. The history of their chapter has been one of untiring activity and as a result they have done vallant service in perpetuating facts in the early history of Wyoming.

MR. WILCOX'S ADDRESS.

The address of William A. Wilcox included at the start an account of the Yankee-Pennamite controversy, together with a resumé of the principal facts concerning the early settlement of the Connecticut pioneers. Coming down to the Revolutionary period he told of the patriotism of the Wyoming settlers, which prompted such a response to the call to arms that the frontier settlement was left entirely without any protection for itself. The infant colony sent six times its quota to the Revolutionary Army. They seem never to have regarded their own dangers or interests when their patriotism

was appealed to. They knew of the opening of the road through to Niagara, that stronghold and rally point of British power which even then held some of their people captive, and they were watchful of the Tory emissaries of the Penn government and doubtless aware of their designs, yet with the noblest self-sacrificing patriotism they responded thus far beyond their proportion to the calls of the Continental Congress and Washington's extreme need. Lieutenant Gore and Captain Strong had taken into the field what would have been Wyoming's quota and with them the best weapons the colony had. Congress being apprised of the situation, in August, 1776, authorized the raising of two more companies for the express defense of the inhabitants, and these troops, known as Durkee's and Ransom's companies, were also soon ordered to the front, thus practically exhausting the able-bodied men of the young colony. This fact and the knowledge of the danger from the Indians and Tories was the occasion of a resolution on Aug. 24, 1776, to erect suitable forts as a defense against our common enemy.

"Aug. 23, 1776, this meeting is opened and held by adjournment.

"Voted ye three field officers of ye regiment of this town be appointed as a committee to view the most suitable places for building forts for ye defence of said town, and determine on some particular spot in each district and mark out the same.

"Voted, that the committee do recommend it to the people in each part as shall be set off by them to belong to any fort, to protect forthwith in building said fort, etc., without either fee or reward from ye said town."

"A beautiful vote," says Miner, "which we leave in its simplicity to speak its own eulogy."

The Wintermoots, a numerous family, seeming to have extraordinary means at command, had purchased and settled near the head of the valley upon a spot where a large spring of water gushes out of a high bank or upper flat. Here they had erected a fortification known as Wintermoot's Fort. This was looked upon with jealousy by the old settlers. A vote was therefore passed that no forts be built except those which should be designated by the military committee. As it was too late to remedy the evil, the committee resolved to counteract it as much as possible by causing a fort to

be built a mile above Wintermoot's in the neighborhood, and under the supervision of the Jenkins and Harding families, leading men and ardent patriots. It was named Fort Jenkins, or, properly, "Jenkins Fort," and was situated about ten or twelve rods northeast of the Pittston ferry bridge. Standing upon the top of a high bank and overlooking the river, the place was subject to the encroachment of the current. Through the lapse of years a large part of the bluff has been washed away and a considerable part of the site is now the river's bed. The structure was a stockade built around and in connection with the dwelling house of John Jenkins, hence its name.

It should not be confused with Fort Jenkins, situate on the north bank of the Susquehanna, in Columbia County, midway between Berwick and Bloomsburg. The latter is, I understand, always called Fort Jenkins, and the Exeter fort usually Jenkins Fort. The distinction seems to be one which should be observed.

Elisha Harding, in a statement appended to a memorial to Congress in 1837, published first as a congressional document, now more readily found in Rev. Mr. Hayden's pamphlet on "The Wyoming Massacre," published by the Historical Society at Wilkes-Barre, has given a description of the fort and an account of the building of it.

After rectifying the names of those who repaired to the fort for safety, Mr. Wilcox said many had been killed or wounded by Indians prior to the battle, and when the time for defense came the fort was practically defenseless for want of a garrison, and on the arrival of the combined force of British, Indians and Tories there was no course but to surrender.

Mr. Wilcox then went into a consideration of the part played by the British Col. John Butler at the battle of Wyoming and he held Butler responsible for the atrocities of the Indians. His was an expedition, not against warriors, but against defenseless homes and helpless non-combatants.

Having disposed of John Butler as a cruel monster, whom historians ought not to try to shield, Mr. Wilcox passed on to a consideration of some of the men who occupied Jenkins Fort—the Hardings, Jenkinse and others. Concluding he said:

We have been told that no part of this country of so limited an extent

has been so much written about as this valley. I am sure none can have more of romantic interest or more lessons of patriotism. I have found the study of our local history one of absorbing interest and commend it to you. There were noble men here in those days and events enacted with far-reaching effect on the history not only of this valley, but of the Commonwealth and nation.

If this modest stone shall attract the attention of but a few of those who must see it, among the children and youth born to this rich heritage, or among the foreigners coming among us, it will have well justified your project and the persistent efforts by which you have overcome the obstacles which have hindered you.

Store Poster of 1820.

Here is an old poster, about a foot square, printed in Wilkes-Barre seventy-one years ago. It has a broad ornamental border and is as well printed as any job of the present day:

CASH STORE.

The Subscribers
Inform their friends and the
public that they have entered
into Co-Partnership, under the
firm of

Z. & W. SMITH,
And that they have just
opened at their
NEW STORE,

South West Corner of Centre
Square and Main street, (be-
low the Meeting House,)

In the Borough of
WILKES-BARRE,

A Choice Selection of
SEASONABLE GOODS,
Comprising all the variety of
Country Stores, which they will
sell at the most reduced prices
for Cash, good Notes, and
Country Produce at cash price.

ZURAH SMITH,
WHITNEY SMITH.

Wilkes-Barre, June 24, 1830.
[Butler & Worthington, Printers,
Wilkes-Barre.]

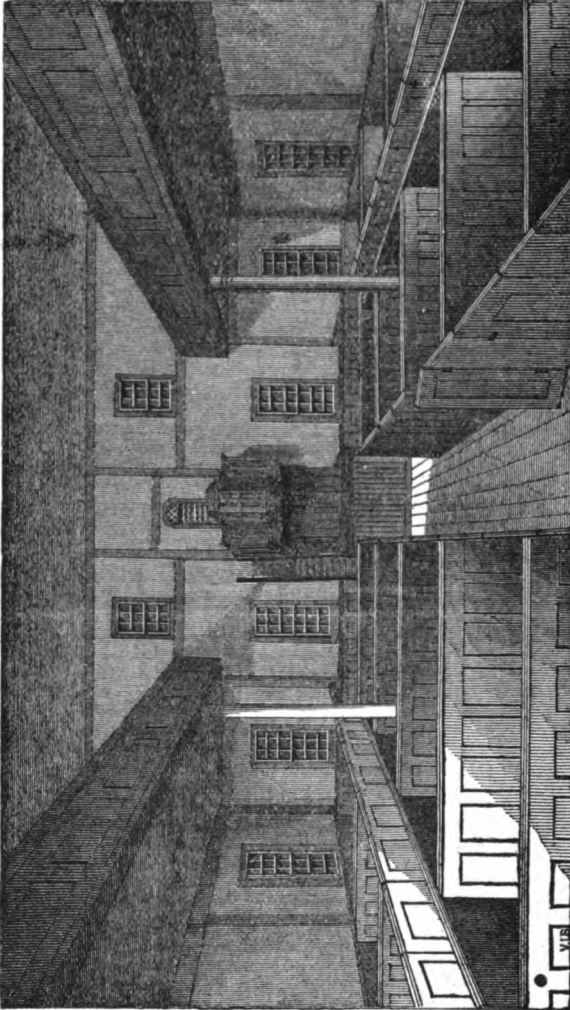
Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
 Came with those exiles o'er the waves,
 And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
 The God they trusted guards their
 graves.

May we, their children, sacred hold
 The faith, they sought these shores to
 save,
 Nor let ambitious greed for gold
 Bedim the heritage they gave.

The speaker of the day and Rev. Dr. H. H. Welles climbed up the stairway to the pulpit, which brought them almost on a level with the gallery and compelled the people in the near pews to crane their necks considerably to see the occupants of the pulpit. What must have been the strain on the muscles of the necks of the old settlers of the long ago to listen to sermons an hour or two long!

Rev. Dr. Welles pronounced an invocation in which he besought the divine blessing on the patriotic labors of the Daughters. Then followed the address of the day on "The Women of the Revolution," by Dr. Everett Tomlinson of Elizabeth, N. J., a well known author on historical subjects. Dr. Tomlinson's address occupied about thirty-five minutes and he put his auditors in good humor from the first and kept them there by his sallies of wit. He expressed himself as being embarrassed at not knowing how much time he was to occupy. Before he came he was told that he would be expected to speak an hour or less. After arriving he learned he was to speak ten minutes or more. It bothered him some just how to fix a proper limit. As he looked down from the lofty pulpit he could not refrain from a little pleasantry as to his superiority. He began by saying: "I have read of the manners and customs of the people of the olden times and of the respect and veneration in which they held their preachers, but until this present time I did not know how they (the preachers) managed to compel their people to look up to them." (Laughter.)

He spoke of his native Connecticut town, where the names so familiar to his boyhood were conspicuous in Wyoming history, Denison, Butler, Dorrance and others. He had seen the grave of Col. John Butler, a native of Connecticut, who led the British forces against Wyoming in 1778, and he could but smile at his epitaph, "He feared God and honored the king." The lecturer



INTERIOR OF OLD CHURCH AT FORTY FORT.

thought Butler's fear of God must have been peculiar.

He said that in a historic community like Wyoming Valley, it seemed like carrying coals to Newcastle to tell the people anything about American history. He then spoke some complimentary words about the noble history of this locality.

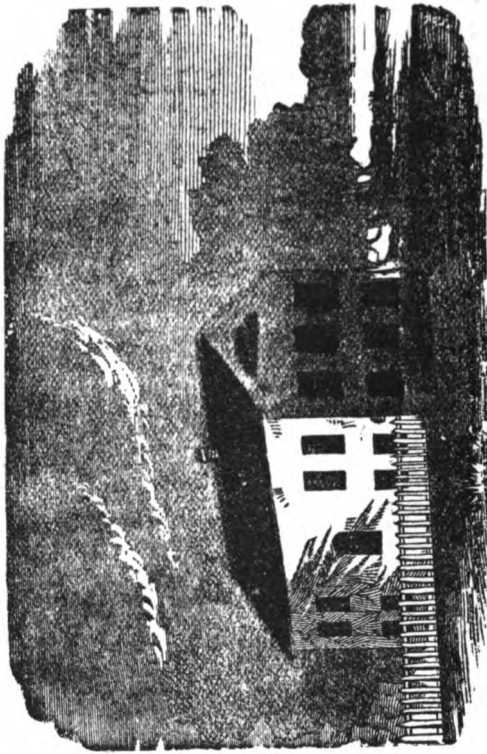
He said we hear and see a good deal of the Daughters of the Revolution but not so much of the mothers of that period. He proceeded to bring out some of their strong characteristics, making particular reference to the mother of Washington, and showing how her strength of character did so much to mold the boy who was to become the father of his country—a mother who was not surprised at hearing that he had compelled Cornwallis to surrender; a mother, too, who went out to a solitary place every day to pray, an example which her son followed at Valley Forge.

The speaker read a letter written during the Revolution by one of the officers of Lord Cornwallis's army, in which the writer speaks of the scorn exhibited by the American women for the king's soldiers and says, even if Lord Cornwallis should succeed in conquering all the men on the North American continent, he would still have enough to do to conquer the women. The writer ended his letter by saying I am heartily tired of this continent and wish I could go home. On this day we celebrate something which happened to Cornwallis which made it possible for this officer to go home. (Laughter.)

He said that while the history of New England had been written with great thoroughness, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania had been neglected. The South, which had the greatest romance, was the greatest sufferer of all in the matter of not having its history recorded.

The remainder of the time was devoted to most interesting descriptions of the following women of the Revolution: Mrs. Knox, wife of Washington's first Secretary of War; Mrs. Gen. Green, Mrs. King Hancock, Catherine Schuyler and Mrs. Benedict Arnold.

Dr. Tomlinson proved to be such a highly entertaining speaker that everybody regretted his being restricted to so short a time. He closed amid hearty applause and then the audience arose and sang "Star Spangled Banner."



OLD FORTY FORT CHURCH.

This concluded the exercises at the old church, after which the company adjourned to the site of Forty Fort, which was perhaps a quarter of a mile away. Here the exercises began with the planting of a scion of the historic Charter Oak of Connecticut, by the Children of the American Revolution, under the direction of Miss Martha Sharpe. The little tree is about four feet high, six or seven years old and is a grandchild of the original Charter Oak, which was blown down a half a century ago. The scion is grown from an acorn of the Charter Oak, and was presented to the C. A. R. through the kind offices of Mrs. Horace See and Miss Martha Maffet, by F. S. White-more of Hartford, the home of the Charter Oak. The planting was by Master Charles Waller, descendant of Capt. Joseph Wadsworth, who hid the historic charter in the historic oak.

A brief but well prepared address by Mrs. Katharine Searle McCartney, re- gent of the Wyoming Valley Chapter, D. A. R., told the story of how Forty Fort came to be constructed and the part it played in the battle of July 3, 1778.

Mrs. McCartney explained that the reason Col. Zebulon Butler did not figure in the surrender of the fort was that being a Continental officer he had been persuaded by Col. Denison to withdraw with his handful of men from the valley and thus escape falling into the hands of the British. Col. Butler always said this act of Col. Denison saved his (Butler's) life.

At the conclusion of the address, the flag which covered the monument was lifted off by the children, thus bringing it into view for the first time. The unveiling was done by the following members of the Children of the American Revolution:

Miss Esther Stearns, descendant of Elijah Shoemaker and Col. Nathan Denison.

Miss Rose Duncan Sharpe, descendant of Col. Nathan Denison.

Master John Butler Woodward, descendant of Col. Zebulon Butler.

Jo. Hand, descendant of Capt. John Lyman, a Revolutionary officer.

Percy Thomas, descendant of Seth Miner, whose son Charles Miner was the historian of Wyoming.

Ruth Johnson (not a member of the C. A. R., but present by invitation) great-great-granddaughter of Rev. Jacob Johnson, who assisted in the capitulation and who drew up the arti-

cles for the surrender of Forty Fort to the British Col. Butler.

Miss Martha Sharpe took a snap shot of the group at the monument and then after the benediction and music by the Forty Fort Band the company broke up, many of the visitors going to Queen Esther's Rock and the Wyoming Monument.

THE OLD CHURCH.

There were many queries yesterday as to how old the Forty Fort Church is. These queries are answered in the Historical Record, vol. 2, page 109. According to Steuben Jenkins it was built in 1807-8 jointly by Presbyterians and Methodists, at a time when the settlers were few and poor. A full history of the edifice was given in an address by Mr. Jenkins in 1888.

Against the side opposite the door is a pulpit curiously paneled, the rail of which is about twelve feet above the floor. It is approached by a winding stair. Facing the pulpit are two rows of high pews, with doors, each pew seating seven or eight persons. Against the four walls are square enclosures slightly raised above the pews, with benches all around. Each window has twenty-four small panes of glass. The gallery runs around three sides and is reached by two flights of winding stairs in the corners.

The gallery is supported by turned wooden pillars about 10 inches in diameter. The gallery is broad and level and from its rear part the spectator could just see the head of the preacher. The timbers in the frame project through the plastering into the room, and some show the hewed surface, though most of them are cased. Against some of them are the rude brackets upon which candles can be set—in fact, no more modern method of lighting has ever been provided.

The building is longer than it is wide. There are three windows on the ground floor at each end and four on the sides. The interior woodwork has never been painted, though the walls and ceiling are neatly whitewashed.

The old edifice was begun in 1807 and was completed in the summer of 1808. This was the first finished church edifice in which religious services were held, not only in Wyoming, but throughout all northern Pennsylvania.

The architect and builder was Joseph Hitchcock, probably of New Haven. Gideon Underwood made the pulpit.

The building committee was Benjamin Dorrance, Daniel Hoyt, Elijah Shoemaker, Lazarus Denison and Luke Swetland. The lime was hauled from Lime Ridge.

The style of architecture is unique and but few such structures remain. There is one in Wickford, R. I., one in Newport, R. I., and another in Richmond, Va. But this style was common 150 to 200 years ago.

Patterson Centennial.

[Binghamton Republican, Oct. 13, 1900.]

One hundred years ago yesterday at noon, Amos Patterson and his family moved into his new house, which is now known as Washingtonian Hall, and located on the Sayre farm, and ate their first dinner in the new home. Yesterday at 12 o'clock the descendants of the Patterson, Holbert and Sayre families gathered at the home and celebrated the event.

The house was decorated with flags, palms, ferns and flowers and relics of the Revolutionary period were much in evidence.

Amos Patterson, who was the first judge of Broome County, was himself the builder of the house and three years were required for its completion. The lumber was taken from the forest which at that time surrounded the place.

Judge Patterson and his family lived in the house for thirty-seven years, when it was occupied for two years by John Holbert and his family. Then Joseph Sayre moved into the house, and in 1842 Mr. Sayre started a temperance hotel and named the building Washingtonian Hall. This name was painted on the east and west sides of the house and the words still remain. The descendants of Joseph Sayre have occupied the house since he first took possession. The house has been but slightly changed since its completion.

The dinner was served in a tent on the lawn and the tables were arranged in a hollow square. The menu was chosen to make it as far as possible like that which Amos Patterson and his family had at their first dinner in the house. It included roast pig, chicken pie, roast chicken, baked beans, mince and pumpkin pie, cheese, doughnuts, cider and Patterson famous sweet apples, originated by the Patterson family on the farm. There was a large reunion cake, with letters P.—S., representing Patterson and Sayre families.

This was cut by the oldest member of the Patterson family, Joseph Patterson of Whitney Point, and served by the youngest descendant of the Sayre family, Mrs. Helen Ingwegan, of Middletown, N. Y., assisted by Joseph Sayre, Jr., of Washingtonian Hall.

Toasts were responded to after the dinner and Joseph E. Patterson of Wilkes-Barre (who was present with his wife and daughter) read a paper on the genealogy of the family. James Patterson was the founder of the family. He started from Scotland for this country in 1651 and landed in Charleston on May 13, 1652. Amos, a descendant and builder of Washingtonian Hall, was born at Watertown, Feb. 18, 1747. He served in the Revolutionary War.

The guests were presented with souvenirs by the little granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nowland of Newark Valley. They consisted of hammers made from wood that was taken from the house and also nails, hand made, that were used in building the house. Among those who attended the reunion were Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Patterson, Wilkes-Barre, and Miss Helen Patterson, Wilkes-Barre.

Two Old Trees.

The Children of the American Revolution are going to plant (at one side of the boulder which the D. A. R. have put up at Forty Fort) a scion of the Charter Oak which Miss Martha Mafet and her sister, Mrs. Horace See, kindly procured for the purpose. It appears that Mrs. Waller, who has taken Mrs. Sterling's house on River street, is a direct descendant of the Talcott who hid the charter in the oak. Gen. Oliver has also promised to start the Children of the American Revolution a tree from his scion of the Penn Treaty tree, which will nicely blend the Pennamite and Yankee.

Dr. Everett Tomlinson, of Elizabeth, N. J., who lectured last winter in St. Stephen's parish building under the auspices of the Children of the American Revolution, has been engaged to speak under the same auspices on Cornwallis day. His subject will be "Women of the Revolution."

Convention of Daughters of Revolution.

The opening sessions of the business meeting of the Pennsylvania Chapters of the National Society of Daughters of the American Revolution were held in the chapel of the First Presbyterian Church Oct. 8, 1900. There were two sessions, one in the forenoon and the other in the afternoon. Fully 100 delegates were present and the meeting was enthusiastic throughout, every delegate manifesting unusual interest in the matters discussed. The chapel was tastily decorated with palms, plants, cut flowers and the national colors.

The State regent, Mrs. Thomas Roberts of Philadelphia, called the meeting to order, after which the audience recited the Lord's Prayer. Mrs. Roberts delivered the address of welcome. Mrs. Katherine Searle McCartney, regent of the Wyoming Valley Chapter, responded.

Mrs. Williams of Philadelphia, one of the most enthusiastic members of the organization, read a paper on the establishing of a club house in Manila, where soldiers and all Americanized Filipinos might find comfort, rest and recreation and thus keep them from spending their leisure time in the saloons. The paper was excellently prepared and filled with good ideas.

Mrs. George W. Kendricks of Philadelphia, regent of the Quaker City Chapter, introduced a resolution, that met with unanimous approval, relative to the purchase of Valley Forge and making it a State reservation, and afterwards a national park, if possible. She asked the help of every member and urged all to use their influence to induce their respective assemblymen to vote for a bill, providing that either the State or national government purchase the Valley Forge environments for the purpose mentioned and to assist the Valley Forge commission in this project.

In the evening the ladies of the Wyoming Valley Chapter gave a reception at that substantial and cheerful old

hostelry, the Wyoming Valley Hotel. The large dining room was elaborately trimmed with the patriotic colors and with festoons and potted plants, the combination of color and arrangement of decorations all being in perfect taste. In the throng of delegates were some of the most prominent ladies in the State, many in elaborate costumes and all resplendent with the badges of the several patriotic societies to which they belonged. The Wilkes-Barre Daughters proved splendid hostesses. The affair was not limited to the Daughters but many were accompanied by husbands or sons. There were also other invited guests. Light refreshments were served. The reception lasted from 8 to 11. The committee comprised Mrs. Katherine Searle McCartney, Mrs. Stanley Woodward, Mrs. C. C. Harrison (Philadelphia), Mrs. R. B. Ricketts, Mrs. Charles A. Miner, Mrs. G. M. Reynolds, Mrs. Frederick Corss and Mrs. Ammon (Pittsburg).

The State conference of the D. A. R. came to a brilliant termination Friday evening with a reception by the Westmoreland Club. It was far ahead of all receptions ever before given at the club and the affair came in for unbounded compliments. The interior was beautifully decorated with plants and the stairways were entwined with greens. A profusion of flags was displayed, including the flags of the 9th Regt., N. G. P. As the guests arrived they were greeted in the parlor by a committee comprising Judge Stanley Woodward, Hon. Charles A. Miner, Thomas Graeme, Dr. W. S. Stewart and Col. E. B. Beaumont.

The building was thronged but not crowded, it being large enough to distribute a few hundred people with entire comfort. Oppenheim's orchestra was stationed behind a screen of palms and discoursed music throughout the evening. In the open fire places crackling logs were sending out a not unwelcome heat.

Upstairs the main dining room revealed a bounteously laden table, from which a running supper was served, the guests being scattered through the various apartments on the second floor and through the hallway.

OLD LANDMARK GONE.

TOLL HOUSE ON THE FIRST ROAD
ERECTED IN THE VICINITY OF
SCRANTON — OLD WILKES-
BARREANS INTERESTED.

[Daily Record, Oct. 30]

William Atherton of Clark's Summit, Lackawanna County, who has been contributing historical articles to the Scranton Republican, says in Saturday's issue:

The builder of the old landmark we cherish was Eleazer Atherton, who was born in 1764, and was present at the Wyoming massacre in 1778, where his oldest brother and cousin were killed. The balance of the family fled to New Jersey. In 1784 the father, Cornelius, and two sons, John and Eleazer, returned and took up land in Lackawanna Township, now Taylor, where Eleazer struck the first blow toward civilization in the then unbroken wilderness. He built a small log house with wooden hinges and wooden door latch with the proverbial string, which always hung out through all his eventful life, welcoming the low as well as the rich to his hospitality, which knew no bounds.

There he struggled on alone for three years, chopping and burning by day and watching the Indians and wolves by night. By this time he had acquired enough to support a wife to share his comforts, which, though not numerous, gave such satisfaction as the present generation know not of. Then, walking back to New Jersey (from whence he came), he married a wife and brought her and her bedding out on the back of a horse which he had bought, he walking by her side. Undoubtedly a pleasant wedding trip for the bride. Here they lived together sixty-four years; raised a family of five boys and four girls.

About 1800 the log house gave way to a modest frame house, and the wilderness began to blossom like the rose. A barn was erected, an orchard planted; the trees were brought on horseback from what was called the Lake country, Northern New York. New settlers came and the woodman's axe was heard on the hill and in the dale. The streams were being utilized to saw the lumber and grind the grain. The daughters and mothers might be seen spinning the wool or carding flax to make the necessary clothing and table linen.

In 1787 the people of Capouse, Isaac Tripp and others, petitioned for a road to Wilkes-Barre. The record speaks of a view from the clearing of one Leggett at the mouth of the creek of that name (now Dutch Gap) to a point at or near the clearing of Eleazer Atherton, connecting with a road to Fort Jenkins, where was the only postoffice north of Wilkes-Barre. Think of the hardships then endured, and compare them with to-day. In 1830 the family had grown to manhood and womanhood. A stage route had been established between Wilkes-Barre and Carbondale, and a stage house midway between the two places was a necessity. Eleazer Atherton was induced to build one. Having already selected the finest building site on the road, he commenced the erection of a large, fine front to his modest farmhouse, which has stood until this time a monument of skilled workmanship and durability, and would have lasted another century with good care. But, alas, the hand of the destroyer has laid it low. Benjamin Corbin was the architect and builder, and spent three years in its construction. The lime and hardware were brought from Easton, brick from near Wilkes-Barre, and five fire clay mantels and frame were quarried out of the mountain east of Scranton. There were no turning lathes or planing mills to manufacture doors or trimmings of the latter, a great profusion of which had to be all worked out by hand. When finished it had the appearance of a palace. Shortly after Jesse Fell's experiment in Wilkes-Barre with coal, they thought to try it. John Atherton, a blacksmith, made a wrought iron grate of flat bars, grandfather placed it in one of his fire places, went down to the river where coal was exposed, with a pick procured some, then sent his boys to the mountains to gather a load of pine knots, which he placed in the grate for fear the coal would not readily burn. Put on the coal and struck the flint to produce the fire. When the whole was well started it produced such a conflagration they were quite anxious to put it out.

In 1833, the house being completed, Searles Brothers started the stages and placed their relay of drivers and horses at this place, making it the first stage house on the road. Postoffices were established along this line. Grandfather continued to live here until he died, March, 1852, aged 87 years and 9 months. In 1853 the heirs wished to

divide the property and it was sold to Mr. Seldon T. Scranton, and it was sold to him for \$100 an acre. Mr. Scranton finally sold it to the D., L. & W. at a fine advance. This was the first coal property sold in Lackawanna Township for the minerals.

Ira C. Atherton rented it and continued to live here, except two years or until he died, some forty years in all. The old lady was very homesick in her old days, and used to say the boys gave away the house or the coal bed, she did not know which, placing an equal value on them. Willard Atherton has lately bought the old house and a lot, and had it torn down to give place to a more modern structure, thus fulfilling the text ("For they left the way of their ancestors and worshipped the God of Fashion.") Pardon me, dear reader, this may not interest you, a stranger, but it does me, for I was born in that house.

MARRIED FIFTY YEARS.

REV. H. E. SPAYD AND WIFE CELEBRATE THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING UNDER HAPPY AUSPICES — FELICITOUS REMARKS BY BROTHER CLERGYMEN.

[Daily Record, Oct. 16, 1900.]

The residence of Rev. Henry E. and Mrs. Spayd on East Market street was densely thronged by their many friends who had gathered last evening to celebrate their golden wedding, the arrangements of which were under the auspices of the members of Rev. Mr. Spayd's church, the First Presbyterian of Plains.

The reception was from 4 to 10, the larger attendance being naturally in the evening. About 8 o'clock Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Spayd took their places, the elders of the Plains church and their wives standing with them. These were: Mr. and Mrs. John Massan, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Seiple, Mr. and Mrs. D. Scott Stark, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Fraw, together with trustees James Marshall and William Russell and their wives. Then followed a delightful informal program. Rev. Dr. F. B. Hodge of the First Presbyterian Church of this city made some opening remarks that were both felicitous and appropriate. He congratulated them on their long and

happy life together and on their being spared to celebrate what is vouchsafed to but few, the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. Rev. Dr. Hodge expressed a cordial greeting from the First Church, which is the mother of all the other Presbyterian churches hereabout, including that of Plains. Dr. Hodge's words were earnest and touching.

Rev. Dr. S. C. Logan of Scranton, a fellow student in Princeton Theological Seminary, where Rev. Mr. Spayd graduated at about the same time, spoke in a happy yet serious vein of the time when they were students together fifty-two years ago. His remarks were reminiscent in character and served to put everybody in good humor.

Rev. Dr. P. H. Brooks of this city then offered prayer.

At this point D. Scott Stark, chairman of the committee of arrangements of the Plains Presbyterian Church, on behalf of the church, presented Rev. Mr. Spayd with a purse containing a neat sum of gold coin—over \$100. Rev. Mr. Spayd was completely taken by surprise, but he feelingly responded. His heart was full and his eyes were tear bedimmed, and it was with difficulty that he found himself able to respond, but he collected himself and succeeded admirably.

Rev. William J. Day of Luzerne Borough made some remarks in his usual happy style and then read the following beautiful sentiment, which had been sent by Mr. and Mrs. George W. Waddell:

ON THE GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.

A little gift I send, a wish
 That blessings will attend
 Your footsteps as you journey on
 Unto life's peaceful end.
 And may the love that gave delight
 In time of joy and tears
 Be always near, as it has been,
 For fifty happy years.

Congratulatory letters were read from friends and relatives in Philadelphia, Easton, Brownsburg, North Wales, Phillipsburg, Shickshinny, Bloomsburg, Harmony, N. J., Washington, N. J., Strausburg, Mifflinburg, Denver, Avon-by-the-Sea, and other places. The Scranton cleric also sent congratulations.

Other clergymen present besides those mentioned were: Rev. R. B. Webster, Rev. Dr. T. A. Mills, Rev. N. G. Parke, D. D., of Pittston, Rev. J. B. Craven.

The presents were many and handsome, in both silver and gold. There were also pictures, books, bric-a-brac, etc. There were numerous gold coins, some \$70 over and above the purse given by the Plains congregation.

The house was beautified with palms and other greens. Refreshments were served—ice cream, coffee and cake—by the young ladies of Mr. Spayd's congregation.

Mrs. Spayd has the wedding gown which she wore fifty years ago, but she could not be persuaded to wear it. However, she wore a pin containing a portrait of her husband taken before they were married.

Rev. Mr. Spayd and his wife—Sarah Amelia Barnes—were married at Easton on October 14, 1850, by Rev. John Gray, D. D. The groom had graduated at Lafayette College in 1848 but was not ordained to the ministry until his graduation from Princeton Theological Seminary three years after his marriage. From 1850 to 1852 he taught school, as principal of the academy at Stewartsville, N. J. During his seminary course he was actively engaged in religious work by preaching to the boatmen along the Raritan Canal.

After his ordination in 1853 he preached at the Soleberry, Pa., Presbyterian Church, from 1853 to 1867. He then went to Strausburg, Lancaster County, where he continued from 1867 to 1870. He then became pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Harmony, N. J., remaining there until 1884, when he came to Wilkes-Barre and in 1885 was called to the pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church at Plains, over whose destinies he has presided until the present day, a term of fifteen years. During his pastorage he has made many friends in this section and is affectionately remembered by all who knew him in other places.

Among the friends from out of town were Mrs. McKean Andrews and Mrs. George Wallace, Easton; Mr. and Mrs. Robert McCutcheon, Lackawanna, and Mrs. Nesbitt and daughter, Wyoming.

IN OLDEN TIMES.

C. W. Hollenback of this city stated that in the year 1801 his father was at the head of a military company in this city, which celebrated the inauguration of President Thomas Jefferson. They had an ox roast on the west side of Public Square, opposite where the Laning building now stands. The spot

where the ox was roasted was a depression where the dwelling and store of Matthias Hollenback stood. It was burned by the Indians in 1778. There were present at the celebration among others, Judge Ross and Matthias Hollenback.

DEATH OF T. C. SNOVER.

FOUNDER OF THE LARGE TOBACCO HOUSE OF CLARK & SNOVER.

