

REFERENCE



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CENTENNIAL HISTORY

OF

MONROE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.

—BY WILLIAM S. REES.

On the first settlement of the Province (now State) of Pennsylvania, three original Counties were established, as follows: Bucks, Chester and Philadelphia, and on the 11th day of March 1752, Northampton, (old mother Northampton) was formed from a part of Bucks. Out of the territory taken from Bucks at that time, there have been formed 5 Counties and part of the 6th. Consequently the County of Northampton got the name of mother of Counties "Old Mother Northampton." One hundred years ago, March 21st, 1776, the first County was formed from Northampton, and was named after one of the Generals then fighting for our liberty and Independence, General Anthony Wayne, (called Mad Anthony Wayne, or, the fighting Quaker, of Chester County, Pa.) March 1st, 1811, Schuylkill County was formed from parts of Northampton and Berks; and Lehigh was formed from Northampton on the 6th day of March, 1812. During the second war, about one year after the death of General Zebulon Montgomery Pike, (one of the Generals of our second war) on the 26th day March, 1814, Pike County was formed from the County of Wayne, and on "All fools day" April 1st 1839, Monroe (the namesake of President Monroe) was formed from part of Northampton and Pike, therefore our County originated from "Little Pike" and "Old Mother Northampton," with "Old Bucks" one of the original Counties for Grandfather. The presumption is the first settlement within the boundaries of the State of Pennsylvania, was in what is now the County of Monroe, at Shawnee, by the Low Dutch or Hollanders (probably descendants of the Dutch that took Holland). In 1787 Samuel Preston of Wayne County, went on his first surveying tour into Northampton County, at that time he was Deputy under John Lukens, Surveyor General and received from him his instructions, and also the following account or narrative in regard to the settlement above Kittanning, or Blue Mountains: "That the settlement was made a long time before it was known to the government in Philadelphia. That when government was informed of the settlement, they passed a law, in 1720, that any purchases of the Indians should be void, and the purchasers indicted for forcible entry and detainer, according to the laws of

England. That in 1730 they appointed an agent to go and investigate the facts; that the agent so appointed was the famous surveyor Nicholas Scull; that he John Lukens, was Nicholas Scull's apprentice, to carry chain and learn surveying; that he accompanied Nicholas Scull. As they both understood and could talk Indian, they hired Indian guides, and had a fatiguing journey, there being then no white inhabitants in the upper part of Bucks or Northampton Counties. That they had very great difficulty to lead their horses through the Water Gap to Meenesink flats, which were all settled with Hollanders: with several they could only be understood in Indian. "The first thing that struck his admiration was a grove of apple trees, of size far beyond any near Philadelphia." That Samuel Depuis told them that when the rivers were frozen he had a good road to Piquis from the Mine Hole, on the Mine Road, some hundred miles; that he took his wheat and cider there, for salt and necessaries; and did not appear to have any knowledge or idea where the river ran—Philadelphia market—or being in the government of Pennsylvania. They (Scull and Lukens) were of opinion that the first settlement of Hollanders, in Meenesink, were many years older than William Penn's charter; and as Samuel Depuis had treated them so well, they concluded to make a survey of his claim, in order to befriend him if necessary. When they began to survey, the Indians gathered around; an old Indian laid his hand on Nicholas Scull's shoulder and said, "put up iron string, go home!" and they quit and returned. The Indians had the same idea that some people have yet, (for I have run disputed lines where threats were made, that they would cut the chain, they had no fears of the compass doing any mischief, but that iron string was a dangerous affair.) Mr. Lukens must have been mistaken as to the year being 1730, for I have a copy of a draft, (which I copied from the original) of a survey made several years before that time and I think it is the oldest survey in Monroe county, and is as follows: In the draft, 89 acres, 6 acres allowed, 95 acres, the Shawnee town, inside is a draft, and underneath the draft is the following words: "The draft of a tract of land situated near the Minnessink, in the County of Bucks, containing 89 acres, surveyed for Wm. Allen, of Philadelphia city, by virtue of a warrant from the Proprietaries Trustees bearing date of the 16th of November, 1727, for surveying to Wm. Penn, the Proprietarie's grand-son, 10,000 acres of land in the province, the right whereof is now vested in said Wm. Allen; certified by

Jacob Taylor. N. B. The above tract contains 89 acres with allowance of 6 per cent." On the draft is the following endorsement, the lands at "Shawneetown" above. In connection with the above I would state that Wm. Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania was born Oct. 16, 1664, nearly 232 years ago, and March 4, 1681, when in his 37th year obtained a charter from Charles II, for the Province of Pennsylvania, described as follows: "For a tract of land in America laying north of Maryland, on the East bounded by the Delaware River, on the West limited as Maryland, and Northward to extend as far as plantable." Wm. Penn in his will devised to his grand-son, Wm. Penn, 10,000 acres to be laid out in some convenient place or places in the Province of Pennsylvania, and Wm. Penn, the grand-son, sold and conveyed all his right, title and interest in the same to Wm. Allen, hence the order and survey of Shawneetown. There were other parts surveyed in this County, one tract in Hamilton township of which I have a deed in my possession, endorsed: Wm. Allen to Nicholas Scull, 250 acres, unlocated, and bearing date Sept. 17, 1731; nearly 145 years old, which deed has never been recorded. This deed recites the deed from Wm. Penn, the grand-son to Wm. Allen, dated August 29, 1728, and on record at Philadelphia, book E. volume 5, page 92 &c.

The oldest surveys after Shawneetown are the tracts of land on which the Borough of Stroudsburg and East Stroudsburg are located, the oldest of which is the Daniel Brodhead, 600 acres; which covers the principal part of East Stroudsburg and a small portion of Stroudsburg. Warrant April 5, 1737, surveyed Dec. 27, 1737, and the following tracts, parts of which are in the Borough of Stroudsburg John Clark, 200 acres, warrant, Oct. 12, 1738, surveyed May 24, 1739, Lynford Lardner, 310 acres, for which there was no warrant issued and no date of survey or surveyor's name given, but marked on the draft as follows: "Returned into the Secretary's office March 17, 1741" and the following entry is made in the office at Harrisburg, "one of three tracts which had been surveyed for the Proprietaries by their direction for such uses and as we should afterwards think fit to apply them." Dec. 26, 1741, a warrant of acceptance was issued in which is the following: "It being our pleasure to make a grant thereof to our kinsman, Lynford Lardner." Henry or (Wm.) Clark, 72 acres, warrant Sept. 19, 1748. John McMickle, (now called McMichael) two tracts, 20 and 8 acres respectively, warrants dated Dec. 1750, and Daniel Brodhead, 130 acres, warrant, Dec.