Thaniel C. Snover, founder of the well known tobacco firm of Clark & Snover, died on Tuesday, Nov. 20, 1900, at his home in Scranton, aged 60 years, of Bright's disease.

Mr. Snover was born in Warren County, New Jersey. In August, 1862, he enlisted in Co. G, 31st New Jersey Regiment, and was mustered in at Flemington as a private for nine months' service. At Belleplaine he was on fatigue duty, but after Burnside's march and the battle of Chancellorsville the regiment moved to the North, entered Washington and was mustered out and honorably discharged at Flemington in July, 1863. He, with others of the regiment, voted to return to the field of action, but the majority opposed the measure.

Coming to Scranton in the spring of 1864, Mr. Snover was for one year employed as a carpenter in the D., L. & W. car shops, after which, in 1865, he opened a grocery. One year later he sold out to his partner and embarked in the sale of tobacco and smokers' supplies. In 1867 he purchased J. D. Clark's interest in the firm of Gregory & Clark and under the title of Gregory & Snover engaged in the wholesale and retail tobacco business. In February, 1872, he bought his partner's interest. The name of the firm became Clark & Snover in June, 1873. In June, 1891, the business was sold to a syndicate that incorporated the Clark & Snover Tobacco Co. Mr. Snover was an original stockholder in the corporation and a director from the first, but retired from its management, devoting his attention to his numerous real estate and financial interests.

Where the Hotel Jermyn now stands was solemnized the marriage of Mr. Snover and Miss Mary A. Gregory. Fraternally he was associated with Peter Williamson Lodge, 323, F. and A. M.; Lieut. Ezra S. Griffin Post, 139, G.

A. R., and was a charter member of the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks. He is survived by his wife and four children, Miss Marie Sophia, Dr. Welcom S. Snover, Jesse A. and Elizabeth.

A PIONEER RESIDENT.

THE LATE CRANDALL W. THOMPSON, BORN IN PITTSTON IN 1824.

On Tuesday, Nov. 20, 1900, occurred the death in Scranton of Crandall W. Thompson, a pioneer resident of this region, born in Pittston. The Scranton Republican of Wednesday has the following sketch:

For nearly a year Mr. Thompson had been confined to his bed and for the past three months had been able to take only liquid nourishment, owing to one side of his face and throat being eaten away by cancer.

Mr. Thompson was born in Pittston on May 22, 1824, and was the son of Isaac and Maria Thompson, the former dying a few weeks ago at the age of 104 years, and the latter in 1884, aged 88 years. He was one of fifteen children and is survived by three brothers, residing in Illinois, and by three sisters, living in this State. His ancestors settled in Pittston in 1776 and his grandmother was one of the survivors of the Wyoming Massacre at Forty Fort, escaping to New York State and returning after the war ended.

Mr. Thompson was educated in the common schools of Pittston, but at the age of 18 he began his apprenticeship at the blacksmith trade, and after serving his time started a shop in Pittston, owning the first building erected in that place. Later he became the first butcher in the town, but in a few years he returned to the blacksmithing business. In 1850, coal having been discovered on his father's farm, he completed negotiations with the Pennsylvania Coal Co., which terminated in their purchase of the old homestead. From that time his principal occupation has been dealing in real estate, more particularly coal lands. He has dealt in lands throughout the entire valley and in 1870 purchased 4,000 acres in what is now Lackawanna County for \$8 per acre, later selling it at a large profit. During the fifties and sixties he was also largely interested in the lumber business, owning several saw and planing mills.

In 1887 Mr. Thompson began the manufacture of bricks in Pine Brook, moving

to that locality from Pittston a couple of years later. Nine years afterwards he built the first house on Sanderson avenue and the third one in Green Ridge.

While a resident of Pittston he served twelve years as school director and eleven years as school treasurer, also as overseer of the poor and supervisor for several years. While a resident of Jenkins Township he held six offices at one time, being the only resident of the township who would serve. He served as select councilman from the Thirteenth Ward of Scranton from 1878 to 1881, succeeding the late George Sanderson, and it is still a bye-word in Green Ridge that Mr. Thompson accomplished more good according to the money spent than any other member of the councils from that ward.

In early life he was a Whig, but joined the Republican party at its organization and for many years took a prominent part in the councils of the party in old Luzerne nad in the early history of Lackawanna County, being a delegate to his party conventions on twenty-four different occasions, participating in some of the warm contests of the early days.

While in Pittston he was actively associated with the I. O. O. F., but later he dropped out of the order. He was a member of the Green Ridge Presbyterian Church.

In 1849 he married Miss Mary H. Carkuff of Pittston and six children were the result of the union, three of whom survive him. They are: Miss Jessie F., who resided with him; C. W. Thompson, Jr., a civil and mining engineer of Moosic, and William C. Thompson, an employe of Clarke Bros., who resides at Minooka.

OLD PAPER.

Philip Zimmer, a well known resident of this city, brought a well-preserved paper to this office yesterday called the Republican Farmer and Democratic Journal, printed in this city in the year 1837. It speaks of Spain as an ill-fated country, the Florida War, and the mining of coal, doings at Harrisburg in the legislature and other matters of the day. It shows that in Schuylkill in the month of November, 1837, 24,000 tons of coal were mined and in Lehigh 21,000. Among the advertisers at that time were the late Ziba Bennett, J. C. Helme and L. P. Weidner.

CLARENCE P. KIDDER DEAD.

WELL KNOWN RESIDENT PASSES
AWAY—CAME FROM AN OLD
FAMILY.

[Daily Record, Dec. 29, 1900.]

The death of Clarence Porter Kidder, a life long resident of this city and a member of one of its most honored families, occurred yesterday at noon at his home on South Main street. The cause of death was a complication of diseases. His death was not unexpected, as he had been rapidly declining the past few days. Mr. Kidder had been in poor health the past two years, but was able to be about until Christmas Day.

While partaking of dinner with his family he was seized with dizziness and was compelled to take to his bed. He gradually grew weaker, but retained his senses until almost the last. He knew death was not far off, but was resigned and expressed a willingness to go.

For many years the deceased took a prominent part in the affairs of this city and served several terms in council. He was born in this city on May 10, 1839, and was a descendant of James Kidder, who came to this country from England in 1649, settling at Cambridge, Mass. The father of the deceased was Lyman Church Kidder, who was born in Vermont in 1802 and came to this valley with his father when quite young.

On his mother's side deceased descended from the celebrated Dana family. His mother was a daughter of Anderson Dana, a native of Ashford, Conn. Mr. Dana took a prominent part in the establishment of schools in the village of Wilkes-Barre. Mr. Dana attended the Hartford assembly near the close of June, 1778. Though by law he was exempt from military duty he took a prominent part in the stirring scenes of that year and fell in the Wyoming Massacre.

The wife of Anderson Dana was Sara, daughter of Asa Stevens, a native of Canterbury, Conn. Mr. Stevens removed to Wyoming in 1772 and lived a portion of his time at Mill Creek. Mr. Stevens was a lieutenant in one of the companies that marched out from Forty Fort July 3, 1778, and was slain in the massacre that day. Thus both of the great-grandfathers of the deceased were slain in the Massacre of Wyoming.

The subject of this sketch was educated at Wyoming Seminary, Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., and Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., where he took a degree. He served in the Antietam and Gettysburg campaigns with Wilkes-Barre companies. Mr. Kidder read law with Caleb E. Wright and D. C. Harrington, and was admitted to practice April 4, 1861. In 1866 and for six years thereafter he was a councilman for the borough, beginning with 1871, for three years was councilman for the City of Wilkes-Barre. In 1869 he was the Republican candidate for register of wills but was defeated by less than 300 votes and this in the face of the fact that the county was strongly Democratic.

On May 24, 1864, deceased married Louisa Amelia, daughter of Capt. Calvin Parsons, of Parsons. His wife and two sons, Calvin Parsons Kidder and Clarence Lyman Kidder, and one daughter, Miss Mary Louise Kidder, survive him.

UNIQUE INDIAN RELICS.

Some probably unique Indian relics have found their way to the Historical Society, the gift of Thomas M. Mensch of Franklin Township, Columbia County. There are eight stone implements and they are supposed to have been used for ceremonial purposes, as it is difficult to imagine any practical use to which they could have been put. They are from 5 to 8 inches long, and of dissimilar shape. They are approximately of the diameter of a person's finger at the largest part and they taper to a dull point. Two of them are very much the size and shape of an ordinary white chalk crayon used in the schools, and one has a distinctively flaring and flattened butt. They were handed to the Historical Society by Charles E. Randall of Catawissa, who says they were found three miles below Catawissa in a sand pit 300 yards from the Susquehanna River. Although the society has a remarkably fine collection of Indian remains there is nothing even approximately resembling these curious specimens.

James W. Fairweather, the ladies' tailor, was brought from jail yesterday morning for a habeas corpus hearing before Judge Halsey. The boy whom it is alleged Fairweather enticed to his room gave evidence disgusting in the extreme and the man was sent to jail in default of \$1,000 bail, the bail having been reduced some.

COL. ISAAC BARRE.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE BRITONS WHOSE NAMES ARE COMBINED TO FORM WILKES-BARRE.

[Daily Record, Nov. 17, 1901.]

The November meeting of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society was held last evening, president Stanley Woodward in the chair.

The following were elected members: Mrs. Horace See, Samuel H. Lynch, W. C. Sutherland of Pittston, George Shoemaker. Horace See of New York, naval engineer, was elected a corresponding member.

Rev. Mr. Hayden reported accessions of portraits of A. T. McClintock, W. R. Maffet, Elisha Blackman, Calvin Parsons, Capt. W. H. Alexander.

A vote of thanks was tendered Christian Scharar for 800 coal fossils from a point in the bed of Mill Creek, now covered with culm heaps.

An address was made by Sidney R. Miner, Esq., on Col. Isaac Barre, one of the two British friends of the American colonies, for whom Wilkes-Barre is named. He prefaced his paper with a list of places in the United States which perpetuate the name of Barre, there being six of them in four different States. The address proved a most interesting one and was admirably delivered.

Isaac Barre, soldier, statesman and friend of the American colonies, was born in Dublin, of French parents, in 1726. From the fact that the Encyclopedia Britannica contains no sketch of him, and the fact that he is only barely mentioned in the biographical encyclopedias, it might be inferred that he was a man of no prominence and little influence. On the contrary, he was not only conspicuous and prominent, but a man of influence and power. There is every reason to believe that he was the author of "Letters of Junius," though it was necessary to conceal this fact to save himself from persecution, imprisonment and perhaps death.

He came from Huguenot stock and was a student at Trinity College at the tender age of 14, contemporary in the school with Oliver Goldsmith. Graduating at 19, he prepared for the legal profession. David Garrick, who saw him in some amateur performance, declared he would go upon the stage. But he was at heart a soldier and chose

the army—not a promising outlook for a poor but ambitious youth, when promotion was usually for the rich only, and those of political influence. The corruption and venality in the war department of England when Barre obtained his commission has probably never been equaled since. He entered the army at 20, was associated with Wolfe in the American campaign, and was with that gallant general when he met his death when the English captured Quebec from the French in 1759. Capt. Barre applied for promotion on the strength of his services at Quebec, but Lord Pitt refused the application, which led ultimately to Barre's resignation from the army. Meanwhile he fought bravely at Ticonderoga, Crown Point and Montreal, which resulted in the destruction of the French power in Canada. Barre on returning to England was elected to Parliament and he assailed Pitt in a speech of the bitterest invective.

John Wilkes, whose name is linked with Barre's in Wilkes-Barre, attacked the government in his newspaper and was arrested for seditious libel. The essayist told in very interesting fashion about this suit, and the peril which threatened the liberties of the English. Barre and Pitt joined in the defense of Wilkes and ultimately the once bitter foes became the warmest of friends.

The essayist said the efforts of these patriotic statesmen were not prompted by any affection, admiration or respect for Wilkes, but by their desire to defend the rights of Englishmen. Although a brilliant man, Wilkes was, in the opinion of many Englishmen of the better class, a contemptible demagog. Barre himself speaks of Wilkes as "a wicked, daring, infamous incendiary and an infernal parricide." He deserved the punishment he received, but it was administered in an illegal manner, and Pitt and Barre saw that the same tyranny displayed in his prosecution, if unrebuked, might be used against the most virtuous citizen. Barre's connection with the opposition resulted in his removal from public offices which he held.

The essayist then entered into a consideration of the valuable services rendered by Barre in his advocacy of the rights of the American colonies. In his famous speech he spoke of the colonists as "sons of liberty" and they eagerly adopted this as their name.

Barre died at the age of 75 years, the last twenty years of his life having been passed in blindness.

Mr. Miner closed as follows:

"In closing I wish to express my surprise that so little has been written and published about one who occupied so prominent a place in public life. A man who was adjutant general and a lieutenant colonel in the regular army before he was 33 years old, a member of Parliament for nearly forty years, during the greater part of which time he was one of the leading debaters and unsurpassed in eloquence, animation and invective, who was governor of Stirling Castle, a cabinet officer, vice treasurer of Ireland and a privy councillor, treasurer of the navy, paymaster of the army, clerk of the Pells, and during all this time a warm friend of the American colonists, certainly deserves greater recognition at our hands if not at the hands of the English. The apparent lack of appreciation of his services may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that early in his career he incurred the dislike of the king and all Tories, and was violently opposed to almost all their measures, and they may have been instrumental in preventing the proper recognition of his services, after death, as they succeeded in a measure in preventing it during his life.

"Lest some of my hearers should infer from what I have said that I regret the linking of the name of Wilkes with that of Barre, in the appellation of Wilkes-Barre, I hasten to say that I do not. Unworthy as the Lord Mayor of London may have been to have that honor conferred upon him, we cannot change it now; therefore let us preserve the name with pride in memory of his gallant nephew, the late Commodore Charles Wilkes of the United States navy, who deserved it all and more."

PAIR OF PIONEERS PICTURED.

There is shown in the window of B. G. Carpenter & Co. a fine crayon portrait of Judge Matthias Hollenback, who was so prominently identified with the commerce of the Susquehanna 125 years ago. He was the father of the late George M. Hollenback. The crayon is by Walter S. Carpenter. The picture is for the Historical Society.

Another portrait of an early settler is that of Isaac A. Chapman, who wrote the first history of Wyoming. It is a water color by George W. Gustin and has been loaned the Historical Society by a granddaughter of Mr. Chapman—Mrs. May Chapman Dean.

OLD WYOMING FAMILY.

THE LATE MRS. EVERHART OF PITTSTON AND HISTORICAL IN- CIDENTS CONNECTED WITH HER LIFE.

[Daily Record, Dec. 12, 1900.]

Rev. Dr. N. G. Parke has in last evening's Pittston Gazette the following bit of history called out by the death of Mrs. John T. Everhart in Pittston a few days ago:

"The marriage of John T. Everhart to Mary Leidy on the 12th of May, 1853, united two of the old, well known and highly respected families of South-eastern Pennsylvania. Mr. Everhart was the son of James Everhart of Berks County, and nephew of William Everhart, a prominent and highly esteemed merchant of West Chester, whose family still resides there. Of this family James Everhart, ex-congressman from Chester County, was a member. Miss Leidy was a daughter of Jacob Leidy, a Philadelphia merchant three-quarters of a century ago, and cousin of Dr. Joseph Leidy, a distinguished instructor in the Academy of Natural Science in Philadelphia.

"The parents of Mrs. Everhart, Jacob and Elizabeth Leidy, removed from Philadelphia before she was born, and settled in Nescopeck, in the southern part of Luzerne County. Here, after some years of earnest effort and the expenditure of a small fortune, Mr. Leidy failed, after which he removed to Wilkes-Barre, sixty-five years ago, when Mrs. Everhart was 2 years old. Here, in what is now the City of Wilkes-Barre—then a quiet rural village with green streets, nestling among the mountains—she grew up in a family of eight daughters and one son, and here she was married when 18 years old to John T. Everhart, a young man who had come here from Berks County to seek his fortune in the anthracite coal fields of Wyoming.

"After boarding for six months in Pittston they decided to locate on a farm Mr. Everhart had purchased near the foot of Campbell's Ledge, near the confluence of the Lackawanna and Susquehanna rivers. Here their children were born and grew up, and here they did their life work. They identified themselves with the Presbyterian Church, then in its infancy, immediately after coming here, and loyally sustained it during their protracted sojourn in the Valley of Wyoming. Mrs.

Everhart had been carefully trained from a child by a judicious and faithful Christian mother, whose example she aimed to follow in her own home, where she was a devoted wife and mother. She had been taken to the house of God when Dr. Nicholas Murray and Dr. John Dorrance ministered to the Presbyterian Church of Wilkes-Barre, and it was a part of her religion to go to the sanctuary on Sunday and take her children with her.

"The success of Mr. Everhart in the line of work he had marked out for himself was phenomenal, and he left his old home on the farm for a palatial home on Susquehanna avenue, West Pittston. From this home, after the death of her husband and the marriage of her daughters, Mrs. Eherhart purchased a house on Broad street, in Philadelphia, to which she removed and in which she continued to reside until she was carried to the West Pittston Cemetery and there laid beside her husband.

"For some years past Mrs. Everhart had been an invalid, and as a result had seen but little of society in the evening of her life, but she has quietly made her power felt for good in the charitable institutions of Philadelphia. She felt that God in His providence had provided bountifully for her and for her children, and that she was called to help the poor 'whom we have always with us,' and this she continued to do in her own way as long as she lived."

Indian Skeletons.

[Daily Record, Dec. 1.]

The Historical Society has received through J. E. Patterson the remains of an Indian chief and his squaw, from Hooper, N. Y. They consist of the skulls and the large bones of the leg. The remains were unearthed while removing a mound on the place of J. H. Sayer near the homestead built by Judge Amos Patterson, grandfather of our townsman, J. E. Patterson, who was born in this house, which was built a century ago. The house is still in fine condition. The mound adjoined the house. The chief was found walled up with large cobble stones and fresh water mussel shells in a cave shaped like a haycock. He was buried, as was customary, in a sitting position. Mr. Sayer presented the remains through Mr. Patterson.

RIVER COMMON SITE.

Judge Woodward Says the County May Build There.

OPINION HANDED DOWN DISMISSING THE APPLICATION FOR AN INJUNCTION—THE HISTORY OF THE RIVER COMMON GONE INTO BY THE JUDGE—THE CONTENTIONS OF THE APPLICANTS FOR AN INJUNCTION.

[Daily Record, Dec. 29, 1900.]

Judge Woodward yesterday handed down an opinion in the court house site case, deciding that the county has a right to build on the river common site and that the city has a right to transfer the site to the county. The case is the one in which an application for an injunction by Dr. E. Gumpert and others was made to restrain the county commissioners.

Judge Woodward goes into the history of the case and gives some interesting findings of fact with reference to the river common.

The case will now be taken to the Supreme Court and when that body hands down a decision the site question will be finally settled one way or the other.

Judge Woodward first quotes the ordinance of Wilkes-Barre councils transferring the site to the county and the petition of the county commissioners to the court asking for approval of the site. The judge then goes on to say:

The bill prays for restraint by injunction "from expending any of the county funds for the erection of a court house on the said river common site, and from creating any obligations whatever with the City of Wilkes-Barre concerning the same."

The bill also prays "that the Court declare the said ordinance null and void," and also that the city be made a party to the proceeding.

The bill in paragraph 17 sets forth the ground and reason of these prayers as follows:

That the City of Wilkes-Barre is without any warrant or authority in law, either by the ordinance mentioned in the third paragraph of this bill, or otherwise to grant to the County of Luzerne the right or privilege to erect

and build a court house, or any other kind of building, on the public common between Union and North streets, in said city. That by an Act of the General Assembly the said common was dedicated to the public and set apart as a public common, and if the County of Luzerne is allowed to take possession of and erect a building on said common, then the public will be deprived of the use and enjoyment of the same, which will result in an irreparable injury to your orator and the public in general.

Omitting for the present any consideration of several minor questions suggested by the pleadings in the case, we come at once to the main and controlling point in the controversy.

Have the municipal authorities of the City of Wilkes-Barre the legal right to make such disposition of the plot of land known as the upper river common, as was contemplated by the ordinance of the 19th of November, 1900? This of course brings us to the question, what is the nature of the title of the city to the land in controversy and what right of disposition and control is vested in the city by the law applicable to the subject?

It is claimed by the plaintiffs, that the whole of the river bank fronting the Susquehanna River from South street to North street was originally laid out for and dedicated to the purposes of a public common, and as such belongs to all the people of the whole Commonwealth. And it is argued that the land so dedicated cannot be diverted to a new and inconsistent use by the municipal authority having the immediate charge and custody of it.

In 1662 the King of England granted to the colony of Connecticut, a tract of country (including this land) extending from North to South a whole degree of latitude. This grant to Connecticut was confirmatory of an earlier one made by James I, in 1620, to what was known as the Plymouth company, and was intended to embrace a part of what was called New England. By an error of description, however it was found by actual survey that the grant reached around New York, and enclosed the territory afterwards known as Westmoreland, and now embracing the territory of seven of the Northeastern counties of our State.

In 1753 an association was formed in Connecticut called the Connecticut Susquehanna Company, and under their auspices the first settlement of the Wyoming Valley was made in 1762. Several townships were subsequently

laid out by the Connecticut settlers, and of these Wilkes-Barre was one.

The first survey of Wilkes-Barre was made by David Meade, in 1770. And in 1773 another was made by Capt. Durkee, which established what was known as the "Town Plot," showing a division of lots, and an open space along the river upon which the lots bounded. This is the earliest authentic evidence of an intention by the first settlers to leave an open space in front of the town and along the river for public use.

It is no part of my purpose to recall the events which occurred during the struggle between the Connecticut settlers and the claimants to the Wyoming lands under William Penn. At the close of the Revolutionary War this contest was settled by a court created by Congress for the purpose, which met at Trenton and made a decision in favor of Pennsylvania on the 30th of December, 1782. On the 4th of April, 1799, an act was passed "entitled an act for offering compensation to the Pennsylvania claimants of certain lands within the seventeen townships in the County of Luzerne." This act was supplemented by another act approved 15th March, 1800, and by still another of 6th April, 1802. The purpose of this legislation was to vest in the Connecticut settlers a valid title to the lands which they had actually occupied before the decree of Trenton, and at the same time to offer compensation to the Pennsylvania claimants of the same lands.

On the 2d of January, 1804, Thomas Cooper and John M. Taylor, commissioners duly appointed under the act of 4th April, 1799, and its supplements, issued a certificate to Lord Butler, Matthias Hollenback and Jesse Fell, as the township committee, for 39 acres and 41 perches of land in the Township of Wilkes-Barre, "being the Public Square in the town plot thereof, and the public common on the river bank between the river Susquehanna and the town plot." Diagrams or drafts are attached showing that the entire river front from North street to South street is embraced in the certificate, the entire contents being 35 acres.

This ends the history of the river common under the Connecticut settlement of the Township of Wilkes-Barre.

The Borough of Wilkes-Barre was incorporated by an act entitled, "An act to erect the town plot of Wilkes-Barre and its vicinity in the County of Luzerne into a borough," approved 17th

March, 1806, (Laws of Pennsylvania, 529.) Section 1 of the act is as follows: "Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same that the town plot of Wilkes-Barre and its vicinity, in the County of Luzerne, shall be and the same is hereby erected into a borough which shall be called the Borough of Wilkes-Barre, bounded and limited as follows; that is to say. Here follows the description of the old city.

The first legislation after the incorporation of the borough, in reference to the river common, is found in the act of April, 1807, (Laws of Pennsylvania, 196) which enacts that "all that certain lot of land fronting the town lots in the Borough of Wilkes-Barre on the bank of the Susquehanna extending from the land of Jabez Fish up the said river 192 rods, in a line parallel with the front line of the town lots, be and the same is granted and set apart as a public common, and to remain as such forever."

It is to be observed that this dedication of a portion of the river bank as a public common includes only the land lying between South and Union streets and does not apply to that portion of the river bank lying between Union and North streets, which is the parcel of land involved in the present controversy.

On 28th March, 1846, by an act entitled "a further supplement to an act entitled 'an act to erect the town plot of Wilkes-Barre and its vicinity into a borough, etc.,'" it was provided, Section 6—That all that certain tract of land fronting the town lots in the Borough of Wilkes-Barre, on the bank of the Susquehanna River, extending from the north side of Union street up the said river about sixty-three rods to the north side of North street, be and the same hereby is granted and set apart as a public common, and to be under the control and jurisdiction of the town council of the Borough of Wilkes-Barre.

By an act of assembly approved 3d May, 1852, it was provided inter alia as follows: "That it shall be lawful for the said town council of said borough (Wilkes-Barre) to rent for the best price they can obtain for the same, the public common between Union and North streets."

By an act approved 5th May, 1855, (P. L., 444) the Borough of Wilkes-

Barre was authorized to lease to the Wilkes-Barre Gas Company a portion of this upper common. The same act authorized the borough to subscribe to the stock of the gas company, and to borrow money for the purpose.

It was stated at the argument and is set forth in the answer filed by the defendants, that, after the completion of the North Branch Canal along the front of this open space, the ground was excavated and a portion of it used for some years as a canal basin; that another portion of it was leased to J. E. Patterson & Co. for the erection of a saw mill, and the manufacture of building materials, and that subsequently it became a waste place and up to some ten years since was used as a dump for garbage. It was then filled up and graded, but has never been looked upon as an inviting spot for rest or recreation.

The ordinance of the 19th of November, 1900, is in effect a lease by the City of Wilkes-Barre to the County of Luzerne of the upper common for the public purpose of a new court house. A lease, in its legal definition, is a contract whereby one party transfers to another the use and possession of real estate. A lease is generally made for a definite time and is based on a consideration, good or valuable. In the present instance the time is defined as "so long as the same is used for court house purposes," and the consideration is ample, for the reason that the city gets the best of the bargain and is enabled to regain the entire control of the Public Square, free and clear of all easements and incumbrances.

The proposed exchange of the one property for the other will promote the comfort and welfare of the whole public, the County of Luzerne will acquire, without expense to the taxpayers of the county, a site for the new court house which, all things considered, is the best one available.

As to the question of right of the county commissioners to make the exchange in question, without a finding of the grand jury, we have no doubt. Neither the Act of 1843 nor that of 1883 has, in our judgment, any application to the exchange of the land when the right to make the exchange is clear. And in this connection we refer to the able and comprehensive opinion of Judge Rice, in *Bennett et al. vs. Norton et. al.*, 171 Penna. 221.

If reference to the other objections raised by the bill, or suggested by the

arguments by the learned counsel we have to say, that they involve questions of discretion, rather than of power, with which it is not our province to interfere.

The Act of 1846, which made the space between Union street and North street a public common, also enacts that it shall be under the control and jurisdiction of the town council of said borough. It seems clear to us that this provision cannot fairly be held to apply merely to the oversight and policing of the common. For such purposes the legislation was not needed. Lying within the borough limits, and being recognized as public property, the authority of the municipal government would extend to it *ipso facto*, and the Act of 1846 would have accomplished nothing. The Act of 1807 declared the common between Union and South streets "a common forever," without condition or qualification. The Act of 1846 on the contrary, ordains the common between Union and North streets with the proviso, that it shall be under "the control and jurisdiction of the borough." And that this was the general understanding and the contemporaneous construction of the statutes, is apparent from the uses to which the common has been from time to time, put, with the approval and consent of the borough authorities during many years. If this view is not conclusive of the case, all doubt on the subject is removed by the Act of 3d May, 1852, which vests in the municipal authorities the power to lease the common for the best price obtainable, which is substantially the exact thing they are now proposing to do and which the bills asks us to enjoin.

After a careful consideration of the whole case in all its aspects, we can see no good reason for granting the injunction prayed for. As was said by Judge Rice, in *Crelin vs. Schafer*, 4 Kulp 212; "the issuing of a preliminary injunction cannot be justified by the mere fact that it will do the defendant no harm. The plaintiff must show not only a clear right, but immediate and urgent danger of irreparable injury."

The motion for an injunction is denied and it is further ordered that the costs be paid by the plaintiff.

LANDMARK DESTROYED.

PORT BLANCHARD HOTEL CON-
SUMED BY THE FLAMES—
ERECTED OVER A HUN-
DRED YEARS AGO.

[Daily Record, Jan. 3, 1901.]

After withstanding nature's blasts for more than a century, the Port Blanchard Hotel, a structure of historic interest, was burned to the ground at 5:30 o'clock yesterday morning, the occupants, Louis Keilkolz and family, saving noth more than the clothes on the backs. The origin of the fire is unknown and no theory can be given. Mr. Keilkolz's loss is estimated at about \$2,000, with an insurance of \$1,500.

The building was owned by the Hodgdon estate and was valued at \$3,000, on which there was \$2,000 insurance.

Mrs. Keilkolz says that when she arose to prepare for the weekly washing she found the kitchen filled with smoke and the outer kitchen ablaze. There are no hydrants or fire hose in that vicinity and the only thing available in this line was a small garden hose, and that was of little use. The neighborhood is sparsely settled and assistance was slow in arriving, although the whistle in a nearby colliery sounded an alarm. Before the neighbors arrived the fire was well under way and it was impossible to get at the household goods. The building was an old fashioned one, made of large, solid timbers, and made excellent fire fuel. For two hours it burned, making a blaze that was easily seen up and down the valley.

While the large barns and outbuildings were saved, nothing remains of the hotel but the foundation walls and a mass of embers. The loss comes as a severe blow to the Keilkolz family, however, as they had been living at that place only since last June, moving from Hazleton to Port Blanchard, at which time they paid \$800 for the privileges and barroom fixtures.

The Port Blanchard Hotel was one of Wyoming Valley's famous landmarks and the destruction of the building recalls to the settlers many interesting recollections. The upper portion of the building was erected about 1795 by Jeremiah Blanchard, Jr., son of Jeremiah Blanchard, Sr., who came to this valley from Connecticut in 1770 and purchased a tract of land in that vicinity. The structure was first used as a

dwelling and in the latter part of the forties was sold to Samuel Hodgden, who built an addition to the place in 1849, for use as a hotel. It became one of the prominent road houses in the valley and was an important stopping place along the old plank road for the stages running between Wilkes-Barre and Carbondale. The building has remained in the hands of the Hodgden estate and for fifteen years the place was run by Samuel Hodgden, Jr., who retired eight years ago, since which time it had been leased by different parties.

Col. Pickering a Pennsylvanian.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

Some dispute has arisen in the State papers as to whether Timothy Pickering, who is put down in Smull's Handbook as a cabinet officer from Pennsylvania, was really a Pennsylvanian. As a matter of fact Pickering was not a real Pennsylvanian, though the handbook is correct in its record, since he was a resident of Pennsylvania at the time he held cabinet positions. He was a native of Massachusetts and held the office of judge there, afterward going into Washington's army in the Revolutionary War. At the close of the war he settled in Philadelphia, becoming a commission merchant, and being sent by the government to settle disputes between Pennsylvania and Connecticut over land titles in the Wyoming Valley he acquired large tracts of land in that section and took up his residence in Wilkes-Barre. He was elected a delegate from Luzerne County to the Pennsylvania constitutional convention of 1790, was appointed Postmaster General in 1791 by Washington, serving four years. He was then appointed Secretary of War for a few months and then Secretary of State. He was retained in the latter position by President Adams until 1800, when he was dismissed. Pickering then returned to Pennsylvania, building a log house for his family up in the Luzerne County forests, but in a short time returned to Massachusetts and then was again elected judge and a year later United States senator, serving eight years. He was in the lower House of Congress in 1815-17 and declined another election to the Senate in 1816. He lived until 1829. This was rather a remarkable and distinguished career in two States, but there is no doubt that Pickering was a resident of Pennsylvania while holding several cabinet positions, and to Pennsylvania he is credited.

BURIED VALLEY OF WYOMING.

Paper by William Griffith Before Historical Society.

**MOVEMENT OF THE GLACIERS
SOUTHWARD DURING THE ICE
AGE, LEAVING GLACIAL DRIFT
DEPOSIT — EXPLANATION OF
THE BURIED VALLEY—POT-
HOLES AND THEIR MENACE
TO MINING—VALUABLE MAP
PREPARED BY MR. GRIFFITH.**

[Daily Record, Jan. 12, 1901.]

Sometimes people get the idea that the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society does little with geology, but this is not the case. Besides having accumulated a superb collection of valuable minerals and the largest geological library in eastern Pennsylvania it has occasional addresses on geological subjects. Last night was a case in point, there being a paper on "The Buried Valley of Wyoming," by Mr. William Griffith of Pittston, a mining engineer and geologist whose experience abundantly qualifies him for the task. The State Geological Survey has given much consideration to this subject. Mr. Griffith was one of the assistants in the work and a portion of his paper had appeared previously in an address given before the Anthracite Coal Operators' Association in New York City. What gives the matter especial interest is that Mr. Griffith prepared an elaborate map-model of the buried valley of Wyoming, which he presents to the society for the use of all who may be interested in consulting it.

There was a large and interested assemblage to hear Mr. Griffith, many being officials, engineers and employes of the local coal companies. At the close of the address they all gathered around the model and evinced the greatest interest in it. Some of them had later data, from more recent bore holes, going to show that the model can be added to and made of even greater value. The model was so constructed that the present valley could have such portions of its surface lifted as show the great canyon, or buried valley beneath, as it was when the

mighty glaciers had flowed their way southward in remote ages of the past.

Judge Woodward presided and a necrological sketch of the late George F. Nesbitt, a life member of the Historical Society, was read by the historiographer, W. E. Woodruff. It will be remembered that Mr. Nesbitt was accidentally killed while hunting in North Carolina. The sketch narrated the melancholy facts and told the story of his life.

Following is a condensed presentation of the paper:

BURIED VALLEY OF WYOMING.

During what is sometimes called the Ice Age, Canada and the northern part of the United States, as far south as central Pennsylvania, was covered with a solid blanket of ice. In the vicinity of the Wyoming Coal Basin this icy sheet is supposed to have been about 2,000 feet in thickness. As is usual with glaciers, the whole mass slowly moved southward, gouging and plowing the surface of the earth, scratching and breaking the rock and transporting stones and boulders of all sizes long distances, finally depositing them far from the place of their original occurrence.

In this glacial area the rock is usually covered by a variable thickness of "drift," consisting of various layers of sand and rounded gravel, with boulders large and small, all more or less worn by the action of the water and moving debris. In some places where large streams were probably flowing under the ice deep channels were worn in the rock and subsequently filled with glacial drift deposit, and, of course, where these channels were deeper than their outlets, lakes of still water were formed and these oftentimes were filled to considerable depth with fine silt or quicksand, clay, gravel, etc.

One of these submerged channels extends through the length of the Wyoming Valley and is often referred to as the "Buried Valley" of Wyoming. The rock has been worn away to a depth of from one to two hundred feet, eroding some of the upper coal seams in places and leaving the uncertain thickness of rock roof over the underlying coal.

Another phenomenon or freak resulting from glaciers is the formation of pot-holes. A glacial pot-hole is a deep shaft, well or hole, worn in the solid rock by action of water falling from a height (probably through a crevice in the ice) on the solid rock

bed, thus (by the aid of fragments of stone and boulders which are kept in continual motion in the bottom of the hole) wearing the well deeper and larger with time. The size and depth of the pot-hole depends on the volume of water and the height of fall. Pot-holes are in process of formation at the present time, in Alpine glaciers and elsewhere, and in Switzerland some of these are preserved for public inspection and instruction. Minute pot-holes varying in size from a pint measure to a hogshead are often found worn in the bed rock of our mountain streams, formed in the same way, by the water falling from a ledge and keeping the small pebbles in motion in the bottom of the hole. A good idea of this action may be obtained by placing some pebbles in a tumbler and placing it under the water flowing from a faucet.

The existence of pot-holes in the anthracite region was first discovered in 1884, when one of the chambers of the Eton colliery at Archbald was driven against a mass of round stones of all sizes, from pebbles to boulders a foot in diameter. Subsequent investigation revealed the existence of an oval edge of the solid coal near the face of a chamber, a flood of water, sand, rounded stones, etc., suddenly and without warning of any kind, broke into the mine, filling up 100,000 cubic yards of workings. The lives of twenty-six men were lost in this accident and it was found impossible to recover their bodies.

The other accident of this nature occurred in 1897 at the Mount Lookout colliery at Wyoming, Pa., operated by Simpson & Watkins. About 70,000 cubic yards of quicksand washed into the mine, causing a surface depression about 300 feet in diameter and 25 feet deep. It engulfed the postoffice completely and did some damage to three other dwellings. Fortunately the mines were idle and no life was lost.

Our knowledge of this great lake of quicksand and gravel has up to the present time been exceedingly vague and hazy and we should seek the information necessary to prevent the recurrence of accidents similar to those just recounted.

shaped shaft from 20 to 40 feet in diameter worn through the rock from the surface. This pot-hole had cut completely through the coal bed, and among the boulders in the bottom of the hole were quantities of round lumps of coal which had evidently been

cut from the seam. This pot-hole is now used as an air shaft for the mine.

About twenty years ago, previous to this discovery, an accident occurred which is now thought to be due to a pot-hole. The case referred to was at the Wyoming colliery operated by Swoyer & Co., now the Lehigh Valley Co., at Port Bowkley station on the Lehigh Valley Railroad. The mines were under the buried valley and were filled with debris from the supposed pot-hole.

Since the discovery of the Archbald pot-hole two serious mine accidents have occurred under the "Buried Valley" of Wyoming, which were unquestionably caused by the existence of some form of pot-hole in the strata overlying the beds. The first of these—which was one of the most disastrous mine accidents of the region—occurred Dec. 18, 1885, at the Susquehanna Coal Co.'s mine, Nanticoke, Pa. At the in the past, have been obliged to bore a great number of diamond drill bore holes from the surface to the rock, in order to ascertain the depth of the wash which exists in the locality. I accordingly sent circular letters to all the coal operators in the region, asking them to furnish me with the depth and location of each bore hole, hoping to get a more perfect idea of the matter in hand. I received generous responses to these letters, and from this information have been able to prepare a map of the valley, locating approximately the outlines of this sunken area. The map is prepared on the scale of 1,600 feet to the inch, divided into squares occupying the same position as those on the mine sheets of the Pennsylvania Geological Survey.

Having prepared the map with reference to the surface features, I located upon it each bore hole and recorded the depth of the same to the rock. I could then draw the contours, which would give an approximate idea of the general form of the rock bottom of the valley, and from these I was able to prepare a plaster model representing in an approximate way the location, depth, etc., of the buried valley of Wyoming. This map and model are presented for your examination here.

From a study of this map-model it will be observed that the erosion of the buried valley begins at the entrance of the river into the valley at Campbell's Ledge and continues to the point where the river leaves the valley at Nanticoke.

We also note the buried valley of Newport Creek, which is an extension

to the southward of the main buried valley, but that it descends northward in the same direction as the flow of water in the creek, emptying into the Susquehanna at Nanticoke.

The bottom of this buried valley is apparently very irregular in contour. Nearly every stream entering the valley on either side had a corresponding depression or erosion in the bed rock of the buried valley. While the Susquehanna River now flowing along the surface of the gravel bed which has filled this tremendous erosion or canyon winds its crooked way, crossing and recrossing the valley, it overlaps the rocky shores which form the margin of the erosion, very slightly at two points only, North Wilkes-Barre and Pittston, and if the drift now filling this buried valley were removed we should have in its place a fresh water lake approximately a mile in width, extending from Pittston to Nanticoke. The deepest part of the lake would be near the centre of the valley, at Plymouth. It would gradually become more shallow each way from that point to the north and the south.

In the construction of this map and model we made use of 850 bore holes, record or soundings, furnished us by the Lehigh Valley Coal Co., Clear Spring Coal Co., Stevens Coal Co., Temple Iron Co., D., L. & W. R. R. Co., Kingston Coal Co., Lehigh & Wilkes-Barre Coal Co., and the Susquehanna Coal Co., and to these operators we are indebted for our ability to produce the results here shown. It is to be regretted that more information was not obtainable. We trust that our present attempt at an approximation may be continued in the future by the engineers of the valley, for it is only thus that the knowledge may be acquired to adequately provide against the dreadful accidents which are liable to occur by blindly prosecuting the mining operations without proper soundings in advance of the workings.

AN OLD ESTATE.

J. W. Hollenback has been appointed administrator of the estate of the late Matthias Hollenback of Wilkes-Barre, who died in 1826. The decedent was survived by four children—George M. Hollenback, Sarah H. Butler, Mary Ann Laning and Ellen J. Welles, all four now being dead.

This is the third set of papers granted in the estate of Matthias Hollenback and they were made necessary by the

discovery of certain shares of stock of a Philadelphia institution, valued at \$300, which were not included in the previous settlements of the estate.

The first papers were issued on March 11, 1829, to G. M. Hollenback, C. Butler and C. F. Welles, administrators, and the second papers on Jan. 7, 1867, to E. P. Darling, administrator.

DEATH OF W. S. WELLS.

Venerable Resident of This City Passes Away.

CAME HERE WHEN THERE WERE
ONLY A FEW HOUSES AND
GREW UP WITH THE PLACE—
WAS A WELL KNOWN HORSE-
MAN—HIS COMING TO THIS
SECTION NEARLY SIXTY-FIVE
YEARS AGO—INCIDENTS OF
HIS LIFE.

[Daily Record, Jan. 23, 1901.]

The venerable William S. Wells, one of Wilkes-Barre's most honored citizens, died last night at 9:15 o'clock of pleuro-pneumonia, with which he suffered only since Sunday. His death was peaceful. Long had the machinery of life performed its functions and it stopped without a jar. The light of life sank below the western horizon without a fitful glimmer.

"Judge" Wells, as he was familiarly called, was as well known as perhaps any other man in Wilkes-Barre and all who knew him entertained for him the kindest regard. He was a part of Wilkes-Barre, for he grew up with the place. Where are now great business buildings were fields when he came. Wilkes-Barre was a hamlet of a few houses. He saw the fields covered with buildings, the hamlet become a town, the town a city. He saw many evidences of progress and took great pride in it all.

Deceased was born in Greenfield, Mass., eighty-five years ago, and came to Wilkes-Barre nearly sixty-five years ago. He was before he came here in Northfield, a place that has since

become famous by reason of evangelist Moody's school. He had learned to make brooms and jewelry in Massachusetts, and having a job offered him in a broom factory in Kingston, Pa., he set out, accompanied by two companions. As there were no railroads, they clubbed together and bought a horse and wagon for the trip. Leaving their horse at Fishkill, opposite Newburg, they took a boat for New York to see the city. Judge Wells said that as he remembered Broadway it was not nearly so lively as are Wilkes-Barre streets on a Saturday night nowadays. Returning to Fishkill they resumed their journey, and from Port Jervis to Hyde Park (there was no Scranton then) was a vast wilderness. Between those two points they stopped over night at a tavern, and the landlord apologized that he had no meat, although he could give them venison, deer being plenty. The meat was a novelty to them, and they ate it with a relish. Arrived at Kingston, they were astonished to see the people breaking black stone with a hammer and burning it for fuel. They had never seen coal before. Coming on to Wilkes-Barre they found only three brick buildings. In one of them, Hollenback's store, now Coal Exchange, Nathaniel Rutter was clerking.

Soon afterwards Mr. Wells married Jane A. Jackson of Kingston, a native of England. Her sister married Arnold Taylor of Kingston, a brother of Judge Edmund Taylor. The latter learned the saddlery trade from this brother, who was a victim of the prevailing epidemic of dysentery. The broom industry was of short duration.

Mr. Wells then engaged in the jewelry business and followed it until about eight years ago, when his modest little store at the corner of West Market street and Public Square, where Jonas Long's Sons' store now is, had to give way to the march of improvements. He then settled down to a well earned rest.

Though an active Republican he never aspired to office. He served for a while in the town council, was for three years jury commissioner, and during the census of 1890 he was appointed to collect the statistics of the manufacturing enterprises in Wilkes-Barre. He was an ardent supporter of Senator Quay.

When the war broke out Mr. Wells was past the age for military service, but he took an active part in enlisting

soldiers. He called a public meeting, had bills printed at his own cost, and posted them about town, calling for enlistments. The court house was packed to overflowing and stirring speeches were made by Judge Conyngham, Col. Wright, Judge O. Collins and others. It was a great uprising. He also got up a company of home guards, made up of men too old for enlistment. Among them were himself, Judge Conyngham, John Faser, Judge Collins and others, some forty in all, ready to march if duty called.

Judge Wells lived to see not only his children grow up about him, but his grandchildren, and even a generation of great-grandchildren, all of whom made glad the old age of himself and his good wife.

Mrs. Wells died a year ago last October. The following children survive: Charles D. Wells of this city, at whose home Mr. Wells died; Emma, wife of Nicholas H. Davis of Mehoopany; Ida, wife of H. B. Courtright of Wilkes-Barre; Martha, wife of J. Edwin Watt of Carbondale. He also had a daughter, Mary, who married the late E. F. Morgan, but she is also dead.

On May 4, 1887, Mr. and Mrs. Wells celebrated their golden wedding and a number of friends spent the evening with them. There were present twenty-one children and grandchildren and fifty friends and other relatives. One of the guests was Rev. Dr. Tuttle, a former pastor of the First M. E. Church.

Judge Wells told an interesting story about Rev. Father Hunt, who was so actively engaged in temperance work nearly half a century ago. Father Hunt was a Presbyterian and wanted to lecture in the Presbyterian Church, but as some of the leaders in the flock were selling whisky, permission was refused. He then applied to the Methodists, who also refused him, as "they considered themselves just as good as the Presbyterians." Judge Wells then offered Father Hunt the use of his second story porch building adjoining Ben Dilley's present place, and as the lecture was given in court week, there was an audience which blocked Market street from the Square to Franklin. It is needless to say that Father Hunt handled his subject without gloves. There was a protest against Mr. Wells's course, but he insisted that the cause was a good one and that "Pappy" Hunt should have a

chance to be heard. He had been warned not to lend his aid in the matter, else his place would be rotten-egged or smashed in. However, he did not frighten, and when the lecture came off he stood up beside the speaker.

Mr. Wells was always a temperance man and believed that his abstemious habits prolonged his life and saved him much money.

Deceased was a well known horseman and in his younger days took the lead in this respect in this section. His favorite horse, Kate Mann, was noted on the local track and in many a contest at West Side Park she came under the wire ahead of well known racers. "Judge" Wells was never happier than when in the sulky. His face would betoken the anxiety under which he was laboring and when he came in ahead and would hear the applause of the spectators his countenance would brighten into a pronounced smile. In nearly every racing event for years he was a participant. Kate Mann was known to horsemen all over the valley.

For a number of years Mr. Wells was always the first to come out each season with horse and cutter and after the first fall of snow on hearing the jingle of sleigh bells one could always hear: "There comes 'Judge' Wells." About ten or twelve years ago some hostler of town sought to take the honor away from the venerable resident and came out ahead of him. The incident caused the "Judge" much concern and he never after that sought to be the first to appear.

Mr. Wells was also quite a musician. In his jewelry shop on Public Square he kept musical instruments of some kinds and in his spare moments he practiced upon them until he became quite proficient. Many an hour he entertained his friends with his performances.

From the fact that for twenty years he served as judge on the election board in the Fourth ward, everybody called him "Judge" Wells.

In the life of Mr. Wells were exemplified those traits of character that make good, honest, upright citizens, pillars of strength in any community. He seemed so a part of Wilkes-Barre that it will be hard to realize that he is dead. His pleasant disposition and kindly manner graced old age and made his presence always a pleasure. His mind was clear and active and his

reminiscences were very interesting, for his memory went back to the Wilkes-Barre of only a few houses. Others who grew up with him have long since passed away. He remained to stretch out the span of life to four score and five years and died universally honored and esteemed.

DEATH OF .MRS. ELIAS ROBINS.

[Daily Record, Jan. 3, 1901.]

The many friends of Mrs. Sarah Overton Robins, widow of Elias Robins of this city, will be pained to learn of her sudden death, which occurred at 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon at her residence, 114 Academy street. Six years ago Mrs. Robins met with a severe illness, from the effects of which she had not entirely recovered. Previous to her marriage she was largely interested in educational work and since that period she has devoted much of her time to the church and Sunday school with which she has so long been identified—the First Methodist—of which she was the infant class superintendent for many years.

Deceased entertained the immediate members of her family on New Year and also some friends who called in the evening. She was up and about her home yesterday morning engaged in the preparation of seeing her daughter, Miss Mary Robins, off to Philadelphia on an early train. An hour or so later she evidenced symptoms of distress and died at 1 o'clock.

Mrs. Robins was possessed of the Christian virtues that endeared her to the hearts of all those who knew and will miss her. She was a lineal descendant of Gen. Robert Overton, who held a command in the forces of Oliver Cromwell. Upon her father's side she came from the family of Overtons of Long Island ancestry and Revolutionary fame, and her mother was Sarah Jane Wood of Orange County, N. Y., a family equally distinguished in the early annals of New York State.

Mrs. Robins is survived by her daughter, Miss Mary; a sister, Miss Frances Overton; brother Lewis C. Overton; a niece, Miss Blanche Overton, who resided with her, all of this city, and two married sisters—Mrs. N. B. Cray of Shickshinny and Mrs. Morrow, who resides in Louisiana.

Before marriage deceased was Miss Sallie Overton, for many years a teacher in the local schools.

MISS MARY BOWMAN DEAD.

[Daily Record, Jan. 12, 1901.]

Like a tired child falling into a gentle sleep, Miss Mary L. Bowman sank into her final rest last evening. She was 79 years of age and after a long and useful life death came as a welcome visitant, for the machinery of the body was worn out. She had been in failing health for some months, but her final illness was of only a few days' duration. She died at the home of her niece, Mrs. W. V. Ingham, where she had long resided. She was born in Wilkes-Barre and resided here all her life. She was a devoted member of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church and her life was full of generous deeds. In her death the community has lost a noble woman and her nephews and nieces an aunt who loved them with the devotion of a mother. She was of a most genial and companionable nature and never so happy as when dispensing some benevolence. Her later years were robbed of some of their brightness by reason of an infirmity as to hearing, but with it all she was ever cheerful and happy.

She is survived by the following nieces: Kate, wife of William V. Ingham; Julia, widow of Edward L. Mulligan; Miss Ella Bowman, and Sarah, wife of Robert Chisholm of Colorado Springs. She also has two nephews, H. J. and Edward Bowman, who reside in Alton, Ill., children of her brother Horatio, who died in 1839.

Miss Mary Bowman was the last of a family of five children. Her oldest brother, James M., was an officer in the regular army and a classmate at West Point with Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee. Another brother, Francis L. Bowman, was also an officer in the regular army. He organized the Wyoming Artillerists and was a volunteer officer throughout the Mexican War. He was later a brigadier general of local militia and at the time of his death he was a captain in the United States infantry, having been appointed through the friendship of Jefferson Davis, then United States Secretary of War, afterwards president of the Confederacy. He perished in an Oregon wilderness in 1855, while in the service. Another brother, Samuel, was a captain in the Wyoming Artillerists. He was a veteran of the Mexican War and served in the Civil War as lieutenant colonel of volunteers. Samuel died in Wilkes-Barre in 1839, at the age of 71. He was one of the earliest prisoners

captured by the Confederates. He was the twelfth, Edward H. Chase of this city being the eleventh. They were in the 8th Regt., P. V., and were captured as soon as they reached the front and confined at Raleigh and Salisbury.

Mary Bowman's father was Gen. Isaac Bowman. He was born in 1773 in New England, and came to Wilkes-Barre in 1795 and died here in 1850. Isaac was a nephew of Capt. Samuel Bowman, father of Samuel Bowman, who became a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and of Col. Alexander Hamilton Bowman of the United States Army.

Mary Bowman's mother was Mary Smith of Weathersfield, Conn., who married Gen. Isaac Bowman in 1806, and died at Wilkes-Barre in 1876 at the age of 95.

Isaac established a tannery here and conducted it many years. He inherited a fondness for military affairs, for both his father and grandfather were Revolutionary soldiers. He was conspicuous in local military life, serving as an officer in the Wyoming Blues. Later he was colonel of militia and still later he was chosen brigadier general of the State militia. Isaac was prominent in all public affairs in old Wilkes-Barre—coroner, tax collector, sheriff, and register of wills. He died in 1850. Much interesting matter as to the Bowmans is given in Harvey's History of Lodge 61.

THE PENNAMITE WAR.

[Daily Record, Jan. 22.]

At a meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution held last evening at the Historical Society, an interesting paper on the Pennamite War was read by Mrs. Katherine Winton Murray of Scranton. Mrs. Murray is a daughter of Mrs. Alice Collings Winton, a former resident of Wilkes-Barre, whose father, Samuel P. Collings, was prominent in Wilkes-Barre affairs fifty years ago. Mrs. Murray's paper was largely drawn from Governor Hoyt's Seventeen Townships, probably the most exhaustive study of the Pennamite War yet written. The essay of Mrs. Murray was well given and won many compliments.

DEATH OF R. D. LACOE.

PROMINENT LOCAL SCIENTIST
PASSES AWAY AT HIS HOME
IN PITSTON.

[Daily Record, Feb. 6, 1901.]

Sincere grief was felt throughout Pittston and West Pittston when the announcement was made of the death of R. D. Lcoe, which occurred about noon yesterday. Mr. Lcoe was one of Pittston's most honored citizens, holding a high place in financial and social circles, while as a scientist his investigations were recognized and honored not only in the United States but in Europe. His death resulted from grip, after an illness of two weeks, but it was only within the last two or three days that a general breaking down was noticed. His last hours were most peaceful.

Ralph Dupee Lcoe was born in November, 1824, on a farm between Sebastopol and Inkerman, and spent his whole life in that vicinity. His father was Anthony Lcoe, who lived to be 103 years old, and came here from France. His son spent his early years as a carpenter, but soon became interested in real estate at the time the coal business opened the future for Pittston, and this resulted in the accumulation of large wealth. For several years he was engaged in the powder business and was at one time cashier of the bank now known as the First National Bank of Pittston. About thirty-five years ago he retired from active business operations, as his health was seriously threatened, and while this at the time probably seemed to cut off much that he hoped to attain, it instead was probably the means of giving much of value to the scientific world of his times. For years Mr. Lcoe has made a special study of geology and his collections of coal, flora and fossil insects are in size and completeness unrivaled. One of these collections was presented some years ago to the Smithsonian National Institute at Washington, and Mr. Lcoe's opinions on these lines of investigation have been considered authoritative in scientific circles.

Mr. Lcoe was a life member of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society, and took a lively interest in that organization. He was for some years its curator of paleontology and presented the cabinet with a magnifi-

cent collection of carboniferous fossils, probably the finest private collection in the United States. He was a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He visited Europe in 1887 for the purpose of viewing geological collections there and making exchanges of specimens, and was as well known among the scientists abroad as at home.

Mr. Lacoë was pre-eminently a scholarly, cultured gentleman, and while of late years serious deafness has shut him away from many church and social relations, in his own home his gentle, cordial welcome always made his friends feel his interest in them undiminished. His large stores of knowledge were always gladly opened to an inquiring mind and many young people have had their interest in nature and the sciences which he loved aroused and stimulated by his encouragement. He was a devout member of Trinity Church, West Pittston.

Mr. Lacoë leaves two children, Margaret, the wife of Irvin S. White of Rock Island, Ill., and Ralph Dugue, who, with his family, is spending the winter in California. Mr. and Mrs. White have been here during her father's illness and the son is on his way.

MRS. WILLIAM P. JOHNSON DEAD.

[Daily Record, Feb. 5.]

Mrs. Eliza Johnson, widow of the late William P. Johnson, died at the family home, two miles east of Dallas, on Sunday night, of pneumonia. Deceased was born a Rothrock and came here from Northampton County. She was born on March 12, 1815, and was therefore nearly 86 years of age. Her husband, William P. Johnson, who was a brother of the late Priestly and Wesley Johnson of this city, died in January, 1893. Deceased was a sister of Mrs. John Rhoads of Parsons. She is survived by the following children: Wesley Johnson, Duryea; Mrs. Jane Sinclair, West Pittston; George F. Johnson, DeMund's Corners; Robert of Wyoming, and Mrs. Sarah Ryman of DeMund's Corners. Mrs. Johnson lived a quiet and unobtrusive life. She was a faithful wife, a devoted mother and a woman who was held in the highest esteem by all her neighbors. The funeral was on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock from the residence. Interment was in Hollenback Cemetery.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Annual Meeting and Reports of Officers.

ENCOURAGING STATEMENTS MADE BY THE SECRETARY, MR. HAYDEN, REGARDING THE PROGRESS OF THE SO- CIETY—ELECTION OF OFFI- CERS—THE FINANCES.

[Daily Record, Feb. 19, 1901.]

The annual meeting of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society was held last evening.

Officers for the ensuing year were re-elected as follows:

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.

New members were elected as follows:

F. S. Fowler, George F. Coddington, J. Bennett Smith, Charles Law, Mrs. Cornella Scranton Shoemaker.

Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker, president of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, was elected an honorary member.

A biographical sketch of the late R. D. Lacoë of Pittston was read.

A paper on Rev. John Miller, a pioneer preacher of Arlington Township, together with a list of marriages performed by him from 1809 to 1856, was read, it being the contribution of Arthur D. Dean, Esq., of Scranton.

ANNUAL REPORT.

Rev. H. E. Hayden submitted an elaborate and interesting report as corresponding secretary. The year had been one of hard work, in the line of progress, a progress limited only by the small income of the society. He recommended that the scope of the society be widened so as to include all of old Westmoreland. Most of our American colleges are making a knowledge of American history a part of the entrance examinations and a few have established professorships of American History.

Reference was made to the increase in the geological cabinet, of which 4,500 specimens were presented by the late R. D. Lcoe, whose death recently occurred in Pittston. A fine collection of 600 specimens was also presented by C. H. Scharar. They were limestone specimens from the bed of Mill Creek. A collection of zinc specimens from Missouri was presented by A. R. Anthony. The geological library now contains about 2,000 books and pamphlets. Fully 450 volumes have been added in the last twelve months. It is the largest library and cabinet in the State outside of Philadelphia.

During the year the society issued its fifth volume of transactions, a handsome book of 268 pages, full of valuable papers. Volume 6 will appear in a few months. During the year the corresponding secretary had received some 500 communications from societies and individuals. He had written fully 600 letters, and acknowledged all gifts and exchanges, issued 500 copies of publications, the annual outgoing mail being not less than 2,000 pieces. The library has received 1,210 books and 725 pamphlets. Excluding duplicates the net increase of library was 1673.

There have been added: 10 portraits, 200 coins by Dr. R. L. Wadhams, 235 manuscripts by Rev. H. E. Hayden, including some from Dr. W. H. Egle; 800 minerals from C. H. Scharar, historical articles, 66; total, 1,411. Special mention should be made of the following donors: Rev. F. B. Hodge, Hon. C. A. Miner, Maj. I. A. Stearns, Mrs. G. M. Reynolds, Mrs. A. Farnham, Susquehanna Coal Co., and others previously mentioned.

The Harrison Wright memorial library now contains 81 volumes on English heraldry and genealogy. The Sheldon Reynolds memorial fund now reaches \$1,000, the income of which is invested in rare American histories, 65

volumes in all. The Dr. Charles F. Ingham fund now amounts to \$140. The income is used for the purchase of geological works.

An interesting feature of the society's collection is the gallery of portraits and pictures of historic houses and localities. There are about 200 of these. Sixteen portraits have been added during the year.

The corresponding secretary emphasized the need of a larger endowment.

Comparing the present with eight years ago the figures are as follows:

	1893.	1901.
Resources	\$ 4,500	\$16,116
Library, volumes	10,000	16,000
Geological specimens ..	4,000	11,000
Portraits	2	52
Members	100	300

FINANCES.

The treasurer, Dr. F. C. Johnson, submitted his report, which included the following figures:

RECEIPTS.

Balance Feb. 11, 1900.....	\$ 348.17
Dues	1,220.00
Income from investments.....	763.00
	<u>\$2,331.17</u>

EXPENDITURES.

Current expenses	\$1,894.96
Balance on hand	446.21
	<u>\$2,331.17</u>

The treasurer reported that the invested funds of the society are as follows:

Water Company	\$ 7,000.00
Plymouth Bridge Co.....	5,000.00
Miner-Hillard Milling Co.....	1,500.00
Sheldon Axle Co.....	1,000.00
People's Telephone Co.....	1,000.00
Westmoreland Club	100.00

	<u>\$15,600.00</u>
In savings bank	416.78
Total	<u>\$16,016.78</u>

The receipts, outside of dues, were derived from the following life memberships at \$100 each, obtained by Rev. Mr. Hayden:

Miss Martha Sharpe, Miss Lucy W. Abbott, T. H. Atherton, Miss Anna B. Phelps, Miss Dorothy Dickson, Miss Emily Alexander, T. F. Ryman, George F. Nesbitt, Mrs. Dr. Shoemaker.

There was also from the Sheldon Reynolds and the Dr. C. F. Ingham funds \$465, the interest of which is spent for books.

OLD SETTLER DEAD.

WAS BORN IN WILKES-BARRE
OVER SEVENTY YEARS AGO.

William Crosby of Forty Fort died on Feb. 12, after an illness of two weeks of pneumonia. He was born in Wilkes-Barre on Jan. 2, 1830. He lived here until he was grown up and then moved with his parents to Forty Fort. It was interesting to hear him relate his experience when a boy while Wilkes-Barre at the part where the most railroad traffic now is carried on was a swamp and used in winter as a skating pond, and how Brewery Hill was a forest which furnished wood and bean poles for the residents of the town. He would relate incidents how his grandfather Miller was sexton at the old church and would ring the bell at 9 o'clock at night for all places of business to be closed. The court house yard then contained a small court house, a market house, the old academy, and the old Methodist Church. The old graveyard on East Market street produced, especially at to Cherry Ridge, near Honesdale, when a boy. He went to live with Dr. Collins, father of Judge O. Collins. Mrs. Collins practiced medicine and would go on horseback, with riding whip at her side, to attend her numerous patients. He remembered well in 1836 the log cabin that stood on the site where the Osterhout building now stands, and the banner over it was "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too."

The deceased married Esther W. Pugh in November, 1856. There were born to them twelve children, five of whom are living—Mrs. Fred Dimmick of Forty Fort, Ernest of Wyoming, Richard of Noxen, Charles of Pittston, and Mrs. J. N. Walker of Orange, N. J. Deceased served the people creditably in township offices both in Luzerne County and Wyoming County. He removed to his farm at Bowman Creek in 1878 and subsequently was appointed postmaster, which office he held at that place until he resigned to return to the Wyoming Valley in 1888. He was appointed postmaster at Forty Fort and served through Harrison's administration. He was a Republican and a consistent member of the M. E. Church of Forty Fort.

NEARLY A CENTURY OLD.

[The Dallas Post.]

Feb. 10, 1901, was the ninety-second anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Susanna Warden, and a number of her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and one or two great-great-grandchildren met at her pleasant home on Saturday to celebrate the event. Two of her daughters, Mrs. A. S. Orr and Mrs. Joseph Atherholt, were unable to be present, the former being ill and the latter suffering with a lame foot. The time was spent in recounting the news of the past year, vocal and instrumental music and hearing from the old lady tales of the days of her girlhood. She is over ten years older than Queen Victoria was and can well remember the time of her coronation. Mrs. Warden was born the same year that Abraham Lincoln was born. She has passed through one of the most important periods of time in American civilization.