20, 1750, returned into the Secretary's office, June 26, 1755, for the use of Ephraim Colver, in the deed (or Patent) from Thos. and Richard Penn to Ephraim Colver, Miller, of Bethlehem, dated June 30, 1755. the land is described as "A certain tract of Land situate in Dansbury township, formerly in the County of Bucks, now Northampton county, aforesaid": This tract had the Falls on, now known as Wallace's Dam. Ephraim Colver built the first mill, that was built here, (probably the first mill that was built this side of the Kittatinny or Blue Mountain,) a log mill, and after Col. Jacob Stroud, purchased the mill property in Feb. 1769, he built a Stone Mill, which was afterwards burnt down.

In the vicinity of Stroudsburg are the following tracts taken up and settled on at an early day, which I will mention as near as I can in the order in which they were taken up. The tract of land on which Col. Norton now resides was settled on by John McMickle and surveyed to him April 27, 1744, on a warrant dated Dec. 21, 1743. Where Henry Kautz, resides was surveyed May 1, 1746, on warrant of Dec. 13, 1745, to Ann Garton, (who was a Brodhead) and where John W. Huston resides, was surveyed to John Hillman, Dec. 12, 1753, on warrants dated respectively, Dec. 21, 1743 and June 3, 1748, granted to John McMickle, Henry Keever, 155 acres, warrant April 22, 1754, surveyed Oct. 10, 1754. The hill at Owens' was named after him "Keever's Hill" but generally called "Kaser's Hill". On this hill is the old burial ground commonly called "Hollinshead's Grave Yard," in which Dirk or (Derrick) Van Vliet was buried in 1779. The Blue Farm, now occupied by Matthias Able, was granted to Wm. Peter Knowlton by Warrant dated May 15, 1749, and Patented May 18, 1749, and was settled on or owned by John Drake. Solomon Jennings and Jno. McMickle took up the land now known as "Angle Swamp" (on which Thomas and David Smiley lived) in 1748, and it was then called the "Big Meadow," and the run near Melchior Dreher's was called Big Meadow Run. Along the Brodhead's (or Analomink) Creek from the Brodhead 600 acre tract to near Spragueville was the "Proprietaries Manor 1500 acres. Gen. Robert Brown lives at the Brodhead place, on the 600 acre tract. At Bushkill, James Hyndshaw, (the Grand-father of the Rev. Jas. Hyndshaw, formerly of this place) settled at an early day. About the year 1736, there was a line of Forts erected to protect the frontier settlements. Fort Allen where Weissport now is; Fort Norris at Green-

swig's, (now in Elared township, this County.) Fort Hamilton, here at this place, near the West end of our town, and Fort Hyndshaw at the mouth of the Bushkill Creek; 20 years later during the Revolution Fort Penn was in existence, on the hill back of where the stone house, where William S. Wintemute and Alexander Fowler live. Among the early settlers in Hamilton township were John McDowel, Philip Bossard, Conrad Bittenbender and others. During the Old French and Indian War of 1755-60 the inhabitants north of the mountain were continually in danger of being massacred by the Indians; and in some place, the Indians commenced operations in 1755. In December 1755, the Indians made an attack upon the inhabitants in the neighborhood of this place (then Fort Hamilton) as appears from the following, (parts of) depositions &c. "Col. Joseph Stout received one express this morning by a young man from that place (Fort Hamilton,) where Jno. Carmeale (McMickle) and Broadhead live, back of Sam'l Depue's, where they were attacked yesterday about 11 o'clock, where Brodhead's Barn and Barracks were on fire, and heard the guns afiring, for Broadhead had barricaded his house; and there were several people killed, and I fled to John Anderson, and as near as I could estimate, there were 100 of the enemy that appeared to me, and were in white people's clothing, only a few match coats. HENRY COLE,

Sworn, &c., Dec. 12. 1755.

Col. STOUT:

I desire you would come up directly with your regiment till you and I see if we cannot save our country.

JOHN ANDERSON.

On the same day, Dec. 12, 1755, Jno. McMickle (or McMichael) Hy. Dysert, Jas. Tidd and Job Blakehorn, were sworn at Easton, and said "Yesterday about 3 of the clock in the morning two Indian men came from towards Brodhead's house, who fired at these deponents and several others, who returned the fire and made the Indians turn off; and the said Tidd and Blakehorn, further say that as they were going round the stack yard of said McMichael, they saw as they verily believe 4 Indians on their knees about 20 perches from the stack yard, who fired at these deponents; that they were engaged with the Indians at least three quarters of an hour; And the said McMichael and Dysert, further say, that they saw the Barn of the said Brodhead on fire about 9 o'clock in the morning, which continued burning till they left the house, about four in the afternoon, and

that they heard shooting and crying at Brodhead's house almost the whole day, and that when they left McMichael's house, the dwelling house of the said Brodhead was yet unburnt, being as they supposed defended by the people within., And the said Tidd and Blakehorn also said, "that they did not come to McMichael's house till about three o'clock in the afternoon, when they could see the Barn and Barracks of the said Brodhead on fire; that they did not see any one killed on either side, but James Garland one of their company was shot through the hand." About the same time the Indians appeared at what is now called Pleasant Valley, in Polk township. In Michael Hute's deposition, taken December 12, 1755. he says: "Last Wednesday about 6 o'clock, afternoon, a company of Indians about 5 in number attacked the house, of Frederick Hoeth, about 12 miles East from Gnauden Hutten (Lehigh) on Pocho Pocht Creek; that the family being at supper, the Indians shot into the house, and wounded a woman; at the next shot they killed Frederick Hoeth himself, and shot several times more, whereupon all ran out of the house that could. The Indians immediately set fire to the house, mill and stables. Heath's wife ran into the bake house, which was also set on fire. The poor woman ran out through the flames, and being very much burned, she ran into the water and there died. They killed and scalped a daughter; and he thinks three other children who were of the family, were burnt. Three of Hoeth's daughters are missing with another woman, who are supposed to be carried off. In the action, one Indian was killed and another wounded."

I suppose Fort Hamilton was not in existence then as there is no account given of it, but the next year it is mentioned.