When she was born there were no railroads, no friction matches, no kerosene oil, no electric lights, no trolley cars, no mowing machines, no reapers, no public free schools, no daily papers, no cylinder printing presses, no circular saw mills, no phonographs, no kinetoscopes, no spinning jennies, no sewing machines, no typewriters and very few things that were not absolutely hand made. She has seen the development of all the great labor-saving inventions and still wonders at what man will do next. She is in fair health and bids fair to round out a century of age, which we all hope she may do.

OLD CLARK HOMESTEAD.

[Daily Record, March 30, 1901.]

George D. Clark of Plains Township will remove on April 1 from the old Clark homestead to Plainsville. The farm he vacates has been in the possession of the family something over 100 years. He is a brother of D. S. Clark of Kingston, E. W. Clark of Wyoming and John F. Clark of Pittston. The property is now owned by the Pennsylvania Coal Co. and is located in the vicinity of the old Halfway House, on what is called the middle road. Mr. Clark will take possession of a property recently purchased from the Searle family.

DEATH OF CAPT. COLVIN.

ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN MEN
OF PARSONS PASSES AWAY—
ACTIVE MILITARY LIFE.

[Daily Record, March 16, 1901.]

Capt. John Dorrance Colvin, for many years one of Parsons's foremost citizens, died suddenly at his home in that place yesterday morning at 8:20. He had been suffering with an attack of the grip, but had recovered so that he was able to be about. He arose yesterday morning early with the intention of going to Scranton to visit with relatives and while in the bath room he was taken suddenly ill. His wife hurried to him and sent for medical assistance, but before the doctor could reach him life was extinct. His death came so unexpectedly as to prostrate his wife and it was a great shock to the community. Death was caused by heart disease.

Since 1870 Mr. Colvin has resided at Parsons and he was prominent in every movement that aimed for the betterment of that town, whether it was morally or commercially. His long connection with the coal industry brought him into contact with about every man in Parsons and vicinity and evidences of the respect in which he was held were often shown. He served eighteen years on the school board and was president of that body at the time of his death. He was also Parsons's first Burgess and was treasurer of the Parsons Electric Light Co. Withal, he had an honorable record as a soldier, following the flag of his country four years during the Civil War.

Capt. Colvin was born in Abington Township, now a portion of Lackawanna County, sixty-five years ago and was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Colvin, who came to Pennsylvania from Rhode Island. Capt. Colvin left home in 1854, returning in 1859. At the breaking out of the Civil War he enlisted in Co. G, 52d Regiment, P. V. He was later assigned to the 47th Regiment, serving under Capt. Gobin, now Lieutenant Governor Gobin. He was later transferred to the United States Signal Corps and assigned to Gen. Brennen's brigade and sent to Key West, Fla. He also served on the Ericson, Powhattan and Housatonic and was on the former boat when she accompanied the fleet to Charleston, loaded with torpedoes for the purpose

of removing the obstructions near Fort Sumter. He took part in the capture of the batteries on the lower end of Morris Island, the charges on Forts Wagner and Sumter and Cummings Point. In April, 1864, he was detailed by Gen. Foster to endeavor to decipher the rebel signal code and was on this secret service until the fall of Charleston on Feb. 18, 1865. By this work he gained much valuable information and was recommended for a commission and on Feb. 14, 1865, he was commissioned a lieutenant of the United States Signal Corps.

In 1870 he removed to Parsons and was one of those instrumental in organizing the 9th Regiment, Co. E of Parsons was organized by him and he was its first captain. Since then he was identified almost continually with the coal industry and his long connection with it, first with the Delaware & Hudson Coal Co. as division superintendent, then seventeen continuous years with the Lehigh Valley Co. and later with the Algonquin and Laurel Run Coal companies, brought him into contact with almost every workingman in Parsons. That he did his duty to his fellow man in his acts of everyday life and to his employer is too well known to need mention here. He served as postmaster under the late ex-President Harrison. Every official act was guided by sound judgment, ripe experience and unselfish motives and now that he has passed away will be fully realized the loss to Parsons.

Although his duties as superintendent for the different coal companies occupied much of his time, his home life was ideal. To say that he was devoted to his family but faintly expresses the ties that bound him to his wife and children. Their happiness was happiness to him and almost every moment to be spared from his official work was passed with them.

Deceased was a member of the G. A. R., the Legion of Honor and the P. O. S. of A. He is survived by his wife and the following children: Anna, a teacher in the Parsons public schools; Fred, a clerk in the Second National Bank, this city; Alice, a student at Wyoming Seminary, and Lena.

The funeral will take place on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock with services at the house.

Col. Dougherty has detailed Co. E, 9th Regiment, Parsons, as a military escort at the funeral. Capt. Colvin was the first captain of the company.

THE OLD PITTSTON CIRCUIT.

Paper Before Methodist Ministers by Rev. Mr. Greene.

PIONEER METHODISM IN WYOMING VALLEY — PERSECUTIONS, HARDSHIPS AND TOIL THE LOT OF THE EARLY ITINERANT—THE FIRST PREACHING IN WYOMING VALLEY AND SURROUNDING TERRITORY BY ONE ANNING OWEN.

[Daily Record, March 26, 1901.]

The meeting of the Methodist ministers yesterday morning in the First M. E. Church was one of special interest, the paper being of a reminiscent nature and giving an idea of the early Methodism of Wyoming Valley. Among those present: Rev. Messrs. Houck, Green, Bradshaw, Hill, Dresser, Thorpe, Jacobs, Young, Wayne, Furey, Armstrong, Hawley and Hartsock.

A paper on "The Old Pittston Circuit" was read by Rev. H. A. Greene of Duryea, the present occupant of the "old brick church," mentioned so often in the records. He found the old minute book in the parsonage and from it drew many interesting facts. The old book and all others similar to it should be saved from oblivion by depositing same with the Church Historical Society, whose collection is located at Wyoming Seminary. The following are some extracts of earlier years:

The pioneers of Methodism have ever been her local preachers. The first preaching in the Wyoming Valley and surrounding territory was by one Anning Owen, a blacksmith and a local preacher. His first recorded preaching was in 1788, and three years later, the first Methodist class was formed by Col. John Butler. Later Anning Owen visited some of the societies in the East and was there licensed to preach. For three years he was the only Methodist preacher in the valley. Later he became a traveling preacher, labored with great zeal and died at the age of 68 years. The first ordained Methodist preacher sent among the people of this valley was one Nathaniel B. Bills. He

came from the Hudson Valley, and was the first Methodist itinerant preacher to enter the Wyoming Valley. (From that time until the time which we are to write about this territory was called "Wyoming Circuit.")

Persecutions, hardships and toil were the lot of the early itinerant of those days. In 1798 there were only six preachers for the three circuits, which covered about the same amount of territory as now comprises Wyoming conference. Joshua Bateman was the preacher in charge of Seneca circuit. John Leach and David Dunham were in charge of Tioga circuit, and James Moore, David Stevens and Benjamin Bidlack were on the Wyoming circuit. Benjamin Bidlack was a noted hero of the Revolutionary War. He died in 1843. The first writing in this old circuit record gives us these facts:

Pittston circuit, divided in 1838-40, embraced all the territory lying in Lackawanna Valley, from Plainsville, adjoining Wilkes-Barre station on the south and Carbondale station on the north; Bald Mountain on the west and the east or Cobb's Mountain on the east; embracing the following appointments:

Blakely, now Peckville; Providence, Harrison, now Scranton; German street, Pittston; Marcy's; Washburn's School House; Thompson's School House, Plainsville.

Our sketch begins with Oneida conference, Susquehanna district, Pittston circuit. First quarterly meeting and conference held at Blakeley's, which was near where the village of Olyhpant now stands, Oct. 9, 1841, David Holmes presiding elder; Thomas Wilcox preacher in charge; Henry Pilbeam, associate; Allanson Read and Williams Sillsby, local preachers; Ezra Newton and George Price, exhorters; William Silkman and John Sillsby, stewards.

The recording secretary was authorized to spend the sum of \$2.12 for a record book. A better book can be bought for 25 cents at the present time.

The Sabbath schools were always suspended during the winter, and it was not always easy to resurrect them when spring came. At this second quarterly conference brother Wilcox reports a credit on salary of \$5 for washing. The class at Blakeley gets a credit on salary of \$3.25 for a pair of boots for H. Pilbeam.

Settlement was made (1842) with the preachers after the fourth quarterly conference and with what they had received before each received \$84.29, in addition to which William Silkman pledged to raise for each \$4 more and

gave them a certificate for \$11.71 as a balance due from Pittston circuit. The preachers, for traveling a circuit as large and larger than the present Wyoming district, received each the sum of \$100.

The first quarterly conference of the next year (1843) was held at Lackawanna on Nov. 20. William Rounds was now the preacher in charge. His table and fuel expenses were estimated at \$127.17.

The resolution of the last quarterly conference relative to the division of the district and changing the name of the circuit to Lackawanna was adopted by the annual conference held at Wilkes-Barre on Aug. 9, 1843. The name of the district is Wyoming; Silas Comfort, first presiding elder. The district embraces the following circuits and stations: Wilkes-Barre, Wyoming, Hanover, Northumberland, Mehoopany, Skinner's Eddy, Covington, Tunkhannock, Springville, Abington, Lackawanna, Carbondale, Canaan, Salem, Lackawaxen, Honesdale, Bethany and Beech Pond.

The Lackawanna circuit at this time had the following preaching places: Blakely, German Street, Providence, Harrison, Tedricks, Lackawanna, Marcy School House, Pittston Ferry, Thompson's School House, Plainsville.

At the first quarterly conference of 1843, held at the Plains, Silas Comfort, presiding elder, Epinetus Owen, preacher in charge, the salary of the preacher was fixed at \$200. Moving expenses, \$6. Table expenses, \$65. Travel, \$4. A total of \$275. As near as I can make out he had a deficiency at the close of the year about equal to what he had received.

This year (1854) the first in the Brick Church, the preacher is overpaid to the amount of \$44.50. This has happened a few times since. At the fourth quarterly conference of this year it was voted to ask conference to set Pittston apart as a station, and this was afterwards granted. This charge then was to embrace the following preaching places: The Brick Church, Taylorville, Hyde Park and all the territory lying between these points.

About this time (1847) there must have been some trouble with some intemperate ones in the church for the following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That the members of this quarterly meeting conference upon all fitting occasions impress upon the members of the same that the taking, buy-

ing, selling or using ardent spirits is a test of membership.

Brother Smith received \$452 for his year's labor. This was the largest amount any preacher had received up to this time.

The presiding elder this year (1846) received for his services as follows: Cash, \$6.58; \$14.29 in trade at the store at Harrison, one-half ton of hay, \$6; two bushels of apples, 25 cents.

REVOLUTIONARY SIRE.

THREE DAUGHTERS STILL LIVING, FORMERLY LIVED AT HONESDALE.

The Daughters of the Revolution in this vicinity will be interested to know that three daughters of a Revolutionary sire are still living. All are residents of the State and formerly lived in Honesdale, says an exchange.

Jabez Rockwell was the father and he enlisted in the Revolutionary army on Feb. 16, 1777, serving three years and being discharged in 1780.

In the year 1796 or thereabouts, with his family, he moved to Pennsylvania and located on land now part of the town of Milford, the county seat of Pike, the adjoining county to Wayne. A year later his wife died and later on he married his housekeeper, Elizabeth Mulford, 20 years of age. By this marriage there were also seven children, John B. Rockwell being the oldest, died Aug. 2, 1839. The three youngest are yet living, all widows, as follows: Phoebe Gainford, born June 30, 1805; lives at Matamoras, Pike County, Pa. Catherine Bowden, born Aug. 26, 1812; lives at Stroudsburg, Monroe County, Pa. Lucinda Valentine, born June 10, 1816; lives with her son, George R. Valentine, in Brooklyn, N. Y. His children by his first marriage were born in Connecticut. Those by the last marriage all at Milford, Pike County, Pa. His residence was in Milford until 1837, when he moved to the hamlet known as Leonardsville, a mile east of Honesdale, where he died in January, 1847, and was buried with military and Masonic honors. All of the three children yet living resided at Honesdale at the time of their father's decease. Two of the living children, Catherine Bowden and Lucinda Valentine, are members of the Valley Forge Chapter of Daughters of the Revolution and have both been

presented with the golden memorial engraved spoon which is given to all real daughters of a Revolutionary soldier.

The first Wayne County boy to enlist for service in the War of the Rebellion was William Wesley Valentine, son of Harrison and Lucinda J. Valentine, and grandson of the old patriot. William was born on May 8, 1840, and was, therefore, under 18 years of age at his enlistment on April 19, 1861, the date of President Lincoln's first call for volunteers. He was a student in Wyoming Seminary and became a member of a Wilkes-Barre company which was made a part of the 8th Pennsylvania Volunteers. After equipment at Harrisburg the regiment was sent to Shippensburg, Pa.; here William contracted a cold. He was placed in a hospital at Chambersburg, received scanty and inefficient medical attention until on June 13, 1861, he was removed to Honesdale, where he died on July 30, 1863.

OLD TIMES RECALLED.

W. C. Carey of Old Forge was in town a few days ago. He, his father and others of the family were born in Wyoming Valley. His great uncle, Barnabas Carey, was the owner of land from Old Forge to Pittston, which was sold in the early part of the last century for a pittance in comparison to what it would bring in the market today. Daniel Carey, a son of the owner of the land, sank the first shaft in Pittston for Gideon Jones. It was called No. 1 shaft; also the shaft at the head of the canal, where he owned and built a wharf for loading canal boats. At the Red Spring in 1851 he sank a tunnel, which caved in and covered him and James Hallstead. The latter was killed and Mr. Carey was hemmed in for three days. He is yet living in Missouri, aged 85 years, and is in good health. His son, W. C. Carey, is a prominent business man at Old Forge.

AN OLD TIME SONG.

Orange, Jan. 29, 1901.

To the Editor of the Record:

The enclosed lines were known by a very few persons in our place more than fifty years ago. The tune is beautiful. I had not sung the lines for more than

twenty years; but a few days ago a friend living at Hunlock Creek wrote me for the words and I was greatly surprised to find that I could remember them all after so long a time. If you have room for them in the Record, some old-timers may be pleased to see them again.

D. O. Culver.

"OH, CRADLE ME ON THY KNEE."

Oh, cradle me on thy knee, mamma,
And sing in that holy strain,
That soothed me last as you fondly
pressed
My glowing cheek to your loving breast;
For I saw a scene when I slumbered last
That I fain would see again.

I fancied I roamed in a wood, mamma,
And rested me under a tree;
When near me a butterfly flitted in pride,
And I chased it away through the forest
wide,
When the night came on and I lost my
guide,
And I knew not what to do.

My head grew sick with fear, mamma,
And I loudly called for thee;
When a white-robed maiden appeared in
the air,
And she flung back the curls of her
golden hair,
And kissed me so sweetly ere I was
aware,
Saying, "Come, pretty babe, with me."

My tears and fears she soothed, mamma,
And led me far away;
Till we entered the door of a dark, dark
tomb,
And we passed through a long, long
vault of gloom,
When I opened my eyes on a land of
bloom
And a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there, mamma,
And holy angels bright;
They smiled when they saw me, but I
was amazed,
And wandering 'round, I gazed and gazed,
While songs were heard and sunny robes
blazed;
All fair in that world of light.

And there came a shining throng,
mamma,
Of white-robed babes to me;
Their eyes looked love and their sweet
lips smiled,
And they marveled to see an earth-born
child,
And gloried that I from earth was exiled,
Saying, "Here ever blest shalt thou be."

Oh! sing for I fain would sleep, mamma,
And dream as I dreamed before;
For sweet was my slumber and sound
was my rest
When my soul in the mansion of light
was a guest;
And the world I would give if the world
I possessed
Again those joys to see.

THE UPPER SUSQUEHANNA.

A NEW YORK EDITOR WRITES A HISTORY OF AN INTERESTING REGION THAT HAD MUCH TO DO WITH WYOMING AND ITS MASSACRE.

One of the most interesting historical volumes that has appeared is that entitled "The Old New York Frontier," from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. The author is Francis W. Halsey, of the editorial staff of the New York Times and a cousin of Judge Gaius L. Halsey of the Luzerne bench. Mr. Halsey is no stranger to Wilkes-Barre. He was here three years ago as the guest of the Wyoming Commemorative Association and made the address at the Wyoming Monument on July 3, 1898. He was accompanied on that trip by his wife, and all who met her on that occasion will remember what a charming lady she was. She died a year or so later, and this volume is tenderly dedicated to her memory, in the following words: "These annals of my birthland are inscribed to the memory of Virginia Isabel Forbes, my constant companion in their preparation through many years; whose hand wrote and rewrote more than half these pages."

The volume comprises over 400 pages, uncut edges, bound in red canvas, the cover illuminated with the seal of the Province of New York. The author has been so thoughtful as to provide a detailed index.

Mr. Halsey was born on the head waters of the Susquehanna and into this volume he has made it a labor of love to weave a consecutive narrative of the stirring happenings on that frontier during the Revolutionary War. This territory was for a century the frontier between the whites and the Indians of New York, and it was not until the Revolutionary War was over that settlers could obtain titles to the western half of the State. The history of those troublous times was partially told half a century ago by Stone, Jay Gould (for Jay Gould wrote a history) and others, but these works are long ago out of print.

There is naturally much in the history of that region—it relates almost wholly to the head waters of the Susquehanna and the valley of the upper Mohawk—which appeals to the historical student of Wyoming Valley.

For it was in that region that the Six Nations, whose territory Wyoming Valley was, made their home. It was there that the savages planned numberless raids for the desolation of the Connecticut settlements further down the river. It was at Unadilla, the birthplace of the author, that the British Col. John Butler assembled his combined force of British, Tories and Indians and marched against Wyoming in 1778. It was down the Susquehanna that messages were sent between the Six Nations and the Pennsylvania government at Philadelphia, and in earlier days it was the chief highway of travel for the Six Nations as they made their way southward to engage in war with the tribes in that direction.

The volume is enriched with numerous original illustrations, including one of Joseph Brant, the Mohawk chief, who was charged by earlier historians with being the chief in command of the Indians at the massacre of Wyoming. While to Brant belongs a large measure of the odium for the planning of the expedition, he himself was not at Wyoming, he having been detached and sent off to the east to engage in another equally atrocious raid. The original was painted in London in 1776, on the occasion of Brant's visit. There is an excellent portrait of Sir William Johnson, his majesty's superintendent of Indian affairs in America, from a painting owned by his son. There are pictures of numerous forts and monuments and places, and among others a portrait of J. Fenimore Cooper and his home on Otsego Lake, the head of the Susquehanna. It was there that Cooper wrote the famous "Leather Stocking Tales," those wonderful pictures of life among the aborigines as Cooper learned it in the beautiful fairyland of the upper Susquehanna.

A valuable feature of the book is a double-paged map which the author has provided, showing the boundary line between the English territory and that of the Indians as fixed by the treaty at Fort Stanwix in 1768. The line cut the State of New York in two, running north from about the north-east corner of Pennsylvania. It also cut a slice off the northern edge of Pennsylvania, to the southwest from a point where Towanda stands. The map is an admirable one and is made available by having the present county boundaries faintly indicated upon it. Apropos of the Fort Stanwix treaty it

may be remarked that it was there where the Six Nation Indians repudiated a sale of the Wyoming region which they had made to the Connecticut Susquehanna Company some years before, and deeded the same lands to the Penn proprietaries. The Connecticut people would not relinquish the territory and hence the Pennamite Wars, which plagued the Wyoming region for a third of a century. Mr. Halsey shows that Sir William Johnson sought on all occasions to warn the Connecticut people against settling on the Wyoming lands, as the Indians would resent the intrusion and wipe out the settlements. His prophecies proved only too true, though there can be no doubt that the Connecticut settlers could readily have managed the Indians alone. But when to the Indians were added the trained troops of Col. John Butler and the embittered Tories who enlisted in his command, the combination was too much for the people of Wyoming.

Mr. Halsey's study of the frontier of the upper Susquehanna gives us a graphic idea of the evolution of the civilization of that region.

Part 1 is devoted to the wonderful confederacy of the Six Nations and the coming of the white men for the barter in furs, this at least six years before the landing of the Mayflower.

Part 2 is devoted to the missionaries and the French War. The earliest missionaries were the Jesuits, as early as 1650, followed in the next century by the Church of England missionaries who had been drawn thither by the efforts of Sir William Johnson to govern the Indians for the crown and incidentally to acquire a great landed domain. This, however, was confiscated during the Revolution, as was the property of all the Loyalists, as they called themselves, or Tories, as our "rebel" ancestors called them. Contemporary with them were the missionaries from New England, Congregationalists. It was one of these, Rev. Jacob Johnson, who was the only Connecticut man at the Fort Stanwix treaty of 1768 and he made himself so obnoxious by reason of certain patriotic utterances at a dinner given by Sir William Johnson to the eminent commissioners that he was excluded from the treaty deliberations. Mr. Johnson also stood up boldly against cutting down the Indian domain and this gave such offense to Sir William Johnson that he in a letter subsequently charged the missionary with

being more interested in the Wyoming land movement than in the cause of religion.

Part 3 is devoted to William Penn and Sir William Johnson and the part they played in land titles, as growing out of the Fort Stanwix treaty.

Part 4 describes the causes that led to the border wars of the Revolution, tells how Brant and his Indians came to the Susquehanna to drive out the "rebels" who would not declare for the king, and closes with an account of the battle of Oriskany.

Part 5 pictures the alarm among the settlements and the destruction of Wyoming, Cherry Valley and other exposed settlements, told in interesting detail and with many new facts.

Part 6 is devoted to the overturning of the Iroquois civilization by Gen Sullivan's expedition, which assembled at Wilkes-Barre in 1779 and passed up into the region of the upper Susquehanna on its mission of destruction.

Part 7 is devoted to the closing years of the Revolution, the laying waste of Schoharie and the Mohawk and the return of Brant and Sir John Johnson.

Part 8 is occupied with the restoration of the frontier and other details.

Mr. Halsey as an appendix adds a list of books, pamphlets and manuscripts consulted by him, numerous enough to occupy nearly a dozen pages. Among the authorities consulted by Mr. Halsey is a collection of twenty-three volumes of Brant manuscripts in the library of the Wisconsin Historical Society, which few historians have seen. Since the earlier histories were written much new material has come to light and Mr. Halsey has had access to manuscripts in historical libraries that shed floods of new light on the history of the time.

It is made clear from these records, says Mr. Halsey, that it was not so much the Indians who inspired the Border Wars as the English themselves—the commanders of British armies in America and the cabinet ministers of George III. Those wars were integral parts of British campaigns in America. They bore the same, if a less important, relation to the struggle for control of the Hudson Valley that Burgoyne's campaign and Arnold's treason bore. What made them more barbarous was the unarmed and defenseless state of the settlements attacked. Before the Tory and Indian invasions came to an end, more than 12,000 farms on the New York frontier had ceased

to be cultivated, some hundreds of women had become widows and thousands of children orphans.

In the appendix he tells how he came to write this history. Ten years ago his father, Galus L. Halsey, M. D., wrote a series of reminiscent articles for the *Unadilla Times*. Dr. Halsey did not live long afterwards and the son undertook to prepare his father's articles for publication in pamphlet form. This modest effort aroused his interest in the stirring history of the region and instead of preparing a pamphlet of merely local interest he accumulated a mass of material that prompted him to issue it in a form that would have a wider interest.

The author for more than twenty years has been a member of the editorial staff of the *New York Times*, and since the *Times* started its *Saturday Review* has been the editor of that literary supplement.

The price of the volume is \$2.50 and every person interested in the history of Wyoming should read it.

A MILL OF THREE CENTURIES.

One of the historic business spots in Wyoming Valley is the old Wright mill (established 1795), later Miner's mill, and now the Miner-Hillard mill, at Miner's Mills. An admirable pen-and-ink sketch of the buildings, old and new, has lately been made by G. W. Leach, Jr., and presented by Hon. Charles A. Miner to the Wyoming Historical Society. Mr. Leach has been doing some splendid work in preserving the old landmarks by means of free-hand drawings, and fortunately these are finding their way to the Historical Society, where they will be permanently cared for.

Another historic building, similarly sketched by Leach and presented, is the Shoemaker homestead at Forty Fort, built in 1820 by Elijah Shoemaker, whose father Elijah was killed in the battle of 1778. The picture was presented to the Historical Society by William M. Shoemaker, Charles J. Shoemaker and Dr. Levi I. Shoemaker.

A third picture by the same artist and presented to the Historical Society is Firwood, that fine old homestead of Gen. E. W. Sturdevant's family, now demolished to make room for a new addition to our city.

REMINISCENT MOOD.

A VETERAN RECALLS SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

S. W. Taylor, the Record's Harveyville correspondent, sends the following:

The recent reminiscent mood of friend Linskill in his 'Here and There' reminded the writer of the days of 1861 when the 52d Regt. was organizing at Camp Curtin. It was a crisp autumnal day when the forests and all surrounding nature were donning the grand golden and purple hues of beauty when I put into execution a desire that was born in me on the April night that I heard my father read from the New York Tribune a graphic account of the rebel attack on Fort Sumter. I had not by nearly a half year reached that age which the gentle sex love to term "sweet sixteen," but I had determined to become a soldier, even though my parents protested on account of my extreme youth. Without any explanation as to my purpose I left home early in October. Reaching Camp Curtin, I identified myself with Capt. Lennard's company. Lieut. J. W. Gilchrist took me before the examining board at Camp Cameron, where "with my word for it" I passed for 18 years old, with the consent of my parents—although they knew nothing of my whereabouts.

My first lessons in the soldiers' school were given by an instructing officer known to everybody in camp as "Capt. Tarbucket." He was a hustler on quickstep drills. The first winter was passed in Washington, where our regiment became one of the most proficient volunteer regiments in the army in batallion and skirmish drill. Early in March, 1862, we were hurried to the front, where we took part in all the important battles that went to make up the dramatic and disastrous peninsula campaign under Gen. G. B. McClellan. A dozen times we were baptized with fire and at Fair Oaks alone we sacrificed half of the brave men of our regiment in the short space of four hours. We were next given three months' training in heavy artillery practice at Yorktown, Va., and the knowledge there acquired became useful during the long drawn out siege of Charleston, S. C. At the end of the siege our regiment had the high honor

of replacing the Stars and Stripes over the ruined battlements of Fort Sumter, where Maj. Anderson had surrendered four years before. We joined Sherman's victorious hosts when they marched down to the sea and served with that superb strategist up to the closing scenes of the war.

Our history is one of grand achievements, in which we endured hardships and braved dangers both on land and on sea. We cannot enumerate them here, but may in future refer to some events, in a reminiscent form, that transpired during our service from 1861 to 1865. The military parade of show and bluster as seen to-day was unknown in those days of battle, when soldier faced soldier made of the same metal as himself, and the inspiring magnitude of the victories of those days makes the old boys yet feel proud—and why should they not be proud? They were instrumental in making our country free in truth as it was in name. They fought under the leadership of men whose names are immortal. And as the country has kept on growing and expanding until to-day the sun does not set on the loved star-bedecked flag, they watch the grand march of advancement with eyes dimmed with the lapse of years, and as they catch the inspiration of '61 they become boys again and can step to martial music of the new-born generation under the starry flag of the free.

THE LATE P. B. REYNOLDS

ONE OF THE MOST PROMINENT
RESIDENTS OF THE WEST SIDE
—FUNERAL ON SUNDAY.

Mr. Reynolds was born in Wilkes-Barre in 1845 and was 56 years old. He was the son of C. W. Reynolds and his mother was a daughter of Pierce Butler, whose ancestors, Zebulon Butler, was in command at the Wyoming massacre.

Deceased received his education in the public schools of Wilkes-Barre and at Wyoming Seminary and engaged in civil engineering. For a time he devoted his attention to mining engineering and from 1874 to 1875 was county surveyor. Lately he had been in the insurance business.

In 1879 deceased was married to Rachel B. Owens of Newburg, N. Y., and his wife and step-daughter Irene,

with two brothers, John B. Reynolds and William C. Reynolds, survive.

Mr. Reynolds for several years was a member of the Kingston council and took a deep interest in municipal affairs. He was a member of Shekinah Chapter, No. 182, Royal Arch Masons; Dieu le Veut Commandery, Knights Templar, No. 45; Irem Temple, Knights of the Mystic Shrine; Wilkes-Barre Lodge of Elks, and Kingston Lodge No. 395, F. & A. M. In the latter organization he was a past master.

A REVOLUTIONARY DRUM.

There has been left at the Record office for a few days a snare drum that is said to have been in commission on the ill-fated 3d of July, 1778, when a combined force of British, Tories and Indians swept down the Susquehanna from Niagara and desolated the almost defenseless settlement in Wyoming Valley. The old drum, or the frame of it, is said to be the one that was in use in the Pittston Fort, of which Capt. Jeremiah Blanchard was in command. The fort, or stockade, stood on the east side of the river just above and almost opposite Jenkins Fort, where there is now an old foundry, at the intersection of Parsonage with Main streets, in Pittston. The old drum has been in possession of the honored descendants of Capt. Jeremiah Blanchard for over a century and in 1878 was on exhibition at Forty Fort during the centennial anniversary of the battle and massacre at Wyoming. It was presented to Charles M. Williams of Plainsville by Blanchard Chapman, a great-grandson of Capt. Blanchard, who commanded the Pittston Fort. The frame of the drum is all that is left, the head and the straps having long ago disappeared. It is fastened together with hand-made nails, thus demonstrating that it is no modern instrument. Its owner, Mr. Williams, is being urged to present or loan it to the Historical Society and he may do so.

Particulars as to the old Pittston Fort can be found in "Frontier Forts of Pennsylvania," vol. 1, p. 446. It was begun in 1772 and consisted of a stockade, containing thirty-five log houses arranged to form a triangle. All the families in Pittston were assembled here during the battle of Wyoming. Capt. Blanchard's garrison comprised forty men. Here were assembled the

women and children, and they could witness the battle on the other side and the horrible atrocities which followed at night. The fort surrendered to the British on the day after the battle, on an assurance of safety to the inhabitants. The Indians placed a mark of black paint on the faces of the prisoners, in order that they might be spared injury by the roving savages. Their lives were saved, but they were plundered of all their possessions. Most of the inhabitants succeeded in making their way to Connecticut. The fort was then partially burned by the Indians, though afterwards rebuilt a couple of years later.

ROUGH ON DEBTORS.

IF THEY COULD NOT PAY THEY
HAD TO GO TO JAIL TILL DEBT
AND COSTS WERE PAID—
CURIOUS OLD WAR-
RANT OF 1834.

Alderman E. H. Chase has the dockets of old squire Thomas Dyer, who figured in this community three-quarters of a century ago. Mr. Chase has a warrant issued by squire Dyer for the arrest of a man for debt. The writing is atrocious. The story is told that once squire Dyer was sent for by Judge Conyngham to appear in court and decipher some legal process that had been written by him. "Squire Dyer," said Judge Conyngham, "it has been necessary to send for you that we may find what you have written in this document."

Squire Dyer fumbled around, adjusted his glasses, eyed the paper at various angles and different distances, and finding he was stuck, he exclaimed:

"May it please the court. It is my business to do the writing and somebody else's to read it." And out of the court house he went.

In looking at this old warrant one may well believe the story true. It is impossible to decipher the names of the parties in the warrant, while the squire's endorsements on the back are absolutely unknowable. There is an endorsement in pencil by "E. Bulkeley," but it, too, is about as blind, though it appears to show that he had seized a certain black horse belonging to the defendant. In those days, in fact until done away with by the act of

on by age. She was visiting her daughter and was ill for only a few days.