The following is taken from the journal of James Young, Commissary General:—

"June 22, 1756,—At 4 P. M. set out, at 6 came to Lehigh Gap where I found a sergeant and 8 men stationed at a farm house, with a small stockade around it.—From Fort Allen (now Weissport, Carbon county,) here the road is very hilly and swampy, I found they were a detachment from Capt. Weatherholt's Company; he is stationed on the other side the Gap, 3 miles from this, with 12 men. The rest of his company is at Depue's and another at Gap (The Wind Gap) 15 miles from this.—June 23, 1756. At 7 in the morning mustered the men" &c. "At 9 A. M. I set out for Fort Norris. The road for the first 6 miles is a good wagon road along the foot of the North Mountain; the other 7

miles very hilly and stony. Passed 3 plantations on this road, all deserted and the houses burnt down. At 11 A. M. I came to Fort Norris, found here a sergent commanding with 21 men. This Fort stands in a valley midway between the North Mountain and the *Tuskarora*, 6 miles from each on the high road towards the Minnesinks; it is a square about 80 feet each way, with 4 half bastions, all very completely stocaded, finished and defensible. At 2 P. M. Capt. Weatherholt came here to us. He brought me his muster roll, &c. and proposed to go with me to Samuel Depue's, where his lieutenant and 26 men are, to see them mustered. I accepted his company. At 3 P. M. we set forth from Fort Norris on our way to Fort Hamilton. At 6 P. M. came to Philip Bosart's farm 12 miles from Fort Norris, here we stayed all night. In our way to this house we found the road very hilly, the country barren; passed 3 plantations, all deserted and the houses burnt down. In Bosart's house are 6 families from other plantations. June 24. At 4 A. M. set out from Bosart's; at 6 came to Fort Hamilton, about 7 miles from Bosart's; a good wagon road and the land better than any I had seen on the north side of the Mountain. Fort Hamilton stands in a cornfield by a farm house, in a plain and clear country; it is a square with 4 half bastions, all very illcontrived and finished; the stocades are 6 inches open in many places and not firm in the ground, and may be easily pulled down.— Before the gate are some stocades driven in the ground to cover it which I think might be a great shelter to an enemy. I therefore ordered them to pull them down. I also ordered to fill up the other stocades where they were open. I found here a lieutenant and 8 men, 7 were gone to Easton with a prisoner, At 8, a. m. I set out from Fort Hamilton for Samuel Depue's where Capt. Weatherholt's lieutenant and 26 men are stationed; when I came there his muster roll was not ready. I therefore proceeded to the next Fort, 10 miles further up the river. At 1 P. M. I came there. It is a good plain road from Depue's; there are many plantations this way, but all deserted, and the houses chiefly burnt. Found at this Fort (Hyndshaw) Lieut. Handshaw with 25 men. This Fort is a square about 70 feet each way, very lightly stocaded. It is clear all round for 300 yards. The Fort stands on the bank of a creek and about one fourth of a mile from the River Delaware. I think it is a very important place for the defence of this frontier. At 7 P. M. came to Samuel Depue's, mustered that part of Capt. Weatherholt's company

stationed here, a lieutenant and 26 men, all regularly enlisted for 6 months, as are the rest of his company. Around Depue's house is a large but very and ill-contrived stocade, with a swivel gun mounted on each corner.

June 25. At 5 A. M. set out from Depue's for the Wind Gap, where a part of Weatherholt's company is stationed. Stopped at Bosart's plantation to find our horses. I was informed this morning that 2 miles from the house in the woods they found the body of Peter Hess, who had been murdered and scalped about the month of February. At 11 A. M. came to Wind Gap, where I found Capt. Weatherholt's ensign, who is stationed here with 7 men at a Farm House."

During the remaining part of 1756, there seems to have been quiet north of the Mountain; but in 1757 the Indians again made incursion in the settlements back of the Mountain, as appears from letters from Maj. Parsons to Gov. Deuny, on information given to him by depositions of different parties, extracts of which are as follows.

April 24, 1757, Michael Roup of Lower Smithfield was sworn, and said: "That on Friday morning last, John Le Fever, passing by the houses of Philip Bosart and others informed him them that the Indians had murdered Casper Gundryman last Monday evening; that he went immediately to Bosart's to consult what was best to be done; that they concluded it best for the neighbors to collect together in some one house; that he returned and loaded his wagon with his most valuable effects, which he carried to Bosart's house, and as soon as he had unloaded his wagon he drove to his son-in-law's, Peter Soan's house, about two miles and loaded as much of his effects as the time and hurry would admit, and took them also to Bosart's where nine families were retired; that a great number of the inhabitants were also retired to the houses of Conrad Bittenbender and John McDowel; that Bosart's house is seven miles from Fort Hamilton and twelve from Fort Norris, that yesterday morning about nine o'clock, the said Peter Soan and Christian Klein, with his daughter, about thirteen years of age, went from Bosart's house to the house of the said Klein and then to Soan's house, to look after the cattle, and to bring off more effects; that about half an hour after the above three persons were gone from Bosart's house a certain George Hartlieb, who also fled with his family to Bosart's, and who had been at his own house about a mile from Soan's, returned to Bosart's and

reported that he had heard three guns fired very quick one after another towards Soan's place &c. That this morning nine men armed themselves and went towards Soan's place; that when they came within about three hundred yards of the house they found the bodies of the said Soan and Klein lying about 20 feet from each other, killed and scalped; but did not find Klein's daughter.

June 22, 1757, Maj. Parsons wrote to Gov. Denny, and enclosed the deposition of George Ebert, taken June 20th, from which are the following extracts: "That on or about the 2d day of May last he, with about 18 armed men went with two wagons from Plainfield township, to assist the inhabitants of Lower Smithfield, who had a few days before been attacked by the enemy, Indians, and some of the neighborhood murdered by the savages, to bring off some of their best effects; that about noon of the same day they came to the house of Conrad Bittenbender, to which divers of the neighbors had fled. Here one of the wagons, with about 10 men and himself, halted to load their wagon with the poor people's effects; and the rest of the company with the other wagon, went about a mile further to Philip Bozart's; That Conrad Bittenbender, Peter Shæffer, John Nolf, Jacob Roth, Michael Kiersfer (Keiser), a certain Keins (Kintz), and one man more, whose name he had forgotten, and himself, went about 2 miles into the woods, to seek the neighbors horses, where they found 6, and were returning with them to within half a mile of Bittenbender's house, when they were attacked by 15 French Indians, who fired upon them, and killed Bittenbender, Jacob Roth, and John Nolf, as he believed, for that he saw them fall, one dead, and took Peter Shæffer, who received two flesh shots, one in his arm and the other in his shoulder, and him the said Ebert, prisoners, that he received a shot. That the Indians frequently talked French together; that they immediately started off with their prisoners; that on the evening of the next day they fell in with another company of about 24 Indians, who had Abraham Miller, with his mother, and Adam Snell's daughter prisoners. The Indians with their prisoners, marched in parties as far as Diahoga, and at that place the Indians separated, and about 8, the foremost took him and Abraham Miller with them, and they never saw any of the other prisoners afterwards; that on their way on this side of Diahoga they saw Klein's daughter, who had been taken prisoner about a week before he was taken, and about a day's journey beyond Diahoga, they come to some

French Indian cabins, where they saw another prisoner, a girl about 18 or 19 years old, who said her name was Catharine Yeager, and that her father was a locksmith and lived at Allemengle; that she had been a prisoner ever since Christmas; that at this place the Indians loosed him and Abraham Miller, whom they had bound every night before; that finding themselves at liberty, he and Abraham Miller made their escape in the night, and the next day came to French Margaret's at Diahoga, having been prisoners 9 days; that they stayed about 4 weeks with her, during which time she concealed them and supported them. That some French Indians came in search of them and she told them it was not safe for them to stay any longer and advised them to make the best of their way homewards, that while at Diahoga, they were informed that the Indians had killed Abraham Miller's mother, who was not able to travel any further and Snell's daughter who had received a wound in her left leg by a fall when they first took her prisoner; but, heard nothing of Peter Shæffer, that in three days they arrived at Wyoming by water, as Margaret had advised them, that at Wyoming the friendly Indians directed them the way to Fort Allen, but they missed their way and came the road to Fort Hamilton where they arrived last Saturday a week. (Abraham Miller, afterwards married a daughter of John McDowell, a sister of Col. Stroud's wife, and owned and lived on the place where Judge Storm afterwards owned and lived on, (now Snover's,) at Stormsville, and when he left there, he went to the Wyoming Valley, on the Susquehanna.) The letter (with Ebert's deposition,) from Major Parson's, on the 26th of June, 1757, giving an account "that a large body of Indians had attacked and burned Brodhead's house, which is about a mile from here and in sight of Fort Hamilton, and that they had killed and scalped one Tidd, besides, killing a great number of creatures."

The Hilborn's settled at an early day on the Brodhead's Creek, near Wywamic Mountain on the farm now owned by John Savage, and the Soliday's, about the same time settled on the south-west branch of Brodhead's creek near its junction with the main creek, (now at the High Bridge, and owned by Thomas Stite's,) and were either killed or captured by the Indians. Price and Wissimer settled further up the Brodhead's creek, now in (Price and Barrett townships,) and I believe were never molested by the Indians.

Russells, settled on the flats below, now (Bartonsville,) and John Russell was killed in 1764 by the Indians, and the last killing done by the Indians was George Learn and his wife and child, in 1780, (at now the lower part of Tannersville, in Pocono township.)

Fort Penn was erected about the time of the Revolution, at the lower part of the town of Stroudsburg.

General Sullivan on his way from Easton to Wyoming with about 5,000 troops to chastise the Indians on the Susquehanna passed through this County in 1779. In his journal he says. "On the 18th of June 1779, he had encamped at Hillard's (Heller's) tavern, 11 miles from Easton, June 19th marched to Larney's (Larne's or Learn's) tavern, at Pokanose (Pocono) Point, 20th to Chowder Camp, which is now known as Hungry Hill, in Tobyhanna township, and at which place they halted several days and sent back to Fort Penn, (now Stroudsburg) for provisions. While waiting there they cut a road through a swamp there, and Gen. Sullivan's son about 17 years of age cut in large letters on a tree on the hill, the words "HUNGRY HILL," and in the swamp, in letters about two inches in size, on a yellow pine, the words "HELL'S KITCHEN." The tree on the hill blew down and rotted, but the one in the swamp stood until within about twenty years ago, when Frederick P. Miller, cut the block out with the letters on and had it on the mantle in his bar-room at Tompkinsville. After he left the tavern the block was sent to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Gen. Sullivan, on his return stayed several days at Brinker's waiting for his wagon train, which took the wrong road about three miles above Stoddardsville, (at Buck's) they having taking what is called the "old Shupp road or the road from Shupp's to Wyoming" and and came down through Chesnuthill, to Brinker's (afterwards called Fort Sullivan, Fennersville—and now Sciota). At Hungry Hill there is a grave by the side of the "Old Sullivan Road" of one of the Soldiers, and another grave at Locust Ridge. During the war in the Wyoming Valley between the Connecticut claimants (or Yankee's) and the Pennsylvanians (Penamite's) called the Penamite war, there was one battle fought, within the boundaries of now Monroe County. At Locust Lidge, in which one of the Penamite soldiers named Everitt, was killed. Locust Ridge seems to have been an old place, as there was a survey made there in 1749, for Samuel Depue. There was also an old settlement at White Oak Run by a man by

the name of Zabreiska, and one where General Sullivan crossed the Tobyhanna, by a man named Levers.

There has nothing transpired after 1780, to record, except that in some parts of the County there has been destructive freshets. In January, 1841, June, 1862, and October, 1869. Our County has improved steadily, and from a population of about 2000 one hundred years ago, it now has a population of about 20,000, and an area of 334,000 acres of land, and instead of a few scattering mills, we now have about 30 Flouring mills, 10 Tanneries, several Foundries, a Woolen mill, a Tanite Factory for manufacturing Emery Wheels, &c. and a glass Factory, which will soon be in operation, and our hills and valleys dotted with Churches and School Houses.

From, *Record*
West Chester Pa.
Date, *Mar. 14* 1894.

PREHISTORIC CAVES.

An Interesting Communication from Mr. Henry C. Mercer About a Cave in the Delaware Valley.

A recent meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences was made unusually interesting by a communication from Mr. H. C. Mercer on a recent exploration of a cave near Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania. It is known as Hartman's Cave, and was discovered by Mr. S. Duncan Peret on the top of a hill overhanging Cherry creek, about four miles from the town mentioned, at an elevation of 800 feet above the Delaware river and eight or nine miles north of the glacial moraine. Dr. Leidy had examined the cave in 1880, and identified all the animal remains at that time found. Bone of about 26 species of animals had been collected, mingled with evidences of human habitation. Among these was a perforated marine shell, which is found only on the Pacific coast of Central America. It opens up the whole question of aboriginal trade. How did the occupants of this Pennsylvania cave obtain a shell from a locality nearly two thousand miles away?

The presence of several teeth of the reindeer indicates the existence of a much colder climate than the present, while a tooth of the Bison Americanus calls on us to account for the presence on the Easternmost mountain steep of a browsing animal from the Mississippi plains. Other relics of the peccary and the extinct giant chinchilla suggest great antiquity, although we cannot prove the disappearance of these animals from Pennsylvania within the last 300 years.

Two teeth of a horse were determined by Dr. Leidy to belong to an indigenous species. It is certainly remarkable that the aborigines living on the hilly Upper Delaware knew of the horse before the advent of the white man.

A careful examination of the evidence furnished by excavation in the cave renders it merely probable that man killed and eat the bison, Chinchillas and peccaries, the remains of which were associated with relics of his industry, since, in the absence of certain layers of deposit which have been destroyed, there is no proof that these and other animals did not crawl into the cave to die, or that they were not carried in by larger carnivores.

If man existed in the Trenton gravels he certainly did not inhabit Hartman's cave, as not one of his characteristic relics was found. The only inhabitant of whom evidence could be found was the chert-using, pottery-making Indian of the Delaware Valley, already the possessor of implements in use at a much later date.