Deceased's ancestry was of revolutionary stock, her mother being the daughter of Elisha Harding, one of nine brothers who came to the Wyoming Valley before the Revolutionary War. Her husband, Stedman Harding, died about ten years ago. She had a son William, a member of the 143d Pennsylvania Volunteers, who was killed in the battle of the Wilderness during the Civil War. She is survived by the following children: Mrs. William Kennedy of this city, Frank of Eaton, Wyoming County; Thomas of Tunkhannock, Merritt of Plainsville and Horace of Kansas City, the latter two of whom are Grand Army men, having seen active service for several years in the Civil War; Mrs. Esther Willson of New York and Mrs. Carpenter of Mehoopany. Interment will be at Eaton, Wyoming County.

PORTRAITS PRESENTED.

RECENT VALUABLE ADDITIONS TO THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY COLLECTION.

The Wyoming Historical and Geological Society has lately received several interesting and historical portraits of early citizens of Wyoming from the pencil of our home artists. These valuable additions to the portrait gallery of the society will doubtless be fully appreciated by the members and the public generally. Besides the portrait of Elisha Blackman, the last survivor of the massacre of 1778, from the pencil of George W. Leach, mentioned a few days ago as the gift of Hon. H. B. Plumb, there are art portraits of Hon. Charles Miner, the distinguished historian, presented by his daughter, Mrs. Ellen Miner Thomas; Col. Matthias Hollenback, who was also in the massacre, presented by his grandson, Edward Welles, and Joseph Wright, a prominent citizen of Plymouth and father of Hon. Hendrick B. Wright, presented by the family of the latter, who was so long a member of the United States Congress. A beautiful picture of the colonial home of Elijah Shoemaker, now the residence of R. C. Shoemaker, from the brush of Leach, has been presented by members of the Shoemaker family.

HISTORICAL COLUMN.

A WILKES-BARRE MAN WHO SERVED IN TWO CABINETS—HOW HE IGNORED THE REQUEST OF PRESIDENT JOHN ADAMS TO RESIGN THE SECRETARYSHIP OF STATE.

[Written for the Record.]

The crumbling tombstone—the gorgeous and elaborate mausoleum—the finely sculptured marble and the lofty and venerable cathedral—all bear witness to that instinctive desire within us to be remembered by future generations—“neither storied urn nor animated bust”—nor stately column can reveal to other ages the lineaments of the spirit. Our history is replete with many strange events closely connected with the early days in Wyoming—many of which are long since forgotten or were never known to the generations of the present day.

In an old Wilkes-Barre paper of nearly a century since we find the following under the head of “Washington News,” in which one of the most prominent men in the country figures largely. This was Col. Timothy Pickering, who came here from Philadelphia at a very early day and who built the house on South Main street known as the “Ross House,” it having been enlarged and occupied by Gen. William Ross and his family several years after Col. Pickering had passed away. The deed from Pickering to Ross, an ancient and mouldy article, is now in possession of Gen. Ross’s grandson, E. S. Loop.

Col. Pickering also owned and farmed the McCarragher farm on the top of the hill on Hazle street.

The “Pennamite” War in 1784 was a most bitter contest, developing some of the most vicious feelings of the contestants’ nature; sometimes rivaling the savages in their wanton barbarity.

Col. John Franklin was the leader of the “Yankees,” while Col. Timothy Pickering was the acknowledged head of the “Pennamite” faction. Pickering a native of Massachusetts and a man of very decided ability and marked personality, was at that time engaged in the practice of law in Philadelphia. He was requested by the Assembly of Pennsylvania to visit Wyoming and examine into and report the condition of affairs there. This he did in August and September and, returning to Phila-

delphia, made his report. A few days after the report an act creating the County of Luzerne passed the Assembly, and Matthias Hollenback, Timothy Pickering and a few others were commissioned trustees with power to hold courts, etc., etc. Col. Pickering was also appointed prothonotary, clerk of the courts, etc. Lord Butler was commissioned high sheriff.

An attempt was made by the "Yankees" to erect a new State out of Northern Pennsylvania. The ball set in motion by Franklin, Jenkins and Ethan Allen was now being rolled onward by these bold men.

The "Pennamites," alarmed by the movement to create a new State, resolved to create a division in the ranks of the "Yankees" and for this purpose Col. Pickering had been sent to Wyoming. Meetings were held by the "Yankees" at Hartford, Conn., and by the "Pennamites" at Philadelphia. An act was passed by the Assembly at Philadelphia creating Luzerne County and appointing Timothy Pickering, Zebulon Butler and John Franklin (representatives of both factions), commissioners to notify the electors of Luzerne County that an election would be held there on the first day of February, 1787, for the election of one supreme counselor, one member of the House of Representatives and a high sheriff.

Thus Pennsylvania succeeded in dividing the "Yankees." The election was held, but not without riot and confusion. Gen. Ethan Allen (of Ticonderoga fame) now appeared on the scene. He found the "Yankees" divided and began an effort to reunite them. Among other things he said that he had made one new State and with two hundred Green Mountain boys and a few riflemen he could make another in spite of Pennsylvania. But his efforts proved futile and he left the valley.

Soon after his departure the storm cloud grew darker and more threatening. Col. Pickering and his followers determined to arrest Franklin for high treason. The writ was issued by Justice McKean and served by four men who were non-residents of the county. Franklin was in conversation with a friend near the blacksmith shop of Peter Yarrington, near the ferry at the foot of Market street (where the Susquehanna is now spanned by the new steel bridge), when he was accosted by a stranger who informed him that a friend at the "Red House" wished to speak to him. The "Red House" was

the home of Col. J. P. Schott, one of the prominent men of those days, and was located on River street near South, about where now stands the house of E. H. Chase, Esq. Franklin walked deliberately down to the place named—when he was suddenly seized from behind and an attempt made to shackle him. After a fierce and somewhat bloody struggle Franklin was carried off by his captors to the jail at Philadelphia. His friends then determined to capture Pickering and hold him as a hostage until Franklin should be released. The attempt was made, but through the personal efforts of Col. Zebulon Butler he was permitted to escape to Philadelphia.

This is a brief statement of Col. Pickering's life in Wyoming in her darkest and most troublesome days. Subsequently he was selected by Washington for the portfolio of State in his cabinet, which position he held for about one year, when he was appointed to the same position by President Adams, where he remained for more than three years, when the following correspondence ensued:

Philadelphia, May 10, 1800.

Sir:—As I perceive a necessity of introducing a change in the administration of the office of State, I think it proper to make the communication of it to the present Secretary of State that he may have an opportunity of resigning if he choose. I should wish the day on which his resignation is to take place to be named by himself. I wish for an answer to this letter on or before Monday morning because the nomination of a successor must be sent to the Senate as soon as they sit.

With esteem, I am, sir,

Your most ob't and humble Servant,
John Adams.

Hon. Timothy Pickering.

In his address to the people of the United States vindicating himself, Col. Pickering says: "It required no great sagacity to discover the latest object of this seemingly mild proposal. It was the first notice the President gave me of his intentions. Mr. Adams imagined that I would resign to avoid the apparent disgrace of dismissal. He wished me to commit political suicide to screen himself from the desire of being my executioner. Preferring a dismissal by which I knew it was not in his power to dishonor me I sent him the following:

Dept. of State, Philadelphia,
Monday Morning, May 12, 1800.

Sir:—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated last Saturday state "that as you perceive a necessity of introducing a change in the administration of the office of the State, you think it proper to make this communication of it to the present Secretary of State that he may have an opportunity of resigning if he chooses and that you would wish the day on which his resignation is to take place be named by himself."

Several matters of importance in the office will require my diligent attention until about the close of the present quarter. I had indeed contemplated a continuance in office until the fourth of March next, when if Mr. Jefferson were elected President (an event which in your conversation with me last week you considered as certain) I expected to go out of course.

An apprehension of that event first led me to determine not to remove my family this year to the City of Washington, because to establish them there would oblige me to incur an extraordinary expense, which I had not the means of defraying, whereas by separating myself from my family and leaving them eight or nine months, with strict economy I hoped to save that expense should the occasion occur—or if I then went out of office—that saving would enable me to subsist my family a few months longer and perhaps aid me in transporting them into the woods where I had land—though all wild and unproductive and where like my first ancestor in New England I expected to commence a settlement on bare creation. I am happy that I now have this resource and those most dear to me have fortitude enough to look at this scene without dismay and even without regret—nevertheless after deliberately reflecting on the overture you have been pleased to make me I do not feel it my duty to resign.

I have the honor to be with great respect, Sir,

Your obt. Servant,
Timothy Pickering.

Mr. Adams, President of the United States.

In about an hour after sending his answer to the President, Col. Pickering received the following reply:

Phila. May 12, 1800.

Sir:—Divers causes and considerations essential to the administration of the government in my judgment require a change in the Department of State. You are hereby discharged from any further service as Secretary of State.

John Adams,

President of the United States.

Col. Timothy Pickering.

"Short, sharp and decisive" might be said of this correspondence between these two prominent men of the United States government. Adams and Pickering were both patriots, though cast in very different molds.

President Adams was a man of very strong prejudices, with an unconquerable temper—very hasty and very quick. One of his contemporaries said "Adams was an irascible old Varlet." His nature was such that he made comparatively few friends. Indeed this may be inferred from his own statements. A singular circumstance may be found in the fact that in 1809 two very obscure Democrats in the interior of Massachusetts on the eve of an important election subscribed—for they were unable to write—a letter to Mr. Adams replete with the most fulsome flattery in which they ask counsel of the "venerable father of New England." His answer, marked through with his usual arrogance, egotism and vanity, thus concludes: "I always consider the whole nation as my children, but they have almost all been undutiful to me."

Pickering on the contrary had hosts of friends—his ability, his courteous and gentlemanly intercourse with all around him—his generosity and simple hearted patriotism—his attachment to friends—together with his transcendent ability as a lawyer and as a statesman—won for him the applause and the affection of all who knew him. It is by what we have done and not by what others have done for us that we shall be remembered by after ages.

Only moral greatness is truly sublime and can be claimed only by those who have put forth their mighty energies to wipe off one blot from the marred and stained escutcheon of human nature. More than a century has passed since these two gladiators were before the American public. Mourners and mourned have together sunk into oblivion.

"Time the tomb builder still holds his fierce career" and has dotted the earth with his never ending monu-

ments—the noblest works of art the world has ever seen are covered with the soil of twenty centuries—the plough share turns up the marble which the skilled hand of a Phydias has wrought into exquisite beauty.

“Time rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore,
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marveling boyhood legends store
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea—
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few all weak and withered of their force,
Wait on the verge of dark eternity!
Like stranded wrecks the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his ceaseless course.”

Kronos.

P. BUTLER REYNOLDS DEAD.

A WELL KNOWN CITIZEN OF
KINGSTON PASSES AWAY.

[Daily Record, March 1, 1901.]

The death of P. Butler Reynolds, a prominent citizen of the valley and a member of one of its oldest families, occurred at his home on Pierce street, Kingston, at 12:15 this morning. The cause of death was a cancer of the throat, which manifested itself last September. He was unable to attend to business until about Christmas, but since then he was confined to the house.

The deceased was 56 years old and all his life was spent on the West Side. He was a member of the insurance firm of Reynolds & Co. The deceased was a member of the Masonic fraternity and for several years served as a councilman in Kingston. He is survived by his wife and one daughter, Irene. He was also a brother of Hon. John B. Reynolds.

Mr. Reynolds had an extensive acquaintance and was a citizen with whom it was a pleasure to spend an hour. Warm-hearted and open, he had a kind word for everybody and his liberality and good deeds endeared him to all who knew him.

LOWER END PIONEER.

DEATH OF CHARLES BALLIETT-- SOLD VALUABLE COAL LAND FOR SMALL SUM.

[Hazleton Standard.]

Charles J. Balliett, the oldest settler of the Fourth district, died at his home in Hazleton in April, 1901.

On Jan. 28, 1819, Mr. Balliett was born in his father's farm house at the present town of Milnesville. At that time the Balliett farm extended from what is now the public road at Milnesville and covered all of the space occupied by the houses and works of the towns of Milnesville and Hollywood.

When Charles was 16 years of age his father died and left the estate to him and his brother Paul. Charles tilled the soil of the ancient family farm for sixteen years. Coal was being found in large quantities in this and surrounding regions and almost every one who owned land thought that they owned also an inexhaustible supply of coal. Those who owned coal lands did not know of the fact, as has since been proven in the case of Balliett.

In 1846 Gen. Porter saw the broad expanse of land owned by the one estate and made an offer, which was then considered a large sum, but which has since proven a very insignificant one. The owners gladly accepted the offer and Charles started life a young man with a capital of \$18,000, his share of the sale of the farm.

Porter immediately after securing possession of the farm began prospecting for coal. His efforts were rewarded by the finding of a large vein at Milnesville.

In 1850 a colliery was opened on the site of the old farm of William Milnes, Porter receiving a royalty on every ton of coal mined.

After disposing of his large farm and woodland Balliett removed to Butler Valley, where he farmed for a number of years. Two years ago he removed from the valley to this city, where he resided up to the time of his death. Up to one year ago the deceased was in possession of all of his faculties and excellent health, but his advanced age then began to show upon his health, until yesterday, when it caused death.

The deceased was an American by two generations, something that but few people of his age could boast of. He is survived by a brother, Paul C., in Columbia County; a wife and sons, G. D. and

Rodger S., of this city, and by a daughter, Mrs. Amandus Dick of Drums; twelve grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

In life Mr. Balliett was a very quiet, unassuming man. Not even to his intimates did he ever narrate what he once possessed or what he would have possessed had he but held to his property at Milnesville and Hollywood.

Had he retained possession of the vast acreage up to the present time he would have been a millionaire, but when the subject was broached he would give a philosophical reply.

HALF A CENTURY AGO.

TAUGHT SCHOOL IN THIS VICINITY—MRS. SLEPPY OF NORTH CAROLINA VISITING HERE.

Mrs. Hattie C. Sleppy, widow of the late William A. Sleppy of Asheville, N. C., has been visiting friends and renewing acquaintances in the Wyoming Valley since the first of November. During this time she has made her home with two of her nephews, Daniel and Nelson Belles of Wanamie.

Mrs. Sleppy was Hattie C. Ide, born at Idetown, in this county, in 1834. She was educated in the public schools of Wilkes-Barre and the old Kingston Academy. She taught school at Huntsville when fourteen years of age, and later taught the Linskill school. In 1850 she began teaching in Newport Township and taught eight consecutive terms, two before her marriage and six after. Her first school in that township was the "Dodson school" which was located in Alden across the street from Mrs. Jones' hotel. A school house built later on the same ground is now used as a dwelling. She also taught in the "Gruver school," which was in the forks of the road just east of Freeman Kinney's home; also in the "Centre school," which stood across the public road from the old "Centre Church." The "Fitzgerald school," where she taught last, was situated in what is now Glen Lyon, about half way between the shaft and the slope of the Susquehanna Coal Co. The last school house that stood on that site was removed about the first of January, 1886, to make way for the railroad, and is now a few rods distant used as a dwelling.

These four schools were all that were required in Newport Township at the

beginning of the last half century. Now there are ten buildings and twenty-seven schools. Then the teacher made quill pens for her pupils. The present generation of pupils and teachers probably never saw a quill pen. Then no books or supplies were furnished by the school authorities; now everything is provided. Then the township was a farming district; now it is a wealthy mining district, and three large towns have grown up.

Mrs. Sleppy recalls the following among her pupils, many of whom are still living in Newport or Nanticoke:

Hannah and James Frank, John and Mary Collison, Jessie, Abe and Sarah Featherman, James, Alfred, Ziba and Harriet Fitzgerald, Rebecca, Bessie and Jackson Belles, James, Hannah and Harriet Vandermark, Erastus, Charlotte and Martha Vandermark, Malinda, Ellen, Zury and Philip Vandermark, Lyman, George, Jacob, Simon T. and Wilson Vandermark, Ann, Mary and Benjamin Vandermark, John and Mary Norton, Sylvester, Amy, Sarah and Jane Sorber, Ellen and David McDaniels, Mason, Martha and Susan Kocher, Jacob, James and Mary Kocher, Jerusha and William Raught, Emily, Mary A. and Andrew Mosier, Stewart and James Thomas, James K. Polk and Adam Hannes, Jonathan, William, Wilson, Jane and Mary Womelsdorf, Sarah, Susan, Catherine and Edward Thomas, Margaret Ogden, Josiah, William and Caroline Petty, Edward, Eliza, Lavina and Fannie Lines, William and Henry Fairchild, Mary and Maggie Gruver, Freeman and Pierce Kinney.

William A. Sleppy was a teacher and a merchant in Newport Township. They went to Ohio about 1858 and afterward lived in Lenawee County, Michigan. Returned to Pennsylvania and lived in Berwick. Removed from Berwick to Washington, D. C., and resided there twenty-nine years. Four years ago they went to Asheville, North Carolina, and Mr. Sleppy, who was in poor health for several years, died there three years ago.

Mrs. Sleppy is one of the three heirs of the Ide homestead near Harvey's Lake, and came north especially to assist in the sale of the property. This business having been attended to, she will now return to her Southern home. She will stop for a week, however, in Berwick to visit friends, and two or three weeks in Washington.

Mrs. Sleppy has been a contributor both of prose and verse to some of the leading New York magazines and in

conversation exhibits the culture and refinement that might be expected of a successful teacher and writer. Her visit here has been a real pleasure to her many friends, both old and new, and all join heartily in wishing her a "Happy New Year" and a safe and pleasant journey home.

WILKES-BARRE IN 1835.

An interesting picture of Wilkes-Barre, made nearly seventy years ago, has been reproduced by George W. Leach, Jr. It is about 11x15 inches and is taken from Westfield hill, at the head of Franklin street. The original sketch was made by an artist named Lehmann about 1838, which was lithographed by P. S. Duval of Philadelphia in 1840, and a copy was owned by the late Dr. Harrison Wright. The latter and artist Leach went up on the elevation and verified the sketch, finding its outlines very accurate. The population of Wilkes-Barre at that time was about 1,700.

The river, the old covered bridge, the mountains—all are graphically represented. North of Union street there is scarcely a house shown. The canal, then newly constructed, can be seen paralleling Union street. Conspicuous in the foreground is an imposing structure along the canal, the old Abraham Thomas mill, in the rear of the present residence of W. B. Mitchell, on Franklin street. This was afterwards torn down by Washington Lee, who used the material for building the house on Franklin street now occupied by Dr. Harvey. At the corner of Union and Franklin are seen the Beaumont house, the old red house, site now occupied by the Stickney block; also another old house which was a few years ago remodeled by the late Dr. Connor. A glimpse of the towers of the "Old Ship Zion," and the old academy, on Public Square, are seen; also the Presbyterian and Episcopal churches on Franklin street, and the Phoenix Hotel on River street. To the right of the foreground is the old hill formerly known as the "redoubt," or "red-out," as the boys called it. At the point where River street crossed the canal can be seen the old Colt ware house, along the canal. On Union street can be seen the E. B. Harvey residence, and on Franklin street what seems to be the Rutter block, at corner of Market. Probably other buildings could be identified.

OLD PLYMOUTH ACADEMY.



Among the permanent instructors in the old Academy at Plymouth was Thomas Patterson, and he continued as the principal instructor for probably ten years.

He spent his summers upon his farm, and his winters in Plymouth in the capacity of teacher. He possessed a very good education; in all the English branches he was very proficient, and he had some knowledge, though limited, of the classics.

He had much energy of character, and was a man of strict integrity and honor.

He was an Irishman. Having taken part in the Rebellion of 1798, he fled from his native country and made this one his home. He would often tell his scholars of the marked and bloody effort of the Irish people to rid themselves of their English oppressors; and in speaking of the execution of Robert Emmet—with whom he was acquainted—upon his conviction of high treason, the old man would shed tears.

His reverence and love for the free institutions and government of the United States were unbounded. He would say, "that the only hope of the amelioration of the condition of man was centred in the American Republic; that when this system failed, debasement and slavery would follow in its train."

I attended his school when he commenced teaching in Plymouth. This was not far from 1817. He was then a man of near fifty, stout, broad-shouldered, and nearly six feet in height. He had a well developed head, prominent features, a keen blue eye, heavy bushy eyebrows, and when his countenance was lighted up, he exhibited evidence of great intellectual power.

The old gentleman always had lying upon his desk, before him, a bound volume containing the speeches of Curran and Grattan, with the speech of Emmet delivered before his judges, when the question was propounded as "to what he had to say why the sentence of death should not be pronounced against him."

A boy of sixteen, I committed this speech to memory, and would declaim it occasionally in school exercises, which was very agreeable to his feelings; and I have no doubt but that this fact led to the liberal education which I afterwards received, as the old gentleman never ceased his importunity with my father to give his son a collegiate course. And his arguments prevailed. It is due, therefore, that I, at least, should honor the old patriot's memory, and I do.

He came to the valley soon after the conclusion of the Irish Rebellion, selected this spot as his home, married a daughter of the late Colonel Nathan Denison, of Kingston, and settled in Huntington, where he ended his days.

On a visit to Huntington some years ago, I went some distance out of my course to visit the old man's grave. He left a comfortable estate to his family.

Three of his sons held prominent positions of trust in the Lehigh Coal & Navigation Company, in the days of Josiah White and Erskine Hazard. One of them, Ezekiel, is a prominent man in New Brunswick, New Jersey.—(From Wright's Historical Sketches of Plymouth.)

Mrs. Richard Sharpe, of Wilkes-Barre, daughter of Thomas Patterson, states that her father left Londonderry, Ireland, when a young man, in

consequence of his connection with the "United Irishmen." That he was about six feet in height; had light brown curly hair; blue eyes, a fair complexion; was a very good conversationalist and his favorite subject was education. He always expected the children to spend most of their evenings in study.

He was of quick, vivacious spirit and fond of a joke. He was married to Mary Denison, in the parlor of the Denison homestead, now standing, near the stone bridge, Forty Fort. Mrs. Sarah Denison Rellay and others of the family, say he wrote very beautiful letters. Mrs. Sharpe says he had an unusual knowledge of surveying for those days. He was the first man in these parts who knew and used logarithms and Mrs. Sharpe often helped him in working out the problems. A brother of his came over and settled in Ohio.

CIVIL WAR RECOLLECTIONS.

Solomon W. Taylor, the Record's Harveyville correspondent, who served in the Civil War as corporal of Co. A, 52d Pa. Vols., sends the following reminiscence:

At Fourth of July celebrations and at local reunions we sometimes hear men who served in the War of the Rebellion tell tales of their personal bravery—how they bearded the lion in his den. Usually any soldier of ripe experience can judge upon hearing these tales how nearly truthful they may be. In my own experience of active service for nearly four years I had the opportunity of seeing men of all the varied temperaments under fire, and I found nearly everybody of men to be equally brave when equally commanded. True heroism is not reckless bravery, neither is the act of self-preservation an indication of cowardice under certain conditions.

I do not mean by this that the fellows who deserted for self-preservation and helped swell the population of the queen's dominions across the St. Lawrence were patriots—for they were traitors. Those that I have in mind were the men who always did the most effective service from the most secure protection.

During the siege of Charleston, S. C., Morris Island was protected by Fort Wagner, an impregnable sand fortification that could have withstood a continuous bombardment lasting until the present day, and the only means of

capturing the fort was a plan of zig-zag or parallel trenches. By this method the fort was reached and occupied after nearly two months of patient, practical work.

The men who worked in these trenches were partially protected from firing in front because their work, which was done by small squads frequently relieved, was completed as far as it went. It was a slow process but the goal was reached when the last oblique trench struck the southeastern corner of the fort, where the bomb-proof was located, and the Johnnies evacuated at once to escape the inevitable result of this masterful piece of military engineering.

It was during these weeks of danger and toll in the trenches that I had the opportunity of studying the characteristics of the truly brave soldier and I found the bravest men to be those who realized that one live soldier was worth more for service than a whole division of dead ones. If a head was exposed above the trenches it was sure to be pierced by a ball aimed by the Rebel sharpshooters, and those who for the sake of bravado raised their heads to the view of the enemy were almost sure to meet the death that they seemed to invite. An empty cap held to view on the point of a bayonet was sure to bring a volley of shots and it was instantly torn to shreds by Rebel bullets.

One day a sergeant of the 3d R. I. heavy artillery, a fine specimen of young manhood, was hastening to the rear with an important message. Spurred on by the importance of his mission he thought to save time by running the gauntlet and crossing over from the fifth to the fourth parallel. As he started to scale the embankment I hailed him, but it was too late—he fell back at my feet in the trench, shot through the brain. This was daring, not bravery in its best sense.

In assaulting a battery or fortification our men never shrank from any risk at the call of duty—but in ordinary siege work, where such risks are not called for, discretion is commendable. While working in these trenches our greatest danger was from the shells fired by smooth-bore cannon and mortars. These shells being round, when they exploded the fragments were thrown in every direction, dealing out death right and left. It was different with rifle shells—when they exploded the fragments flew right on with renewed velocity—only the

swedged flat butt falling beneath where it burst.

The men who performed this wonderful piece of work within the very jaws of death were, as a rule, ever on their guard, and their only safety lay in hugging the banks of the trenches very closely whenever occasion required. Their strength, daring and energy was irrepressible and the execution of the work they performed showed their enduring bravery to be equal to the bravest of the brave.

DEATH OF GEORGE A. WELLS.

PASSED SUDDENLY AWAY—FOR
MANY YEARS PRECENTOR AT
THE FIRST M. E. CHURCH.

[Daily Record, April 24, 1901.]

Suddenly came the summons of death yesterday morning to George A. Wells, one of Wilkes-Barre's best known citizens. He had been in poor health for a couple of years and for a month had been confined to his home, 17 West South street, but there was no indication of the end. He retired at the usual time on Monday evening and during the night there were no signs that his condition had become more serious. When his daughter, Mrs. E. D. Fraser, went to his room about 5:30 a. m. to see if he wanted anything she found him unconscious and before a physician arrived he was dead.

Mr. Wells was born at Dundaff, near Carbondale, on May 8, 1832, and he was nearly 69 years old. From that place he went to Ohio, where he married Miss Helen Benscoter, daughter of Dr. Benscoter. From that State he moved to Wilkes-Barre, and from here went to Berwick, where he was bookkeeper for Jackson & Woodin. Coming back to Wilkes-Barre he went into the drug business with his brothers, J. C. and Dr. Erastus Wells. J. C. Wells died on Nov. 19, 1897, and Dr. Erastus Wells is living at Eureka, California. Deceased remained in the drug business until 1878, when he disposed of his business and took a position with B. G. Carpenter & Co. as bookkeeper. In 1880 he entered the insurance business, in which he was successful, continuing in this business up to the time of his illness. In 1899 he took his son-in-law, E. D. Fraser, into partnership, and since then the firm name has been Wells & Fraser.

Deceased married as his second wife Mrs. Harriet Simpson and she, with the following children, survives: Mrs. E. D. Fraser, Miss Mary Wells of Wilkes-Barre, Mrs. Albert Tillyer; also by the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. A. T. Joslin of Ashley; Dr. Wells of Eureka, Cal., Andrew and Miss Ada Wells, Mrs. E. A. Wheeler and Mrs. John Wheeler of Carbondale.

Mr. Wells became a member of the First M. E. Church soon after coming to this city, and for about a quarter of a century was preceptor of the church and Sunday school, and also led the singing at the prayer meetings. In other branches of the work he was also engaged and he contributed so largely to the activity of the church that his name will always be prominent in its history. His pleasant face, his kindly manner, his agreeable disposition, his enthusiastic interest in all that pertained to the welfare of the church and mankind in general will be cherished in the memory of all who knew him. He stood high in the estimation of all and lived an admirable life.

It is a singular fact that deceased's father, two brothers and a sister also died very suddenly.

MADISON ACADEMY.

THE INSTITUTION AT WAVERLY,
PA., IN WHICH PROMINENT
WILKES-BARREANS WERE
INTERESTED.

The March issue of the Lackawanna School News contains an interesting sketch of the old academy at Waverly, Lackawanna County, the following being extracts:

The prime movers in the enterprise [at Waverly] were elder John Miller, a Baptist preacher who came here about 1802, and Dr. Andrew Bedford, who commenced the practice of medicine here in 1825. The article of incorporation was secured in 1840 and the first board of trustees consisted of Rev. John Miller, president; Leonard Batchelor, secretary; Dr. Andrew Bedford, Thomas Smith, Samuel Stone, William Thompson and Nicholas Reynolds. The following prominent gentlemen composed the examining committee: Rev. George D. Miles, Wilkes-Barre; Samuel Hodgdon, Wilkes-Barre; Col. H. B. Wright, Wilkes-Barre; Judge Warren J. Woodward, Wilkes-Barre; Rev. E. O. Ward, Dundaff; S. D. Phelps, Tunkhannock;

S. T. Scranton, Scranton; Rev. Reuben Nelson, Kingston; Rev. David A. Shepard, Kingston; Hon. W. C. Reynolds, Kingston; Dr. Albert Brundage, Benton; Dr. H. S. Cooper, Newton; Rev. Mr. Osmund, Newton; Dr. John Wilson, Factoryville.

The teachers were: H. D. Walker, A. M., principal and teacher of the ancient languages; Dr. S. M. Wheeler, natural sciences, physiology and chemistry; Joseph Hæfliger, German, French and Italian; J. M. Decker, mathematics; Miss C. A. Chambers, assistant teacher; Miss Frances J. Brothwell, instrumental music, etc.

The building was erected in 1844, a two-story wooden structure, standing ninety feet above the centre of the town; the lot contained one acre and was donated by elder Miller. The institution was named Madison Academy in honor of James Madison, the fourth President of the United States.

While the building was in course of erection the school was taught in an unpretentious dwelling. Rev. G. D. Bailey was principal and Miss Sarah Bunnell preceptress.

Mr. Bailey resigned in 1845 and was succeeded by H. D. Walker, a graduate of Amherst College, Mass., who remained here till 1853. Walker's administration of the school marked the most brilliant and successful epoch in the whole history of Madison Academy. It was during this period that such men as Judge Garrick M. Harding, G. B. Nicholson, A. Farnham, George W. Smith, J. S. Bedford and Frank Lee Benedict, the author, were graduated.

The government of the school was of the best; somewhat arbitrary, of course, but that was absolutely necessary. Walker was an autocrat in the full sense of the term, constantly on the alert, and as nearly ubiquitous as possible, and no man could have controlled these 200 restless spirits better than he.

Madison Academy was at high tide during Walker's administration, from 1845 to 1853. Scholars came from all the immediate surrounding country, as also from Providence, Slocum Hollow, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Shickshinny, Carbondale, Tunkhannock, Elmira, Deposit and Newburgh.

Professor Walker resigned in 1853 and from that time it was found difficult to sustain the academy financially, mainly from the fact that the surrounding towns from which we had been largely drawing for pupils began to establish schools of their own, and thus the supply diminished. As a consequence

the exchequer was somewhat depleted and so it became apparent that funds must be supplied by private subscription if the academy was sustained. Accordingly, individual efforts were made in this manner, and thus the institution was supported with varying success till 1878, when it was merged into the graded school of this borough.

S. Bedford.

DIED IN THE WEST.

WIFE OF A PASTOR WHO LABOR- ED HERE FORTY YEARS AGO.

There are probably few persons in town who remember the Lescher family who lived in Wilkes-Barre nearly or quite forty years ago. Rev. John W. Lescher was pastor of the Reformed, now the German Lutheran Church, at the corner of Main and South streets, and he kept a private school in the basement of that edifice. The boys who went there will recall that he had an agreeable daughter who helped her father in the school—Miss Nora. They will also recall the fact that on detecting a boy in wrong doing he would throw a strap on his desk, which on being brought up by the offender was used for punishment. It must be said the punishment was never severe.

He also had other children and at one time the family resided in the old O. B. Hillard mansion in the pine grove at what is now East End. Prior to preaching and teaching in Wilkes-Barre Mr. Lescher was county superintendent of common schools—the first to hold that office in Luzerne County. Wilkes-Barre was his first preaching station and he conducted mission work among the German people in neighboring towns. After leaving Wilkes-Barre he conducted successful pastorates in Bloomsburg, Selinsgrove and Millersburg. He died in 1895, after which his widow removed to Galesburg, Ill., where her children were living. Her death recently occurred in Galesburg. Mrs. Lescher was a sister of Hon. M. A. Foltz of Chambersburg, Pa.