The floor of the cave was deeply covered by layers of exquisitely fine laminated clay, which must have been deposited by quiet waters. How this beautiful clay, widely differing from the coarse, red deposits of other caves, was placed, is a problem yet requiring solution. It was suggested that it might be due to the banking up of ice at the mouth of the cave during the glacial period and the flowing in of muddy glacial waters. In searching for time records, this clay left the bones of extinct animals far behind, as it seemed contemporaneous with the beginning of the cave itself. If, however, the cave was no older than the melting ice, why had the streamlets which made it again nearly filled it up with the results of their own eroding action? If, on the other hand, it were older than the ice, why were remains of tertiary animals entirely absent?

The question of the contemporaneity of extinct animals with man was considered by Professor Cope, who commented on the clear evidence furnished by caves as compared with that of exposed strata. He claimed that the explorations of Hartman's Cave established the fact that man had existed at the same time as the extinct animals named by Mr. Mercer. Alluding to the tendency of wild animals to crawl into caves to die, he stated that in southwestern Missouri he had seen a gallery in a cave solidly filled to a height of sixty or seventy feet with mummified raccoons and opossums of existing species.

Dr. D. G. Brinton called attention to the superior character of the spears, arrow-heads and other implements from Hartman's Cave. They indicate a late period of industry and a comparatively refined art. They prove that we are either dealing with a people differing from the early men of the Delaware Valley, or we have misinterpreted the record of the Trenton gravel. All the valley tribes, however, may not have inhabited caves, so that the evidence is not certain against the existence of such earlier men.

The geological age of cave faunas and the origin of the fine clay floor of Hartman's Cave were discussed by Messrs. Mercer, Cope, Heilprin and Goldsmith.

Mr. Woolman described certain clay beds exposed by the recent storms at Long Branch, which contain marine diatoms, and which, he believed, were of the same age approximately as those underlying the lower portion of Philadelphia not having an elevation of more than 40 feet. Their distribution in New Jersey was described.

It was announced that Professor Heilprin would begin a course of 20 lectures on the study of geology and the interpretation of geological phenomena, March 13th, to be continued on succeeding Thursday and Tuesday afternoons, at 4.30 o'clock. The lectures will probably be supplemented by a number of field excursions. The opening lecture will be free to the public. Announcements may be obtained at the Academy.

THE VILLAGE RECORD

WEST CHESTER, PA.

Wednesday, March 14, 1894.

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Mr. Henry C. Mercer About a Cave
in the Delaware Valley.**

A recent meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences was made unusually interesting by a communication from Mr. H. C. Mercer on a recent exploration of a cave near Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania. It is known as Hartman's Cave, and was discovered by Mr. S. Duncan Perot on the top of a hill overhanging Cherry creek, about four miles from the town mentioned, at an elevation of 800 feet above the Delaware river and eight or nine miles north of the glacial moraine. Dr. Leidy had examined the cave in 1880, and identified all the animal remains at that time found. Bone of about 26 species of animals had been collected, mingled with evidences of human habitation. Among these was a perforated marine shell, which is found only on the Pacific coast of Central America. It opens up the whole question of aboriginal trade. How did the occupants of this Pennsylvania cave obtain a shell from a locality nearly two thousand miles away?

The presence of several teeth of the reindeer indicates the existence of a much colder climate than the present, while a tooth of the *Bison Americanus* calls on us to account for the presence on the Easternmost mountain steep of a browsing animal from the Mississippi plains. Other relics of the peccary and the extinct giant chinchilla suggest great antiquity, although we cannot prove the disappearance of these animals from Pennsylvania within the last 300 years.

Two teeth of a horse were determined by Dr. Leidy to belong to an indigenous species. It is certainly remarkable that the aborigines living on the hilly Upper Delaware knew of the horse before the advent of the white man.

A careful examination of the evidence furnished by excavation in the cave renders it merely probable that man killed and eat the bison, Chinchillas and peccaries, the remains of which were associated with relics of his industry, since, in the absence of certain layers of deposit which have been destroyed, there is no proof that these and other animals did not crawl into the cave to die, or that they were not carried in by larger carnivores.

If man existed in the Trenton gravels he certainly did not inhabit Hartman's cave, as not one of his characteristic relics was found. The only inhabitant of whom evidence could be found was the chert-using, pottery-making Indian of the Delaware Valley, already the possessor of implements in use at a much later date.

The floor of the cave was deeply covered by layers of exquisitely fine laminated clay, which must have been deposited by quiet waters. How this beautiful clay, widely differing from the coarse, red deposits of other caves, was placed, is a problem yet requiring solution. It was suggested that it might be due to the banking up of ice at the mouth of the cave during the glacial period and the flowing in of muddy glacial waters. In searching for time records, this clay left the bones of extinct animals far behind, as it

seemed contemporaneous with the beginning of the cave itself. If, however, the cave was no older than the melting ice, why had the streamlets which made it again nearly filled it up with the results of their own eroding action? If, on the other hand, it were older than the ice, why were remains of tertiary animals entirely absent?

The question of the contemporaneity of extinct animals with man was considered by Professor Cope, who commented on the clear evidence furnished by caves as compared with that of exposed strata. He claimed that the explorations of Hartman's Cave established the fact that man had existed at the same time as the extinct animals named by Mr. Mercer. Alluding to the tendency of wild animals to crawl into caves to die, he stated that in southwestern Missouri he had seen a gallery in a cave solidly filled to a height of sixty or seventy feet with mummified raccoons and opossums of existing species.

Dr. D. G. Brinton called attention to the superior character of the spears, arrow-heads and other implements from Hartman's Cave. They indicate a late period of industry and a comparatively refined art. They prove that we are either dealing with a people differing from the early men of the Delaware Valley, or we have misinterpreted the record of the Trenton gravel. All the valley tribes, however, may not have inhabited caves, so that the evidence is not certain against the existence of such earlier men.

The geological age of cave faunas and the origin of the fine clay floor of Hartman's Cave were discussed by Messrs. Mercer, Cope, Heilprin and Goldsmith.

Mr. Woolman described certain clay beds exposed by the recent storms at Long Branch, which contain marine diatoms, and which, he believed, were of the same age approximately as those underlying the lower portion of Philadelphia not having an elevation of more than 40 feet. Their distribution in New Jersey was described.

It was announced that Professor Heilprin would begin a course of 20 lectures on the study of geology and the interpretation of geological phenomena, March 13th, to be continued on succeeding Thursday and Tuesday afternoons, at 4.30 o'clock. The lectures will probably be supplemented by a number of field excursions. The opening lecture will be free to the public. Announcements may be obtained at the Academy.

From Democrat
 Stroudsburg, Pa.
 Date, Aug. 3^d 1894.

MONROE COUNTY SKETCHES.

FORTUNES OF EARLY SETTLERS.

With a river and a mountain between, Monroe County may seem to be far away, yet Warren County people will be interested in some facts concerning Northern Monroe not often told. After the Pocono wall has been climbed to the top for a thousand feet or more the traveler comes to a region overlooking a valley Westward and not descending until fifteen or twenty miles have been crossed.

It is evident that what is called the Pocono is the immense stump of a mountain that has been cut off by erosion a mile from its former top. Whole townships lie on this table land and their soil is far from fertile. On account of the interminable forests of beech, the absence of inhabitants and the lack of cultivation the country was formerly called "the Shades of Death." The soil is covered to the depth of many feet, often a hundred, with "till," or trash left by the Ice Age, when the great New York glacier ground off the bed rocks and pushed earth and boulders Southward.

Below the Pocono wall, as in Paradise and Middle Smithfield Townships, for instance, the deposit of the Ice Age furnishes a better soil. Paradise is not by any means as fertile as the name would seem to imply, yet the quiet farms of its double valley and its romantic streams make a striking contrast with the wilderness above it.

The history of the inn at Paradise Valley P. O. is not without interest. This region was an unbroken wilderness prior to 1822, when four settlers came with their families, all German people, from Northampton County, in Pennsylvania. They made clearings, opened some primitive roadways and built cabins, to whose very doors deer, bears and panthers would sometimes come. At times fire would be kept burning in front of their houses to keep the wild beasts and rattlesnakes away.

The number of these settlers increased and soon the inn that had been built became a resort of hunters from below, who came through the Gap in Spring and Fall to take deer and other wild game. Their method was peculiar. They kindled great ring fires enclosing a space of a hundred acres or more, leaving open a place of exit, near which they would stand under cover and shoot down the panic stricken herd.

Some years later, when the beech country contained a few stragglers, mostly lumbermen, a lively trade sprang up, bringing the Paradise Hotel into greater importance. A mill was built and the hostelry was enlarged. Large Conestoga wagons came Northward through the Gap with supplies, sometimes twenty of them at once with their drivers, to be sheltered for the night. Returning from the beech country they would bring in payment for their supplies of flour, feed and other stores large quantities of lumber and shingles. The place was even livelier then than in these days of summer country going, when city guests gather on the verandas, or stroll in the wood paths or come driving in merry mood from their excursions to points around.

All things come to an end and so did the wagon traffic when the scream of the locomotive was first heard on the hills. Little by little the long rows of wagon

sheds fell into decay and the white cottages around stood empty. At this time—it was about 1865—Joe Jefferson and other theatrical stars began to spend their summers here, to recruit their weary frames and to study and rehearse for the busy season. Jefferson was son-in-law to a Mr. Lockyear, a Philadelphian, and a successful shipper, who had purchased the hotel and farm property. The cottage occupied by the distinguished comedian still stands only a few rods to the south of the inn, and its rooms are part of the accommodations which the inn, under the direction of Mr. D. J. Kintz, offers to summer visitors.

Though there can be no coal treasures in Monroe, this county presents to the geologist a greater variety of formations than any other in Pennsylvania and probably in the United States. H. R.

Cedar Lake House, July 20, 1894.

—Blairstown Press.

From, *Democrat*

Stroudsburg Pa.

Date, *Oct 31 - 1896*

HISTORICAL.

THE SURPRISE AND MASSACRE AT FREDERIC HOETH'S PLANTATION IN 1755, AND THE SUBSEQUENT FORTUNES OF HIS DAUGHTER, MARIANA.

[A paper read at the annual meeting of the Moravian Historical Society, September 9, 1897, by the Rev. E. Leibert.]

In many of the published narratives and sketches of the early history of the Moravians in Pennsylvania, mention is made of a tragedy that occurred on Hoeth's plantation, not far from Gnadenhuetten on the Mahony, and very soon after the massacre of the missionaries there on the 24th of November, 1755; but up to this time no full account of the event has appeared in the English language in an accessible form. What is said of it is in the shape of bare references and brief allusions which, to most readers, have no doubt appeared rather tantalizing, in that they are calculated to arouse curiosity as to details, without intimating how or where such curiosity may be gratified. Thus Br. William C. Reichel in his annotations to Abraham Reinke's Register of Members and Friends of the Moravian Church between 1727 and 1754 (published by our society in 1874) records briefly that Frederic Hoeth, a baker, and Johanette his wife, who

emigrated from Zweibruecken in 1748, and were connected up to 1752 with the Philadelphia congregation, removed in the latter year to Long Valley in Upper Northampton, and were surprised and killed in their farmhouse on Hoeth's Creek by hostile Indians on the evening of December 10, 1755. And, in his charming "Chronicle of Friedensthal and its Stockaded Mill," the same writer describes how fugitives from the north, driven from their homes by the outbreak of the war, brought word of the 13th of December, 1755, that "Hoeth's had been cut off." Later on, in his "Rambles Through the Annals of the Rose Inn," he gives an extract from Captain Jacob Arndt's list of the people killed and taken prisoners by the Indians up to 1757 summing up the casualties of this 10th of December as follows: Frederic Hoeth and his wife and daughter and another girl, both under age, and two men more were killed, and three daughters of Frederic Hoeth and the Smith wife and two children were taken prisoners. In Br. John W. Jordan's interesting "Historical Sketch of the Widows' House at Bethlehem," Mariana Hoeth's name appears as one of its first inmates, and a footnote states further that she was a daughter of Frederic Hoeth, and that when part of the family were murdered by the savages she was taken captive to Tioga, where she was forced to marry an Indian by whom she had one son with whom she escaped and came to Bethlehem. The same is recorded of her in Br. Augustus Schultze's valuable account of the "Old Moravian Cemetery in Bethlehem," just published by our society, and here we further learn that the boy was named Frederic, was baptized by Bishop Boehler, and that the missionary, David Zeisberger, pronounced the benediction on the parting child. Elsewhere, the "Affair at Hoeth's," or the "Massacre at Hoeth's" is simply mentioned, as though it were an important event, but too well known to need further description. Such fragmentary items contained all that the general reader could learn of what, as they indicated, must be a thrilling and perhaps romantic history; and to the best of the writer's knowledge it is only recently that anything has been given out in print describing the surprise and massacre, and the subsequent fortunes of the captive daughter. In the early part of last year a memoir of Mariana Hoeth appeared in a monthly publication of the Church in Germany under the title "Remarkable Experiences of a Member of the Moravian Church," and it was later reprinted in this country in the Brueder Botschafter. It contained the missing details of the affair, but as it was only available to German readers, and in the expectation that it may prove as interest-

ing to others as it was to the writer, a translation of it has been made as follows.

On the 15th of April, 1772, a sister, named Mariana Hoeth, died at Bethlehem at the age of thirty-four, whose adventures are among the most remarkable that have befallen any member of the Moravian Church. She often related her experience to those around her, and before her death recorded them with her own pen. Following these recorded, we herewith give the narrative of her life in her own words.