The following is from the Chambersburg (Pa.) Public Opinion of Jan. 25:

"At Galesburg, there being no church of her own communion, with members of her family, Mrs. Lescher united with the Presbyterian Church. She was greatly esteemed for womanly charms

and graces which adorn the Christian character. She became the wife of Rev. J. W. Lecher one year after he was ordained at Mercersburg, on the 12th of May, 1845. The fruits of this union were nine children—six sons and three daughters—Dr. Theo. and Zach. U., residing in California; George C., William and Edward, druggists, and Neven, Galesburg; Mrs. C. W. Gutellius, wife of editor Gutellius of the Northumberland (Pa.) Press; Elizabeth of Nebraska, and Clara of Galesburg.

"Mrs. Lecher was in the seventy-sixth year of her age. Her remains will be brought to Millersburg, Pa., for interment, where they will repose beside those of her husband. Here, twenty-six years ago, 'midst falling snow and wintry winds, and many bitter tears, his body was committed to the grave, in the cemetery of St. David's Church, a few miles from Millersburg, in the joyful hope of a blessed resurrection at the last day.'"

DEATH OF SIDNEY C. MEARS.

BORN IN LUZERNE COUNTY—HAD
A DISTINGUISHED WAR
RECORD.

Sidney Clark Mears, one of the best known pioneer residents of West Scranton, died on Wednesday, after an illness of the grip, which developed into pneumonia. Deceased was the father of the well known Mears brothers, whose connection with financial and public affairs of Scranton is almost proverbial.

Deceased's earlier life was occupied in farming until the outbreak of the Civil War, when he enlisted in the volunteer army with about 500 others, whom he subsequently organized into a construction corps, which he commanded during Sherman's famous march to the sea, preceding the general in his long and victorious route in the erection of bridges. Since his discharge from the ranks in which he served faithfully and well he received the praise of his comrades for deeds of bravery. He also demonstrated and developed a remarkable aptitude for the construction of bridges, and after his return from the battlefield he was employed by the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western R. R. Co. for many years in its bridge building department.

Advancing years compelled him to resign this position. Since then he has been engaged in the mercantile business.

Deceased was born at Bowman's Creek, in Luzerne County, on March 10, 1823, and was over 78 years of age. At the age of 5 years his parents emigrated by means of a caravan drawn by a yoke of oxen to Rochester, N. Y., where he remained until he was 12 years old. Then he moved to Michigan, remaining there for four years. He came back to Luzerne County, and in 1846 he wedded Miss Jeanette Afflect Kreamer, then a resident of Greenfield, Lackawanna County, but at that time belonging to Luzerne County. She died in 1888 in the house in which Mr. Mears passed away. In the year 1861 he enlisted in the army, remaining until 1865, when he returned to Scranton, which place he first entered in 1857, having since lived there. In the meantime he was married to Mrs. Coons. Her children, namely, Calvin and Mildred Coons, and the following survive him: Mrs. E. R. Parker, John A. Mears, James R. Mears, Joseph A. Mears and Mrs. J. Alton Davies of Scranton and William S. Mears of Missouri.—Scranton Republican.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

MEMORIAL MEETING IN MEMORY OF R. D. LACOE—OFFICERS ELECTED.

[Daily Record, April 20, 1901.]

The April meeting of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society was held last evening, Judge Stanley Woodward presiding.

The following were elected to membership:

Resident—Eli T. Connor, George W. Leach, Jr., Benjamin Harold Carpenter.

Honorary—David White, paleontologist of the Smithsonian Institution.

Corresponding—Edwin Swift Balch and Thomas Willing Balch, Philadelphia.

The session was mainly devoted to exercises in memory of Ralph D. Lcoe, the late paleontologist of the society. The first was a formal resolution prepared by Rev. N. G. Parke, the committee comprising himself and William Griffith and Joshua L. Welter.

Rev. Horace E. Hayden then read an elaborate biographical sketch of Mr. Lacoë prepared by himself. This was followed by a brief paper written by David White, paleo-botanist of the United States government, giving his estimate of Mr. Lacoë's work for science. Mr Lacoë's collection to the government numbered about 100,000 specimens and that to the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society about 5,000.

There was then an opportunity for remarks and J. Bennett Smith told of how he had known Mr. Lacoë some forty years and had been with him on geological trips.

Charles Law said he had known Mr. Lacoë forty-seven years and Mr. Lacoë had been the inspiration of his life.

C. C. Bowman of Pittston also spoke a few words of compliment.

F. C. Johnson pointed out the fact that while Mr. Lacoë had retired from business in 1865 on account of broken health he did not give up, but persisted in keeping busy and prolonged his life thirty-six years.

The following are the resolutions offered by Rev. Dr. Parke:

The committee appointed by the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society to prepare resolutions expressive of our appreciation of the life and character and work of Mr. Ralph D. Lacoë of Pittston, Pa., recently deceased, and who has been intimately and efficiently associated with this society in every department of its work, begs leave to report as follows:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, who doeth all things well, to remove from among us by death our friend and associate, Ralph D. Lacoë; therefore resolved,

1. That while we recognize the hand of God in this providence we bow submissively to His will, and we desire to put on record our appreciation of Mr. Lacoë as one who, by his strictly upright life and by his work in the interest of science, has made for himself an honored name among the distinguished men of his generation, and at the same time honored his native valley.

2. Resolved, That while we sympathize with his bereaved family and his fellow townsmen in Pittston in their affliction, we rejoice with them in what Mr. Lacoë has been able to do in his quiet and unostentatious way, in the line of his favorite study. His donations to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C., and to this

Historical Society, of fossils and flora, collected and classified and labeled with his own hands, together make a collection in its department of paleontology, in extent and variety, unequaled in this land or in any other land.

3. Resolved, That in the death of Mr. Lacoë we have lost one of our most distinguished citizens, the results of whose life work afford a striking and encouraging example to the young men of this generation of what a young man, dependent on his own efforts and inspired by a noble ambition, may accomplish for himself and for those who come after him.

CONNECTICUT WAS STINGY.

APPEAL MADE SIXTY YEARS AGO
FOR STATE AID IN BUILDING
WYOMING MONUMENT FOR
HER PIONEER DEAD—LEGIS-
LATURE WAS WILLING, BUT
SENATE BALKED.

Sixty years ago our citizens were laboring with the Connecticut Assembly for an appropriation to assist in building the Wyoming Monument. Committees were sent thither and in 1841 the House by a large majority voted \$3,000 for the purpose, but the measure failed to pass the Senate, and the attempt was consequently a failure. Charles Miner's History says "one benevolent old gentleman of Hartford presented the committee with a dollar and with this they were politely bowed out of the city and out of the State."

So far as appears this was all the help Connecticut gave towards marking the resting place of its militia and people who were slain in the 1778 battle.

Maj. Oliver A. Parsons hands the Record a manuscript in the writing of Charles Miner, found in the papers of his father, the late Calvin Parsons. It is without date, but was probably written about 1841. It is a draft of a preamble and resolution which Mr. Miner prepared as the wished-for expression of the Assembly. There is nothing to show whether it was ever acted on by the Connecticut Assembly. It is as follows:

Whereas, the Ancient Wyoming People have petitioned this State for aid to finish the monument commenced over the remains of those who fell in the Massacre, July 3, 1778, setting forth:

That the settlement was planted by Connecticut in furtherance of her policy to assert and maintain her rights by charter to lands west of New York.

That the town of Westmoreland established by the Legislature and attached to Litchfield County, not only sent representatives to the Assembly, but was in fact in all respects a component part of the then Colony having the 24th Regt. of our militia organized there and paying taxes to our treasury.

That during the Revolutionary War Wyoming furnished two or more companies to the Connecticut line, and performed all its civil and social duties as became good citizens.

That being weakened and left exposed, the Tories and savages were led to invade the settlement with an irresistible force, which occasioned a great desolation and distress with a melancholy loss of life.

That those who fell were the people of Connecticut, fighting by our order, in defense of our rights and laws.

That other towns destroyed by the enemy were remunerated for their losses out of the Western Reserve lands, and that Westmoreland received no compensation.

Now this General Assembly, in full review of the circumstances, admit with cheerfulness and pleasure the faithful obedience of their Ancient Wyoming People, the patriotic spirit displayed by them, the prompt, patient and efficient services rendered. *

But while participating in the feelings of gratitude for their devotion, and pity for their sufferings, we cannot forbear to consider as prudent legislators, the impolicy, not to say the danger of opening the public treasury to any claim of such long standing. * *

It would appear to this Assembly therefore, that the matter should be most properly referred directly to the people of the State whose generous feelings and just appreciation of meritorious services and sufferings may be safely relied on to accomplish the end desired. * * *

Therefore be it resolved—that the ministers of all denominations of Christians, in the several towns of this

State, the Selectmen of the towns and the members of the Senate and House of Representatives, be and they are hereby requested to act as a committee to collect in such manner as shall appear to them most eligible, on or before the 4th of July next, contributions in behalf of our Ancient Wyoming People, to be appropriated to the purposes of the monument over the Connecticut militia who fell July 3d, 1778.

That the State treasurer be directed to receive all sums sent to him by the committees of the several towns and pay the same over to the order of Gen. William Ross, Hezekiah Parsons, Charles Denison Shoemaker, William Sterling Ross, Asa A. Gore and Ovid F. Johnson, or a majority of them, to be appropriated as aforesaid.

DEATH OF GEN. PARDEE.

DISTINGUISHED CIVIL WAR CAREER—FROM A PROMINENT FAMILY OF THE HAZLETON REGION.

Gen. Arlo Pardee, who formerly lived in Hazleton and was one of Luzerne County's best known citizens, died on Saturday at his home, Chelton Hills, Philadelphia. He was born in Hazleton on Oct. 28, 1839. The Standard of that place says:

"Among the first companies to be recruited in the Hazleton region was that which was formed in Hazleton. As its captain Mr. Pardee was chosen. After leaving this city the company was placed in the 28th Regt. and sent for drill and target practice to the Oxford Park, Philadelphia.

"At the battle of Antietam the 28th did excellent service, but like the other Union forces, was considerably depleted in numbers. Shortly after this battle a new rule was made, whereby each regiment was to be composed of ten, instead of fifteen companies. One of the companies to be taken from the 28th for the transfer was that of which Mr. Pardee was a member. The company under the new order was placed in the 147th Pennsylvania, under the command of Gen. Geary.

"In the new regiment the young officer was promoted to the lieutenant colonelcy. After mobilization the command was transferred to Harper's Ferry and all that portion of Maryland and Virginia contiguous. In the

new regiment the colonel found a fellow townsman in the person of Dr. W. R. Longshore, who had been assigned the post of surgeon.

"It was in the winter of 1862 that the regiment camped at Dumphreys. In the spring the camping ground was changed to Aquia Creek. His regiment was not camped long there until it was ordered to move onward. On this march they were put into the battle of Chancellorsville, where they, with their comrades, were severely beaten. The entire force again retreated to Aquia Creek, thence north to Gettysburg, where they were subjected to a fierce fire and where Col. Pardee again won fame. After this battle the army moved to the West. There they participated in the battles of Washata Valley, and later at Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain. After these battles the march was continued to Bridgeport, Ala.

"On May 4 the brigade was shifted to the command of Sherman, and with the distinguished marcher they moved through the Atlantic States until the 2d of September, when they captured the City of Atlanta. In all of these battles and skirmishes of that memorable raid Mr. Pardee and his command were participants.

"The battle of Peach Tree Creek was to the officer the most memorable of the entire campaign and the one in which he secured the military title of general. At this battle the 'Rebs' were pushing the Union forces to a narrow space of escape, and the preservation of the bridge and the day depended on Pardee. He was like Thomas at Chickamauga. He held the centre while the Rebels were pouring in a deadly fire, killing many of the scattering soldiers of the other companies. He held the centre and by his own bravery rallied the forces of the demoralized Northern army, and the day was won. For this bravery he was commended by President Lincoln and breveted to the position of brigadier general.

"It was at this battle where Capt. Bundy, the battery officer, performed the feat that made him famous, not only among the soldiers, but to the students of history. The rebels seemed to be so numerous that they were thought to be springing from holes in mines. Several days before this battle Bundy gathered all of the torn stockings, rags and other pieces of dry goods. These he rolled up into balls, but for what purpose none knew, as the officer was a 'queer' fellow. While the

battle was at its height large streams of ugly looking stuff were seen to come from the guns in the battery of Bundy. The Rebels knew not what these missiles were, and they never touched their guns. In fact, the Union men did not know what the odd ammunition was until the battle was ended and the officer explained.

"In Savannah Brig. Gen. Pardee was appointed provost marshal to the town. While filling this position his true character was displayed. During the war the rice mills of the city were not kept in operation. The territory surrounding the city was far from being an agricultural region, but before troops were long stationed there it was found that food was needed, and as no forage could be found it was necessary to start up the rice mills. It was not long until every soldier and horse in the command was eating a sufficient supply of rice to sustain life. Gen. Geary, the commanding officer, soon heard of the operating of the rice mills and ordered the men to desist. The young general, upon hearing of this intrusion, remarked that he was commanding the men in Savannah and not Gen. Geary. The reply was enough to keep the impetuous senior officer quiet for the remainder of the campaign.

"While in Goldsboro, N. C., the deceased was taken ill with bowel trouble and secured a leave of absence to come North. On this trip he was accompanied by his chief surgeon, Dr. Longshore. The general was only home a week until he was back to his old command, and had only returned to his post a short time when he was mustered out with his regiment in Philadelphia.

"The malady clung to him throughout the rest of the war and even unto death; in fact, it was the primary cause of his death. He was for the past few years a confirmed invalid and when death came on Saturday it was to him a relief.

"He made his home in Chelton Hills for many years and had a business office on Walnut street, Philadelphia. He was wealthy and was identified with the Pardee coal interests. He was the first person to form the coal mines in Lattimer, and had considerable to do with the naming of the town. He is survived by the following brothers and sisters: I. P., Frank and Barton of Hazleton, Calvin of Philadelphia, Mrs. Allison, Mrs. Keller, Mrs. A. S. Van Wickle and Miss Edith of Hazleton, and Mrs. Earle of Phila-

delphia. The funeral will take place on Tuesday, burial to be made in the Chelton Hill Cemetery."

AN UNMARKED GRAVE.

REMAINS OF THE FIRST TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES IN WAYNE COUNTY—EFFORTS TO SECURE A MONUMENT.

The following is from the Scranton Tribune:

Among the bills of interest introduced at Harrisburg last week, perhaps none is more worthy, from a patriotic standpoint, than the measure proposed by Representative Brennan of Pleasant Mount, Wayne County, who desires that the State shall appropriate a sum sufficient to erect a suitable monument to mark the last resting place of Samuel Meredith, the revolutionary patriot and first treasurer of the United States.

Some time ago an illustrated article appeared in the Scranton Tribune calling attention to the condition of the grave of the man who assisted so materially in the establishment of the government, and Mr. Brennan has acted upon suggestions made at the time in preparing the bill.

Following is a brief sketch of Gen. Meredith's career, which has been prepared by Representative Brennan and was submitted to the legislature:

Gen. Samuel Meredith was born in Philadelphia in 1741, and was educated at Chester. He engaged in business in Philadelphia under the firm name of Meredith & Clymer. Mr. Meredith was an active Whig, and took a deep interest in the leading questions of the day. In November, 1765, he attended the meeting of the merchants and citizens of Philadelphia to protest against the importation of teas and goods which were stamped. He and Mr. Clymer signed the resolution adopted on Nov. 7, 1765, as his father had done. On May 19, 1772, he married Margaret, daughter of Dr. Thomas Cadwalader of Philadelphia, chief medical director of Pennsylvania Hospital. He was chairman of the committee of safety in 1775, when "The Silk Stocking Company" was organized. In 1775 Mr. Meredith was made major, and in that capacity took part in the battles of Trenton and Princeton in October. In 1777 he was

commissioned general of the Fourth Brigade, Pennsylvania Militia, and took part in the battles of Brandywine and Germantown.

Gen. Meredith resigned in 1778, in consequence of ill health. He was twice elected from Philadelphia County to the Pennsylvania colonial assembly, and in 1787 and 1788 was a delegate to the Continental Congress. In the spring of 1780 he and George Clymer each contributed \$25,000 to the support of the army. He was a director of the Bank of North America, organized by Robert Morris in 1781.

On Aug. 1, 1789, he was appointed by President Washington as surveyor of the port of Philadelphia, holding the office until Sept. 30, 1789, when he received still further proof of Washington's friendship in the appointment of treasurer of the United States, which office he held until Oct. 31, 1801, serving under three administrations, namely, Washington, Adams and Jefferson. During his long administration as treasurer not a single discrepancy marred the entire correctness of his accounts. The estimation in which he was held is evinced by the following:

Treasury Office, New York, Sept. 13, 1789.

Sir: Permit me to congratulate you on your appointment as treasurer of the United States, and to assure you of the pleasure I feel in anticipating your co-operation with me in a station in which a character like yours is so truly valuable. I need not observe to you how important it is that you should be on the ground as soon as possible, the call for your presence, you will be sensible, is urgent. Mr. Duer, my assistant, goes to Philadelphia to procure a loan from the bank there. He will communicate with you, and I am persuaded will meet with your concurrence in whatever way, facilitate the object of his mission. With sincere esteem,

I am sir,

Your obedient servant,
Alexander Hamilton,
Secretary of the Treasury.

To Samuel Meredith, Esq., Treasurer of the United States.

JEFFERSON'S TRIBUTE.

His resignation and retirement was due to ill health, his private affairs having become sadly neglected during his official life. Upon it he secured the following complimentary letter from Jefferson:

Monticello, Sept. 4, 1801.

Dear Sir: I received yesterday your favor of August the 29th, resigning your office as treasurer of the United States

after the last of October next. I am sorry for the circumstances which dictate the measure to you; but from their nature and the deliberate consideration of which it seems to be the result; I presume that dissuaves on my part would be without effect. My time in office has not been such as to bring me into intimate insight into the proceedings of the several departments, but I am sure I hazard nothing when I testify to your favor, that you have conducted yourself with perfect integrity and propriety in the duties of the office you have filled and pray you to be assured of my highest consideration.

Thomas Jefferson.

Mr. Meredith.

In 1796 Gen. Meredith purchased about 50,000 acres in Wayne County and commenced making improvements at a place in Mount Pleasant Township, which he afterwards named Belmont.

In 1802 he was assessed as having sixty acres of improved land, but as a non-resident. Soon after he moved in with his family and resided in a plain structure situated about fifty rods north of Cohecton and Great Bend turnpike, until 1812, when he completed his residence, known as Belmont, at a cost of \$8,000. Here he spent the remainder of his life, superintending the settlement and development of his large estate.

Gen. Meredith was visited in his retirement by many of his old political associates. In person he is described as tall and commanding, with light blue eyes, graceful and pleasing in manner. He died at Belmont on Feb. 10, 1817, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

On a gentle declivity of the Moosic Mountains, overlooking the beautiful Valley of the Lackawanna, lies the remains of the trusted friend of the immortal Washington, the polished Adams and scholarly Jefferson, and first treasurer of the United States of America.

PORTRAIT.

A crayon portrait of the late W. W. Loomis has been added to the Historical Society gallery. Mr. Loomis was a vice president of the society forty years ago.

NEW WYOMING HISTORY.

As Presented By Oscar J. Harvey at Historical Society.

SOME MATERIAL TO BE PUBLISHED IN HIS FORTHCOMING BOOK—GLEANINGS IN NEW ENGLAND REVEALING A MASS OF INTERESTING MATTER CONCERNING THIS REGION, NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED—SOME INTERESTING FACTS.

At the meeting of the Wyoming Historical Society last evening Oscar J. Harvey, Esq., who is preparing a history of Wilkes-Barre, presented in most interesting manner some of the material which he has been industriously gathering in New England and elsewhere. His book is to be entitled "A History of Wilkes-Barre, and Some New Chapters of Wyoming History." He stated that the purpose of his paper last evening was to read copies of some disconnected and unrelated documents, as well as some extracts from others, stringing them together with a few needed explanations and comments.

He said he was confident that none of these documents has ever been published, and could premise that no one in Wilkes-Barre had ever seen them or heard of their contents.

It is admittedly true, I believe, that up to about the year 1790 the history of Wilkes-Barre is, in a wide sense, the history of Wyoming, and the history of that region has been well written. Yes, it has been; but, owing to the lack of facilities for, as well as the expense of, gathering information during the period from 1800 to 1840, ignorance at that time as to the existence of certain important and interesting letters, diaries and official documents and records, and the proneness of early chroniclers of historic events here to rely upon the oral testimony of their contemporaries who had been present in our valley when, many years previous to the giving of that testimony, the events then related and recorded had taken place, our principal historians perpetrated, and their successors in the field have assisted in perpetuating, some very inaccurate and

misleading statements relative to the early history, not only of Wilkes-Barre, but of Wyoming.

Then, again, mention of many important matters has been entirely omitted from the published histories, either through design or want of knowledge of facts. Let me refer, briefly, to a very small number of these errors and omissions.

From what I have found in New York in some early printed documents, and on a number of maps (one of them published in 1748) in the library of Congress at Washington, it is certain that the earliest known Indian village in this valley, which was called Wyoming, was not within the present limits of Wilkes-Barre, but was on the opposite side of the river, within the bounds of the present Borough of Plymouth.

The majority of the Wyoming historians have stated that the village plot of Wilkes-Barre was laid out and named in 1772, while the minority of these writers state that 1773 was the year.

In consequence, we celebrated in 1872 the centennial anniversary of the founding of our town. In a paper which I read before this society in April, 1898, I believe I clearly proved, by the most reliable evidence, that Wilkes-Barre was laid out and named in the summer of 1769, and that early in the summer of 1770 there was a distribution by lottery of town lots to the several proprietors of the township. [Here the essayist exhibited a paper—a pass, or furlough—written and dated at “Wilkes-Barre, 30th Augt., 1769,” by Col. Durkee, who laid out and named our town.]

With the exception of Col. Stone, all the early historians assert that Joseph Brant commanded the Indians at the battle and massacre of Wyoming, July 3, 1778. Had these and later writers seen certain official reports and records, prepared within a few weeks after the battle, they would never have stated that Brant was here in July, 1778.

With the exception of Governor Hoyt, none of the historians gives a list of the Wyoming settlers of 1762—the first of the Connecticut Susquehanna Company to establish themselves here; and who, with few exceptions, were on the ground at the time of the massacre in October, 1763. The list which is printed in Governor Hoyt's “Brief” was prepared by Parshall Terry from memory thirty-two years after the events referred to occurred. It contains but fifty-four names, and is otherwise incomplete and inaccurate. I have found an original list, containing sixty-nine

names, which was prepared here at Wilkes-Barre by Zebulon Butler, John Jenkins and others in 1783, twenty-one years after the occurrences mentioned.

No historian has ever been able, apparently, to give the names of the Wyoming, or Westmoreland militia who, under the command of Col. Zebulon Butler, marched into Wyoming Valley in August, 1778, one month after the massacre, and established themselves in a stockade on South Main street. I have an original list containing 117 names, with the period of each man's service set forth, and endorsed: "A List of the Militia belonging to Col. Nathan Denison's Regiment, (which was the 24th Regiment, Conn. Militia), in a detachment commanded by Zebulon Butler, Col." and further endorsed, in the handwriting of Colonel Butler: "The within is taken to the 1st day of October, 1778."

Relative to the losses sustained by the people of Wyoming, an account of Indian incursions during the years 1778-80, Charles Miner, in his "History of Wyoming," said measures were taken to determine the losses with a view to obtaining compensation but he knew of no returns.

Mr. Harvey says he has seen and copied the original report of the selectmen of Westmoreland relative to these losses. The document was dated and signed at "Westmoreland October the 2d, 1781," and contains the names of 286 sufferers with their respective losses, and the total amount of the losses is stated at £38,308.

With the exception of the City of Washington no town in the United States founded within the last 150 years has had as many well known and eminent men identified and connected in one way or another with its birth and early history as this same town of ours. Here followed a list of them.

Special allusion was made to Col. Timothy Pickering, one of the most eminent and influential men of his day; at one time adjutant general and then quartermaster general of the American army, later postmaster general of the United States, Secretary of State, Secretary of War, and a Senator in Congress. He was a voluminous writer, and he kept a copy or rough draft of nearly every letter and document he wrote. We of Wyoming owe him a debt of gratitude for writing and preserving so many interesting pages concerning the people and the happenings in this valley.

Preparatory to attempting the self-set task of writing the history of my native town I began, several years ago, to gather material for the work, and up to the present time have visited many libraries, historical societies and individuals throughout the country, and have carefully consulted, and where desirable, have copied entire, or made extracts from, thousands of pages of original miscellany, records, letters, diaries, etc., of early days, hundreds of old newspapers and magazines, and many genealogies, biographies and town, county and State histories. History is made, like the sea, from many sources.

A well known librarian of this country wrote not long ago: "Many books are but repetitions and many writers mere echoes, and the greater part of literature is the pouring out of one bottle into another." It is my earnest desire to accomplish a work that shall be impartial and creditable, but which shall not be a rehash of the Wyoming and Luzerne histories now in existence; in other words, it will not be a simple pouring from the bottles of Chapman, Miner, Pearce and others into a little bottle of my own.

Mr. Harvey here read a copy of an original document now in the possession of Mr. James Terry, New Haven, Conn. It is entitled: "A message from the six nations, delivered to the committee at Westmoreland in Conn., May 1, 1777, (just fourteen months before the battle of Wyoming), by sundry messengers from the 6 nations."

The next selection is a copy of an original letter addressed to the Hons. Roger Sherman and Samuel Huntington, delegates from Connecticut in the Continental Congress, at Philadelphia. The letter was received by them April 7, 1777, and is now in the possession of Mr. James Terry, New Haven, Conn.

It was written by Nathan Denison at Wilkes-Barre, March 14, 1777, and was an appeal for the detaching of the two Wyoming companies from Washington's army, as the Indians were making threats against the settlement—threats which were carried out a year later at the massacre of Wyoming.

There is also a letter written by Pickering in behalf of the Board of War to Gen. Washington, dated two weeks prior to the massacre, urging that the Wyoming companies be sent home to defend their families.

Mr. Harvey showed that Pickering had written an account of the battle

of Wyoming for the 1796 issue of the American Annual Register. The article also mentions that Edmund Burke had also written an account of the Wyoming battle in 1780 in England and that it had been followed by Hume and Smollett in England and by Gordon in America. It was full of exaggerated details and was said to have been derived from accounts published by the Americans.

Mr. Harvey stated he has a copy of an unpublished account of the battle, written by Nathan Denison and John Jenkins at Hartford, Conn., 3½ months after the tragic encounter. It was addressed to the General Assembly of Connecticut.

Mr. Harvey read a letter from Ethan Allen, dated Oct. 27, 1785, in which he declared his allegiance with the Connecticut claimants in their controversy with Pennsylvania.

Quotation was made from Pickering's diary, showing the latitude of John Hollenback's garden as 41 degrees, 14 minutes, 40 seconds.

Reference was made to Rev. Jacob Johnson, who was preaching throughout the valley in 1787. Mr. Harvey showed, what had never been noted by any of the local historians, that Rev. Mr. Johnson, who had become too old to serve as the minister, had had a successor, Rev. Nathaniel Thayer, who came here in 1791 and preached a year or so. Pickering describes an interview with Rev. Jacob Johnson, who was evidently an uncompromising Connecticut partisan.

Mr. Harvey showed that while Pickering built the house now occupied by the Wilkes-Barre Wheelmen, it was not the house from which John Franklin was abducted, but that the latter stood on Northampton street, on the present site of the First Presbyterian Church, an earlier residence of Pickering.

The meeting was one of the largest lately held and the paper was listened to with great interest.

In the course of some routine business J. C. Haydon of Jeanesville was elected to life membership, he being the eighty-ninth on that list.

Rev. Mr. Hayden announced the deaths of P. M. Carhart, Otis Lincoln and Gen. William S. Stryker of New Jersey.

A vote of thanks was passed to Rev. J. J. Pearce for an oil portrait of Hon. Stewart Pearce, and to W. D. Loomis for a crayon portrait of the late W. W. Loomis, a former vice president.

EARLY SCHOOLS OF TOWN.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS ABOUT EDUCATION IN WILKES-BARRE LONG AGO.

[For the Record.]

In looking back over the past it is clearly in evidence that the early settlers in this valley did not neglect the subject of education, and it would be interesting could a history of the schools of this valley be had, together with such reminiscences as could be gathered from our older people. The old academy is probably the best known, with its early teachers and patrons. The seminary of Mrs. Chapman, widow of Isaac Chapman, on River street, was flourishing in 1830, to which came not only day scholars, but young ladies from a distance. As we are reminded by the Poetaster of that day in reference to that school as follows:

"Abigail Lord, of her own accord,
Came down to see her sister.
Andrew Lee, as brisk as a flea,
Jumped right smack up and kissed her."

Miss Elsworth taught a primary school for children of both sexes on Franklin street, above Market, at which the writer when a small child attended. This Miss Elsworth was a thorough disciplinarian. The most "striking" evidence of this in the mind of the writer was and is the fact that she used up many switches upon the bare legs of the boys. As to how she managed the girls, we were not supposed to know, as she turned the boys out of doors when she visited her discipline on the softer sex, but from our curiosity being aroused and our peeping in the windows to find them laid across her lap, and the further evidence that when we returned into the school they looked sad and tearful, as if it hurt, we were gratified to conclude that they had "caught Jessie," as they doubtless deserved.

Then the Misses Jones, Mrs. Donley, the Misses Pettit, the Misses Brooks and others were teachers of flourishing schools for females, but in the midst of all these, who is there now that remembers that distinguished pedagogue of the olden time, Uncle Jerry Fuller, who taught school in Kingston when the Hon. Charles Shoemaker as a boy attended? This Jeremiah Fuller was a native of Connecticut. A little

man with a round bullet head, mostly bald, as remembered by the writer; a thorough specimen of the Yankee school master. After leaving Kingston he removed to Northmoreland and had a school at "The Corners" some time in the thirties, where we first became acquainted with him, as at the solicitation of Judge Shoemaker several boys were sent to board with him and attend his school from this town, which did not bear the best reputation as a place in which to bring up a boy, and as he had a son himself and wished to place him out of the way of evil associations, he induced several of his friends to send their boys also. These boys all boarded with "Uncle Jerry" in a large double house along the road side, about one mile this side of "The Corners," where the small frame school house stood, and were as follows: Austin Shoemaker, John Morgan, Robert D. H. Miner, E. P. Lynch, S. H. Lynch.

"Uncle Jerry's" wife, "Aunt Susie," was a Yankee of the strictest sect and our Sundays commenced on Saturday evening at sundown and closed at the same hour on the Sabbath; and this time was devoid of any secular work or occupation, and however irksome to the youngsters, we all remembered the Sabbath Day to keep it holy. The house was, as I have said, a double house. One-half was occupied by "Uncle Jerry" and the other by an old lady whose name was also "Fuller," and as there were several families of that name just about there they no doubt were relatives, near or remote. The part of the house in which we resided was comprised of two rooms, one large living room below and one corresponding in size above, in which we boys slept in bunks placed against the sides and ends of the room, country fashion. The lower or living room had very little furniture except a table at which we ate our meals and a double bed in one corner occupied by "Uncle Jerry" and "Aunt Susie." A wide stone fireplace at one side, where wood was burned both for cooking and heating. Our principal diet was minute pudding, made by stirring buckwheat flour into skim milk in a large iron kettle until of the consistency of putty, when it was dished up and placed on the table for our sustenance; and, as it was easy to acquire the art of stirring, we boys did our share of the cooking. This kind of fodder, if not particularly adapted to produce brains, did eventually produce an "itching" for something better, and it

was that itching which was the "breaking out" of the whole "Dothboys Hall" into open rebellion, as we knew our parents would sustain us in our all starting for home on foot, when they knew the circumstances. I do not remember how long we endured this affliction, but it must have been some years, as we, boylike, enjoyed our surroundings so long as every alternate Saturday was a holiday, when we could walk over to Keeler's store, a distance of three or four miles, or go prospecting for whetstones and slate pencils along the bed of a small stream where a soft shale was to be found.