I was born in the year 1737 at Lichtenberg in the Palatinate. My parents were pious God-fearing people who were deeply concerned for their own spiritual welfare as well as that of their children, and it was no doubt this concern that chiefly impelled them to leave their home and emigrate to America in 1748, when I was eleven years old. They first settled in Philadelphia, where my father established a bakery. In this city the Brethren had organized a congregation several years previously, and in connection with it a school. My parents entered into close fellowship with this congregation, without actually joining it, and sent us children to the school, believing that we could not elsewhere be better cared for, nor placed under more salutary spiritual surroundings. At first their hopes and expectations were realized, for, under the nurture of the Brethren, I learnt to know and love Jesus, and often prayed earnestly to Him to make me a partaker of His salvation. But we were exposed to other influences, and my sinful heart sometimes yielded to evil promptings, and in spite of the seclusion in which we were kept at the school, both my sister and I gave way to the world and its allurements, and our parents observed with deep solicitude the frivolity which filled our youthful hearts. Therefore our father determined to leave Philadelphia and to settle beyond Bethlehem, in the domain of the Indians above the Blue Mountains. There he believed, we would be most securely guarded against the temptations of the world. He built a house in the midst of the wilderness bordering on the Upper Lehigh, and began to farm. We children were anything but contented there. We had this great satisfaction, however, that the brethren from Bethlehem often visited us, and their visits were like greetings from home. Their pious discourse again brought my inconstant heart to serious reflection, and caused me to realize my sinfulness and my great need of a Saviour and Redeemer. The deeper these convictions became, the more did I long to take up my abode among the Brethren. Only there, it appeared to me, could I effectually work out my salvation. In the year 1755, to my great joy, my parents permitted me to make a visit to Bethlehem, and I was accompanied thither by

my mother. Oh how happy I was in the midst of the congregation! A holy peace filled my heart, and I begged to be allowed thenceforth to make Bethlehem my home. On the part of the Brethren my desire was readily granted, and my parents also gave their consent, and even agreed to to a speedy fulfillment of my wish. But before my projected removal could be accomplished, we received tidings of the breaking out of the French and Indian war. I now begged my father most urgently to flee to Bethlehem for safety with the whole family, but he replied to all such solicitations that he had always shown kindness to the Indians and done them many favors, and that they surely never would do us any harm. My anxiety, however, was not allayed by these considerations, and whenever I saw Indians in our neighborhood I was filled with alarm. Soon came the startling intelligence of the surprise and massacre on the Mahony, and I renewed my prayers and entreaties to my father that he would at once take us to some place of security like Bethlehem, but even this terrifying occurrence did not move him. I then tried to resign myself to my fate, and prayed to the Saviour that He would protect us; but I could not rid myself of the conviction that we would all be murdered.

Not long after, while gathered around the table for our evening meal, we heard some shots close at hand. My father expressed surprise that the savages should be in our neighborhood, and went to the front door to investigate. In an instant several Indians rushed upon him and shot him down. We saw him fall, and without a moment's delay fled precipitately through the back door. Not far away there was a small stream, and just as my mother was about to enter the water, she fell dead on the brink, pierced by a bullet. My youngest sister too was killed on the spot. As for me and my two other sisters, we were seized by the monsters and dragged away. What horrors had been crowded into a few brief minutes! My father, my beloved mother, and my sister, all three slain before my eyes, and I and my two surviving sisters in the brutal hands of the blood-thirsty savages! I cannot express in words the dismay that pervaded my soul. The very sorrows of death and hell compassed me about, and that I should have retained consciousness and not have swooned away, has been a marvel to me ever since.

We were now obliged to accompany our captors through the thicket in the darkness and without regard to the difficulties of the path or the inclemency of the weather. We were often cruelly maltreated, and when, after a long and weary journey, we at length arrived at Tioga, we were ready to die of exhaustion. Here a new affliction await-

ed me. I was separated from my sisters and taken to the hut of an ill-natured and brutal old Indian. He treated me with harsh barbarity, and gave me nothing to eat, and if any one brought me food he took it away, and I would have perished miserably of hunger, if God to whom I cried in my distress had not had compassion on me. Several men, apparently leaders and chiefs in the tribe, came to the hut and took me away to the dwelling of an old Indian woman, to whom they presented me with various ceremonial observances, and in the presence of many witnesses, as her adopted child. After this I fared well enough in an Indian fashion. The old mother treated me in every respect as if I were actually her daughter, and her grown up son also regarded me as a sister. I lacked nothing, and everybody showed me kindness and good-will.

In the meanwhile, one of my sisters was married to a French officer who was a trusted friend of the tribe. He was stationed at the French fort near by, and I was permitted to visit her there, and remained three months with her, unmolested in any way. But at the end of this time my Indian brother suddenly appeared to take me back, representing that the old mother longed to see me again.—Soon after my return, however, I perceived why I had been recalled. It was desired of me that I should marry a member of the tribe. This proposal I at once absolutely and positively declined, but no regard was paid to my will in the matter, and I was to be constrained to yield by force, if necessary. I remained firm, however, in my refusal, and being threatened with death if I persisted, I fled into the forest in order to escape violent treatment. There I remained eight days and nights, and neither cold nor storm could induce me to return to the old mother's house. In the depth of the forest and its wintry loneliness, I cried incessantly to my Saviour. I poured out my sorrows before Him, and entreated Him to have compassion on me. My faithful Indian mother did not desert me in my distress. She searched for me, and when she had discovered my hiding place, frequently came partly in order to bring me food, and partly to persuade me to consent to the marriage. She begged me, often with tears, to yield, representing that if I persisted in my refusal I would be burnt at the stake, and she would lose her child. But nothing in the world could induce me to take such a step. My whole inner being rose up in arms, and my heart revolted against the very idea of marriage with a savage. Finally I was dragged by force from my hiding place in the forest. A meeting of the council was held at which it was decided that I should be burnt to death. I

committed myself to God, and accepted the decree which seemed far less horrible to me than the proposed marriage.—Measures were immediately taken to carry out the sentence. I was bound to a tree, and a quantity of wood was piled up around me. My own Indian foster brother kindled the fire. But when the flames arose, and the smoke enveloped and nearly suffocated me, my resolution forsook me, and I cried out in my agony that I would submit. In a moment the burning pile was scattered, the cords that bound me untied, and I was carried in triumph and with loud rejoicings to my foster mother. She received me with many demonstrations of joy, and her delight at my deliverance from a horrible death gave evidence of the deep and genuine affection in which she held me.

But now there was, of course, no escape from the promise extorted from me by fire. Preparations for the wedding were at once made. A feast was spread, and the marriage rites performed with a ceremonial that was solemn and impressive enough—when viewed from an Indian standpoint. And now I became aware that my destined husband was really a rather amiable and well disposed man. He loved me, and I invariably received kind and honorable treatment at his hands, and I had nothing to complain of in our relations except the lack of Christian fellowship. But just this was a fundamental bar to a real union with him. In the course of time a little son was born to us, and now the hitherto latent disagreement began to assert itself. What was to become of the child? I desired that it should be baptized, but the Indians, as I gradually perceived to my sorrow, now wanted to get rid of me with as good grace as possible, and send me back to the white people, but retain the child as a member of the tribe. To this I could, of course never consent.—Thus we lived on, the estrangement between husband and wife ever widening. How was it to end, and where should I find a solution of my perplexities?—When almost reduced to desperation in my misery and distress, I betook myself to my Saviour, and I must testify to His praise that He gave me abundant comfort, and my heart rejoiced in the conviction that all would yet be well. At length my husband conceived the notion that a way might be opened for an adjustment of our strained relations if we were to dwell among Christian Indians, and proposed that we should build a house at the mission station Goshgoshink and settle there. But this plan did not at all accord with my inclinations. Such a course would have involved a life-long union with him, and I could not entertain the idea of indefinitely living amid uncivilized surroundings, but on the contrary felt that I must get back to the Brethren.—

Upon announcing my positive refusal to accompany him to Goschgoschink, he abandoned me and went there alone. This left me free, but only partially so. According to the Indians' views, I now again belonged to my adopted mother. I therefore returned to her house, and when she moved to a locality nearer to Pittsburg, accompanied her thither with my child.

And now my mind and heart were entirely occupied with the design of escaping from my Indian connections. An opportunity for this soon offered. There was a French fort near by, and it happened that my brother-in-law was stationed there just at this time, so that I could often visit my sister. The Indians never suspected that I would steal away from them, for they believed that through my child I was inseparably attached to the tribe. With the help of my brother-in-law I arranged to make my way to Pittsburg in a wagon which had brought supplies to the fort under a military escort, and returned empty to that place. The plan succeeded. From Pittsburg I traveled with my child, unannoyed save by the ordinary discomforts and adventures incident to such a journey, through Lancaster and Philadelphia, and finally arrived at Bethlehem. While on the way I was quite ill for some time, and was languid and exhausted when my destination was reached. But in the joy of my escape and restoration all my physical sufferings were forgotten. Oh, the peace and happiness that filled my soul now that I was safe, with my child, in the bosom of the congregation! Never can I forget the kindness and love with which I was welcomed. Never before had I realized as I now did what home and Christian fellowship meant.

My illness became more serious, and I was put under medical treatment involving much suffering, during which I experienced anew the affectionate kindness of the sisters, who ministered to me with the utmost tenderness and self-denial. As soon as I had recovered somewhat, I placed my child in the nursery at Nazareth, and myself moved to that place, where I lived with the widows. This was in the year 1760. Here my son received holy baptism. But not long afterwards it pleased the Lord to call him to Himself, in 1762, at the age of five years. The pain at parting was deep, but I rejoiced inexpressibly that my little boy could pass over into the Saviour's presence as a baptized Christian child.

To Thee, Oh my Savior, will I render everlasting thanks and praise for the countless evidences of Thy goodness and truth which have marked the thorny and laborious pilgrimage of Thy poor and unworthy handmaiden!

With this ejaculation the autobiography of our sister closes. After the de-

parture of her child, she continued to live at Nazareth for several years, where she was received into full church fellowship. In October, 1768, she moved to Bethlehem with the other Nazareth widows, when the newly erected Widows' House there was first occupied. She never recovered perfect health, and in 1771 she went to Philadelphia for special treatment but returned without obtaining relief.

The last years of her life were marked by deep spiritual conflicts, but after a prolonged period of doubt and fear she attained unto perfect peace and joy in the assurance of the forgiveness of her sins. Thus at evening-time it was light, and when on the 15th of April, 1772, the end came, she was found ready and waiting, and rejoicing in the happy and blessed hope that she would be forever with the Lord.

Here ends the narrative, which probably constituted the memoir, or "Lebenslauf," that was read at the funeral of Mariana Hoeth. While, as stated in the introduction, it gives a clear account of the havoc wrought by the Indians at Hoeth's plantation, and of the later career of Mariana, it is in some respects defective and unsatisfying. Without wishing to criticise the literary production of a young woman whose educational advantages were limited, and without in the least underrating her right to regard herself as an object of absorbing interest, one cannot help regretting the naive egotism which seems to assume that all the interest of the tale centers in herself, and that, in telling it she should bestow so little comment on the persons and circumstances of which she is the central figure. One would like to know more of the two sisters, who shared part at least of her most distressing adventures, and whose sufferings and anxieties were as great as her own. The one is scarcely mentioned, and to know of the other only that she married a French officer, without any hint as to his name, rank, and character, or the romance, if there was any, attending their union, is disappointing. Her Indian husband too—we cannot help wondering what became of him. Through the missionaries who visited and preached at Goschgoschink some information about him might surely have been obtained, had it been desired. But perhaps it was not desired. Perhaps she never wanted to hear of him again, or have others remember his existence. For there is one passage in her story that involves points of Christian ethics subtle enough to puzzle wiser heads than hers, and which may have given rise to sufficient secret perplexities and upbraidings of conscience to make her wish that her relations to the man might be forever blotted from her memory. When, as she states, her husband proposed that they should settle among the Christian Indians at Goschgoschink, the question suggests itself

whether she was clearly justified in her positive refusal to accompany him thither—and whether, in the hope that he might there be at least christianized, if not entirely civilized, she ought not to have overcome her repugnance to her unrefined surroundings, however great the deprivation and self-denial involved. We are not called upon to decide the question here, and if we were, and our decision should be against her, we would not greatly blame her. And if, as is quite conceivable, the recollection of this passage of her life was so disturbing as to make her wish never to hear of her Indian husband again, we can only be glad that at the end, when she was delivered from all her spiritual conflicts, the memory of the episode no longer destroyed her peace of mind. As to the man himself, there is nothing outside of his association with her to excite our special interest and consideration—for, although she tells us that he was a rather amiable and not half-bad sort of a fellow, and that his treatment of her after the marriage was as affectionate and honorable as could reasonably be expected of a heathen, we can only regard with contempt and detestation the apparent absence of any effort on his part to save her from a fiery death, and set him down at least as a graceless and doltish lout, if not as a base and heartless wretch, devoid of the least spark of humanity or magnanimity. But, being in the story, we would like to know how he ultimately fared, however little we admire him.

There is an apparent discrepancy at the end of Mariana's narrative, where she describes the death of her son as having occurred at Nazareth. A careful search made last year by the pastor in the archives of the Nazareth congregation failed to bring to light any record of his death and interment, and now we learn from the recently published guide to the old cemetery at Bethlehem that he was buried there. His remains lie in the fourth grave, in the sixth row, in the northwest section. How he came to be buried in Bethlehem if he died at Nazareth while his mother was living at the latter place, we have not been able to ascertain.

Mariana herself is buried in the first grave in the eighth row of the next section to the south. Bordering immediately on one of the most frequented paths, it is daily passed by many persons, of whom comparatively few are aware that it holds the dust of one whose career was of such thrillingly tragic and romantic interest.