Orange Fuller had a residence at the corners and was one of the principal men of that locality. There was also a family named Rogers, and another quite prominent doctor named Diboll. This Dr. Diboll led the singing in the Presbyterian Church, assisted by his wife and daughter Arsthusa, the doctor pitching the key on his tuning fork and starting the tune, and calling out to his daughter "Strike in, 'Thusa" when the music went off in fine style. The doctor's wife was a relative of Judge Collins and the Wallers of this town. Dr. Dorrance came over there occasionally and preached for us. The two prominent men in the church that we remember were Deacons Harris and Loomis, who lived near "Cummin's Pond." The latter was the father of the late W. W. Loomis of this city. Besides the boys mentioned as attending the school from this town, many of both sexes were pupils from the surrounding country. Among these I remember Angelo Jackson, who afterwards removed to Wilkes-Barre and resided here; also Heister Keeler, son of Asa Keeler, who kept a hotel and store some four miles away, near the river. "Uncle Jerry" made teaching his life work, and was a faithful and successful teacher of the English branches.

S. H. L.

VALLEY OF THE SUSQUEHANNA

A PROJECT TO PREPARE A HISTORY OF THE REGION FROM NANTICOKE TO THE NEW YORK LINE—THE AUTHOR IS J. W. INGHAM.

It is not generally known that J. Washington Ingham of Sugar Run, Pa., well known as a writer for the agricultural papers and a correspondent of the

Record, has been for some time engaged in writing "The History of the Susquehanna Valley from Nanticoke to Tioga Point," which is nearing completion.

It begins with the history of the Wyoming Valley from its earliest settlement, contains the facts of Miner's history with much additional matter, gives a sketch of the history of the townships on both sides of the river from Wyoming Valley to Athens. It will contain the general facts of Craft's history of Bradford County and the Wyalusing settlement, together with additional matter. It will be a book of at least 600 pages of the usual size, and, while no plans have yet been made for its publication, it is hoped it may see the light by the close of this year.

Mr. Ingham was the grandson of one of the survivors of the Wyoming massacre, and had communicated to him by the mouth of his grandmother when a boy some of the events of that time. Endowed with an excellent memory, he has brought down to the present time much that has not heretofore been printed. His treatment of the subject will be impartial, and the facts will be brought out without concealment or coloring.

Those who are interested in a thorough history of this kind or those having manuscripts or old historical facts in their possession should communicate with the author or with his son at the register and recorder's office at Towanda. If the work is published it will be because sufficient interest is manifested to warrant the cost of publication. Hence those wishing such a work should signify their desire for it by letter or postal card. As stated above, it is not decided as yet whether it will be published or not, as there ought to be some encouragement in the way of demand for it before undertaking its publication.

HEARTY AT NINETY.

ISAAC DEAN, SURROUNDED BY
OVER ONE HUNDRED DE-
SCENDANTS, CELEBRATES
ANNIVERSARY.

Over a hundred of the descendants and relatives of Isaac Dean gathered at the home of his son, attorney A. D. Dean, near Waverly, on Saturday, in honor of his 90th birthday.

His grandfather, Jonathan Dean, born in Rhode Island, May 7, 1780, was the first of the name to come to this section and made several trips here prior to 1800. In 1800 he brought his three sons, Ezra, James and Jeffrey, from Rhode Island and gave each one a farm in Abington, near Dalton.

The father of the subject of this sketch was the second son of Jonathan Dean, and on Dec. 28, 1802, married Catherine Tripp, who died near Dalton on April 25, 1861.

Isaac Dean was one of eight children born to them and made farming his occupation. He lived at the family homestead, about one mile north of Dalton, until 32 years of age. It was the custom of young men at that time to strike out for themselves, or receive pay for their services after attaining their majority, but Mr. Dean was an exception and served over ten years to help his father pay off the debt on the farm.

During those years Wilkes-Barre was the market for this entire region. Game was abundant and if the sheep were not locked up at nightfall they were sure to be taken by the wolves. Owing to the distance to Wilkes-Barre there was very little market for their produce until Carbondale coal began to be mined. Then he, with many others, took to hauling the new fuel to distant towns. While engaged in this he made two trips to Syracuse and one to Ithaca with sleigh loads of coal. This teaming would have been impossible had it not been for the Abington and Waterford turnpike, which was the main artery of travel through Pennsylvania and connected with like roads in New York State.

Between the years of 1830-37 he took up lumbering and built rafts on the Susquehanna River at Tunkhannock. These were floated down the river until sold. In 1837, during the silver panic, he sailed a raft from Tunkhannock down the river to Chesapeake Bay, where the lumber was placed on a schooner and taken to Norfolk, Va. From there he went to the national capital and was present on the afternoon when the banks there suspended specie payments.

Holden Tripp died in 1823 and Mr. Dean, then 12 years old, spent the winter with Mrs. Tripp, who was left a widow. He attended school. During that winter he made a trip to Wilkes-Barre, going down on the east side of the river to Pittston, where he crossed on the ice. The site of Wyoming was

thickly wooded with yellow pine and Wilkes-Barre was quite a flourishing town.

Scranton was not then in existence. Ebenezer Slocum lived in a fine house on the site of the Cliff works. Benjamin Slocum lived near where the furnaces are now and a whisky distillery and a school house stood on the banks of the river.

As James Dean was occupied in building grist mills and other smaller jobs the entire care of the farm was left to his son, who had no time for hunting game, which at that time was abundant.

Owing to the unsettled condition of the finances of the country paper money of one State was discounted in another. In some cases where the reputation of the banks was good this was not the case. After the Delaware & Hudson Railroad came to Honesdale the bank at that place was considered one of the best in the State. On account of the distrust of banks most of the marketing of the farmers was done by bartering. For the same reason every man that hired out to a farmer expected to be paid in produce of some kind and the workman who received 50 cents cash for a day's work considered himself well paid.

Lumber which now sells at \$40 a thousand feet could be bought at \$15 or \$20 a thousand feet. White ash, cherry, pine, hard and speckled maple were among the woods taken out by the lumbermen.

Stage coaches ran to New York, taking about two days and nights for the trip. As live stock could not be taken to market in this way they had to be driven. For several years Mr. Dean was engaged in this business. His first venture was the sale of 100 hogs which he collected in Susquehanna County and drove to Otisville, Orange County, N. Y., which was then the end of the Erie Railroad.

On several other occasions he took cattle to Philadelphia over the Philadelphia and Great Bend turnpike, which was finished in 1828.

Although interested in many undertakings and several banks he never ceased to run a farm and even yet does not let a summer pass without doing some gardening.

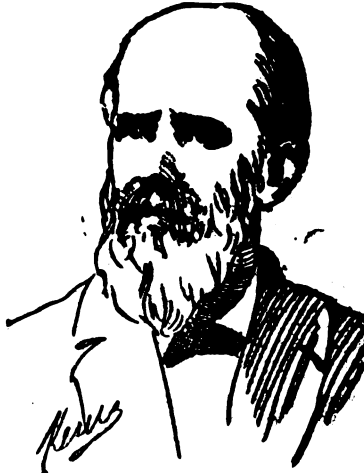
For some years Mr. Dean has left the management of his estate to his family and spent a large part of the time in traveling, in which he has crossed the continent three times.—Scranton Republican, June 10.

HON. DANIEL EDWARDS**Passes Away at His Home in
Kingston.**

WAS ABOUT HIS DUTIES DURING
THE AFTERNOON AND RE-
TIRED IN HIS USUAL HEALTH
AND THE DREAD MESSENGER
CAME UNEXPECTEDLY—WIFE
DIED ONLY A MONTH AGO—
SKETCH OF HIS CAREER—WAS
PRESIDENT OF THE KINGSTON
COAL CO.

[Daily Record, May 18.]

Hon. Daniel Edwards of Kingston, one of the best known men in this section of the State, died suddenly at 12:20 this morning at his residence on



HON. DANIEL EDWARDS.

Main street, that place. His death is a severe shock to the entire valley and is doubly sad, coming so soon after the death of his estimable wife, one month ago.

Deceased had been in his usual health even to the time of retiring at 11 o'clock last night. He had been busy all of yesterday attending to

business matters, as was his custom, having been to the Gaylord mine at Plymouth and to his mines at Edwardsville during the afternoon, returning to his home for dinner shortly after 5 p. m. He has always been an energetic and vigorous man and never had an idle moment, always being busy at something.

Mr. Edwards spent the evening in the house, being visited by his pastor, Rev. Dr. T. C. Edwards, as well as by his daughters, Mrs. T. L. Newell and Mrs. Cobleigh, and their husbands. Mrs. Cobleigh and Mr. Newell left for their respective homes at about 11 o'clock, when Mr. Edwards retired. Mrs. Newell and Dr. Cobleigh remained for the night.

About 11:30 Dr. Cobleigh, who was in an adjoining room, heard a slight groan in his father-in-law's apartment and went to his bedside. The doctor was surprised to find Mr. Edwards in a dying condition. He administered remedies, but all to no avail, as the end came in less than an hour. Mr. Edwards was conscious to the last and the end was peaceful. He closed his eyes as though he were going to enjoy natural sleep. His daughter, Mrs. Newell, and his son-in-law, Dr. Cobleigh, were the only persons at the bedside. The summons was so unexpected that it was a shock to all. Since the death of his wife he had grieved a great deal and repeatedly told his nearest friends that he was now ready to go also since his life partner had been taken away. His children and friends did all in their power to lighten his load of grief and to cheer him.

Deceased is survived by three daughters, Mrs. T. L. Newell and Mrs. Dr. Cobleigh of Kingston and Mrs. Teder of New York City. He was 76 years of age, having been born on April 25, 1825, at Groeswen, Glamorgan-shire, South Wales.

Deceased lived in the land of his fathers until he reached the age of manhood, emigrating to America forty-five years ago. In 1858 he became superintendent of the iron mines at Danville, Pa., then owned by Waterman & Beaver. In 1876 he took charge of the coal mines at Kingston, Pa., and to his untiring energy and thorough knowledge of the business is due the rapid development of the coal industry in that vicinity. By untiring zeal and a strict adherence to honest business principles he has built up a fortune,

and is now one of the wealthiest coal men in the anthracite region. He was president and general manager of the Kingston Coal Co., which has a number of collieries on the West Side. He was also president of the Kingston bank, director of the Wilkes-Barre City Hospital and a member of the Edwardsville Welsh Congregational Church.

Mr. Edwards was of a modest and retiring disposition. His extensive business relations have almost wholly occupied his time, so that outside the circle of his immediate friends his acquaintances were few. Those who knew him, however, fully appreciated his sterling honesty and unobtrusive charity. To the poor he was ever a considerate and generous friend, but he was one of those who shrank from public giving for public praise and none but himself knew the extent of his generosity. Free from all sectarian bias, he was ever ready to extend a helping hand to any denomination in need of succor, and the list of his beneficiaries includes almost every race and creed.

Daniel Edwards was a credit to his people and his name stands high in the list of Cambria's favorite sons.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY FUNDS.

MAJ. AND MRS. STEARNS GIVE \$1,000—
WANT TO RAISE \$5,000.

{Daily Record, June 25.}

Maj. and Mrs. Irving A. Stearns yesterday made a generous gift to the Wyoming Historical Society of \$1,000, to be invested as the "L. Denison Stearns Fund," the interest to be used for the general purposes of the society.

This gift is in response to the action of the trustees, who appointed this spring a committee of Drs. L. H. Taylor, Levi I. Shoemaker, F. C. Johnson, Andrew Hunlock and Maj. J. Ridgway Wright to secure an increase of \$5,000 to the endowment of the society, J. W. Hollenback having promised to give \$1,000 if the other \$4,000 was secured. Those who are familiar with the rare and valuable collections of the society for the use of historical and scientific students, and the manner in which they are made accessible to the public, will rejoice at any gift that will add to their usefulness. It is sincerely hoped that the sum sought for, of \$5,000, will soon be completed.

[*An address before the Daughters of the American Revolution.*]

The Pioneer Women of Wyoming.

By F. C. JOHNSON.

The part woman plays in the establishing of a new settlement is not much dwelt upon by the historian. This fact does not imply that her work is unappreciated, but being domestic in character it does not often furnish material for the chronicler.

There is no field where woman's share of labor and suffering has been greater than in the pioneer community, and this has been pre-eminently true of Wyoming. She has borne the burden and heat of the day as bravely and uncomplainingly as ever her husband did, and there have even been times when she has shouldered the musket and wielded the woodman's ax. She has gone into an almost pathless wilderness infested with cruel savages, she has helped establish a home there, children have come to gladden her life and she has seen happy days there even in the forest.

Of her devotion to her family, of her self-sacrifice, of her undaunted courage, yes, of her heroism, we cannot say too much.

Women have seen husbands and sons murdered before their very eyes, have had their little children torn from their arms and carried away, their homes and possessions given to the flames and some of these pioneer mothers of Wyoming have themselves been tortured and killed or carried into a captivity worse than death.

Not only have they suffered every hardship at the hands of blood-thirsty barbarians, but they and their little ones have been driven from their homes again and again by foes of their own race and blood, almost as cruel as the savages themselves. Yet the pioneer mother of Wyoming was willing to undergo all these privations and many more that she might lend her help in building up a home for those dependent on her, who were dearer to her than her own life,

FIRST MASSACRE.

The women of Connecticut were early in Wyoming to share the perils and privations with their husbands and to do their part in making a home in a wilderness which was infested with wild animals and with even more savage human foes. You all remember that the first attempt at settlement was made in 1762, the Wyoming region being claimed by the Susquehanna Company under Connecticut. No women so far as I know accompanied these first settlers, who in that year went to Wyoming from Connecticut and in the fertile flat lands along the Susquehanna, which required not the woodman's ax, planted their crops. In the following spring they returned with the purpose of making permanent settlement. Some twenty families brought with them all their farming utensils and household possessions, their wives and children as well. Thus in 1763 did our pioneer mothers first see this fair valley, though it would have been better if their advent had taken place a few years later, for hardly had their crops been gathered than the infant settlement was laid waste by the savages. Unprepared for resistance, about twenty men fell and were scalped. Even the women did not escape the cruelty of the savages.

Parshall Terry's narrative gives us the names of two of the women who were killed: Mrs. Daniel Baldwin and Zuriiah Whitney. The atrocity of the savages is learned from the following, appearing in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* for November, 1763:

"Our party under Captain Clayton has returned from Wyoming, where they met with no Indians, but found the New Englanders who had been killed and scalped a day or two before they got there. They buried the dead, nine men and a woman, who had been most cruelly butchered; the woman was roasted and had two hinges in her hands, supposed to be put in red hot and several of the men had awls thrust into their eyes, and spears, arrows and pitchforks sticking in their bodies. They burnt what houses the In-

dians had left and destroyed a quantity of Indian corn. The enemy's tracks were up the river."

The attack was a surprise, the New Englanders having found no savages in the valley, although Teedyuscung was living there quietly with a few of his people. It has been claimed by some that the destruction of the settlement was at the instigation of the Pennsylvania authorities, but it is now certain, as Dr. Egle has shown, that "the infamous transaction was conceived and carried out by those infernal savages from New York, the Cayugas and Oneidas," who had repudiated the sale of Wyoming to Connecticut in 1754 and were now carrying out their threats of vengeance upon the "intruders." It is true that Governor Hamilton of Pennsylvania had previously issued proclamations warning the Connecticut people not to incur the displeasure of Pennsylvania and the Indians by taking possession of the Wyoming lands, but there is nothing to indicate that the Pennsylvania authorities had the slightest connection with this first massacre of Wyoming.

Immediately after the fearful blow was struck, the women and children joined in wild flight to the mountains. As Charles Miner says, "language cannot describe the sufferings of the fugitives as they traversed the wilderness, destitute of food or clothing, on their way to their former homes."

PERMANENT OCCUPANCY.

So complete was the destruction of the settlement in 1763, that six years elapsed before a further attempt at occupying Wyoming was made. Meanwhile the Indians, who had years before sold the Wyoming lands to Connecticut, repudiated the sale of 1754 and at a council held at Fort Stanwix, New York, in 1768, sold the disputed region to Pennsylvania. And now commenced an internecine struggle between Pennsylvania and Connecticut, which was waged throughout the rest of the century, and which was never interrupted, except during the Revolutionary war, when by common consent both parties suspended their local

strife and joined in a common defense against the growing oppressions of Great Britain.

The year 1769 marked the next attempt at the settlement of Wyoming and the pioneer mothers were not left behind. The first Connecticut settlers—40 in number—arrived in the dead of winter, the month of February. They had been provided by the Susquehanna Company with land and farming utensils, they agreeing to defend the valley against the claimants under Pennsylvania. They were led by Col. Zebulon Butler, a veteran of the French and Indian wars. But the Pennsylvania claimants were ahead of them, having arrived the month previous.

Adopting tactics similar to those of Connecticut, the Pennsylvania proprietaries had executed a lease of certain lands in Wyoming Valley to Stewart, Ogden and Jennings for seven years, upon condition that they should establish an Indian trading house there and defend the valley from encroachment. I will not dwell upon the conflicts between the rival claimants during this first year of the settlement, other than to say that the Connecticut people were three times expelled. Each time they returned, but finally they surrendered and agreed to withdraw from the valley. I quote from Miner:

“Taking up their melancholy march, men, their wives and little ones, with such of their flocks and herds as could be collected, with aching hearts took leave of the fair plains of Wyoming.”

During the second and third years of the settlement hostilities were carried on with great vigor. The Connecticut people were expelled again and again, only to return when least expected, and some lives were lost on both sides. The valor and persistency of the Connecticut people were rewarded, and by September, 1771, the Proprietary Government had to admit that it was beaten. Connecticut now became master of the situation, but only for a time. It was only a truce, for while the Connecticut people had obtained possession of the valley they could not hope to retain it long, for Connecticut was making a mild

disavowal to Pennsylvania of her responsibility for any hostile measures of the Susquehanna Company.

Now that the war—called the First Pennamite War—was believed to be over, and the Connecticut settlers were confident Pennsylvania would not renew the attack, preparations were made for a permanent settlement.

During the two years that followed Connecticut receded from her vacillating policy in regard to the Wyoming settlement, to the extent that she officially recognized the settlement and formally established jurisdiction—certainly a great advantage for the settlers who had fought so hard for possession during the First Pennamite War.

“The stern alarms of war having been succeeded by the sweet songs of peace,” as Miner so gracefully puts it, the brave pioneer woman again made her appearance in the Susquehanna settlement. Up to 1772 there were never more than one hundred and thirty men in Wyoming at any one time and in May of that year there were only half a dozen women in Wilkes-Barre. These were: Mrs. James McClure, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Jabez Sill, Mrs. Thomas Bennett, Mrs. Hickman, Mrs. Dr. Joseph Sprague, and the latter’s daughter, afterwards Mrs. Phoebe Young.

Pioneer life was fraught with many perils and owing to the danger from the Indians, the settlers sought the shelter of the rude forts.

Let us see how they lived at Wilkes-Barre. The stockade was constructed of a wall of upright timbers set in the ground side by side.

FIRST WOMAN PHYSICIAN.

All around in the inside, against the wall of upright logs, were one-story huts. Mrs. Dr. Joseph Sprague kept boarders, but she must have been hard pressed for supplies in that early day. There was no mill nearer than the Delaware and it was necessary to use corn meal as a chief article of diet. This was made in a mortar, that is, a stump hollowed out by burning, and operated by a pestle attached to a spring pole. In this could be made a rude flour of corn, or wheat, or rye. Whether the labor of operating this primi-

tive device fell on the men or the women, history does not tell. Sometimes Mrs. Sprague's husband (who was the first physician in the young settlement,) would saddle his horse and go by the bridle-path to the mill on the Delaware and bring back some wheat flour, which was held in great store and devoted to the making of dainties for a wedding or other gala occasion. On such trips he would also bring back spices, rum and other articles which helped make merry when opportunity offered or occasion required. Mrs. Sprague's table was well supplied with venison and shad, but salt was scarce. There were some friendly Indians in the valley, converts of the Moravian missionaries, and they supplied the fort with game. Her table and chairs and beds were all of home construction, for as yet little or no furniture had been taken into the settlement. Mrs. Sprague's house, small at best, was the largest in the stockade. The little houses of Captain Zebulon Butler and Col. Nathan Denison, both young men, adjoined one another. Next was the store of Matthias Hollenback, then a young man of twenty, who had brought a small stock of goods from Lancaster and who was destined to become an important factor in developing the commerce of the Susquehanna River.

The Wilkes-Barre Advertiser, of April 15, 1814, notes that Mrs. Eunice Sprague died on the 12th, aged 82 years, but beyond the mere statement that she was one of the first settlers of this place, gives no particulars as to her interesting career. Her maiden name was Eunice Chapman, and she was a native of Colchester, Conn. Dr. Hollister thus describes her in his history: "She was a worthy old lady, prompt, cheerful and successful, and at this time (1785) the sole accoucheur in all the wide domain now embraced by Luzerne, Lackawanna and Wyoming Counties. Although of great age, her obstetrical practice as late as 1810 surpassed that of any physician in this portion of Pennsylvania. For attending a confinement case, no matter how distant the journey, how long or fatiguing the detention, this sturdy and faithful woman invariably charged one dollar for services rendered, although a larger fee was never refused if any one was able or rash enough to offer it."

By an earlier marriage at Sharon, N. Y., Mrs. Sprague was the mother of Phoebe Poyner Young. The latter was one of the fugitives from the massacre of Wyoming, and was one of a party of seven women and children who escaped down the river to Harrisburg in a canoe. Mrs. Young died in 1830 at the age of 89 years. Her recollections were largely used by the earlier historians of Wyoming Valley.

I quote from a newspaper article written a few years ago by the late Wesley Johnson:

"Mrs. Sprague was in all probability the first female doctor to practice medicine in these parts. I do not myself remember her, but often when I was a small boy, heard the old people speak of 'Granny Sprague' as a successful practitioner of midwifery and of the healing art among children. Mrs. Dr. Sprague's residence and office, which I well remember, was a one-story log house on the corner of Main and Union streets, then known as Granny Sprague's corner, where the Kesler block now stands. The old log house was demolished long years ago, but the cellar was plainly to be seen up to the time of erecting the present block of brick buildings. Mrs. Sprague was the mother of 'Aunt Young,' who lived in a small one-story frame house on Canal street, still standing, a short distance below Union street, who used to tell us boys how she often listened to the cry of wild cats and wolves in the swamp in front of her place, about where the line of several railroads pass up the valley."

AN EARTHLY PARADISE.

Miner says that 1772 was "a transition year, full of undefined pleasure flowing from the newness and freshness of the scene, a comparative sense of security, the exultation of having come off victorious, and the influx from Connecticut, when the beautiful valley must be shown to the new come wives and daughters who had been told so much of its loveliness. The year passed without civil suit or crime and may be considered as a season of almost unalloyed happiness."

Amid such joyous scenes what more natural than that our pioneer mothers should love and be loved. The first to

require the services of the new pastor who had come to Wilkes-Barre, was Miss Betsey Sill. The happy groom was Nathan Denison, a young man who was destined to play an important part in the settlement.

But the gladness and plenty in 1772 was to be followed by scarceness and sorrow in the succeeding year. The winter (of 1773) had made sorry inroads into the supply of provisions and in February men had to cross the mountains, fifty miles, to the Delaware for supplies. There were only rude roads and no bridges and the sufferings of those who had volunteered for the journey were intense.

The straitened housewife welcomed the arrival of spring, for she could abundantly supply her table with shad when the fishing season came. The spring brought food, but with it came a pestilence that filled the homes of some of the pioneer mothers of Wyoming with bitter anguish. Colonel Zebulon Butler lost his wife and his little son. They were both laid to rest on the Old Redoubt hill. This was his first wife, Miss Anna Lord of Lyme, Conn., whom he had married in 1760.

Who can tell the joy the women of the settlement must have experienced when in 1773 a grist mill was erected. Up to this time they had been restricted to the use of home-made flour and meal, ground from wheat or rye or corn in primitive mortars. The only milled flour they had was laboriously brought over from the settlement on the Delaware. The enterprising settler to whom the women owed so much was Nathan Chapman, who built a mill at the mouth of Mill Creek. The crude machinery was brought up the river in one of Mr. Hollenback's boats. Up to this time the women had no furniture except that which was chopped out of timber. The habitations were constructed of logs, for there was as yet no lumber in the settlement. But now a saw mill was erected and henceforth the good housewife could have tables and shelves, floors and many other things which her pioneer heart yearned for. The saw mill was erected on Mill Creek, just below Chapman's mill and it was the first saw mill whose

hum had ever been heard on the upper Susquehanna. This was in the fall of 1773.

A TORY ROMANCE.

This old Chapman mill had a little romance that entitles it to a place in a consideration of the pioneer women of Wyoming. Chapman sold his mill property to one Adonijah Stanbury, a Delaware man, whose course was such as to create suspicion that he was no friend to the Connecticut claimants, in short that he was an enemy in disguise. Our forefathers had the faculty of making things too hot for Tory suspects and they accordingly resorted to all sorts of annoyances to get rid of him.

At this juncture a young man, true to the Connecticut interest, fell in love with Stanbury's daughter, married her and bought the mill, the only one in Wyoming, from his father-in-law, who then made everybody happy by leaving the settlement.

In this year, 1773, the women of the little colony had an accession to their number in the person of the wife of the minister, Rev. Jacob Johnson. Her husband had come on the ground the year previous and in August, 1773, he was formally invited by the Wilkes-Barre settlers to locate among them as a preacher of the gospel. He came from Groton, Conn., his wife being Mary Giddings, who was of the same family as J. R. Giddings, the noted anti-slavery congressman. He was accompanied from Connecticut by his daughter, Lydia, who became the second wife of Col. Zebulon Butler.

Not only did the settlers provide for a gospel ministry, but the pioneer mothers were not compelled to see their children, even on this distant frontier, grow up in ignorance, for free schools were established, to be maintained at the public expense. As Miner says: "These votes, thus early in the settlement, passed in the midst of poverty and dangers, may be referred to by the descendants of these pilgrim fathers, [and I will add pilgrim mothers] with honest pride. They will remain to all enduring time monuments of religious zeal,

and their earnest desire to advance the intellectual and moral conditions of their children."

Two years of repose, (1772-1773) says Miner, present-ed no event more exciting than the ordinary occurrences of peace, domestic prosperity, unalloyed joy and gladness. Early in 1774 Connecticut assumed jurisdiction and Wyom-ing now became the town of Westmoreland, attached to the County of Litchfield, Conn. Advocates of law and order every one of them, this friendly action of the mother state filled them with enthusiasm. It stamped all their former claims as legal and right and they looked forward to a secure and happy future.

Miner says the state of pleasurable excitement of this period tinges the whole with romance. Contrasted with the ills that awaited them the lines of Gray recur:

"Fair laughs the morn, and the soft zephyr blows,
While proudly rowing o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes.
Youth on the Prow and Pleasure at the helm,
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey."

The year 1775 witnessed a continuance of prosperity. The housewife was no longer handicapped by the pioneer methods of earlier days. Her husband, thanks to his in-dustry and a prolific virgin soil, was able to furnish an abundance of food and there was plenty of wool which she might spin and weave into garments, not very ornamental, but strong and serviceable, sufficient for her family's needs. Cattle and sheep grazed on the hillsides and there was plenty of milk, butter, cheese, beef and mutton. Her children now had schools provided and on Sunday—a strictly Puritan Sab-bath,—she and her husband and little ones could attend the preaching services. But as yet there were prowling savages on the mountains and the men must perforce carry their fire-arms, whenever they ventured away from home.

The rigid Puritanism of that early day is well shown by the fact that a pioneer woman, Mary Pritchard, is recorded on the court dockets, as having been taken before a magis-trate (1782) and compelled to pay a fine of 5 shillings for

the offense of going unnecessarily from her domicile on the Lord's Day. Verily the times have changed.

The strictness of the New England Sabbath was the subject of considerable satire elsewhere. In an old poem it was said that God had thought one day in seven sufficient for rest, but in New England men had improved on this and set apart a day and a half :

“ And let it be enacted further still,
That all our people strict obey our will ;
Five days and half shall men and women too
Attend their business and their mirth pursue.
But after that no man without a fine
Shall walk the streets or at a tavern dine.
One day and a half 'tis requisite to rest
From toilsome labor and a tempting feast.
No barber, foreign or domestic bred,
Shall e'er presume to dress a lady's head ;
No shop shall spare, half the preceding day,
A yard of riband or an ounce of tea.
Henceforth let none, on peril of their lives,
Attempt a journey or embrace their wives ”

OUTBREAK OF THE REVOLUTION.

The outbreak of the Revolution was the signal for a patriotic response on the part of the settlers at Wyoming and in town meeting. It was voted to propose a truce with the Pennsylvania claimants, that both sides might join in the common defense of their country. We can rest assured that the pioneer women of Wyoming had a part in urging this patriotic step and in joining their husbands in preparations for war against the oppression of the mother country.

In 1775 the women of Wyoming had their attention drawn from their own troubles to the distress of other women less fortunate than themselves. The olive branch which the Connecticut settlers had offered to the Pennsylvania claimants, in order that both might join for the defense of their common liberty, resulted to a large extent in a suspension of hostilities, but did not do so entirely. A proprietary expedition under Plunkett had been sent to destroy the settlement of Connecticut people on the West Branch. The expedition accomplished all that was hoped. The buildings were burned, the spoils divided among the captors, the men

imprisoned at Sunbury jail, while the women and children made their way through the forest as best they could to the nearest settlement, which was Wyoming. And there the fugitives received that succor of which they so much stood in need. The hospitality of the women of Wyoming was unstinted and these poor creatures, whose homes were destroyed and husbands imprisoned, had their sufferings mitigated in a manner that brought great cheer to their aching hearts.

Plukett next turned his attention toward the North Branch and in the dead of winter sent an expedition to subdue Wyoming. Congress sought by a resolution to put a stop to the movement, as the common safety was imperiled, but Plunkett was so flushed by his victory on the West Branch that he could not be dissuaded from advancing. It need only be said that the Wyoming settlers were ready for him, and having entrenched themselves three hundred strong in the rocks of the Nanticoke Gap, Plunkett's expedition was ignominiously defeated and driven back down the river in utter confusion with loss of life on both sides.

Just how many were widowed or orphaned by this engagement is not recorded, but there were several widows who were left in such straightened circumstances that funds had to be raised by public subscription for their assistance. These were the widows Baker, Franklin and Ensign. There may have been others whose circumstances were such that they would not require public aid. Miner thinks our people had six or eight killed and thrice that many wounded. The sorrow in the homes of the women of Wyoming, thus caused by this heartless invasion in the interest of the Pennsylvania land owners, can be better imagined than described.

We, who enjoy the blessings of immunity from the small-pox through so simple a measure as vaccination, can have little conception of the horror of the situation when that dreaded malady became epidemic in the Wyoming settlement, as it did in the summer of 1777. The women had to fight the disease at a disadvantage, being deprived of the assistance of their husbands and sons, who were away in the

Revolutionary service. A citizen of the valley, Jeremiah Ross, had become exposed to the disease in Philadelphia and his sickness, after his return to Wilkes-Barre, was speedily fatal. From this one case the disease became epidemic and pesthouses were established, half a mile from traveled roads. To these houses all who were to be inoculated had to repair and remain there until recovery. To what extent the disorder prevailed there is no way of knowing, though the prompt measures employed and vigorously enforced prevented its serious spread.

WYOMING A DEFENSELESS OUTPOST.

The year of 1777 closed with nearly all the able bodied men of Wyoming away in the public service. The remainder, in dread of the savages, were building stockades, and this without compensation. The aged men were formed into companies. Small-pox was abroad. Connecticut had made a levy of £2,000. A gloomy outlook indeed. Yet at a town meeting a measure was adopted which challenges admiration. At a meeting legally warned and held December 30, 1777, it was voted to supply the soldiers' wives and the soldiers' widows with the necessaries of life.

It may be interesting to note some of the prices prevailing at that time, such as would affect our pioneer women.

Yarn stockings, a pair	10s.
Spinning women, per week	6s.
Beef, a pound	7d.
Good dinner at tavern	2s.
Metheglin, per gallon	7s
Shad, apiece	6d.
Yard wide check flannel	8s.
Yard wide white flannel	5s.
Yard wide tow and linen	6s.
Eggs, per dozen	8d.

Justice and gratitude demand a tribute to the praiseworthy spirit of the wives and daughters of Wyoming. While their husbands and fathers were on public duty, the women cheerfully assumed a large portion of such labor as they could do. They planted, made hay and husked corn.

Besides this they leached their ashes for making saltpetre with which to produce gun powder for the public defense. For be it remembered that the companies enlisted in Wyoming had to furnish their own arms and ammunition. Mr. Hollenback had brought a large mortar to the settlement and in this saltpetre, charcoal and sulphur were pounded up together so as to make powder. This description of the making of powder was given Mr. Miner by Mrs. Bethia Jenkins, an eye witness.

As the season advanced, the women and children were put in great peril by the threatened invasion of British and Indians from Niagara, and the officers and men in Washington's army pleaded to be allowed leave of absence that they might hasten to the defense of their families. On the ground that the public safety required their presence at the front the permission was not granted. As Miner says: "History affords no parallel of the pertinacious detention of men under such circumstances." Wives wrote to their husbands, begging them to come home and many responded to the piteous call, though unable to obtain permission to do so. Who can blame them for placing the pleadings of wife and children above the cruel order of their superiors to remain at the front. Their fears were only too well founded, the threatened invasion came and some of the brave patriots who hastened home, fell in the fore front of the battle of that memorable year. Congress at last recognized the peril and ordered troops to Wyoming, but it was too late.

MASSACRE OF WYOMING.

Meanwhile as news of the invasion came, all was excitement in the Wyoming settlement and our pioneer mothers clasped their children in their arms and sought refuge in the stockades, trembling with dreadful apprehension. "Care sat on every brow and fear on many a heart too firm to allow a breath of apprehension to escape from the lips. The fields were waving with an abundant harvest, but the people were like a covey of partridges, cowering beneath a flock of blood scenting vultures, that soared above, ready to pounce on their prey; or like a flock of sheep huddled to-

gether in their pen, while the prowling wolves, already sent their impatient howl across the fields, eager for their victims."

It is not necessary to recount the already oft told story of the battle, other than to attempt to arrange the scanty material which is to be had concerning the part which the women took. It is related that after the enemy had invaded the valley, Daniel Ingersoll, who was at Wintermoot stockade, made preparations for resistance. His wife was cast in as heroic mold as himself and she seized the only weapon available, a pitchfork, to assist her husband. The Wintermoots at this juncture, suspected heretofore of sympathy with the British cause, now threw off their mask. Ingersoll was told that the British Butler would be a welcome visitor at the Wintermoot stockade, and releasing the wife, the husband was made a prisoner.

Forty Fort being the largest stockade in the valley, the women and children were there assembled. There they remained while the battle was in progress. As the brave defenders of the settlement marched out to the unequal conflict, their chief anxiety was for their wives and children.

"Men," said Col. Zebulon Butler, after he had formed the line of battle, "yonder is the enemy. The fate of the Hardings tells us what we have to expect if defeated. We come out to fight, not only for liberty, but for life itself, and what is dearer, to preserve our homes from conflagration, our women and children from the tomahawk. Every man to his duty."

Of the four hundred Connecticut men in the fight, less than one hundred came out alive. The British commander officially reported the taking of two hundred and twenty-seven scalps, and some of the fugitives what had taken to the river were shot and their scalps not obtained.

At Forty Fort the bank of the Susquehanna was lined with trembling wives and mothers awaiting the issue. How their hearts must have been wrung with anguish as the distant firing subsided and they learned of the defeat from the rapidly increasing number of fugitives. No sooner had the

tidings of the slaughter become known than the inhabitants of the settlement prepared for immediate flight. Such as were not ready to join the first fugitives sought refuge at the stockades, principally Forty Fort, where the women and children were guarded by Col. Denison's few soldiers. Many fled without waiting to prepare food, consequently great suffering ensued. The several paths to the eastward were crowded with terror stricken fugitives. There were four avenues of escape open to them:

1. The Warrior's Path, which left the lower part of the valley and crossing the mountain reached the settlements by the way of the Lehigh River. A party of one hundred women and children taking this route had but a single man to lead the way and otherwise protect them.

2. The route over the Wilkes-Barre Mountain and through the "Shades of Death," to the Delaware River, afterwards the Wilkes-Barre and Easton turnpike. Most of the fugitives took this route. This was one of the paths by which the settlers had come to the valley, and which was opened as a military road by Sullivan's army in the year following the battle.

3. To the Delaware by way of Cobb's Gap at Lackawaxen passing where Scranton now stands.

4. Perhaps a thousand persons went by boats or rafts or on land down the Susquehanna. A letter written to the Executive Council of Pennsylvania by William Maclay, nine days after the battle, contained these words: "At Sunbury I saw such scenes of distress as I never saw before. The river and roads leading down it were crowded with men, women and children fleeing for their lives."

The number of men, women and children who fled from Wyoming was not far from three thousand. "The terrible odds of the conflict," says Wilcox, "while not positively known, had been feared by all. And while husbands and fathers and sons made preparations for the battle, mothers and children anticipated the worst and prepared for flight."

Miner thus graphically recounts the start: "A few who had escaped came rushing into Wilkes-Barre fort,

where trembling with anxiety the women and children were gathered awaiting the dread issue. The appalling news of the disaster proclaim their utter destitution. They fly to the mountains, evening is approaching, the victorious hell-hounds are opening on their track. They look back on the valley—all around the flames are kindling; they cast their eyes on the range of the battlefield; numerous fires speak their own horrid purpose. They loiter! The exulting yell of the savages strikes the ear! A shriek of agonizing woe! Who is the sufferer? Is it the husband of one who is gazing? The father of her children? Their flight was a scene of widespread and harrowing sorrow. Their dispersion being an hour of the wildest terror, the people were scattered singly, in pairs, in larger groups, as chance separated them or threw them together in that sad hour of distress. Yet the mind pictures to itself a single group, flying from the valley to the mountains on the east and climbing the steep ascent, hurrying onward, filled with terror, despair and sorrow. The affrighted mother whose husband had fallen—an infant on her bosom, a child by the hand, an aged parent slowly climbing the rugged steep behind; in the rustle of every leaf they hear the approaching savage, a dark and dreary wilderness is before them, their beloved valley all in flames behind them, their dwellings and harvests all swept away in this flood of ruin, the star of hope quenched in this blood shower of savage vengeance.”

The widow Abbott and her nine children fled down the river to Catawissa and then taking to the mountains made their way, nearly three hundred miles, to their former home in Windham County, Conn.

More than twenty mothers were called on to lose two or more loved ones in the battle.

Some of these terror stricken women gave birth to children in their flight through the wilderness.

A Mrs. Truesdale was one of these. She and her babe were placed on a horse in a rude sling and compelled by force of circumstances to follow the flying throng. Mrs. Jabez Fish and her children hastened on, supposing her hus-

band to have been killed. Overcome with fatigue and want her infant died. There was no way to dig a grave, and to leave it to be devoured by wolves seemed worse than death, so she took the dead babe in her arms and carried it twenty miles, when she came to a German settlement. Though poor they gave her food, decently buried the child and bade her welcome till she should be rested.

Mrs. Ebenezer Marcy was taken in labor in the wilderness and dragged herself along on foot until overtaken by a neighbor with a horse.

Mrs. Rogers, an aged woman from Plymouth, flying with her family, died in the mountains and was given burial there.

Mrs. Courtright related that she, a young girl, flying with her father's family, saw sitting by the roadside a widow who had learned of the death of her husband. Six children were on the ground near her. They were without food until she was seen by Matthias Hollenback, who had loaded his horse with bread at the settlement and was hastening toward Wyoming on one of the paths that the fugitives would be apt to take.

Among those who sought safety in flight was Mrs. Anderson Dana and her daughter, Mrs. Stephen Whiton, a bride of but a few days, who did not learn of the deaths of their husbands until they had arrived at Bullock's, where now stands the road-house known as Searfoss's, or Seven-Mile Jake's. It was there that many heard the dreadful details of the day's disaster, and learned for the first time as to who had fallen in the bloody battle. Mrs. Dana, not only had provided food for her flying family, but she carried with her many of her husband's valuable papers, he being engaged in the public business.

Among the fugitives was the family of Elisha Blackman. A daughter of the latter had lost her husband, Darius Spofford, to whom she had but recently been married. Spofford, mortally wounded, fell into the arms of his brother, Phineas. "Brother," he said, "I am mortally hurt. Take care of Lavina."

Picture if you can the dreadful anguish that wrung the heart of Mrs. Jonathan Weeks. Seven members of her household perished in the fight. Her sons, Philip, John, Bartholomew, Silas Benedict, husband of her grand-daughter, two relatives named Jabez Beers and Josiah Carman, and Robert Bates, a boarder, that night all lay dead on the field of battle. Mr. and Mrs. Weeks were allowed by the Indians to depart, but all their buildings were burned.

At Jenkins Fort the prisoners were searched and all valuables taken from them. Mrs. Richart says that Elizabeth, wife of John Gardner, had some silver spoons in her pocket. During the search she adroitly slipped them into the waistband of one of the men who had been searched. They are still kept as precious heirlooms by her descendants, the Polen family of Pittston.

We must not forget Mrs. Obadiah Gore, who had five sons and two sons-in-law in the battle. Her husband, too old to bear arms, was in the fort. At night five of the seven lay dead on the fatal field. Three of her sons were slain and two of her daughters were widows. One of the latter had an infant born soon after she reached Connecticut.

Mrs. Elihu Williams lost two sons in the battle and when a few weeks later her husband ventured back from Connecticut in the hope of saving a part of his harvest, he was killed by Indians. The widow was left with five children.

Mrs. John Abbott was similarly widowed at the same time by her husband falling by the side of Elihu Williams, a short distance above Mill Creek. She and her nine little children subsequently returned and occupied the farm where her husband fell.

Mention should be made of Sarah, daughter of Dr. William Hooker Smith. She became the wife of James Sutton and it was to her vivid recollection of events that Miner was so much indebted for materials for his history of Wyoming. She was in the fort at the time of the battle. Her sister Susannah married Dr. Lemuel Gustin, who, like Dr. Smith, was one of the earliest physicians in the settle-

ment, and she died a few days previous to the battle. You can see her epitaph in Forty Fort Cemetery.

Twelve women and children were accompanied through the wilderness by William Searle, whose wife and nine children comprised most of the party. They had been detained after the capitulation on the fourth until the seventh, and then given liberty to leave the settlement. They were a week getting to the Delaware, a distance of about sixty miles, and eighteen days passed before they reached their former homes in Stonington, Conn.

It is related that Mrs. Stephen Harding, whose two sons had been killed by the approaching savage horde the day before the battle, with her own hands prepared her dead sons for burial. The interment was witnessed by the British and Indians.

What a honey-moon was that of Bethia Harris, wife of Colonel Jenkins, whom she had married ten days before the massacre. She was left in Jenkins Fort when her husband hastened away to join the brave defenders at Forty Fort. Like all the other women the Indians robbed her of all her garments except chemise and petticoat. Under a flag of truce she went over the battle-field the day after the battle and found the dead body of her cousin Jonathan Otis, and also the husband of her cousin, Mercy Otis. The latter and her six children were among the fugitives to Connecticut. Mrs. Bethia Jenkins was a true patriot. She assisted the cause of liberty by molding bullets and helping to make powder for the use of the soldiers.

A story is told by Mrs. Richart which is too marvelous for ordinary belief. It is to the effect that Captain Stephen Gardner's wife had a vision in which their daughter in Connecticut, who had married just as they left for Wyoming, appeared to her with a babe in her arms. She said she herself was dead and she desired the baby to be given to the grandmother. As a sign of the reality of the vision she touched the wrist of the grandmother and left a mark thereon which could never be effaced. The grandmother went to Connecticut and found that every thing had happened as told in the vision. The child was gently reared by its pious

grandmother and became the wife of a Methodist clergyman. Mrs. Richart informs us that this story of the supernatural is universally believed among all the numerous families descending from this godly grandmother.

After the surrender the Indians began to plunder, and the British colonel, John Butler, was unable to restrain them. A young woman at this juncture helped to save what little remained of the public funds. Growing more insolent, the savages seized Col. Denison's hat and then demanded his frock. In the pocket were what remained of the military funds of the settlement. Obligated to give it up under threat of being tomahawked, he slipped it over his head in such a way as to give a young woman of his family, who was present, an opportunity of adroitly taking out the purse and saving it from the insolent savage.

It was deemed best for Col. Zebulon Butler and the few surviving Revolutionary soldiers to hastily retire from the valley. The soldiers, who numbered only fourteen, withdrew down the river, while Col. Zebulon Butler took his wife on horseback behind him, and they made their escape across the mountains to the Lehigh by way of the Conyngham Valley. This was the wife of his second marriage, Lydia, daughter of Rev. Jacob Johnson. Not all the settlers succeeded in getting away at once and it is recorded that one hundred and eighty women and children with thirteen men, having been detained by the Indians and plundered, were sent off in one company a few days after the battle, suffering for shoes, clothing and food. In the meantime the Indians desolated the valley with the torch.

A farewell that wrung a woman's heart was that between John Gardner and his wife. He was to be carried into captivity and his wife and children were permitted to take leave of him. He was then led away, the Indians compelling him to carry a heavy load of plunder, which afterwards proved too great for his strength. As if to punish him for his bodily weakness, and perhaps afraid that he would be a hindrance, he was turned over to the squaws, who tortured him to death with fire. This is vouched for by a fellow-captive, Daniel Carr.

As the savages withdrew from the valley, they left a trail of fire and blood. At Capouse, now Scranton, Mr. Hickman, his wife and child were slain.

Six miles up the Lackawanna lived two families, Leach and St. John. The men were killed. One of them was carrying a child, which, with strange inconsistency, the Indian took up and handed to the mother, all covered with the father's blood. Scalping the men the Indians departed, leaving the agonized widows to make their way through the wilderness as best they could.

It was autumn before the dead could be buried. Indians continued to sweep down from the mountains and murder individual settlers, who had made so bold as to return in the hope of saving some of the crops. Among the atrocities was the butchery of the Utley family near Nescopeck, Nov. 19. Not only were the three men killed, but the savages murdered and scalped the aged mother.

The capture of Frances Slocum, the lost sister of Wyoming, properly belongs to this paper, but as it is such a familiar story, I will not go into details. Suffice it to say that three Indians, Nov. 2, 1778, came stealthily into the valley and approached the house occupied by the family of Jonathan Slocum, the site now being occupied by Lee's planing mill, corner of North and Canal streets. Having killed a young man of the household, named Nathan Kingsley, the Indians carried off little Frances, then a child of five years, whom the mother was never to see again, and who was not to be found by her family until she was old and wrinkled, and so completely transformed into an Indian that she could not be persuaded to return to her brothers in civilization. In a little more than a month Mrs. Slocum lost her beloved child, her doorway had been drenched in blood by the murder of an inmate of the family, Nathan Kingsley, Jr., two others of the household had been taken away prisoners, and now her cup of bitterness was not only filled but made to overflow by the cruel killing of her father and father-in-law, (Isaac Tripp). Verily, says Miner, the annals of Indian atrocities written in blood, record few instances of desolation and woe equal to this.

Mrs. Thaddeus Williams, a Connecticut woman, whose family lived near the fort, had a narrow escape. Indians attacked the house and wounded her sick husband, but her sons made a gallant defense and repelled the savages.

With reference to the presence of Sullivan's army the following summer, there is little mention of women. The diaries of Sullivan's officers record that on July 13, 1779, the encampment was visited by Col. Butler, Capt. Spalding and several ladies. When Sullivan's army passed through Wyoming several widows applied to the commander for bread.

One September day (1779), when Sullivan's army was up in the Genesee region crushing the Six Nations, there came into his camp a white woman who had been captured by the Indians at Wyoming the previous year. She carried her babe with her. Her name has not come down to us. It was near there and at that time that Luke Swetland, another Wyoming captive, escaped from the Indians and made his way to Sullivan's camp.

Mrs. Mehitable Bidlack, who had lost a son, Capt. James Bidlack, in the Wyoming battle, applied to the war office to release from service her son Benjamin, then in the army, he being needed at home for her protection and support. The petition was refused on the ground that the public service required every available man.

In 1780 the Indians were again making incursions into Wyoming, bent on murder and pillage. Among the captives was Abram Pike, the famous Indian killer, who was taken while he and his wife were in the woods making sugar. Pike was carried off, but his wife and child were allowed to go to the settlements. It was her husband and Moses Van Campen who rose on their captors one night, killed several and made their escape.

One of the most distressing of our Wyoming tragedies is that in which the wife of Lieut. Rosewell Franklin of Hanover Township figures as a central victim. It was in the spring of 1782. The Indians, who several months before had carried two of her sons into captivity, again made a raid on Hanover Township and carried off Mrs. Franklin and her four remaining children, first burning the house to ashes.

The marauding Indians were pursued as quickly as a party could be formed and they were overtaken about sixty miles up the river. In the encounter which ensued the Indians shot Mrs. Franklin to death and made off with the baby, the three other children escaping to their rescuers. Mrs. Franklin was buried in the woods and the baby was never heard of after.

In October, 1780, the settlement witnessed an event that caused great joy and festivity. It was the marriage of Naomi Sill (sister of Mrs. Col. Denison), to Capt. John Paul Schott, who was stationed at Wyoming with his rifle corps. In accordance with the custom, the bans had previously been published. A few months later, January, 1781, the bans were again published, this time for Joseph Kinney and Sarah Spalding. The bride was the daughter of Simon Spalding, captain of the Connecticut Independent Company. It may be said of the groom that he was wont to controvert the idea that the sun was a ball of fire, whose heat could be radiated to give warmth to the distant planets. It is worthy of note that his view has its defenders to-day.

It is interesting to note that in the assessment for 1781 only two owners of watches are returned, and one of these is a woman, Sarah Durkee. The other fortunate possessor of a time-piece was Capt. John Franklin. Each watch was valued at one and a half pounds.

The summer of 1781 was made memorable by an outbreak of typhus fever, which, added to the commonly prevalent malarial fevers, made many a housewife's heart ache. Among the pioneer women who fell victims to the dreaded typhus was Lydia, the second wife of Col. Zebulon Butler.

June 9, 1781, a party of twelve Indians made an attack on a blockhouse at Buttonwood in Hanover Township, three miles below the Wilkes-Barre Fort. In the gallant defense the women aided the men with alacrity and spirit.

That domestic life was even in those early days not always blissful is shown by the fact that one pioneer woman in 1781 obtained a divorce from her husband.

Women had to insist on their rights. One Susannah Reynolds (whose husband Christopher, is said by Miner, to have been killed in the battle of 1778) had an action brought against her by Jabez Sill to recover a property upon which it was alleged she was a trespasser, but the court, whether from considerations of justice or gallantry we do not know, decided that the property was hers.

In July, 1781, Mrs. George Larned was carried into captivity from her home, on what was afterwards the Easton turnpike, leading from Wilkes-Barre to the Delaware. The agonized woman had seen the savages kill and scalp her husband, George Larned and his father, and her own baby, an infant of four months, had been torn from her arms and killed before her very eyes.

Throughout the entire Revolutionary war Indians devastated Wyoming Valley with fire and hatchet, but the close of that great struggle witnessed no cessation of suffering for the Connecticut settlers. The Proprietary Government, which no longer had to fight a foreign enemy, now turned with ferocity upon the Connecticut settlers, who were already impoverished by war. But instead of pitying them in their distress, the entire power of Pennsylvania was turned against them after the prolonged strife was supposed to be ended by the Decree of Trenton in December, 1783. Petition to the General Assembly of Pennsylvania was in vain. "Our houses are desolate," they said, many mothers are childless, widows and orphans are multiplied, our habitations are destroyed and many families are reduced to beggary." The Assembly replied by sending more troops to oppress their already sadly harrassed people. They were told they must give up their lands, though a concession was made that the widows of those who had been killed by the savages might retain possession for two years, at the end of which time they must vacate. The women of Wyoming were even subjected to the hardship of having the soldiers billeted upon them. Mrs. Col. Zebulon Butler (his third wife, Phoebe Haight, whom he married in Connecticut a year before,) was com-

pelled to board twenty of the troops. But the climax of the Pennamite cruelty was reached in May, 1784, when the soldiery obliterated the Connecticut boundaries by destroying the fences and at the point of the bayonet dispossessed all the Connecticut claimants. "Unable to make any resistance the people implored for leave to remove either up or down the river in boats, as, with their wives and children, it would be impossible to travel on the bad roads of that day. Their request was refused and they were compelled to go across to the Delaware through sixty miles of wilderness. About five hundred men, women and children thus made their way to Connecticut, mostly on foot, the road being impassable for wagons. Mothers, carrying their infants, literally waded streams, the water reaching to their armpits. Old men hobbled along on canes and crutches. Little children, tired with traveling, crying to their mothers for bread, which they could not give them, sunk from exhaustion into slumber, while the mothers could only shed tears of sorrow and compassion, till in sleep they forgot their griefs and cares. One child died and the mother buried it beneath a log." Seven long days and nights were occupied in making the sixty miles to the Delaware. When reached this was less than half way to the nearest border of Connecticut.

Years ago, when the old burying ground on Market street was abandoned, there was found what is the oldest grave stone of which we have any record. It was a rude mountain stone and marked the grave of a pioneer woman of Wyoming. It was deposited in the Historical Society, but cannot now be found. Fortunately I took a copy of it and this early epitaph read as follows:

HERE LIE
THE BODDEY OF
ELIZABETH
PARKS SHE
DIED MAY THE
7th A. D., 1776
AGED 24.

It would be interesting to know who she was.

There was a William Park, a brother-in-law of Capt. Obadiah Gore, who came to Wyoming with the Connecticut settlers in 1769. The family was from Plainfield. Some matter concerning the Park family is found in the Harvey Book, page 307.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

The prevailing characteristics of the pioneer women of Wyoming were industry and frugality. Labor was honorable in all and there were few, if any, artificial distinctions. Each woman was as good as her neighbor, provided she behaved as well. Nearly all the people were farmers and in the earlier days each housewife had to depend largely on herself for articles necessary to family use. The men raised flax and wool and the women dressed it, spun it and wove it. Each family became a little manufacturing center for making materials suitable for clothing and we may imagine how the women vied with one another in spinning, weaving, dyeing and in making the materials into clothing, linen, bedding and other necessary articles. Nearly every family had its patch of flax and in the fall came the pulling, rotting breaking, swingling and combing. Without this homemade linen they could not have sheets, or pillowslips, or towels, or handkerchiefs, or shirts or dresses. Many women took in flax to spin and the buzzing of the linen-wheel was music in the humble kitchen. Neighbors often carried their linen-wheels and flax when they went visiting. When the cloth was woven it was bucked and belted with a wooden beetle on a smooth flat stone, then it was washed and spread out on the grass or bushes to bleach. Sometimes young women made "all tow," "tow and linen," or "all linen stuff," to barter for their wedding outfits.

The women carded wool with hand cards and in order to lighten their burden and furnish social diversion resort was had to "carding bees," or "wool breakings." It was woven in hand looms. The common color was "sheep's grey," the wool of a black sheep and that of a white one being carded, spun and woven together. This was used mostly for men's wear. Out of the finer wool could be

made gowns and undergarments for the women and children. The women in winter wore a heavy woolen cloth called baize, dyed with green or red. Sometimes they made heavy waled cloth and dyed it with bark at home. Later indigo came as a great convenience and the blue frock was the best and handiest of garments. It was whole in front, put on over the head, came below the knees and was gathered about the waist with a belt. So generally was it worn that it was said that when the minister prayed at town meeting a square acre of blue frocking rose up before him. If the housewife was not skilled in making garments she could get help from the itinerant tailor, who was an adept at cutting and fitting. There were also itinerant cobblers, who carried their kits about the country making or repairing shoes. The pioneer mother made for her husband and sons caps of the pelts of rabbits, woodchucks or other animals and lappets were sewed on to protect the ears. Occasionally a hat was made of home-made felt.

Neatness was the characteristic of the early Wyoming home. The floors, after they were so far advanced as to get smooth floors, were scoured white and kept sanded. The shelves gleamed with mugs, basins and platters, all of shining pewter scoured with rushes. Their home-made towels, sheets and pillow cases were of spotless purity. In the yawning fire place were crane and andirons and pothooks.

Of paint there was none. Earthenware had to be brought from England and was rare. To meet this want home-made wooden ware was largely in use, turned with lathes.

The walls, mostly of logs, were unadorned with pictures. In their stead the powder-horn and leather shot-bag hung on their pegs, and the shot gun rested in the forked branches of a deer's horns, fastened up with wooden pins. Overhead supported by iron hooks in the beams were poles on which were hung hats, stockings, mittens, cloth and yarn. In the autumn they were festooned with strings of quartered apples or cubes of pumpkin.

The water had to be brought from well or spring. Fires were not easily kindled or kept. There were no friction

matches. Each night before retiring some live hardwood coals must be buried in the ashes. Should there be no live embers in the morning, they had to be obtained from some neighbor, often at a considerable distance. With a live coal and some dry kindlings and bellows it was an easy matter to quickly obtain a roaring fire. If the live coal was not obtainable recourse must be had to the flint and steel tinder box, reinforced perhaps by a few shavings previously dipped in melted brimstone. How they managed in midwinter, with only a single open fire, to keep from freezing will ever remain a mystery. What little light was needed, when people went to bed so early, was obtained from tallow dips, though many a family had not even these and must depend on the light from the hearth. Many a studious youth has gotten his inspiration from the generous blaze of the open fire. It is said of these open fire places that they carried the greater part of the heat up the chimney and when the wind was wrong sent half the smoke into the room.

Clocks and watches were scarce. Some people had sun dials and others built their houses square with the sun that they might always be certain of the noon hour.

Each family had to depend on itself for tallow, beeswax, cider and soft soap and each was expected to take turn in entertaining the school master when he went boarding round.

The women and girls could drive oxen, hold plow, plant potatoes, hoe corn and cut kindling wood as well as the men when occasion required.

At first the facilities for cooking were very primitive, and cooking had to be done at the open fire places, for as yet there were no stoves. From an iron crane in the fire place hung pots and kettles for boiling. Frying was done in a pan over a bed of hot coals raked out upon the hearth. Bread was often baked in a kettle.

Venison, bear, woodchuck, wild turkey or domestic meat was roasted in front of the open fire, suspended from a stout cord attached to the mantel piece, a dripping pan placed below to catch the savory juices. The housewife or one of her children revolved the meat, so as to cook it evenly all around. Potatoes were roasted in the hot ashes. In the old

brightly scoured tin kitchen johnny-cake was baked. Food was plain. Salt pork and potatoes were the staples. Shad was abundant. The housewife was often hard pushed to furnish a variety. Bean porridge was in great favor and it is recorded somewhere that when the goodman was going away in the winter to work with his team, the wife would make a bean porridge, freeze it, with a string, so he could hang it on one of the sled stakes, and when he was hungry he would break off a piece and eat it. Bread and milk or mush and milk were much used. In the earlier days there were few tablecloths, tumblers, cups or saucers and not many knives or forks.

Recreation was almost unknown and of amusements there were very few. Occasionally the young people had spelling matches, sugar boilings, husking frolics or apple cuts, rarely a dance, and the more staid of the matrons had tea drinking and quilting parties.

There was little or no money in circulation. Debts were paid in labor or farm produce and at long intervals accounts were rendered and the balance carried forward on the book until another reckoning was had.

In those days the pioneer mother usually had a large family and nearly always she was doctor, nurse, cook and teacher.

SOME REFLECTIONS.

It has not been convenient to weave into a connected whole the material which I have presented, and it is therefore a mere bundle of fragmentary jottings, not possessing even the merit of chronological order. It has been limited as far as could be, to the first settlement and to Wyoming's great tragedy of 1778, with special reference to the part which women played, though the general facts have been made familiar by historians and poets to all the world. It is by no means a complete recital of woman's work, in fact I have been embarrassed with a wealth of interesting materials from which to choose and found the difficulty to be in the task of condensation.

While we rehearse some of the privations of those stirring times we need not be ashamed of the fact that our recital deals largely with the annals of the poor. Our ancestors came to the Susquehanna with but little of this world's goods and they had to wrest a living from the soil and against the heavy odds of a hostile Proprietary Government, and an implacable savage foe. The stories of poverty and privations and the sorrows and sufferings which have come down to us, have doubtless not been exaggerated.

The vast deposits of coal which in our time have made this valley a busy hive of industry and brought millions of dollars of wealth and made us all a highly favored people were then unsuspected. Here in the wilderness of Pennsylvania our fathers planted a little republic that made and executed its own laws, a little republic whose allegiance to Connecticut brought on a civil strife which lasted nearly a third of a century and wet these fair plains many times with the blood of patriots who were willing to die if need be for that home to which in the sight of God they felt they had a right to bring their wives and little ones. Though our present county of Luzerne is only a small portion of what was originally styled Wyoming, it yet has a population larger than that of either Delaware, Idaho, Montana, Nevada or Wyoming. Although our ancestors were poor, it does not follow that they were ignorant. On the contrary they were keen, intelligent, hardheaded men, who made the most of such advantages as they had. Their little libraries were well read, and as early as 1777 they established post routes between Wyoming and Connecticut for the carrying of letters and newspapers, one trip every two weeks, the same being maintained by private subscription. Stewart Pearce relates that during the Pennamite war, the wife of Lieutenant John Jameson left Wyoming for Easton, where her father, Major Prince Alden, and upwards of twenty other Connecticut settlers were held as prisoners. As there was no mail route, she secreted in her hair-dressing letters for the prisoners, and though intercepted on the way by Pennamite soldiers and examined, her precious consignment of letters escaped detection.

For years the pioneer women of Wyoming lived in constant fear of attacks from marauding bands of Indians. When their husbands went to the fields to work, carrying their guns with them, these mothers spent the hours in fear lest their protectors should be slain by Indians in ambush. We have seen how often this occurred and how the pioneer mother in our fair valley was never free from the haunting fear that her children might wander for a moment from her sight and fall a prey to savage cruelty.

Living as we do, surrounded by every comfort, we cannot realize the isolation and the self-dependence of our pioneer mothers. They had made the toilsome journey from Connecticut, through the forest to this promised land, over roads that were mere bridle paths and which had no bridges to span the streams. Almost no stores, few vehicles and only rare communication with the mother colony. She must provide her own remedies for times of sickness, supply her husband and children with garments of her own spinning and making, bake corn bread from meal of her own pounding and attend to a multitude of other domestic duties, and yet so little with which to do it all as to make us wonder how she ever did so much.

Words cannot adequately picture the privations of the pioneer women of Wyoming, and we do well to venerate their memories. It is to them we owe a debt of gratitude for having helped win from the wilderness such a heritage for us as that which we now possess. They died that we might live and we can best glorify their memory by emulating their virtues.

